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HOW I BECAME A SOCIALIST AGITATOR

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KATHERINE M. DEBS

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MRS. EUGENE V. DEBS

So rare a woman as Mrs. Eugene V. Debs seldom succeeds in keeping out of the limelight of publicity for the length of time that our comrade has.

If the world has not known her, save by small glimpses, it is because of her own tact, her love of home life, and her complete devotion to the cause of the man who calls her "Kate," his "comrade wife."

When Eugene Debs is not out on a campaign tour, and may do his work from his home, his wife Katherine acts as his secretary. In her clear, perfectly legible hand, she writes his letters, and otherwise assists in the stupendous amount of work which is always his portion. Together with his brother Theodore—a most remarkable brother—she helps in every way possible to shield the over-generous husband from the innumerable demands that are made upon him from an adoring but often unthinking public.

It is our belief that no man can do his fullest and best work for Socialism unless he has the sympathy and help of the woman in whose keeping he has

placed his heart and his full confidence as a man. When our men make unusual success in the movement, we know that they do not do it alone. Back of them somewhere is the aid, the encouragement, the moral support of a woman.

Katherine Debs is to no small extent accountable for her husband's triumph as a Socialist agitator, presidential candidate, and untiring herald of the better day.

Their home life is ideal. While "Kate" writes his letters, "Gene" as like as not is getting supper in the kitchen. He knows how, and is glad to get away from the routine of official work. Their home is filled with literary and art treasures, and many, many souvenirs from admiring comrades all over the land. They are both fond of company, and many "Soapbox Travelers and Apostles of Truth" have found a blessed shelter under their roof, and refreshed themselves for further conquest.

Hers is a clear strong face, a beautiful face, a real woman's face, and the world of toilers owes more than it can ever know to the heart and soul of the woman. Katherine Debs.

sheet. They go back to their haunts, meet their old acquaintances and rapidly the court promises drift from their minds. The days pass until they are haled into court again. They are ashamed of having fallen a second time and usually act with a spirit of bravado when questioned as to why they are back. It happens again and again, until these persons of the under world know they can't break away from their vicious habits, and are willing to drag along through life until the end."

Have you ever been laughed at for saying, as a Socialist, that "environment makes the man or woman?"

This capitalist judge expresses the bourgeois morality in saying to this woman "you are unfit to live," and the bourgeois contempt of the unfortunate by telling her to "go jump in the lake." And yet, even he cannot get away from the fact that it is the conditions under which she is living that made her fall, and which keeps her down. He says as much, as plainly as any Socialist could say it. "Taken away from their surroundings, even temporarily, they want to do better," he says.

The judge's ignorance of the necessity of applying this material law—of making conditions right—amounts to sheer brutality. Many of his own class, those who help keep conditions bad, condemn him for advising a woman to "jump in the lake."

Even we are impelled to ask, "What of her companions in sin? What of the half dozen or more fallen men to every fallen woman?"

But what's the use? To the capitalist mind there is no crime equal to the crimes of women. **And it is to the capitalist mind that woman owes her crimes.** The capitalist mind is bitterly cruel to womankind.

Eugene V. Debs expressed the mind of the Socialist when he spoke in New York City some time since, of the women who are not "fallen" but "knocked down." Of the sisters—his sisters—who are forced by a cruel and heartless system to sell their honor for a living, and by whom he intends to stand until the conditions are gone, which force them into lives of crime and shame.

In place of the weak and cowardly advice of the capitalist judge in Chicago—the bitter, hopeless, shameless, advice—to the unfortunate womanhood of this country, the Socialist says, "Economic freedom for women will save them eternally from your sin and your misery. Once you have this your opportunity will be as good as the best, and you may be as good as the best. Socialism will give you this freedom."

And it is the only real freedom that womankind can ever know.

"Go Jump in the Lake"

J. C. K.

A woman was recently brought before a Chicago judge for disorderly conduct. "Are you guilty of this offense?" demanded the judge sharply.

"I am," the woman replied.

"She is a woman of the streets. She is a bad woman, and a lesson should be taught her," interposed the policeman, who had dragged her before the court—Chicago policemen are so busy dragging frail women and harmless drunks before the courts that they have no time for the carnival of real crime that is going on under their noses every hour in the day.

The judge studied the woman for a long time, says the newspaper account. Into his face came nothing of sympathy, of pity or kindness. There was not one strand of sympathy between them—the judge and the woman of the streets—and she realized it, and bowed her head beneath his searching gaze.

"I have fined your companion \$5 and costs, but I will fine you \$25," he said. "Woman, there is no hope for you, absolutely not one ray of hope." And after some more encouraging words like this, continued: "Make your peace with God if you can, and go and jump into the lake and end your miserable existence, and take with you your impurity. And ere you depart, take with you as many of your kind as you can."

Weeping bitterly the woman was led away.

When the judge, who gave this advice to the miserable woman was questioned about it later he said:

"I am a Christian, and I try to act like a Christian would in my official position, my private life and in my religious life.

"The greatest trouble I have experienced in looking toward the reforming of certain prisoners brought before me is the environment in which the poor unfortunates are cast.

"Take, for instance, this West Side levee district. There are many disorderly resorts, many barrel houses, the whole tone of the community in a district of dozens of blocks is of immorality.

"A man or woman is in court. He or she wishes to become better. Taken away from their surroundings, even temporarily, as they are brought into court, they all think back of their childhood and almost every woman and the majority of men wish they had led cleaner lives.

"They are willing to say right then they will change their habits of life and really intend to keep their promises. But they don't.

"Why? They have no new places to go where they may start life with a clean

What Will Woman Suffrage Convention Do For the Working Woman?

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

The Fortieth Convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association will celebrate the 60th anniversary of the historic convention of Seneca Falls, N. Y., which first took a stand against the arbitrary limitations of the rights and privileges of women under the law.

It is not likely that the Fortieth Convention will greatly resemble the first convention of women suffragists of America. The first convention, held at Seneca Falls, and attended by women of world-wide fame—Susan B. Anthony, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Martha C. Wright, Mary Ann McClintock and others—was a militant convention. There was hostility without, and determination within. Ugly, insulting newspaper editorials, disgraceful conduct of audiences, disapproval everywhere without. Women with rare minds, set jaws, and grim determination of purpose within. It was a tense moment in the life of the woman's movement—so young, so frail, but not for a moment uncertain of itself.

The women of the first convention had a fight on their hands. They recognized that they were not only politically, but were also **economically oppressed**, and from these limitations grew every conceivable wrong. The body of the constitution drawn up at that first convention in 1848 says:

"The history of mankind is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations on the part of man toward woman, having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over her. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

"Having deprived her of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislation, he has oppressed her on all sides.

"He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

"He has taken from her all right in property, even the wages she earns.

"After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single, and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

"He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues of wealth and distinction which he considers most

honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine or law she is not known."

Evidently the women of '48 wanted the franchise more for **economic** reasons than for any other. During the long interval between the years of the first suffrage struggles, and the present, the ballot has been given to women in its fullest sense, in four states in the Union. Not a very great gain, to be sure. But the fact remains that the suffrage movement has lost its **militant** spirit, and has become lady-like and respectful in the last decade. This, because the main bone of the contention has been granted, even if the vote has not.

The women of the suffrage movement have been largely middle-class women. Women tax-payers, and those who desired to control their own property. In most of the states they have been gradually granted this latter desire. The "profitable employments," law, medicine, theology have been opened to educated women. Practically all of the demands made in the first constitution have been granted, save the right to vote.

The middle class suffragist therefore has ceased to fight; she has lost her militant spirit, her conventions are quiet, genteel gatherings, with but one demand—one **request**, it were better to say—that for the ballot.

There is another class of women, however, who, when they have captured the suffrage movement—and they must eventually capture it—will give to it the earnest, intense, interesting aspect it bore at its inception. **This is the wage-earning woman.** The wage-earning woman has an economic axe to grind. She is competing with man in the labor market, and for the same work in many cases, efficiency being equal, she is receiving fifty per cent less wages than he receives. Given the vote, she would have an equal chance with man in this struggle. Given the ballot she would not tend to pull down the whole wage scale as she does today, but her political power would tend to raise it to a higher average than it has ever been.

When you women of the suffrage movement recognize this need of your poorly paid, wage-earning sisters—of which there are more than five million in this country—when you are ready to take up their burden, to help force their demands; when you are willing to say that the woman toiler must receive the full product of her labor, minus the cost of machinery and the government tax,

you will again be a militant movement, throbbing with the life of a divine purpose—worthy of your great and fearless predecessors. Of those who said, Man has taken from woman all right in property, even the wages she earns. The situation is not very different today with the working woman. Man has taken from her all property, and allows her but an insignificant portion of what she earns.

The whole nation is watching your convention, and it awaits your attitude on this question. **What will it be?**

The Mother's Blood

MAY BEALS.

Two strikers' wives with their babes in their arms were shot down in Pennsylvania.—Press Dispatch.

They are slain, these mothers with babes in arms;

Slain by the minions of the master class. And unavenged.

Comrades, as you prize the mothers who have borne you,

As you love the wives who clasp your children to their hearts,

You should arise by millions, if need were,

To avenge a look that threatens wrong. See! These lie murdered with their babes in arms!

Will ye be silent?

Our Great Temperance Edition

There has been a good deal of agitation for "dry" towns and "closed" Sundays during the past year. The temperance people seem to think that **prohibition will cure drunkenness and the wholesale traffic of liquor.** The Socialist Woman will have a special **temperance edition** for December, with articles by our best writers, showing that the only way to "regulate" the liquor traffic is to **take the profit out of it.** Then, and then only will we have a temperate nation. Now we want to scatter this edition far and wide. Our suffrage number was a success—let us make this December number a **howling success.** How many copies do you want? **Send your orders today,** while you have the money. **Don't wait till the last minute.** A lot of orders came for the suffrage number **after it was all gone, and the forms torn down.** The best way is to order before the paper is printed. Two cents a copy for a bundle of less than one hundred; 100 copies for \$1.50; 1,000 copies for \$15. Order early.

How I Became a Socialist Agitator

Kate Richards O'Hare, Author "Sorrows of Cupid."

My earliest memory is of a Kansas ranch, of the wide stretches of prairie, free herds roaming over the hills and coulees, of cowpunchers with rattling spurs and wide hats, free and easy of speech and manner, but brave and faithful to their friends, four-footed or human; of the freedom and security and plenty of a well-to-do rancher's home.

Those were wonderful days and I shall never cease to be thankful that I knew them. Days that laid the foundation of my whole life, gave me health and strength and love of freedom, taught me to depend on myself, to love nature, to honor rugged strength of mind and body and to know no sham in life. Everything is very real, very much alive and in close touch with nature on the broad sweep of the prairie amid the longhorns.

The Wolf at the Door.

Then comes the memory of a Kansas drouth, followed by one of the periodical panics which sweep over our country. Days and weeks of hazy nightmare when father's face was gray and set, when mother smiled bravely when he or we children were near, but when we sometimes found tears upon her cheeks if we came upon her unexpectedly. Of course, it was all beyond our comprehension. A horrible something that we could not fathom had settled down over our lives, but the day when the realness of it all was forced home came all too soon. The stock was sold, the home dismantled and one day father kissed us good-bye and started away to the city to find work. He who had always been master of his own domain, who had hewn his destiny bare-handed from the virgin soil, forced to go out and beg some other man for a chance to labor, an opportunity to use his hands. Though I could not comprehend it then the bitterness of it all was seared upon my memory and I never see a strong man vainly seeking and begging for work that my whole soul does not revolt.

Goes to the City.

Then came the day when we left the ranch and went to the city to take up the life of a wage-worker's family in the poverty-cursed section of the town. For, of course, no other was possible for us for father's wages were only nine dollars a week and nine dollars is not much to support a family of five. Of that long, wretched winter following the panic of 1887 the memory can never be erased, never grow less bitter. The poverty, the misery, the want, the wan-faced women and hunger pinched children, men tramping the streets by day and begging for a

place in the police stations or turning footpads by night, the sordid, grinding, pinching poverty of the workless workers and the frightful, stinging, piercing cold of that winter in Kansas City will always stay with me as a picture of inferno, such as Dante never painted.

Of the years that followed when father had regained to some extent his economic foothold and poverty no longer pinched us though it encompassed us all about like a frightful dream that could not be shaken off, it is hard to write intelligently.

I, child-woman that I was, seeing so much poverty and want and suffering, threw my whole soul into church and religious work. I felt somehow that the great, good God who had made us could not have wantonly abandoned his children to such hopeless misery and sordid suffering. There was nothing uplifting in it, nothing to draw the heart nearer to him, only forces that clutched and dragged men and women down into the abyss of drunkenness and vice. Perhaps he had only overlooked those miserable children of the poor in the slums of Kansas City, and if we prayed long and earnestly and had enough of religious zeal he might hear and heed and pity. For several years I lived through that Gethsemane we all endure who walk the path from religious fanaticism to cold, dead, material cynicism with no ray of sane life-philosophy to light it.

Temperance Work.

I saw drunkenness and the liquor traffic in all the bestial, sordid aspects it wears in the slums, and with it the ever-close companion of prostitution in its most disgusting and degraded forms. I believed, for the good preachers and temperance workers who led me said, that drunkenness and vice caused poverty and I struggled and worked, with only the heart-breaking zeal that an intense young girl can work, to destroy them. But in spite of all we could do the corner saloon still flourished, the saloon-keeper still controlled the government of the city and new inmates came to fill the brothel as fast as the old ones were carried out to the Potter's field, and the grim grist of human misery and suffering still ground on in defiance to church and temperance society and rescue mission.

Gradually I began to realize that the great Creator of the universe had placed us here to live under fixed natural laws that were not changed at the whim of God or man and that prayers would never fill an empty stomach or avoid a

panic. I also learned that intemperance and vice did not cause poverty, but that poverty was the mother of the whole hateful brood we had been trying to exterminate and that the increase of her offspring was endless. Dimly I began to realize that if we would win we must fight the cause and not the effects, and since poverty was the fundamental cause of the things I abhorred, I began to study poverty, its whys and wherefores, and to try to understand why there should be so much want in such a world of plenty.

Becomes a Mechanic.

About this time father embarked in the machine shop business and I added to my various experiences that of a woman forced into the business world there to have every schoolday illusion rudely shattered, and forced to see business life in its sordid nakedness. Possibly because I hated ledgers and daybooks and loved mechanics, and possibly because I really wanted to study the wage-worker in his own life, I made life so miserable for the foreman and all concerned that they finally consented to let me go into the shop as an apprentice to learn the trade of machinist. For more than four years I worked at the forge and lathe and bench side by side with some of the best mechanics of the city and some of the noblest men I have ever known. The work was most congenial and I learned for the first time what absorbing joy there can be in labor, if it be a labor that one loves.

Even before my advent into the shop I had begun to have some conception of economics. I had read "Progress and Poverty," "Wealth vs. Commonwealth," "Caesar's Column," and many such books. Our shop being a union one I naturally came in contact with the labor union world and was soon as deeply imbued with the hope trade unionism held out, as I had been with religious zeal. After a while it dawned upon me in a dim and hazy way that trade unionism was something like the frog who climbed up to the well side two feet each day and slipped back three each night. Each victory we gained seemed to give the capitalist class a little greater advantage.

Meets "Mother" Jones.

One night while returning from a union meeting, where I had been severely squelched for daring to remonstrate with the boys for voting for a man for mayor whom they had bitterly fought four months before in a long, hard strike, I heard a man talking on the street corner

of the necessity of workingmen having a political party of their own. The man's words were balm to my ruffled spirits, for I had been unmercifully ridiculed for daring to talk politics to a lot of American Voting Kings; "a woman, the very idea!" I asked a bystander who the speaker was and he replied, "a Socialist." Of course, if he had called him anything else it would have meant just as much to me, but somehow I remembered the word. A few weeks later I attended a ball given by the Cigar Maker's union, and Mother Jones spoke. Dear old Mother! That is one of the mile-posts in my life that I can easily locate. Like a mother talking to her errant boys she taught and admonished that night in words that went home to every heart. At last she told them that a scab at the ballot-box was more to be despised than one at the factory door, that a scab ballot could do more harm than a scab bullet; that workingmen must support the political party of their class and that the only place for a sincere union man was in the Socialist party.

Here was that strange new word again coupled with the things I had vainly tried to show my fellow unionists. I hastily sought out "Mother" and asked her to tell what Socialism was, and how I could find the Socialist party. With a smile she said, "Why, little girl, I can't tell you all about it now, but here are some Socialists, come over and get acquainted." In a moment I was in the center of an excited group of men all talking at once, and hurling unknown phrases at me until my brain was whirling. I escaped by promising to "come down to the office tomorrow and get some books." The next day I hunted up the office and was assailed by more perplexing phrases and finally escaped loaded down with Socialist classics enough to give a college professor mental indigestion. For weeks I struggled with that mass of books only to grow more hopelessly lost each day. At last down at the very bottom of the pile I found a well worn, dog-eared, little book that I could not only read, but understand, but to my heart-breaking disappointment it did not even mention Socialism. It was the Communist Manifesto, and I could not understand what relation it could have to what I was looking for.

Finds a Friend in J. A. Wayland.

I carried the books back and humbly admitted my inability to understand them or grasp the philosophy they presented. As the men who had given me the books explained and expostulated in vain, a long, lean, hungry looking individual unfolded from behind a battered desk in the corner and joined the group. With an expression more forceful than elegant he dumped the classics in the

corner, ridiculed the men for expecting me to read or understand them, and after asking some questions as to what I had read gave me a few small booklets. Merrie England and Ten Men of Money Island, Looking Backward, and Between Jesus and Caesar, and possibly half a dozen more of the same type. The hungry looking individual was Comrade Wayland, and the dingy office the birth-place of the Appeal to Reason.

For a time I lived in a dazed dream while my mental structure was being ruthlessly torn asunder and rebuilt on a new foundation. That the process was a painful one I need not tell one who has undergone it, and most of us have. At last I awoke in a new world, with new viewpoints, and a new outlook. Re-created, I lived again with new aims, new hopes, new aspirations, and the dazzling view of the new and wonderful work to do. All the universe pulsated with new life that swept away the last vestige of the mists of creed and dogma and old ideas and beliefs.

Marries a Fellow-Student.

For some time I worked with our group in Kansas City, and seven years ago when Walter Thomas Mills opened his training school for Socialist workers in Girard, Kansas, I was one of its students. There I found not only a congenial group of comrades, the best and most forceful teacher I have ever known, but that crowning, finishing touch of human life, love. In the school as a fellow-student I met my husband. Of our marriage at the home of Comrade Wayland at the close of the school and our life since that time little need be said. All who are at all acquainted with the Socialist movement know more or less of it for our story has been the story of the Socialist movement, it has been our life.

Life of an Organizer.

Taking up the work of traveling speakers and organizers the next day after our wedding we have followed the stony, rough hewn path from that day to this. From the coal fields of Pennsylvania and West Virginia and Indian Territory, to the farms of Kansas and Iowa and Missouri, through the plains of Texas and into the cotton fields of Oklahoma and Arkansas and Tennessee, from the Ghetto of New York to the Rocky Mountains we have gone wherever and whenever the economic pressure has made men and women receptive to the philosophy of Socialism. We have stood on the street corner and in the pulpit, at the shop door and in the college assembly room, in the country school houses and trades union hall, in the legislative chambers and temples of justice, in all manner of places and appealing to all

manner of men we have worked and have seen the Socialist movement grow from a handful of men and women sneered at, derided and ridiculed, into the mighty force it now is.

Twice in the seven years my work in the field has been interrupted by the cares of maternity and now a curly-haired boy of five and a brown-eyed girl of two share our hearts and make the fight seem all the more worth while.

Seven years, yes, seven long, weary, toilworn, travel-tired years. Years when the path was often dark and the road rough; when the heart grew sick and the soul faint because the world is deaf and dumb and blind, has eyes that see not and ears that do not hear, hearts that do not feel either their own needless suffering or that of their fellowmen. Yet they have been glorious years, years of battle with the forces of ignorance, years that have tried men's souls, that have left many a noble comrade lying by the wayside, dead upon the field of battle for economic justice, yet years of such achievement as the world has never known, years filled with success still unmeasured, of revolutionary forces we can not even guess. Our thought in so short a time has dominated the thought of the world, our literature setting the standards, our philosophy shaping the political forces of the nations and round the world glows the spark of human brotherhood, ready to spring at our call into living flame.

Send for sub cards. They are four for a dollar, one dozen for three dollars.

Books of Interest to Women.

The Origin of the Family—Engles. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.
Looking Forward — Philip Rappaport. Price, \$1, postpaid.
Woman Under Socialism—Bebel. Price, \$1, postpaid.
Love's Coming-of-Age — Ed. Carpenter. Price, \$1, postpaid.
The Rebel at Large—May Beals. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.
Ancient Society — Lewis H. Morgan. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.
Woman and the Social Problem—May Wood Simons. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.
Socialism and the Home—May Walden. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.
Imprudent Marriages—Robert Blatchford. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.
An Appeal to the Young—Peter Kropotkin. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.
Katherine Breshkovsky—Ernest Poole. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.
Underfed School Children—John Spargo. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.
Socialist Songs with Music—Charles Kerr. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.
Not Guilty—John Spargo. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.
Socialist Songs, Dialogues and Recitations—Josephine R. Cole. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.
Why White Ribboners Should Be Socialists—Victor Gage Kimbert. Price, 5 cents.
Womanhood and Social Justice—A. M. Stirton. Price, 10 cents.
Pure Sociology—Lester F. Ward. Price, \$4; postage, 20 cents.
THE SOCIALIST WOMAN PUB. CO., GIRARD, KAN.

The Changing Fortunes of the Home

II—EARLY CIVILIZATION AND THE HOME

LIDA PARCE ROBINSON.



At length the settled habitation led to the private ownership of land, and out of this grew the patriarchal institution. The gens disintegrated into the families that composed it and the free gentile disappeared, while his place was taken by the patriarch and his slaves. The patriarch had absolute ownership over his family and dependents, and over the product of their toil. Property, family, home, all, welded together, formed a unit. They were not units themselves, taken separately, but only fragments, and had no legal existence. Only as welded together did they have a legal status. The state was composed of these units. If a member of this unit "sinned" against another unit or the state, it was the family, not the individual, that received punishment. If one member sinned against another member, the offense fell entirely within the jurisdiction of its patriarchal head. The patriarch had the power of life and death over the family; the home was thus the seat of unlimited power, within its own area. The interests of all its members fell within its domains, and there they spent their lives, excepting that the women were "given" in marriage, when they were transferred to another family unit. The younger members did not go out into the world to make their own homes and fortunes, as they do today. Their work lay in the development of the family fortunes, their duty in defending its members and obeying its head.

Within the domain of this home the raw materials were produced and the manufactures conducted by which the needs of all were supplied. The girl or boy here learned to do the things on which his future usefulness would depend. Here was the school and workshop combined.

Early civilization introduced the Aryan system into the family. By this the children of all the slaves became illegitimate, excepting those of one, who was called the wife. But this change in the legal standing of the women had no effect on the communal character of the home. There were still an unlimited number of female slaves and their children in the home.

The home of early civilization has

been so clearly defined that it is impossible to fall into any errors as to its salient features. No lesser persons than Hesoid and Aristotle made a unanimous report on the elements of the home, and it is delivered with no uncertain tone. Though several centuries intervened between their utterances, it is plain from their close resemblance that "the home" was not crumbling or disintegrating in those times. When the careful Hesiod was giving his justly celebrated instructions to "Foolish Perses," his younger brother, about the conduct of his life in general and his farm in particular he began by telling him it would be needful to "acquire a house, a woman and oxen for the plow." He hastened to explain that the woman should be only boughten, not wedded; and she should be without a child. A child diverts the mother's attention so, and then the interests of the owner suffer. Aristotle delivered himself thus: "The component parts of a house are a man and property." The wife being a part of the "property." The position of the woman in this home varies, with the wealth and occupation of the "man." If she is a welded woman and there are other female slaves, she has charge and oversight of them, she organizes the domestic industries and is responsible for their successful operation. The women of this patriarchal establishment assist with the agricultural labor and the grazing of the stock. They carry the water and grind the grain in the hand mills. They do the spinning and weaving, they make the clothing and perform all the other labors of manufacture, as well as the current housework. The wife in this home became the mother of citizens; and this is frequently referred to as being a great dignity. No dignity is attached to being the mother of slaves. It is not the motherhood that counts, but the property and political status of the "man."

But far back in primitive times men, being free from the care of the young and of the household, had begun to specialize in industry, and out of this industry trade grew. The interests of trade took men away from the patriarchal home and led them to congregate in centers where other industrial workers and traders were gathered. Thus towns came into being. The commercial and social relations of the towns fell outside the patriarchal jurisdiction and it became necessary to formulate

regulations to cover these various transactions. So civil law began to evolve and the town grew into the city state. This effected an important modification in the home. The state assumed direct relations with the individual, and the patriarch ceased to have his exclusive importance as legislator, executive and judge over the family. The individual became responsible to society instead of the patriarch. In short, the individual came to be the unit of the state.

With the growth of commercial relations politics, letters, art, and the social accomplishments were born. The mind, hitherto busy with the marvelous and the mystical, began to occupy itself with the concrete facts of life and experience in the field of social relations. The citizen and his son may be said to have "gone out of the home." He was a soldier, a politician, a scholar, and his life was led in public where his interests were centered. All these new developments in relations and experience were of a character not related to the home or to its functions of supplying the physical wants. Private life and the home, excepting in its property sense, became a subject of indifference and ridicule. The women were confined to certain quarters in the center of the house, and their every movement, their clothing, their journeying, their food, their sacrificings, were subject to the minutest regulation by law. The education of women at that time is indicated with sufficient clearness by Socrates, in a conversation between himself and Xenophon. He said concerning his wife: "She came to me, not fifteen years old, and had lived up to that time under the strictest surveillance, that she might see as little as possible, and hear as little as possible, and enquire as little as possible." Intellectual life was polished to the highest brilliance; social life was keyed to the highest pitch; culture became a source of a new and keen enjoyment. But these things were related, not to the home, but to society. The women and dependents of the family had no part in them. The home remained much the same as before, excepting that the progressive interests were gone out of it, and it became the object of contempt. To the "man" of Aristotle and Hesoid it was almost nothing; to the "property" it was still, contemptible though it was, everything in life.

In the later days of Rome the civil law had quite superseded patriarchal

law and the men of the family had become free. Even the women were so far freed that social life and interests were open to them. Then women were regarded with less levity and the home again became an object of respect. While the city had long taken over the function of defense, so that the home was no longer a protection against attack, it was still the great work-shop of the people, and the trade school of the vast majority, and it now became the seat of culture. During the long period of chemicalization and

disintegration that accompanied the decay of early civilization, while the citizen-prince was degenerating into the feudal lord and private wars became the fruits of public peace, when the slave was becoming a vassal, and the barbarian was learning the arts and vices of the civilian, it is difficult to follow the fortunes of the home. Its sacredness evidently was not taken very seriously in those times, for it is possible to get information concerning it only by gleaning among matter on other subjects considered to be of importance, such as war or politics.

be chosen. She will not cling to the man though he ceases to love her, but will proudly continue on her path of life.

Deception which is generally attributed to her as part of her nature is in reality due to her false position in society, and will disappear as soon as she is able to express her ideas and desires without fear of being misunderstood, and, therefore, judged wrongly; then she will not have any cause for deception and will, in time, grow to be a truthful and courageous being.

Some of our scientists deny the possibility of woman ever becoming man's equal on account of the many differences between them. It is those very differences that necessitates equality of opportunity. If man is stronger physically, if he is more logical and liberal, woman has a quicker perception and appreciation of character, is more emotional and persistent, and only as two equal beings can they supplement each other in life.

The free woman will compel man to cease looking upon himself as an exception to the laws of nature, and cause him to regard his own thought and acts from the same standpoint from which he judges her's. He will have to compete for her and win her by his personality, and not his social position; she will be able to live through life without him instead of regarding him as her only salvation from a deplorable old age. Yet, the spectacle of old maids who can find no husbands will be more rare than it is today. The instinct of sex and genuine affection, instead of mercenary reasons will be the cause of more frequent marriages.

The Free Woman

Theresa Malkiel.

She less guarded than ever, yet more guarded than ever,
The gross and soiled she moves among do not make her gross and soiled.
She knows the thoughts as she passes, nothing is concealed from her,
She is none the less considerate and friendly therefore,
She is the best beloved. It is without exception, she has no reason to fear, and she does not fear.

—Walt Whitman.

From east and west, south and north comes the prophesy of the coming of the free woman. The theory of keeping woman "innocent" through sheer ignorance is disappearing. It is necessary that this spirit continue to spread; let every woman, whose heart bleeds for her sex declare herself free. Too long has she acted the part of an appendage to man, suppressing her own individuality and fostering his self-conceit.

At last, after centuries of misunderstanding and association of triviality and frivolity with her, it is dawning upon the world that the truth really lies in the opposite direction.

The march of current events is bringing woman more frequently into social life and freedom. The petty bourgeois ideal of a petite, naive, ignorant and dependant woman is vanishing fast and in its stead appears a being, strong in mind and body, a capable mother, a cheerful companion and helpmate, aware of the evils of the world and therefore fearless of them, independent of man's assistance and therefore his equal instead of inferior.

For the moment man is dissatisfied with this change, this because he fails to realize the influence the free woman will have on the future of our race.

Unfolded only out of the perfect body of woman can a man be formed of perfect body,
Unfolded out of the folds of woman's brain come all the folds of man's brain,
A man is a great thing upon earth, and through eternity—but every jot of greatness of man is unfolded out of woman.

Man fears that woman will assume a more dignified and serious attitude towards the opposite sex. It is true, the

really free woman will never countenance the mean and unclean types of men whom she consents to accept today. This, however, will lead to the evolution of a more ideal manhood.

It is often argued that the free woman will not want to assume the burden of motherhood. Possibly upon realizing the enormous responsibility attached to motherhood, woman will not count her children by the dozen, but on the other hand when she assumes those responsibilities she will bear them not merely as a fulfilment of the feminine instinct, but with a degree of conscious intelligence hitherto unknown. She will save the souls of the children as well as their bodies and thus raise the ideal men and women of the future. "Unfolded only out of the superb woman of the earth is to come the superb man of the earth." She will not be less womanly, but she will be more human.

Instead of being confined like the woman of today, to the narrowest routine and limited circle of domestic life, she will take an interest in the events of the day and get her experience of the actual world. Living under different conditions she will be able to unfold her mental power and choose her occupation in accord with her wishes and inclinations. She will discard all prudery and affectation, throw off the artificial barrier in the way of her friendship with man, and alongside of him, unhampered, work for the uplifting of humanity.

She will not, as commonly predicted, indulge in "free love," but will be free to love where her heart and mind will lead her. She will not, for material considerations, dispose of her body to one man for life, nor will she sell it night after night to a different one for a subsistence. She will not wait until sought and then accept the first man who condescends to ask her, but will seek herself; she will choose as well as

MY AMBITION

Kiichi Kaneko.

Not the marble palace,
Not the crown of imperial power,
Not position, not wealth,
Neither fame, nor title,
Do I need.

I would rather be a peasant
And live in the wood,
With my soul erect and free,
Speaking my honest thought,
That freedom is all I need.

Here is a suggestion: Fix one day in each week in which to do something for The Socialist Woman. Take samples and leaflets to your neighbors and friends. Let them know what you are doing. Get their subscriptions. After awhile you will find it fascinating work, and it will greatly help your paper as well as your cause.

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Managing Editor.....Kilchi Kaneko
Editor.....Josephine C. Kaneko



In response to the requests of many of our readers, we have decided to publish one or two short stories each month. These stories, of course, will deal with social problems of the day. In this issue we print one by Hebe, one of our staff writers. A story that is entertaining as well as instructive will be welcomed by our readers. The November issue will have a thrilling story by Gertrude Breslau Hunt. It is a sketch from life, and shows how capitalism deals with women. You can't afford to miss this story.

Do not forget that you are one of the soldiers of the cause. You must do something for this cause so dear to you, if you want to count in the uplift of humanity. Send a dime for five copies of *The Socialist Woman* each month, and distribute them among your neighbors. When you hand out the paper be sure and mark an article in it, and urge them to read it. A systematic and untiring effort alone will make your work a success. "Do a little, but do it long," is a good motto for propaganda. Keep at it until you have convinced your "victims." Stick to it until you have captured the enemy. This is the only way to revolutionize the world.

Read carefully our new department, "What Others Say on the Woman Question." This will give you a wider outlook on this interesting subject. The views and opinions cited are not necessarily in accord with our own, but we want you to get acquainted with what others think and say on this great issue of the age. We believe that knowledge is the real gate to progress, and to close our eyes to others' ideas is to hinder mental and moral progress.

The circulation of *The Socialist Woman* is growing rapidly. But you must not stop pushing this circulation at any point. We must go forward until women need no more the service of *The Socialist Woman*. *The Socialist Woman* is here to educate women and lead them

to a self-conscious emancipation. There are yet thousands of women who are struggling and suffering from their own ignorance and prejudices. There are millions of them whose circumstances compel them to remain ignorant. We must reach every one of these. Let us keep on in untiring energy and aspirations!

Don't send Appeal to Reason matter to us, and don't send matter intended for us to the Appeal, unless it is combination subscriptions, as advertised by the Appeal. Our offices are several blocks apart, and it causes delay and confusion to send matter to one which should go to the other.

Fix one afternoon in a week to do something towards pushing the circulation of *The Socialist Woman*. Go out among your town people and solicit subs for your paper. It is not hard to get subs at club rates if you do it persistently. If every reader has her *Socialist Woman* Day each week and works systematically it is pretty sure that *The Socialist Woman* will do wonders.

Have you ordered your regular monthly bundle yet? If not, there is no time like the present. We all know who carries the "change" in most families and often the woman feels that she is a penniless dependent upon this change-bearer; but even this woman can manage to get hold of ten cents a month, with which to create discontent in the minds of enslaved and dependent womanhood. It is a damnable system we live under. If you want it abolished, you must circulate your paper among women, and awaken them to rebellion. Send ten cents for a bundle of *The Socialist Woman* each month, and distribute them among your neighbors.

You cannot help *The Socialist Woman* more than by securing subscriptions to it. Think what it would mean if each reader got only one new name each month. But if you will not do this, can't you at least send addresses of your Socialist friends, of the school teachers of your place, or of women interested in suffrage and progress for women. We will send circulars and samples to these and try to reach them in this way.

When you have read Kate Richards-O'Hare's little masterpiece in this number of *The Socialist Woman* you will have some idea of what her "Sorrows of Cupid" means. Mrs. O'Hare is certainly one of the most entertaining and at the same time one of the most instructive writers in our movement. We give "The Sorrows of Cupid" with each 50c subscription to *The Socialist Woman*. You can't afford to miss this offer.

If you fail to receive your *Socialist Woman* let us know. Your name is no doubt on our list O. K., but there may be trouble elsewhere. We will supply all missing numbers.

Have you any suggestions to make to this paper, either critical or otherwise? Send them in. We want to know what you think. We want to make the magazine a reflection of your thought and your need, as much as possible. Don't hesitate to write us.

Your suffragist friends must read our opening article on the Suffrage Convention. Get it before them; before individuals, and their state and national conventions. The working woman is to be the real factor in the suffrage movement of the future—because hers is an economic necessity; because she wants higher wages, and can't get them without the power of the vote. Get this fact before your suffrage friends, and insist that they act upon it.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED.

Always watch your wrapper for expiration. If the wrapper says No. 17 it means your term will expire with No. 17. Renew before your term is out. We can't supply back numbers.

HOUSEKEEPING UNDER SOCIALISM

"Housekeeping Under Socialism," by Josephine C. Kaneko, tells every housewife the fact of the existence of wonderful labor-saving devices for the home, which she cannot have under capitalism—unless she is very rich—but which may and will be hers under Socialism. It is a brief statement of facts which must appeal to every woman, and convince her of the necessity of Socialism. You will want to scatter this leaflet by the million. 50 for 10c, 100 for 20c, 1,000 for \$2.

OUR LEAFLETS.

Leaflets advertising *The Socialist Woman* will be sent free of charge. Other leaflets for sale are "Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Socialism," a fine propaganda leaflet; "Where Is Your Wife," by Kilchi Kaneko, good for propaganda in Socialist locals, second edition; "Why the Socialist Woman Demands Universal Suffrage," by Josephine C. Kaneko. Every working man and woman should read this argument for equal suffrage. Any of these leaflets 50 for 10c; 100 for 20 cents; 1,000 for \$1.50.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By Clara Zetkin.

One copy 5 cents, postpaid.

The best pamphlet on the subject. Every suffragist must read this little book. It will give you a most logical and clear knowledge on woman suffrage. Send your order today.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

GIRARD,

KANSAS.

Only a Stoker

Hebe.

Three bells!

The clang of the gong vibrated through the dark hold of the ship that was never penetrated by a ray of sunlight and that the lanterns but dimly lighted. Only the roaring flames in the great furnaces cast a red glow upon the stalwart, muscular, half-nude figure of the stokers. The three bells were a joyous chime for them for they meant the signal for relay, they betokened rest and recreation for the tired workers. Tom laid down his shovel with a sigh of relief, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He was so tired today! How long had he been working there in the darkness and the stifling heat of the engine rooms, shoveling coal into the insatiable jaws of the furnace, while the ship sped across the sea from shore to shore! How long?—He hardly remembered. He only knew that the work had seemed easy to him formerly, and that it seemed hard, terribly hard, to him now; he knew why, too. The doctor in the dispensary had told him that he was afflicted with heart disease and that he must not perform hard labor, and must avoid all strenuous exercise.

It was easy indeed for the doctor to give him that advice, but what could a man do who had a family to support, and who had never had a chance to learn a trade. He could not hang around waiting for some lighter job to come his way, and let poor Kitty support him and the four kids besides. So he had stuck to his stoker's job and had consoled himself with the hope that he would hold out a few years more until the boys were a little older and could go to work. But his troublesome heart kept worrying him. Sometimes his pulse beat with a feverish haste, and then again it was so weak that he could scarcely feel it beating. His ailment seemed to have grown worse since he knew about it.

Together with his fellow-workers Tom now stepped out upon the lower deck into the warm, bright sunshine of the tropical seas. It was delightful to bask in the sunshine, and the gentle breeze that fanned his forehead refreshed his weary body and brain. He had lit his pipe and was leaning against the railing gazing out upon the brilliant, calm surface of the boundless ocean. He was thinking of his wife and children and worrying over the problem of how they should make ends meet if he should have to quit his job after all. For he loved his wife and the four little boys, to whom it always meant a holiday when papa came home from sea and

brought them some little trifle from a foreign land.

"I must work. I must keep on working," he muttered to himself. Then he turned his weary footsteps and went to his cabin. It was a dark, miserable hovel, this stoker's cabin and Tom had to share its scanty space with three comrades. But even such a place is good to rest in when one is exhausted from work. So Tom stretched out upon his cot and closed his eyes, but somehow he could not sleep. A turmoil of thoughts filled his mind and memories of by-gone days came back to him, he knew not why.

He thought of a time when he had been young and strong and healthy, always cheerful and at his work and always in good spirits. When three bells had rung out the hour of rest in those days, he had not hurried off to his cabin. What a good time he had had on the steerage deck, joking and laughing and singing with other young chaps, and if one of them happened to have a harmonium and some one struck up a merry tune, how he had danced the waltz and the gallop and the two-step with all the pretty girls in the crowd. It was thus that he had met his Kate.

Young and pretty, but a friendless orphan, she had come alone across the sea to earn her living in a foreign land. It had been a case of love at first sight between them. First they danced together, then they had talked to one another a good deal, and teased each other, as lovers will, and upon the night before landing he had taken her into his arms and kissed her, and had asked her whether she cared for him. "More than for anyone else in the world," had been the prompt reply, and that had settled all preliminaries between them. They did not require any formal preparation, for they both were poor and had to ask no one's blessing, and they longed for one another with a strong, youthful passion. So Kate became his wife a day after the ship reached shore. Every hour of his wedding day remained vivid in Tom's memory. At noon time they had been married, and then they had taken a trolley-car ride into the open country. They had walked across fields and meadows and through the woods and Kate had picked a bunch of wild flowers. How beautiful the green and blooming country had looked to him who was obliged to spend his entire life upon the water! Only late in the evening they had returned to the city and had gone home arm in arm to that dingy house in a narrow street where

they had taken their lodging. Everyone had been sleeping and the halls and staircases were dark, but he had taken his bride in his arms and softly laughing had carried her up the five flights of stairs, higher and higher, straightway to heaven, as she had whispered into his ear. It had indeed been heaven on earth to them, that little top-floor room in which they had loved each other and been so happy! That had been the happiest day in Tom's life, that and one other day, a year later. He had returned from a long voyage, and when he came into the room he had found his wife lying in bed, somewhat pale, but with a strange light shining in her eyes, and beside her a wee, pink creature, his son, his first-born! Now that son was ten years old, a handsome, sturdy little chap! A few years more and the boy would be able to earn a little money, and that would make things easier for him and Kate.

A sudden, intense pain flashed through Tom's body. He tried to call for help, but his voice was choked. Feebly he raised his head and gasped into the empty air—"Kate, Kitty," he muttered; and then he sank back upon his pillow.

Again the signal bells rang out loud and clear. "Nine o'clock," said the passengers, and the stokers who had been resting went back to work. Only Tom was not in his accustomed place. The engineer looked about and beckoned to one of the men: "Where's Tom?" "I don't know, sir. In his cabin, I guess, sir." "Well, go and fetch him," said the engineer, and then added rather angrily, "Tom's been inclined to shirk lately."

The man went, but returned almost immediately and his comrades saw the horrified look upon his face. He went right up to the engineer and bending close to his ear said in a hoarse whisper: "Tom's dead, sir."

* * * * *

The drawing room of the first cabin rang with music and laughter and the mingling of merry voices. The passengers were evidently having a most delightful time, for the weather was perfect and everyone was on deck. The people who were mingling there had come from all parts of the world and had been cast together by mere chance. But that did not mar the spirit of the sociability which prevailed among them. For when you are at sea and depend entirely for companionship upon your fellow-travelers, the usual barriers of formality are set aside and intercourse becomes informal and familiar. A tall, stately Englishman was sitting at the

piano, passionately playing a Chopin waltz. Beside the piano stood a young commercial traveler from Germany, listening with evident reverence to the rapturous music. Upon the sofa sat a vivacious French woman with her child upon her lap, conversing in her native language with a blonde Swede who sat beside her. In one corner of the drawing room a beautiful, black-eyed, Spanish girl had gathered about her a circle of her admiring countrymen and others, and Spanish compliments were being exchanged with the usual eloquence of the southern temperament. In another corner a few old gentlemen were having a quiet game of cards. In the middle of the room a very pretty, very blonde American girl was enjoying an uninterrupted flirtation with a young Harvard student, who held an open book upon his knee, but evidently prepared to read in his companion's eyes; and in the remotest nook, in a comfortable arm chair, sat a pale young woman apparently oblivious of her surroundings, and deeply absorbed by a book she was reading. The clang of a signal bell and a sudden jerk of the ship interrupted the various conversations. The engines had been stopped and the ship had come to a stand-still. "What can be the matter?" everyone asked, and there was a general

rush for the deck. Only the Englishman at the piano, the Harvard student, and the pale young woman remained behind.

Outside upon the lower deck the captain and the crew stood about in a wide circle with uncovered heads, and in their midst lay a large bag roughly sewn of coarse canvass that betrayed a human shape. It contained the remains of poor Tom. The captain spoke a few words of praise for the dead man and said a short prayer. Then four sailors raised the bag and silently let it down into the sea. Quickly the captain gave his orders; the signal to go on was sent down to the engine room; the engines resumed their motion. It was all over.

The pretty American girl was the first to get into the drawing-room. As she entered, her friend, the Harvard student, exclaimed: "Well, what was it?" "They just buried a man at sea," she answered, in a most indifferent tone of voice. Thereupon the Englishman stopped short in the midst of a sonata he was playing, and turned about, and the pale young woman dropped her book and looked up. Almost simultaneously both of them asked: "Who was it?"

"Oh, only a stoker," the blonde girl replied, and then she sat down beside the student to continue the interrupted flirtation.

The Mother Principle

Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

If we are to believe the zoologists and the biologists, animal life has been a series of warfares from its earliest beginning. Animal life has for the most part got its living off of animal life. Everywhere insect feeds upon insect, fowl upon insect, beast upon fowl, and man upon beast.

To a very large degree life is a blood-red carnage. Added to this life-and-death struggle constantly going on between creatures of the animal world, we have the perfect indifference of the elements to animal life. Famine, hurricanes, scorching suns and freezing winters are nature's methods of ridding herself of untold millions of creeping and walking things.

Love in nature? When the sun shines, yes. But tomorrow the frosts of winter may freeze to the bone these whom the sun shone on so recently. Today a group of innocent villagers may till their fields in joy, and the sense of coming plenty. Tomorrow the elements may combine in a terrific storm and wipe them off the face of the earth.

What has nature for the individual? Everywhere pain, everywhere struggle, effort, and failure; and over all her calm,

dispassionate ear, heeding not the cry of the individual in its torment.

Nature, so accurate, so mathematical in creation, is seemingly indifferent in destruction. Function is the object of nature; not happiness.

And yet, through it all, through the misery and the pain and the indifference, runs one eternal principle, one unchanging essence: the essence of mother love; of mother-care; of mother-protection; of mother-sacrifice.

From protoplasm to man, we may trace its career. Its one undying, purposeful activity lies in producing that which "nature"—male nature—inanimate nature—so unhesitatingly destroys. The mother-instinct gives its own elements for this purpose, from the budding amoeba to civilized woman. "And greater love than this hath no man." Greater love than this is not conceivable. Neither can one conceive of a greater gift to society than that which a woman gives who accepts intelligent motherhood with all the graces which accompany it; the compassion, the love, the protective instinct. Armies, nor libraries, nor stocks and bonds can equal this gift.

In the depths of the wilderness the

young cub, creeping beyond the confines of the lairs of the mother, meets the natural law of claw and fang. Weak with agony he drags himself back home—he knows where to go—and there the mother lioness licks his wounds and purrs softly to his wounded spirit until he is well and strong again.

The primitive mother, child at her breast, seeks a place in which she may guard it from the indifferent cruelty of natural law—and the savage male. She discovers a hole in the hillside and makes a "home" there. Finally she dresses hides, and grinds grain between two stones. Step by step she develops a sort of human society. Later on the male comes to recognize some sort of relation between himself and the birth of the young. Then comes the discovery that a child is in part his. And in him buds feebly, for the first time, the mother-element—the protective instinct, which finally becomes human and compassionate, even as it has been in woman.

And this "mother" element in the woman, and the man, is the foundation of modern society. Without it mankind would still be roaming the forests, fighting, killing, altogether destructive. The mother-principle is in its nature constructive, conservative.

In primitive days so great was the effect of the mother principle upon mankind that it was deified. The oldest, the wisest, the most mysteriously powerful of the Teutonic deities are female. German folk lore is full of the *gottermutter*—or divine mothers. Later, men wrote bibles, masculinized the mother principle, called it god, and worshipped it. The protective, the compassionate essence, which grew out of the office of motherhood, and gradually became a general human attribute, they took to be of supernatural origin—and while they worshipped it, they enslaved their women.

Today this mother principle has very seriously to do with society. Social organisms the world over, are deficient without its full play in their management. The Socialist movement needs it. And it needs it from the source from which it first sprang—from womankind itself. From the mother-forte of the world.

Let us recognize this fact—insist upon it—compel it, if need be, into our movement. We will never succeed without it.

SORROWS OF CUPID.

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

There isn't a pamphlet in the Socialist literature so beneficial as propaganda matter among women as this little book. We urge you to read it. Every chapter is a gem. Price 25c. The Socialist Woman Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

What Others Say on the Woman Question

A Plea For Mother Workers.

W. C. Anderson in "The Woman Worker."

Legislation as to the employment of the married woman must recognize her right to be financially helped, when she temporarily relinquishes her work in order that the child may have a chance.

"What of the poor mother in her home?" asks Mr. Chiozza Money, M. P. "We can safely confer upon our medical officers and women inspectors power to advise the assistance of necessitous cases, before and after childbirth. The mother and the child must be fed. Nature must be allowed to give the new unit of population a fair start in life.

"The cost would be surprisingly small. If 300,000 cases were assisted to the extent of £10 each, it would entail an expenditure of only £3,000,000 per annum. With £10 per case a great deal could be done."

A nation keen to maintain race virility could make no sounder investment.

In Germany, the woman compelled by childbirth to abstain from her employment receives a sum equal to half her ordinary wage, as well as free medical assistance. In Switzerland, the law insists on the mother having relief from factory toil for three months before and after confinement. In Spain the employer must allow the nursing mother to return home one hour a day without deduction from wages. In France the children of factory mothers are placed in the care of trained nurses in day nurseries.

Hetty Green on Bourgeois Women.

The women of America have helped to make hard times. All they live for, all they care for, is clothes—the latest shape in hats, the newest fangled skirts. And they are none too particular how they get what they want or who pays for it. Oh, I am not saying that American women are not moral, but I do say that they do not care what price their husbands and fathers and brothers pay for the luxury and finery they demand. More men are driven to dishonesty by the white hand of a woman, stuck all over with jewels, than by their own love of horses, rich food and gay times.

The American child is not taught how to save money, but how to spend it. Everything they want—give it to them so long as you have the price or credit—that's the policy of the modern mother, and she is raising a nation of spendthrifts, whose one thought is to get what they want when they want it. That is why men and women, the few who know how to save, will in time be masters of those who know only how to spend.

Socialism and the Woman Question.

Winnie Branstetter in "Social-Dem-Herald."

Until the present campaign, little effort has been made to reach or interest the working women in the program of Socialism. In those southern states where there is a property qualification upon the franchise, Socialist publications and agitators raise a great cry against this bitter injustice to the working man. But they have been very quiet regarding

the fact that the conditions of the working women everywhere are more debased than that of men, because she is without the franchise as a means of forcing the capitalist class to concede some of her demands.

There are about 6,000,000 wage slaves in America, working for an average of 30 per cent less wages than the men in the same trade, efficiency being equal. Whether these 6,000,000 wage slaves are conservative or radical, superstitious or free-minded, God-fearing or man-loving, is not the mission of the Socialist party to determine, but rather whether they are producers of the necessities of life, robbed of a portion of the social value of their toil through the private ownership of machinery. This being the case, then it is the duty of the Socialist party, as the champion of the working class, voicing the civic, political and economic demands of that class, to take a position for the political enfranchisement of these working women.

South African Men Towards Women.

Olive Schreiner in "The So. African News."

The male members of our society who have in the past alone been entrusted with the duty of shaping laws and public institutions, have in South Africa often shown a sanity and breadth of insight not always shown by those of other countries.

In the non-sexual basis of our university regulations we have the noblest example of this. This constitution recognizes that the benefits of the highest intellectual culture are as unwisely denied on the score of sex as of race, and that sound health demands that their enjoyment should depend entirely on the desire and ability of the individual citizen to make use of them. In the splendid use many of our younger women are now making of those advantages we have as a society the reward of the breadth and foresight shown by certain of our men in the past, and we have no need to fear that in the future South African men will be found falling behind those of other nations in the path of progressive and enlightened social development.

Woman's Work for Human Freedom.

August "Freedom."

Whilst men, greedy for power, created the state and succeeded only in mutually enslaving each other, women, at one time crushed by the brutal force of men, conquered the home. Many homes are wretched, it is true, on account of the worthlessness of one or both of their components, or by their wrong assortment. But many women succeed in making the home a little anarchist group, with no master, no slave; and the brutal qualities which men acquire in political and business life are softened down in the home. If economic difficulties can be staved off, such women live in a small way as philosophical anarchists, choosing their own work, their own leisure, their own friends; being on terms of equality with all, of solidarity with a family circle. It is a foretaste of coming civilization, and in

this way women see much more of freedom—enjoy freedom, ease, and absence of cares—than men ever do. Why, then, instead of spreading this state of things from the happy women to the less happy and to the unhappy—instead of trying to make men who are softened in the home by true women, the less and less brutal in business, official and political life—instead of using their immense power for good to conquer freedom for women and men, why will they consecrate their energy on becoming men's accomplices in cruel public life?

Adult Suffrage.

Teresa Billington-Greig.

Those who mis-call the sex-equality bill a limited measure are guilty of confusing two separate and distinct things. They forget, in their new-born zeal for democracy, that there are two bars between the people and full adult suffrage. They talk and act as if there were only one. But in addition to the anomalous condition of our legislation and qualification laws, which impede and limit the voting powers of men, there is the great sex-bar which shuts out all women from citizenship. To the advocates of sex-equality in politics, the all-or-nothing-democrats seem to apply one law to men and another to women. They say to men who have votes on the present terms, "Go forward and vote." But to women who are qualified according to the same terms they say, "Have nothing to do with the existing franchise. Wait until all your sisters can vote with you." This may be good advice, but it is certainly not consistent. If the present franchise is good enough to be used by men, it is good enough to be used by women.

Women in the New Finnish Diet.

Dogmar Neovius in "Kvindevalgret."

The different parties in the new Finnish diet have the following number of members: the largest party, the Social-democrats, sends 83 deputies, among whom are 13 women; the Oldfinnish party sends 54, among whom are 6 women; the Youngfinnish party 27, with only 2 women; the Swedish party 25, with 3 women, and finally the Agrarian party 9, with 1 woman.

If we class the women deputies after their avocations, we find 9 married women, among whom one is a doctor's wife, one a clergyman's wife, two peasants' wives and one workman's wife; 6 teachers; 4 propagandists; 2 editors of women's papers; 2 dressmakers; 1 Phil. Dr.; 1 factory-inspector.

It is not easy to prophesy what the women will be able to do in this diet for the special women's claims. Most of those urged in the former diet are as yet left undiscussed, and will possibly be again presented. But judging from the actual political situation, it seems probable that this parliament will principally turn on the conflict with Russia. We may hope that the women who are put to this test may know how to maintain their place as steadfast and obstinate defenders of their home and country, and will not be deterred from their duty either by words nor by menaces.

An International Hymn of Woman's Cause.

August "Jus Suffragil."

Several persons have voiced the demand for an international hymn of woman's freedom. Mej. Catharine van Rennes, the gifted composer, whose skill and talent were so abundantly demonstrated during the recent Amsterdam congress, has signified her probable willingness to write the music when appropriate words have been found. All our auxiliaries are requested to invite their poets to invoke the muses in our behalf. The words may be in any one of the official languages and the competition is open to all nations.

If the results of this proposal warrant it, a committee of judges will be appointed who will select the best from those sent in. The alliance must reserve the right to refuse to accept any, if not satisfactory. The poem must be as dignified, as spirited, as elegant, as the national hymn of any nation. Every nation has its hymn of liberty, why should not the cause of woman have one?

Marriage in Socialistic Society.

Jean Jaures in "The Independent."

If I am not mistaken, Socialism will produce two immediate results in the sphere of marriage. It will unquestionably eliminate from the relations between man and woman all legal restraints; but, at the same time, it will fortify the moral obligations of fidelity,

which is the ideal of sincere and true monogamy. When I speak of the removal of restraints, I do not at all mean that it will introduce into society what we call today "free love," which is generally only a reprehensible privilege of the stronger, man, who takes advantage of the weakness of woman, who marries an "inferior being" and then throws her off when he is done with her. Such is generally the history of these free love unions.

In the relation of the sexes, as in economic relations, real individual liberty exists only when each party enjoys certain guarantees against the encroachments or abuses of the other. Upper class individualism is as evil in its exploitation of woman as woman, as it is in its exploitation of the workman as a workman. When the new Socialism gives the young girl and the young woman a real and thorough education and enables them to support themselves by labor proportionate to their strength and talents, then will the "weaker sex" be guarded against surprises and traps, then will the married woman cease to be a dependent being held in servitude through the fear of want and wretchedness, then will she be safe from the worst effects of cowardly desertion. The education and the laws of Socialism will not allow a father to escape his duties toward his children by simply turning out into the street their unmarried mother, as can be done today in this beautiful land of France.

advance in the sciences has gone far ahead of the use we are making of science, as higher knowledge is too often made a club to crush humanity instead of a lever to elevate it, right now the most profitable study is sociology. Study human conditions that the sum of human knowledge may be applied to procure better food, clothing and shelter, with the higher mental and ethical standards which this would imply, for all humanity.—Agnes Downing, Los Angeles, Cal.

Study Her Relation to Humanity.

The woman of today should study, first of all, her relations to humanity—as a part of it. This leads into almost every science, which should be systematically investigated. The woman has control of the future generations, therefore she has the greatest responsibility. The man has control of present generations, with modifications in each individual case. For instance, boys often have the general character of the mother, and girls "take after" the father. But the father is supposed to be the ideal of the mother—under proper conditions—therefore improper marriages work to the detriment of the human race. The competition of the sexes falls heaviest just before a change for the better comes.—Ira S. Campbell, New Mexico.

Study Politics.

Woman should study politics because it means bread and butter to her. Not only bread and butter, but means also whether her children should be employed in factories before their childhood days are over. Politics tells her under what laws she must live. She should know the platform of each political party, and fight for that which will give her the right to take part in making the laws.—Mrs. E. V. Clements.

Develop Sentiment.

Socialism as a purely economic proposition is cold and heartless. The soul of our movement depends entirely on new recruits. Those who grow old in the study of our economic science and philosophy become intellectual icebergs. They chill the warm life blood of real humanity. I have contended for years against this indisputable condition, but without success. My hope is that women will be our savior. If there is no place in our philosophy and action for the feelings and sentiments of humanity, those feelings and sentiments that constitute the essence of religion, it is doomed to fail. "The Socialist Woman" is about to depart from the narrow educational lines of the Socialist press and we hope that it will not follow the cold materialistic steps of man. The heart of woman is a world-moving force and we hope that it will blaze forth in all its glory in "The Socialist Woman."—J. W. Mooney, Oklahoma.

Science the Main Need.

In reply to your question "What is the best intellectual food for women today?" I would say that science would be the main essential, as the study of science develops the brain more than any other knowledge and with a developed brain our mind naturally gets a

What Kind of Education is Most Needed for Women Today?

Study Self and Motherhood.

My observation and years of study lead me to say: The study of self and motherhood rights. The owned mother hardly can grant a welcome as birth-right to her child, which is hers by natural, but not by legal rights. And under capitalism's power, scarcely can the mother under labor's grind, however much a babe is longed for, dare to bare another child to add to the cares and expenses of the laborer's home. Then I see that education should extend to economics which she is deeply environed by, and through such spare hours the study of Socialism, including the perusal of "The Socialist Woman," which I have found so great a help, as well as instructor for all women of all classes.—Allie Lindsay Lynch, Chicago.

Read Literature of Revolt.

Women should read science and literature of revolt. Of the former hygiene, all that pertains to child-culture from germ to adult. Sociology and Socialism are most important. In the study of evolution and standard science it is well to begin with Huxley. In Criminology at least Ferri's "Positive School" is indispensable. Of literature read all mentioned by Comrade K. Kaneko in Sept. S. W., adding Shelly, Thoreau, Whitman, Olive Schreiner, Carpenter, Markham, London, Sinclair, Mrs. Gilman. Of periodicals, "Socialist Woman," "Woman Worker"—England—and "International Socialist Review," are best.—May Beals Hoffpauir, Tennessee.

Clear the Mind Up First.

The first essential to raise a crop, one must clear away the forest, and burn the trash, then good seed must be sown, after which, with the proper conditions you can reap a good harvest. I liken the average mind of today unto a forest filled with thorns and briars. A careful and critical study of religion and politics, of the past and present, is absolutely necessary in order to clear the soil of the mind. When this is done, you will be surprised to know how little there is left of value to yourself or coming generations. Now take the book of nature as your guide. It is not man-made, never tells a falsehood; teaches Socialism and evolution and the brotherhood of man; is no respecter of persons; that every child is an immaculate child, and an heir to immortality, with an eternity in which to grow. No golden slippers, no golden streets, no gems in the crowns of the elect, or few, and no brimstone in the nostrils of the many.—Ida Ohlinger, New York.

Study Science.

Logically the advice for a student, woman or man, is to study science. Mathematics first, because its propositions can be proven exactly and as it is a basis for further study. Then physics, astronomy, chemistry, botany, biology, and last, the least exact and less understood, sociology, which would include history, philology and politics. But as all study is but rubbish unless put to some concrete use, and as the

clearer view and conception of religion, politics and different social problems. But the question is, How many minds that would be attracted by some spicy and piquant belletristic, would absorb such works as Darwin's "Origin of Species," Spencer's "First Principles," Buckle's "History of Civilization in England," and the like? Why, the most of women, and even men, would find such reading "too dry," and therefore it would be advisable that every club should engage lecturers who, in a plain but able way, would give outlines of different branches of science, thus getting the women acquainted with the causes of varied phenomena in nature and the universe. As for a more thorough study of science, it would of course depend entirely upon the development of this or that brain.—Anna Rapport, Mass.

Study Science, Politics and Religion.

As I am a reader of "The Socialist Woman," I think that science and politics and religion are the best that wo-

men can study. My husband intends to vote the Socialist ticket, my son will cast his first vote for Debs. I would cast a dozen if I could. Hurrah for Debs and Hanford.—Mary Broadwell, Minn.

THE NEXT TOPIC FOR OUR DISCUSSION CLUB.

Will be "Shall Women Wait to Vote Until Socialism has Come?" The qualified suffragist says: "Anything that is good for man is good for women. Let women have votes as their brothers have." The all-or-nothing-Socialist says—"Wait until all are free."

The subject is so vital that it deserves the thoughtful reflection of every mind. I rejoiced at the responses you made on our last topic. But I want more this time. Let us reflect carefully upon the subject. Be sure to make your answer not over 100 words. The best thought is always a crystallized one. Address all your letters:

K. KANEKO,
GIRARD, KAN.

Is It a Handicap?

MARY S. OPPENHEIMER

Some points of special interest to Socialist women are to be found in the Department of Labor Bulletin, State of New York, for March 1908 in the decision of the United States supreme court on the Oregon ten hour law for women.

The law in question was passed by the Oregon Legislature in February, 1903. In the fall of 1905 suit was brought under it against the owner of a laundry in Portland, and a test case was made. This was carried through all the state courts having jurisdiction, and the supreme court has now affirmed the constitutionality of the law.

Of this decision the Labor Bulletin says: "The court based its conclusion on the broad general considerations that the physical constitution of woman is such as to make long hours of labor a menace to her health and therefore justifies an exercise of the police power of the state to limit her hours in the interest of the public health, and that her economic position in society is such as to make her less independent than man and therefore justifies limitation of 'freedom of contract' in her case for her own protection and to secure for her equal rights with men. Based on these grounds this decision virtually lays down a solid basis of constitutionality for the limitation of working hours for women by state laws generally. No less than twenty of the states now have some such laws. Heretofore, however, the constitutionality of such laws was not certain. In five states, Massachusetts, Nebraska, Oregon, Pennsylvania and Washington, the highest court had sustained such laws, but in Illinois such

an act had been held unconstitutional. But hereafter it may be regarded as settled that the state may properly limit the hours of the work of women to such as shall certainly in no degree menace their health. The practical significance of this decision for the welfare of working women, it may be noted, is considerably heightened by the fact that while labor organization has been a great engine of progress toward shorter hours for men, that agency has been of comparatively little assistance to women, owing to the weakness of organization among them." The Bulletin quotes at length from the opinion of the court which was unanimous. It runs in part: "The woman's physical structure and the performance of maternal functions place her at a disadvantage in the struggle for subsistence is obvious. This is especially true when the burdens of motherhood are upon her. Even when they are not, by abundant testimony of the medical fraternity continuance for a long time upon her feet at work, repeating this from day to day, tends to injurious effects upon the body, and as healthy mothers are essential to vigorous offspring, the physical well-being of women becomes an object of public interest and care in order to preserve the strength and vigor of the race.

"Still again, history discloses the fact that woman has always been dependent upon man. He established his control at the outset by superior physical strength, and this control in various forms, with diminishing intensity, has continued to the present. As minors, though not to the same extent,

she has been looked upon in the courts as needing special care that her rights may be preserved. Education was long denied her, and while now the doors of the school room are opened and her opportunities for acquiring knowledge are great, yet even with that and the consequent increase of capacity for business affairs it is still true that in the struggle for subsistence she is not an equal competitor with her brother. Though limitations upon personal and contractual rights may be removed by legislation, there is that in her disposition and habits of life which will operate against a full assertion of those rights. She will still be where some legislation to protect her seems necessary to secure a real equality of right. Doubtless there are individual exceptions, and there are many respects in which she has an advantage over him; but looking at it from the viewpoint of the effort to maintain an independent position in life, she is not upon an equality. Differentiated by these matters from the other sex, she is properly placed in a class by herself, and legislation designed for her protection may be sustained, even when like legislation is not necessary for men and could not be sustained. It is impossible to close ones eyes to the fact that she still looks to her brother and depends upon him. Even though all restrictions on political, personal and contractual rights were taken away, and she stood, so far as statutes are concerned, upon absolutely equal plane with him, it would still be true that she is so constituted that she will rest upon and look to him for protection; that her physical structure and a proper discharge of her maternal functions—having in view not merely her own health, but the well-being of the race—justify legislation to protect her from the greed as well as the passion of man. The limitations which this statute places upon her contractual powers, upon her right to agree with her employer as to the time she shall labor, are not imposed solely for her benefit, but also largely for the benefit of all. Many words cannot make this plainer. The two sexes differ in structure of body, in the functions to be performed by each, in the amount of physical strength, in the capacity for long continued labor, particularly when done standing, the influence of vigorous health upon the future well-being of the race, the self reliance which enables one to assert full rights, and in the capacity to maintain the struggle for subsistence. This difference justifies a difference in legislation and upholds that which is designed to compensate for some of the burdens which rest upon her. We have not referred in

this discussion to the denial of the elective franchise in the State of Oregon, for while that may disclose a lack of political equality in all things with the brother, that is not of itself decisive. The reason runs deeper, and rests upon the inherent difference in the sexes, and in the different functions in life which they perform."

Is this decision really as favorable to the cause of the woman worker as it seems to be at first sight? In its final result will it not tend to keep down the wages of the woman as against those of the man while the special privileges extended to her in this and similar statutes are made a means through which a supply of cheap labor is maintained? The state has an undoubted claim to active interference with the rights of the woman worker as against those of the man in the case of the pregnant woman and the mother of a young baby. Its right is based upon the well being of the child, the future citizen of the state. More and better laws are desirable along this line and a stricter enforcement of them, if such a thing be possible under capitalism. But such laws do not concern the woman as an individual. If I, an active able bodied woman, with others dependent upon me, can make more money by working twelve hours a day as the man does, what right has the state to step in and practically say to me: "You shall work only ten hours a day and take lower wages merely because you are a woman"? Such a decision is not likely to help the school teachers to win their fight for equal pay for equal work. It is not likely to help women's organizations anywhere to better wages.

The phrase: "the physical disabilities of women" has come to be a stock one. It is not unlike the figures of the widow and the orphan who are always trotted out by the capitalist press when there is talk of passing any law which might menace the vested rights of private prop-

erty. Then the newspapers shriek to heaven that the rare of the funds of the widow and the orphan is a sacred trust. But when the question is one of wrecking a railroad or some other industrial enterprise in which the fortunes of the widow and the orphan are invested the capitalists show mighty little regard for them. They fight the battles of the giants with each other, and when the war is over the victorious capitalist or group of capitalists has got the money and the widow and the orphan end in poverty.

The tender concern of the courts for the physical disabilities of women is somewhat on a par with the interest of the capitalist in the pathetic figures of the widow and the orphan. It partakes of sentiment rather than of justice. As a matter of fact women have been and still are, in spite of their physical disabilities, the drudges of the race. The amount of pure hard work they have done, and are still doing in many countries in the hewing of wood and drawing of water is something appalling. But they have done and do do it, and bring up their babies besides. The economic independence and the better conditions of life offered by Socialism are their only hope of salvation. Practically such a decision as this tends to keep things as they are instead of letting them work themselves out under our present industrial system. It seems on the whole rather a step backward than a step forward.

So far as I know the matter has never been specially discussed among Socialists, though, if I am not mistaken, some of the state platforms contain clauses endorsing such special legislation for women. These clauses may well have been inserted by the men alone.

At any rate the subject is one which the women of the Socialist party ought to think about and discuss, and in which they ought to take an active interest.

publican form of government, with representation based on land instead of gens. 6. Rise of imperialism. 7. Great commercial cities.

IV—Language.—Ideas.

1. Development of writing. 2. Prose literature. 3. Grammar, rhetoric, oratory, logic, philosophy. 4. The thinking machine developed, active, but without knowledge of facts to work upon. 5. Thought imaginative, speculative. 6. Culture exclusively masculine, excepting for a number of courtesans who, being free, acquired education.

V—Family.

1. The Aryan family established; in Greece and Rome, only one legal wife. 2. Other women's children become illegitimate; the wife of chattel. 3. Child follows the condition of the mother. 4. Women kept in seclusion and ignorance.

VI—Industry—Commerce.

1. Work done by slaves. 2. Industrial workers, both slave and free congregate in towns, where production becomes individualized. 3. Caravan routes from Orient to Mediterranean countries. 4. Extended navigation along sea coasts.

VII—Religion.

1. Phallism. 2. Multiplication of gods and temples. 3. Law employed to enforce religious observances. Numerous priesthood, important religious festivals.

Questions.

1. What characteristics were common to all the early nations; those that disappeared, those that remained nearly stationary, and those that retrograded? Answer—The abject condition of woman, and the enslaved condition of labor, which destroyed the dynamic and inventive power of these elements of society. 2. What help is commerce to subsistence? Ans.—It enlarges the variety of commodities at any given place, and so encourages a larger demand and calls forth increased production. 3. What are some differences between patriarchal law and municipal law? Ans.—Patriarchal law is based on the family as a unit, it leaves punishment in the hands of the patriarch, it is a despotism. Municipal law is based on the individual as a unit, it acts in the name of the city-state. 4. On what subjects did the mind begin to train itself? Ans.—On the science of government and the social accomplishments. 5. What innovations were introduced by the Aryan form of the family? Ans.—Monogamy and the illegitimacy of children. 6. What is a characteristic of slave labor? Ans.—Processes and tools are not improved, because the laborer has neither interest nor leisure for making inventions. 8. With what were the religious powers most interested in the pagan world? Ans.—With securing the gratification of the sensual appetites and providing revenues for the priesthood.

References:

1. The Nemesis of nations.
2. Grote's Greece.
3. Henry Maine's Ancient Law.
4. Grote's Greece.
5. Morgan's Ancient Society.
6. Frederiek Engles; The origin of the family.
7. Eliza Bert Gamble; The God-idea of the Ancients.

Your "American Man."

You can't be proud of your "American man" for his generosity towards women. In Finland the men understood the position of women and sympathized with them and gave them the right to vote without asking. What has the American man done for women? He petted you, loved you, and made a spoiled child out of you. Don't talk about your man as the most generous hearted in the world until he gives you the equal rights and treats you as his equal, and not as a baby.—Kiichi.

The Socialist Woman and "The Sorrows of Cupid," 50 cents; send your order early.

SOCIALIST WOMAN'S STUDY CLUB.

LESSON VII.

Early Civilization to Christian Era.

I—Ancient Civilizations.

1. Egypt, Babylon, Assyria, etc., which disappeared. 2. China and India, which remained almost stationary. 3. Greece and Rome, which returned almost to barbarism—the parents of modern civilization.

II—Subsistence.

1. Freer distribution and exchange of food products.

III—Government.

1. Formation of nations. 2. Written law. 3. Municipal law grows up beside patriarchal law. 4. Gens and phratry still effective within the social and religious sphere. 5. Development of re-

LETTER-BOX

—Here is a little list of six. The S. W. fills a great need in our movement, and I put it right next to the Appeal and the Daily among the papers whose circulation I'll push from now on. I have just organized a local here at Steamboat Springs with 20 charter members, two of whom are women. They are wide-awake, of course.—L. E. Katterfeld, Walla Walla, Wash.

—I have been reading the S. W. since January. It is the only paper I ever read that stands exclusively for woman's rights, and of course I think it is a grand paper and ought to be read by every working woman in the United States, and I am going to do all I can to make it grow. I enclose four names this trip.—Mrs. Mabel Ousley, Okla.

—I have picked up the enclosed dozen subs along my route. I am having fine meetings. Will be in Kansas City, Oct. 15.—Lena Morrow Lewis, Cal.

—Am enclosing money order for ten subs. I got in K. C., Kans., yesterday afternoon. Had a good time here. Hope to have good meetings in Pleasanton and Fort Scott. Will try to organize the women at these places.—Carrie Lowe, K. C. Kansas.

—Am sending you four new subs. Please send the paper as soon as you can as they are very anxious to begin reading. I have missed my paper for three months. Please send these numbers, as I do so like to read the S. W.—Mrs. Lessie Engels, K. C., Mo.

—Please continue sending me the S. W., as I am very much pleased with it. I am sorry to say that my wife is not yet ready for the change, but my good friend, let us who have the light do what we can.—D. E. B., Calif.

—Hope you are happily situated down there with your old friends. Wish I might settle in Girard sometime to enjoy for awhile the comradeship of that thoroughly congenial bunch. The night of your reception I thought of you all having such a good time, then I had a good old-fashioned cry, the kind that washes away all griefs and makes the whole world yellow with the sunshine of love in a few hours. Our committee is laying the foundation for some good work, I believe. Much will depend upon whether the women are ready or not. I believe the time of awakening is here, and within a year, even, we will be surprised. Enclosed find 50c for bundle S. W. for distribution.—Winnie Branstetter, N. Mex.

—I will renew my subscription for the S. W. next week, as I like it so much. Please send me the enclosed list of books. I hope some day to be a good Socialist. I think it is a great thing. Hoping to hear from you soon.—May Green, Rochester, N. Y.

—You will find enclosed money order for eleven subscriptions. This is the first installment in the sub. campaign I promised some time ago. I have found it a good plan to carry a bundle of the S. W. to our picnics. We are planning for several more before the season closes. Wishing the S. W. success in its new home.—Lucy M. Cheyney, Cleveland, Ohio.

—Have found four people who are willing to read your interesting paper the coming year. Socialism is surely growing in the West. We have won a great victory for free speech in Los Angeles, and are bound to win all along the line. I will send more subs if I can get them.—Carrie V. Lamb, Los Angeles, Calif.

—A little boy baby who lately arrived at our house prevents me doing much for the Socialist Woman just now. However, I always give my paper out where I think it will do the most good. We have six children now; the youngest is named Eugene Victor. We all admire our presidential candidate, so much. I will strive to make good Socialists of my children. With best wishes for the future success of OUR paper.—Mrs. George Elmgreen, Wis.

—The September number is a good one. May it increase till it is a first-class, up-to-date illustrated magazine—fifty or one hundred pages—price to match. I miss the letters. The letter column is my first reading. Please don't drop out the letters from the scattered comrades who are working alone and need encouragement. The letters help others to start.—Matilda A. Hodges, Oklahoma.

—I received the September edition of the Socialist Woman. I am a new subscriber, and am so well pleased with it that I am enclosing twenty cents for a bundle of ten. I am also going to try and get a few subscribers for you in my locality. I only wish that all the wives of workmen could be made to take an interest in such a magazine as The Socialist Woman. Yours for a change in the "system."—Mrs. Joseph Duplain, New Orleans, La.

—I congratulate you on the September issue of The Socialist Woman. It is the best issue so far. Hoping that it may be still better in the future.—H. Levinson, Chicago.

—Our street meetings are a wonderful success. Last Monday I addressed all of three hundred men and fifty women, for over an hour. Ever so many questions were asked. The branches all over town are asking for women speakers, and they have full houses if a woman is to speak. The Socialist Woman has been greatly appreciated. I can assure you.—Corinne S. Brown, Chicago.

—Enclosed find a list of 8 subs. The Woman's Socialist union of San Jose, of which I am a member, gave a picnic yesterday, with visitors from all over the county. Miss J. R. Cole, who is one of us, spoke for us. We are trying to help the great cause along.—Mrs. F. H. Benner, Calif.

—I have been getting The Socialist Woman for over a year, and feel it my duty to help my sex whenever I can. I am sure any woman who happens to read this paper, if she has never thought before, will think after reading it, and think hard. I am not only glad but perfectly delighted to see this little magazine growing, and it has my every good wish. Find enclosed four subs.—Gwendolin Everts, St. Louis, Mo.

—Rochester local had a picnic recently and I picked up the enclosed seven. I wish you all success in your cause.—Mrs. Wm. Hammen, Rochester, N. Y.

—Through our Women's union here, which has been in existence six years, I have seen our members make rapid strides in self-confidence, in power to express themselves, and in executive ability upon committees. The class of women who naturally become Socialists are women without much experience in society or club work, and are often timid, have never spoken on their feet in the presence of others, and need urging to do so. Our union, without making any special effort for membership, is increasing right along in numbers this last year, which is very encouraging. I think we will plan some very aggressive work this coming year. We are talking of opening—if we can work it out—a Socialist library and reading room. It largely depends upon securing a good room at little cost. We will then furnish it attractively and make a great effort to secure a fine lot of books, with papers and magazines. Should we accomplish this we could form classes for study, have lectures or talks one or more evenings a week—and in this and other ways give publicity to our movement, do good propaganda work, and post ourselves on the principles of Socialism and the whole industrial development, with all of its kindred topics. I do not suppose there is a more alive club of Socialist women anywhere than in Los Angeles. We believe all Socialist women should join the local, and I have noticed that among the best workers in the local are our club members.—Mary E. Garbutt, Los Angeles, Calif.

Fashionable New York ladies are having "tennessee" parties. The origin of these is peculiar. Down in the tenneloin where women want to forget, they buy 10c worth of cocaine for the purpose. This they called 10-of-c. It was lengthened into tennessee, and the rich give tennessee parties where they sniff cocaine for their jaded senses. Better advocate Socialism for these rich women; they need to go to work.

CIRCULATION FUND.

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Evolution, Social and Organic—by Arthur M. Lewis.
Anarchism and Socialism—by George Plechanoff.
The Positive School of Criminology—by Enrico Ferri.
What's So and What Isn't—by John M. Work.
Britain for The British—by Robert Blatchford.
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific—by Frederick Engels.
Karl Marx—Biographical Memoirs—Wilhelm Liebknecht.
Collectivism and Industrial Evolution—by Emile Vandervelde.
The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Stand For—by John Spargo.
The Evolution of Man—by William Boelsche.
THE SOCIALIST WOMAN PUB. CO.,
GIRARD

The National Movement.

Chicago, Ill.—The Woman's Socialist league of Chicago will use the time from now on till after election in carrying their schedule of lessons through civilization. Topics have been assigned to the members to be discussed by all at the next meeting, Thursday, 2:30 p. m. at 26 Van Buren street, room 312. We hope to complete this course of lessons and have them ready for the winter's work, when we shall begin at Lesson I, and do regular, systematic work with chosen textbooks, supplemented by general reading.

We are reaping our harvest from the seed sown at street meetings. Women are asking where there is a study class, as they "want to know." I would suggest that every woman who can will take advantage of the two study classes, one in the afternoon at the address given above, and the other at the Y. P. S. L. hall, 180 Washington street, Wednesday evening.

Then gather as many of her neighbors as possible and give them what she has learned, thus doubling the value of the lessons to herself, as one learns by teaching.

We had an interesting visitor at the last meeting in the presence of Mrs. Roe of the Omaha Woman's Socialist union. She gave us an account of the work done in their union, in their study club and Sunday school.

Letters are coming in from every state in regard to the National General Federation of Women's clubs showing great interest in the work.

We were invited by the Trades Union league to help celebrate Labor Day, and there were 18 Socialist women responded. We were not allowed to carry Socialist banners, but Corinne Brown carried a pennant, "Teachers," and sat on the front seat. The rest of us had the national platform of the Socialist party, and held them up to the crowd. Those nearest would exclaim "Socialist Party!" and a loud hurrah for Debs and Hanford would ring out. I wish I had kept tab on the shouts for Bryan and Debs—it certainly would equal 16 of the latter to 1 of the former. Not a little peep for Taft. At the luncheon there were nearly 300 women. I quietly slipped around and placed the leaflets of Agnes Downing, "A Word to Working Women," at each plate, then stood at the door as they passed out and handed each an "Appeal to Women," by Mrs. Maynard. Going down in the elevator a little bunch of us sang softly "The Red Flag," much to the bewilderment of a couple of spruce looking business men. Altogether our league certainly did a good job for Socialism on Labor Day.—Annah Finsterbach, Secretary Socialist Woman's League, Chicago.

South Sharon, Pa.—Our Woman's league is planning on sending \$15 to the Red Special. We have only fifteen active members, but we are doing fine. We started with four members in January of this year, five of these fifteen have joined the local, and we have good attendance.—Mrs. R. S. Stephens.

Kansas City, Mo.—The Woman's league of Kansas City is

doing good work. They write for copies of The Socialist Woman, and say, "We are planning to place Socialist magazines and books in the reading rooms of the public library and Y. W. C. A."

Springfield, Mass.—We have organized a Socialist Woman's Study Club, with eleven members. Have held four meetings with discussions on women and Socialism in general, and have become a little used to conducting the meetings.—M. L. Pease.

Toronto, Can.—The Ontario provincial convention of the Socialist party of Canada which met recently in Toronto, adopted a resolution instructing the provincial executive committee to provide for a series of meetings for Socialist women speakers and to request the dominion executive to prepare literature showing woman's position in capitalist society, the aim being to interest more women in the work of the party and have an intelligent working woman's vote when universal suffrage is finally secured. Three women delegates, Mrs. Edith Wrigley, Miss Sourni, and Miss Mallion, attended the convention.

Seattle, Wash.—At a meeting of the Washington State Committee on Woman's Work in Tacoma last Sunday Eleanor M. Herman was made secretary and Bessie Fiset, organizer. The committee, under the supervision of the state executive committee, is at work on a manifesto to be sent to all the locals in the state. This will probably be sent out during this next month. The children of the Young People's Socialist League of Seattle last Sunday voted to give \$5.00 to the Red Special fund. They are getting to act like bloated bond-holders.—Bessie Fiset.

Do You Know Debs?

The more you know him, the more you will appreciate the great manhood that is in him. A complete biography by his life-long friend and co-worker in Socialism—Stephen Reynolds, writings by himself on "How I Became a Socialist," "The Federal Government and the Chicago Strike," speeches on "Liberty," "The Socialist Party and the Working Class," and other oratorical gems, as well as "The Presidential Issue of 1908." All these and more, with appreciations by J. A. Wayland, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Markham, Bartholdi and other world-renowned men, printed in book form, finely illustrated, bound in silk, or half Morocco, may be yours at \$2.00 for silk binding; \$2.75 for half Morocco. This book will be the prize gem of your library. Send your orders today.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN,
GIRARD, KANS.

WOMEN THE SOCIALIST HOPE.

According to Eugene V. Debs, the Socialist candidate for president, women are to be the means of bringing about the ultimate success of his party. Mr. Debs left Kansas City at 9 o'clock this morning in the Red Special for St. Joseph, Mo. When the train pulled out

the candidate was eating breakfast in the dining car.

"It was a great meeting last night," he said, "and the women—the women are so responsive. They made up 40 per cent of the audience, and they were interested, too. That's the element upon which our success depends."

"Do you know that women have been the backbone of every revolution? Suppose Joan D'Arc had been a man—Yes, sir, when a woman is stirred up, or riled up, there is something infectious in her spirit!"

"Are you married, Mr. Debs?" a visitor asked.

"Twenty-five years—and I know."—The Kansas City Star.

A Word to Working Women

This leaflet by Agnes Downing is one of the very best things for distribution among department store girls, factory women, mill girls and other wage earning women. Fifty for 10c; 100 for 20c, or \$1.50 per 1,000. Order today. The Socialist Woman Pub. Co.

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