

JUL 17 1909
3

The Progressive Woman

VOL. III

SEPTEMBER, 1909

NO. XXVIII

Mrs. A. L. Park
611 Gilman St.
St. Louis, Mo.



FRED D. WARREN

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

PRICE 5 CENTS

50c. A YEAR

Fred D. Warren

Occasionally there looms up in the history of events a personality representing an idea so large, so all-inclusive, that men, women and children, irrespective of sex, color or national boundaries, share alike its benefits.

It so happens that Fred D. Warren, "the fighting editor of the Appeal to Reason", is just now the central figure in the great economic and humanitarian movement of Socialism, toward which the world is looking today. Growing out of his great fight to save the lives of the Western Federation of Miners men, Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone, has come the conviction of a trumped-up crime, with a sentence of six months in jail, and a heavy fine. Neither the jail sentence nor the fine are worrying the "fighting editor" but he realizes, as does the entire Socialist movement, that both the jail sentence and the fine are meant as a sort of precedent in the fight of capitalism against Socialist publications of all kinds. If Fred Warren, as representative of the Appeal, loses, it means that the Appeal loses, that the entire Socialist press loses, and that more than a million men, women and children will suffer from the effects of the blow.

That is why Comrade Warren is fighting with such stubbornness this move of the capitalist rulers. That is why, though he had never posed as an orator and had never made a dozen speeches in his life, he stood up before the judge in the court room at Fort Scott, and made what editor Hicks of Georgia calls "the greatest speech ever delivered on American soil," and of which George Allan England says: "It has the true historic ring; and as long as language lasts, as long as the love of liberty persists, your words will be enshrined in the hearts of humanity."

It was a great speech, for a great cause, by a man who was equal to the occasion.

And because he is just now prominent as a representative of the cause so thoroughly social, so all-inclusive, and because so much interest was manifested in our last number, which also gave a picture of him, we have honored him as the first man to appear on our cover page, where our women and men alike, in their love for those who face the hottest of the fight, may readily see and become acquainted with the features of the "fighting editor of the 'Little Old Appeal.'"

"SUDSIE."

The appellation "Sudsie" was probably due to the richness of the local color that adorned his countenance and attained to a highly polished veneer on his wrists and hands.

However, an exterior walnut stain is no criterion as to the hue of one's interior, and "Sudsie's" heart was white, according to the following incident:

The sergeant sat at his desk in a south Chicago police station. The door opened, and failed to close. The sergeant veered his eyes to windward, and there stood "Sudsie," gallantly holding the door ajar for three little shavers, their mother and a babe in arms. The whole crew was in tears, excepting "Sudsie," whose face wore the gravity of deep responsibility. His charges in, he approached the sergeant's desk.

"I figgers it up like dis," with a jerk of his thumb toward the tear-stained group behind him, "de lady's from Joliet. Come in on de Burlington dis morning. De high moke of de family—meanin' de main squeeze, or de ol' man—didn't meet her, accordin' to de contract. De little kid

was raisin' de depo' wid his appeals and protests, gent comes along an' rings for a messenger—dat's me, talkin'. 'Hi take dis lady an' her family over to Sorenson's, 2530 South Halsted,' says he. Well, neider de high moke nor his mugs Sorenson had a latchkey wat fitted de keyhole dere. Guess de mut was off. Anyway, de lady an' her fambly bein' down an' out, and shy on pork and', I brung 'em erlong here."

"Maybe I was wrong in the address" sobbed the woman, "but I thought I had it right."

"Perhaps if you had waited longer at the station," ventured the sergeant, much impressed by the situation, "your husband might have met you."

"Sudsie" dug his hands in his pockets and planted his feet far apart. "Aw, de mut makes me weary. Say, Serge, wats eatin' you anyway? Why don't you get wise to the lady's needs. De kids is fair hollerin' for grub, an' she's wrestlin' wid de ragged edge. Shuffle your feet dere."

The sergeant stared hard at the bundle in blue, started to say something, then changed his mind. He rang the bell for an assistant instead, gave him a dollar and told him to have the woman and her family fed up a bit.

"Sudsie" pulled the peak of his cap over his right eye and squinted out of the window during this order.

Presently the sergeant turned to him and said:

"What's your name, my lad?"

"Me? I'm 'Sudsie,' yours truly, et cetera and so on."

"Well, 'Sudsie,' you're a white boy all right."

"Aw say," said "Sudsie," "you makes me tired."

And with an air of disgust he marched out and lost himself in the moving throng.

These Studied Socialism and Became Ardent Socialists.

Alfred Russell Wallace, the world's greatest living scientist.

Edwin Markham, America's most distinguished poet.

Victor Hugo, the most eminent literary Frenchman of the nineteenth century.

Frances E. Willard, learned, eloquent and best beloved American woman in the last century.

Enrico Ferri, Italy's most noted criminologist.

Bernard Shaw, best known living dramatist.

Eugene V. Debs, acknowledged even by his enemies to be second to no other American as an orator.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman, the best known woman sociologist in our country, author of four sociological works.

Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, ranked by many scholars as America's profoundest sociologist.

Professor Charles Zeublin, of the University of Chicago, the most popular university extension lecturer in the United States.

Miss Willard a Pioneer Suffragist.

In her early temperance work, Miss Willard made some enemies among her co-workers by her injection of woman's suffrage ideas into her talks. The chair-woman of one of her meetings once came forward after the talk and said: "I wish it to be distinctly understood that the speaker represents herself and not the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for we do not propose to trail our skirts through the mire of politics." Miss Willard's stand on this subject, and her boldness in asserting them "before their time," has made easier the path of those who have since followed her in this branch of the Woman's Advance Movement. The W. C. T. U. as a body, now champions woman's suffrage.

The Little Socialist Magazine

The leading monthly for boys and girls. 50 Cents per year, 5 Cents per copy. Special rates for Socialists Sunday Schools.

15 Spruce Street, New York

In the Trail of the Little White Hearse

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

When a woman bears a child, she contributes the most important of all factors to society. Hers is a social act. The child may have absorbed her blood, it may bear her impress upon its features, it may inherit its father's name, which is hers also. But it is the child of society, and no more belongs to her in the full sense of the term, than the mist in a cloud belongs—is the property of—the cloud. The mist diffuses itself upon the earth to be drunk up by the foliage and the ground, and is again drawn by the sun into a cloud, to again diffuse itself, and so forever.

So the child is absorbed by society, diffuses itself through social organisms, contributes to and draws from its surroundings, and is never the property of any individual or set of individuals. It can not be a fixed quantity any more than the dew and the mist.

But the mother who goes to the brink of the grave to contribute this most important social element, receives nothing as a mother, from society in return. **She has not even the guarantee that society will not destroy her contribution before it is fully made.**

A good many mothers who live on farms know that our great law makers down at Washington have had a committee at work studying, classifying, and tabulating the diseases and frailties of hogs, and that when one of their husband's hogs becomes ill, or physically deranged, the farmer has merely to write to the hog department at the national capital and he will receive all the information he wants about the care of his brute, information compiled by specialists, and they will forward him medicine for its cure.

But the mothers—when their little babes grow puny and ill, there is nothing at the national capital to help them out; and too often there is everything at the national capitol in the way of bad laws to discourage and defeat them in their care for their young.

"Six million babies dead in America every ten years for the past half century; thirty million American homes desolate; thirty million American mothers suffering the pangs of childbirth only to be deprived of their babies before they have spoken their first word or taken their first step. Today this is still the appalling toll which is demanded of American motherhood. Think of it! One baby in five marked for sacrifice before it is born."

And the great majority of these deaths preventable, say the physi-

cians and the nurses who know about them.

In Chicago the little white hearse was called out 719 times during August of 1908. A map lies before me with black dots showing where most of these babies died. And I read—"taking the back trail of these pathetic little funerals we are led straight to the beaten paths of the three-room homes where live widowed and deserted women and others whose incomes will not permit higher rent. Here unsanitary plumbing and lack of conveniences do their deadly work. It is the destination of the poorest milk sold in the city. It is where streets are cleaned least often or not at all; where staled bread and oldest meat are sold. To it in the dusk of evening, little children with shawls over their heads and market baskets on their arms return with their prizes from the city dumps and garbage barrels of the market streets."

Seven hundred and nineteen mothers bringing their contributions to society, and society destroying them before they are out of their mothers' arms. And not only this. "Other hundreds of babies managed to live with constitutions blasted. Later they will be found among the undernourished and backward school children; then as delinquents; finally on the books of charity organizations among the dependents to be cared for by society. You cannot make an efficient citizen out of a blighted baby."

Not only the little white hearse, but the juvenile court, the pauper, the black walls of the prison.

This is what society makes of the contributions of thousands of women every year. And yet we are told that nowhere in the world is womanhood revered so much as in the United States.

What can be done to save the babies and the broken mother hearts? First insure every mother against abject poverty during the infancy of her children. Second, wipe out the slums of our great cities. Already in France they are pensioning mothers. Women grew tired of bearing babies for ruthless and brutal slaughter. Got tired of following little white hearses bearing their own contributions to society. Got tired of filling prison cells and insane asylums. They quit bearing children, and French society grew alarmed. For the first time in the history of the world, the value of motherhood as a social asset was recognized. And the law makers said we will pension the mothers; they are better than the soldiers, because they give life, whereas the soldiers destroy

it. So in France they are pensioning mothers.

In Germany they have wiped out the slums of Berlin. The social-democrats, being very numerous in Germany, forced the city government of Berlin to build all its new houses on model lines, so that plenty of light and air and perfect sanitation could be insured the residents.

In America a woman and her children are the property of a man. The man is supposed to take care of his property. If he does, well and good. If he doesn't, then let the property suffer the consequences. The cheapest thing in the world is human life, and the man whose human possessions are large, is pitied or despised, while he whose material possessions are large and whose human possessions are small, is looked upon as the real social benefactor.

This state of affairs exists because women have not realized their humanness; because they have been led for ages to believe themselves part angel and part witch, with their heads in the air and their feet—but neither angels nor witches are in need of feet, so they have hardly ever thought of their feet, and how could they know that they were buried in the mire of servitude?

But thirty million American mothers are stretching their hands after the little white hearse, and crying out against the useless sacrifice. And science is knocking at the doors of the government with its preventives, and Socialism is knocking at the brains of the people with its possibilities, its wisdom, its humanness; and thirty million mothers—and more—hearing these twin voices are going to demand that the present ignorant, brutal, conditions be done away with, and the wiser and better way be instituted in our social life.

The day is coming when the trail of the little white hearse will be less distinct; when the jail and the insane asylum will be abolished. When the government will take as much interest in promoting the welfare of mothers and children, as it now does in preserving the forests and saving the lives of hogs.

That day will come when the women of the land demand it.

When sending for *The Progressive Woman* please write your names and addresses **plainly**. Otherwise you may miss your paper. We have put a dozen names or more on our list recently that we had to "guess at," they were so carelessly written. These folks will be shouting about missing their paper, but it will not be our fault.

Sketches of Russian Heroines. I. Vera Figner

BY MAY BEALS-HOFFPAUIR

Twenty-two years, nearly one-third of the expected three score and ten, spent in a black prison cell with no glimpse of passing cloud or starry skies; no message for thirteen of these years from friend or relative; no hope, in all that dreary time, of any change but death—such is the record of nearly one-half of Vera Figner's life. It is not strange that her recent appearance in London aroused the wild enthusiasm to which she was already accustomed on the continent.

Few can survive twenty years in a Russian prison, and those few are usually utter wrecks both physically and mentally. Vera Figner is an exception to this rule. London Justice describes her, in her white robe, as appearing youthful and beautiful as of yore; and her public lectures are ample proof of her mental vigor.

At the time that Alexander II reverted to his reactionary policy, Vera Figner was a young and lovely girl who seemed destined by birth and education to move tranquilly in the highest circles of Russian society. Her parents were aristocratic, prosperous and independent and there seemed to be no reason why their daughter should disappoint their expectation of a brilliant future. But the persecution of the press, the suppression of free speech, the increasing number of exiles, roused the latent fires of the younger generation, and the socialistic doctrines beginning to spread in Russia fanned them to fever heat.

Although for a time Vera Figner was too young to take an active part in this movement she came in contact with many advanced thinkers of different schools while she and her older sister were studying natural science at Zurich in 1872. She attended the meetings of the different groups, Socialist and anarchist, and listened with great interest to their debates.

Her active work began when her elder sister, Lydia, her friend Sophie Bardina, and others were arrested and thrown into prisons; where, during their long suspense while awaiting judgment, many fell ill and died or became insane, or committed suicide. Vera joined the society formed for relief work among the prisoners—dangerous and strenuous work in which her personal charm, physical endurance and strength of character were of great service to those unfortunates. It was after several years of this work, and after her sister had been sentenced to Siberia, that Vera decided to join the ranks of the revolutionists.

During the fiery years before the assassination of Alexander II, while her friends were being sentenced to death and exile, and her work was carried on amongst constant perils. Vera Figner and her friend Sophie Perovskaya were



tireless propagandists of the "Narodnaya Volya" (People's Will Party). Vera's genius for organization and her fearless earnestness made her influence widely felt, especially in her favorite work of spreading the cause in the army, which in Russia, as elsewhere, is the main bulwark of tyranny. Even the officers were often converted by her, and she commanded the respect of all she met, even her enemies. The famous Russian writer, N. Mikhailovsky, says of her:

"It is difficult to say in what exactly consisted the force and charm emanating from her, and attracting those around her so much. She was certainly both intelligent and fair to look at, but intelligence was not everything in her case, and as to beauty, that did not play any great part in her circle; she had besides, no specific talents. She fascinated by the great unity and harmony of her whole being; her entire self appeared in every word and gesture; hesitation and doubt were unknown to her. She was, however, quite free from the ascetic austerity so often to be observed in characters of this type. On the contrary, when the party's affairs were going well, she was as sprightly and full of fun as any child."

The Narodnaya Volya group believed that when the crisis came the rest of the educated classes would join in their revolt. Their disappointment and sense of isolation when, after the assassination of Alexander II and their betrayal by the spy, Degaicff, they found that they were mistaken, has been vividly described by Vera Figner since her release. They were sentenced to death but the agitation against the execution of Russian political offenders, started by Victor Hugo and others in France, influenced the authorities to commute her sentence and that of some others

to one of life imprisonment in the terrible fortress of Schlüsselburg.

The following account of her life in prison is from a private letter that has been published instead of a preface, in a volume of her poems.

"Only a real poet could express in words all the phases of rage, trenchant despair, and the soul's agony passed through in a period of twenty-two years. And what a variety of spiritual moods there was during all this time! Now it was the mood of a woman martyr in the early days of Christianity resigned to suffer everything with the gentleness of a lamb. . . . Now it was the fury of a panther striking with her chest and claws at the rails of her cage in her irrepressible desire to get free. . . . And now the mood changed to one of utter indifference without moods at all, when the soul became chilled as if covered with a mantle of snow. Then a state of lingering mere existence began, in which one ceased to suffer from a consciousness of either the strength still left or of an utter helplessness. In such moments it seemed that everything was finished, that death was approaching, bringing the only comfort of being laid down to rest by the side of comrades who have gone before and deserving the same warm feeling as I myself have cherished toward the dear departed."

" . . . And suddenly! Again a knock at the closed door. . . . This time it is a knock of life itself with its voice: 'Arise and go!' . . . Oh what a tragedy! When one has already given up everything, refused to live any longer, and reconciled oneself to one's fate, then suddenly to be awakened again by the call: 'Come and live.' Is not all this a whole tragedy, an anguish of which I cannot free myself even at this moment?"

The poems that she wrote while in prison, of course, without hope of ever seeing them published, reflect these moods with great realism and pathos. I give Jaakoff Prelooker's translation of "The Best Have Fallen," dedicated to the comrades who had died in prison:

The best have fallen. Swallowed by the earth,
Unknown their resting place remains.
No tear fell o'er their lifeless frames,
Borne to their graves by strangers hands
No cross, no rail, nor e'en a tablet
Is there the glorious name to honor.

The humble grass and moss alone
The spot caress—its mystery cover.
The whirling waves as only witness,
Raging, foaming, the shores attack.
But awful as their roar may be
The tragic tale they ne'er can tell.

Are you a Socialist party member?
You can do better work in the organization than you can out of it.
In unity lies strength.

What Tolstoi Has Done in Japan

KIICHI KANEKO

In spite of the fact that Japan, as a nation, has not been very friendly toward her great neighbor, Russia, her people are eager to learn something from the Russian masters. Especially, in literature, Japanese people are admiring such men as Tourgueniev, Dostoievski, Tolstoi and Gorky.

When a short piece of Tourgueniev's was first translated into Japanese by Shimei Hasegawa some fifteen years ago, Russian literature was entirely unknown in that country; but since then it has become a fashion to study and to talk about Russian authors. And later on some more of Tourgueniev appeared in Japanese, and that great psychological story, "Crime and Punishment," of Dostoievski's was translated by Roan Uchida, and afterward came those of Tolstoi, Lermontov, Gogol and Pouchkine.

It seemed evident that the sentiment expressed by the Russian writers held a peculiar interest for the Japanese people. The Russo-Japanese war brought the names of Tolstoi and Gorky into prominence and they became tremendously popular, usurping the popularity of Tourgueniev and Dostoievski.

Aside from their literary acquisitions, Gorky, as a Socialist, and Tolstoi, as a prophet and reformer, received a good deal of attention and respect from the people of Japan. While the name of Tolstoi, as a novelist, was very well known among the literary circles of Japan, it was not until after the translation of his serious works that the people came to the true understanding of his real work and career.

It was about four years since, when the wave of moral and religious uprising went over the land and the people began to discuss such subjects, that Tolstoi's books were read by all kinds of people who could read foreign languages, and this interest induced them to have Japanese translations of all his works.

Thus "My Religion," "My Confession" and "The Meaning of Life" were instantly done in Japanese, and were sold by the thousands. And in this manner his teaching of "non-resistance" and the Christianity of "The Sermon on the Mount," and, above all, his mighty personal appeal to humanity, became so well known.

With the disturbance of peace between Russia and Japan in the early part of 1904 Tolstoi's influence became more apparent. His splendid article criticising the crime of war appeared in the London Times in July, 1904.

One of the best examples of his influence in Japan were the editors of "Heimin Shinbun," a most fearless weekly paper, who are noted for having given up their positions on an influential Tokio daily because of their

anti-militaristic views at the time of the war. They boldly fought their fight against the sentiment of hasty jingoistic manifestations. These two men are Denjiro Kotoku and Toshihiko Sakai, both of whom are known as brilliant essayists as well as ardent Tolstoian humanists.

It is worth while to state that no matter if their views were inclined to be so radical as to stand against public opinion, that their fearlessness and their devoted spirit to their cause should be remembered. It was this Heimin Shinbun which gave its entire space for the translation of Tolstoi's London Times article, when it first appeared, and it came out in pamphlet form through their effort afterward and was circulated all over the country.

During the last war, there was another man who was writing anti-war articles in English in Japan, who is considered to be one of the best of the Tolstoian writers. This man is Kanzo Uchimura, whose Carlylian mode of thinking made him the "Japanese Carlyle."

It was, however, another surprise to the government officials when they found that a certain young man living in the island of Kiushu refused to go to war because of his strong non-resistance theory, acquired through reading Tolstoi's books. When this young man was tried and examined by the officials he simply told them that he would not go to war and kill his innocent brothers. He showed his strong determination, and was, of course, sent to jail to be punished.

The representatives of the modern realistic school of novelists in Japan are all Tolstoians. Kenjiro Tokutomi, whose "Namiko" has been translated into English and published in this country, is also the author of the "Life of Tolstoi" in Japanese, and this was the first book written on Tolstoi in Japanese. Mr. Tokutomi has visited the grand old master in Russia. Naoto Kinoshita, the "Sinclair" of Japan, is another noted Tolstoian novelist, critic and orator. His "Hinohashira" and "Riojin no Jihaku" raised him to the rank of a first-class story writer of today. He describes so vividly and skillfully the lives of the oppressed and downtrodden among humanity, and touches the hearts of the people who read.

It is not at all absurd to say that almost all progressive writers and thinkers of Japan today are more or less affected by Tolstoi's writings and his influence over the people is assured by the fact that his name is known all over the land, even among the common school lads.

Japan cannot ignore the fact, in

spite of her national prejudices, that she is receiving a great influence from this grand old Russian prophet of Yasnaya Polyana. Whatever her national, or geographical relationship to Russia may be, she cannot escape from a spiritual friendship through the genius of Russian writers. Japan may fight with Russia again, but Tolstoi's influence over her thinkers and writers will grow day by day, month by month. And thus, one day will come the realization to the two countries that Tolstoi has done an infinitely better service in bringing Russia and Japan to a true understanding of themselves than their combined forces of navy and army ever could do.

A Reward for Garrison.

On December 26, 1831, the governor of Georgia approved a bill that had been passed by the legislature the day before Christmas, offering a reward of \$5,000 to any person who should arrest and bring to Georgia and prosecute to conviction William Lloyd Garrison, editor of the Liberator, an abolition paper. Inasmuch as Garrison was a resident of Massachusetts, this was tantamount to a reward for the kidnaping of Garrison, as he pointed out in his paper. Notice of the reward offered was printed in various papers throughout Georgia and circulated through the mails, yet the governor was not prosecuted either for libel or for sending scurrilous matter through the mails.

In October, 1831, the corporation of Georgetown, D. C., passed an ordinance making it a felony for any free person of color to take the Liberator from the postoffice, the penalty being twenty dollars' fine or thirty days' imprisonment, and if the fine was not paid, being sold as a slave for four months. The Charlestown (S. C.) Mercury of October 4, 1831, reported that a vigilance association of Columbia "composed of gentlemen of the first respectability," had offered a reward of \$1,500 for the apprehension and prosecution to conviction of any person caught circulating the Liberator. The grand jury of Raleigh, N. C., indicted Garrison, and a news writer of the time said: "We suppose his extradition will be demanded." The charge was the circulation in the county of the Liberator "in contravention to the act of the last general assembly." The act made the circulation of such a publication a felony—whipping and imprisonment for the first offense and death, without benefit of clergy, for the second.

Subscription cards for The P. W., four for \$1.

Woman and the Socialist Philosophy

LIDA PARCE, *In International Socialist Review*

[We reprint Comrade Parce's article here, not only for the reply to Comrade Cohen, but also because there are some fine points brought out that will be of value to students of the woman question.—Ed. P. W.]



In installment VII of "Socialism for Students," under the title of "Socialist Philosophy," Mr. Cohen makes some misleading statements which, it seems to me, ought to be corrected. These are his statements concerning woman. They ought to be corrected; first, because they are not a part of the Socialist philosophy, and are untrue to it. Second, they ought to be corrected because they would have the effect of antagonizing intelligent women. There are numbers of women who are Socialists at heart, but they are women's women first and they do not feel that the interests of women would be safe in the hands of the Socialist party. Such women would hardly be reassured by Mr. Cohen's exposition of the Socialist philosophy on the woman question. The party is now making a special bid for the support of women and it must have that support before it can succeed.

According to Mr. Cohen, the Socialist philosophy disposes of woman in the following off-hand way: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. Thus animals scent danger more quickly than man and are better weather prophets. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought. Intuition is often spoken of as a female attribute."

This statement contains several errors:

(1) Intuition is not an impulse, it is a process. Feeling is the force below intellect and imparts the impulse to it.

(2) Animals do not "scent" danger by intuition, but by highly developed senses of sight, smell or hearing. If they are able to cognize impending dangers or states of the weather more swiftly and accurately than man, through intuition, they are to that extent higher and not lower forms.

But Mr. Cohen has not defined intuition for us. Lester F. Ward defines it as being "a perception of relations." And he says: "The data for an intuition are combined already in the brain into a psychological unit which is used as an integer and not decomposed by the intuitive act. The appropriate

cortical nuclei have been previously built up by the registration of experiences." (Psychic Factors of Civilization, pp. 171-172.) Prof. Ward goes on to say: "Men do not depend upon their reason in the ordinary affairs of life. They do not employ the syllogism in seeking to decide what will be the best course to adopt to insure success in any enterprise. They use what is called 'common sense.'"

What is there, then, about this "intuition" that identifies woman with the "lower orders?" Is it the fact that woman has developed these "psychological units" by the registration of experiences? And how does man come to be a "higher form"? By not having developed them? So one would judge, by Mr. Cohen's "Philosophy."

The experience of woman, throughout the ages; has been an industrial, a constructive experience, and it is by the registrations of the constantly repeated acts of this experience, in addition to her protection of the young that woman has built up these "cortical nuclei" through which intuition functions.

Man has applied his less-developed "perception of relations" to specialized subjects more widely than woman. But will any one say that because woman's perception of relations is more highly developed than man's, therefore she can not apply it to special problems as well as he? She has not applied it to special problems to the extent that he has, because she has been handicapped by having the entire social burden of the care of the young upon her shoulders. She has not done heroic things in the past, because she had all the work to do, and was enslaved to the family. That burden is now being shifted. Man is doing his share of the work for the first time in history, whereby he is developing the higher integration of brain tissue, and acquiring intuition. Woman is beginning to have that leisure and surplus of energy which is necessary for the application of intuition to special problems, and already, though the bonds of legal enslavement, and of prejudice and tradition are not removed from her, the achievements of Madame Curie, the discoverer of radium, and of Clemence Royer, and many others have refuted this "lower form" theory.

(3) Mr. Cohen's assertion that woman is nearer to "the lower forms" is also a bit hasty. Some conclusions of Havelock Ellis (*Man and Woman*, pp. 447, 449) come in very neatly on this point:

"The progress of our race has been a progress in youthfulness.

"Women, it is true, remain nearer than men to the infantile state; but on the other hand, men approach more nearly than women to the ape-like and senile state.

"When we have realized the posi-

tion of the child in relation to evolution we can take a clearer view as to the natural position of woman. She bears the special characteristics of humanity in a higher degree than man and led evolution. Her conservatism is thus compensated and justified by the fact that she represents more nearly than man the human type to which man is approximating. It would not be difficult . . . to multiply examples of the ways in which women are leading evolution.

It seems as if Mr. Cohen's statement of the Socialist philosophy ought to be supplemented as well as corrected on these points. It is right to claim that the Socialist philosophy appropriates the best and latest scientific thought on the subject both of woman's biological place, as the main trunk of the species, and on that of her necessary social freedom as a condition of social progress.

The National Platform of the Socialist party demands "Unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women." and it will hardly be claimed that this plank is inserted through "chivalry." Yet if the Socialist philosophy had nothing more to say on the subject of woman than Mr. Cohen represents there could be no other reason than that for this plank in the platform.

What we are pleased, somewhat whimsically, to call civilization has been a distinctly masculine affair. It has been singularly deficient in the "perception of relations." Means have been considered of more importance than the end; the symbol more significant than the fact. The external has been more important than the internal, the artificial than the real. Man has thought that ways of doing things were of more importance than the people who do them. He has thought that property is more valuable than life, that capital is of more importance than labor. The capitalist system is the masculine system of production.

The prehistoric system, the feminine system of production was co-operative. It was an expression of woman's "perception of relations." It was necessary to subjugate woman—to put her perception of relations literally out of business, before the competitive system, the profit system, the system of exclusive ownership of the necessities of life could be established. No wonder the capitalists have cold fits about "feminism." It is organically opposed to their wild Utopian scheme of the private and exclusive ownership of the necessities of life.

The age of masculinism has been an age of religious martyrdoms, of tribal and national wars for personal ends and of sex enslavement. A little of woman's intuition would not have come amiss at any time during the last four or five thousand years. The perception and establishment of proper social and economic relations is the whole keynote of the Socialist philosophy. Men are beginning now to bring into action

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

those higher integrations of brain tissue that they have been forming in their industrial life of the last few centuries, and the result is the Socialist party. Socialism proposes to re-establish the co-operative, the feminine system of production, with those improvements in process which men have been enabled to make by reason of their greater freedom and leisure.

The Socialist philosophy advocates the complete emancipation of woman from every social limitation that tends to limit the development of her human powers or to prevent their application in any direction in which she may see fit to apply them. Havelock Ellis expresses the Socialist philosophy very aptly when he says:

"The hope of our future civilization lies in the development in equal freedom of both the masculine and feminine elements in life. The broader and more varied character of modern civilization seems to render this more possible than did the narrow basis of classic civilization, and there is much evidence around us that a twin movement of this kind is in progress. . . . We are not at liberty to introduce any artificial sexual barrier into social concerns. . . . An exaggerated anxiety lest natural law be overthrown is misplaced. The world is not so insecurely poised. We may preserve an attitude of entire equanimity in the face of social readjustment." (Man and Woman, pp. 451, 452.)

GULLY GUL.

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

The best little story that ever was told,
Thinks the baby over the way,
Is a story whose characters never grow old,
Though named fifty times a day.
And he squirms and he laughs in the merriest tone
Whenever the tale you begin,
And he keeps up the laughter until you are done,
Then gurgles, "Tell it adn!"
The story is simple, the chapters are few,
You are left to imagine the plot,
But the characters stand into prominent view,
And the features are never forgot—
Of
Head Acher, Fore Pinter,
Eye Winker, Tom Tinker,
Nose Smeller, Mouth Eater,
Chin Chopper and Gully Gul.

When Tinker and Winker have sunk to repose,
And Gully Gul cuddles to rest,
The poor, weary mother tucks 'round them the clothes,
And her lips to Head Acher are pressed.
Then, closing her eyes as she mutters a prayer,
She seeks to peer through the dark vale
And read in her wishes the story most dear
That the baby finds in the tale.
But 'tis dashed with the rain of the tears falling fast,
And the shadows are hiding the sun;
Oh, God! if reward will but follow at last,
And end as good stories are spun,
For
Head Acher, Fore Pinter,
Eye Winker, Tom Tinker,
Nose Smeller, Mouth Eater,
Chin Chopper and Gully Gul!

Over 4,000 inventions, 1,163 of them for kitchen use, have been made by women.

"I CANNOT KEEP SILENT."

J. G. K.

A woman in Chicago writes: "I am inexpressibly bored by your persistency in sending me your paper. Our English literature is so fragrant with great and noble thoughts that I deem it a waste of time and energy and money to listen to the frenzy of progressively fanatic or hysterical women."

The other day Leo Tolstoi wrote an article which began: "Seven death sentences, two in St. Petersburg, one in Moscow, two in Panza, and two in Riga. Four executions, two in Cherson, one in Vilna and one in Odessa.

"Information like the above is repeated by all the newspapers from day to day, not a week, not for months, not for a year, but for years; and this is in Russia."

And he proceeds to say some strong things about it, all of which he heads "I Cannot Keep Silent."

Today I picked up a magazine and I read that six million babies had died every ten years for the past half century, many of these deaths preventable; that two million of our little people are slaving their young lives away in cotton mill and factory; that hundreds of thousands of honest workingmen are tramping the streets of our cities looking for a chance to make a decent living; that literally thousands of innocent white girls, and we do not know how many colored ones, are hounded like dogs, captured, and sold into lives of unspeakable shame and torment; that several million mothers are forced through the stress of poverty to keep a home, raise a family, and go out into the world to make a living by the hapless method of unskilled labor. Up through the myriads of the people come always the groan and the stench and the despair of the congested districts of our great cities and the morbid wretchedness of country poverty.

And this is in America.
And because this is in America, I too, cannot keep silent. Because this is in America I have got to make a protest. Our English literature may be "fragrant with great and noble thoughts," but our English people—and our French and our German and our Russian people, for they are all ours—reek with the stench of oppression and filth and disease. They smell to heaven, and to hell, and we cannot keep the odor from our own firesides, nor out of our own nostrils.

And I cannot keep silent. Though the heathen rage and the lady-like grow "inexpressibly bored," I cannot keep silent.

And if this be the "frenzy of progressively fanatic or hysterical women," I plead guilty, dear sister.

I simply cannot keep silent, and heaven knows that you should not.

Mr. Kaneko writes that he is still gradually improving. His address is Sasage P. O., Kurakigori, Kanagawa-ken, Japan.

LESSON OUTLINES FOR STUDY CLUBS.

The following was adopted by the Kansas Socialist women in their conference at Girard last June. It may serve as a suggestion to other study classes:

We recommend for study in our meetings the following course of reading.

First—Begin with John Spargo's "Common Sense of Socialism." (Outline for course will be furnished.)

Second—Simon's "Class Struggles in America." (Outline will be furnished.)

Third—Mills' "Struggle for Existence." (Outline in book.)

We recommend the writing of papers and essays on all subjects pertaining to the work of the Socialist movement. Many of these papers if submitted to the local papers will be printed.

THE COMMON SENSE OF SOCIALISM.—Spargo.

LESSON I.

Time—Place.

Business.

Reading of lesson: What's the Matter with America?

Paper: America's Burden.

Discussion.

LESSON II.

Time—Place.

Business.

Reading of lesson: The Two Classes in the Nation.

Paper: The Class Struggle.

Discussion.

LESSON III.

Time—Place.

Business.

Reading of lesson: How Wealth Is Produced and Distributed.

Paper: The Unequal Distribution of Wealth.

Discussion.

LESSON IV.

Time—Place.

Business.

Reading of lesson: The Drones and the Bees.

Paper: How the Drones Live and How the Bees Live.

Discussion.

Spargo's Common Sense of Socialism is 25c in paper cover, and may be obtained from The Chicago Daily Socialist, 180 Washington street, Chicago.

There are 8,000,000 organized women in the world who are demanding certain sex rights, and 7,000,000 Socialists who are demanding certain class rights. When this 8,000,000 women and 7,000,000 Socialists join forces on the economic field both the sex and the class rights will be easily won, for the slavery of women and the slavery of the working class have their roots in the same soil—which is economic.

The Progressive Woman

Published Monthly by

The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.
Girard, Kan., U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single subscription one year.....	\$.50
In clubs of four or more.....	.25
Club rates for Canada.....	.40
Foreign subscription.....	.50

For a bundle of ten copies or more at the rate of two cents each. Do not send stamps for subscription when you can avoid it. Send one-cent stamps when you cannot otherwise.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Inch.....	\$ 1.00
Quarter Page.....	5.00
Half Page.....	10.00
One Page.....	20.00

All advertising matter should be addressed directly to the publisher.

Entered as second-class matter February 12, 1909, at the postoffice at Girard, Kansas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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



A WORD ABOUT THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

A little over two years ago The Progressive Woman—then The Socialist Woman—was started. So far as we know, there was nobody in the country who had any notion that a Socialist paper for women was one of the "immediate demands" of the times. We do know that a great many persons thought we were forcing the issue, and that the little Socialist Woman would die a-bornin'.

But it didn't. It was a tiny, unpromising affair, we will admit. But its future lay before it. It was a germ that was to develop slowly, or rapidly, according as the demand for it grew.

And, so far as we know, it is the only Socialist paper without a financial backing, of any kind, that has lived and grown, paying its way from the first, without a single debt, and without a continual call for donations of money.

We do not ask for donations; we ask only for subscriptions for new readers. And these have come, and are coming.

When the month of August is

passed we will have put on our lists one thousand or more new subscribers. Besides, a good many bundle orders have been filled, and hundreds of sub cards sold that will come back to us in October.

In Massachusetts, where Comrade Anna Maley has been organizing the women, and incidentally taking hundreds of subscriptions for The P. W., the state picnic had a Progressive Woman booth, from which they sold 1,000 copies of The P. W. and took large numbers of subs. At the Texas encampments Comrade Lena Morrow Lewis secured hundreds of new readers, and Caroline Lowe sent in many new names from the Oklahoma encampments. In New York, where The P. W. has its second best circulation, the Socialist Woman's society takes a bundle of 100 copies each month, thus constantly securing new readers. The Socialist Woman's union of California, with the Los Angeles branch in the lead, and with the state organizer, Comrade Ethel Whitehead, ever vigilant, has made California the banner state in regard to circulation. And the California comrades say they are going to keep it the banner state! Comrade May Strickland, ex-state secretary of Indiana, is largely responsible for a good circulation in that state. Comrade Martha Porter has done good work in staid old New Orleans, sending in her regular list each month. Kansas, through Comrade Lowe's work, and the assistance of the state secretary, is coming well to the front.

And there are many other forces, organized and individual, that have helped to give The P. W. the character of permanency. All in the world that is needed now is a rapidly increasing number of workers to make it the greatest radical woman's paper on earth.

If there are some who haven't worked because they lacked confidence, or because they thought The P. W. was an experiment that would fail after awhile—a sort of "pink tea" party out of which a few dilettantes hoped to get some amusement—they might as well come in, roll up their sleeves and go to work. There is nothing on earth that sticks like a woman's persistency, and if her efforts look like pink tea to some super-suspicious individuals, they may wake up to find it red wine—with a live bead on it. And as The P. W. is a woman's paper, supported largely by women who are deadly in earnest, it isn't going to fail. It's already a sure success, with its roots well set in the rich loam of woman's emancipation.

The October number of The Woman is to be an organization number. Comrade Lena Morrow Lewis is to assist in getting up this issue, and if you know Comrade Lewis, you

know that this will be a number that every Socialist in the country should put on file and keep. Perfection in organization is the one crying need of the Socialist party, and we do not have enough about it in our literature. So watch out for the October Organization number. Later we are to have another edition devoted to school teachers, and that, too, should be widely circulated. You know what the Catholic church says about training the child until it is seven years old, and it will be a good Catholic ever afterward. Well, the mothers and the teachers have the care of training the young minds of children—of putting there the first indelible impressions of life. And that is why mothers and teachers ought to be brought into the Socialist movement. Get yourselves ready to circulate the teachers' edition.

There will be other good numbers—in fact, EVERY issue of The P. W. will be so good that no Socialist home should do without it, and no good Socialist should miss getting it into other homes.

In order to make it easier for the workers to secure subscriptions we have decided to furnish sub cards to all who will promise to sell them within the month, free, to be paid for when sold. This will involve a lot of extra bookkeeping, so don't send for the cards unless you intend to sell them. Otherwise we will be very glad to furnish them to you.

AND LET US SEE IF WE CAN'T TURN IN OVER 2,000 NEW NAMES FOR SEPTEMBER.

ERRATUM.

In the last edition of The Progressive Woman appeared an advertisement of Billy Possum, a Two-Step composed by Walter H. Wayland, of Girard, Kan., which stated the price to be 25 cents. This was an error. It should have been only ten cents. A copy will be sent postpaid to any Progressive Woman for a dime. This is good quality music.

The Last Hour.

J. C. K.

A tangle of briars bared of their fruitage,
And waving iron weed, dusty leaved;
A corn field shorn of its emerald glory;
The dove's cry, afar off, low and grieved.

A meadow lark winging its way through the whiteness;
The pungent odor of sun-dried hay;
The golden rod lighting the entrance of autumn:—
And summer is watching the close of her day.

A Socialist Sunday School

PEARL A. LANFERSICK

Our local picnic yesterday which was attended by a number of our Sunday School pupils, has made me anxious to write up a history of our school without further delay.

My idea in writing this is to urge young women in all cities to take up this work and find what a pleasure it is. Yesterday the children were not invited in a body, but a number came with their parents and friends. Their enjoyment and the thought that there were so many Socialists in the coming generation, filled our hearts with happiness. Not only the children were full of laughter the whole day, but the grown folks as well. We were all children for a day and the children made our day so much happier. Now as to our Sunday school.

My sister, Miss Blanchard, and I announced at the local our intention of starting a Socialist school the first Sunday in March, this year. We were granted the privilege and opened on March 7th with five pupils at my sister's music studio. We were quite satisfied with five for a start and were more than surprised to see our class grow from week to week until we had thirty-five when we closed for the summer. With the exception of two Sundays, we added one or more pupils each week to the class.

We had a regular program which we followed each week, my sister taking charge of two subjects and myself the other two, one week, and then alternating each week so that either one was prepared to take charge of the whole program in the absence of the other. This is the order of the program: Calisthenics, song, commandment, story. We played the piano for the exercises and song, making them more interesting. All enjoyed the exercises especially. The Red Flag and first verse of the Marseillaise were the songs learned and the ten Socialist rules and little Socialist creed finished up the memory work. Each lesson wound up with a story, told or read by either one of the teachers. The following lesson the children were called upon to repeat the previous week's story in their own words. One little girl (although not the oldest in the class) we found particularly gifted in that art, while the others were almost entirely lacking. Therefore that is the work we shall push among the older ones especially, when we open again in September. We want all our pupils to be able to express their own or others' ideas intelligently. Before becoming speakers they will have to cultivate that art. Two of the stories read were "The World's Castaways" (a leaflet) and the story of "Jim and James," the latter taking ten weeks to conclude. We also spent one lesson telling them about the little children in the southern cotton fields and mills.

One month after opening our

school we entertained the local at their headquarters. Our program was as follows: Wand drill by five of the best pupils. Recitation of creed by all. Recitation of commandments by little ones. Recitations and dialogues by several of the pupils, then we wound up with the red flag, which resounded through the hall, making the grown folks wish there were more songs on the program. There were also addresses by the teachers and musical numbers; two of the latter being violin and piano solos played by two of the pupils. All were enthusiastic and congratulated us on our work.

During the term, the children arranged a list of the necessities and pleasures of life in which all should be able to indulge under Socialism. The necessities, food, clothing and shelter. The pleasures under two topics: Work—Education, music and art; leisure—nature, travel and amusement.

In May, the children signed a letter and sent it to one of the local papers, asking them to advocate free school books in the Newport schools. Petitions were taken around by the pupils and a great many signatures obtained. We shall continue this free-school-book agitation in the fall.

A couple of black-boards assisted our work greatly and one was used to record the attendance, by means of colored stars. Eight pupils who were regular in attendance, received Socialist pins.

We offered a prize to the one bringing in the most pupils by December 1, 1909. One little girl leads so far, having brought four, with three remaining as pupils. She was also a regular attendant which is taken into consideration, too.

In May, instead of entertaining the local as we intended to do each month, we celebrated the 30th by taking the children to Eden park, Cincinnati, for the day. They had a happy day and enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. All expenses were paid out of their little bank, which we have for voluntary contributions. We do not take up a collection. With this money, the class has bought wands and "Spargo's Socialist Book for Children" (which we shall read next fall).

Next summer we intend to have a picnic each month. This June, serious sickness and a trip away, prevented me from assisting in arranging for a picnic, while yesterday's picnic will have to be considered our July outing, as it was, for as many pupils as we could reach on short notice. Next month, we shall see that all pupils receive word and give a big outing for the children. In September we shall re-open the school.

A division of the pupils into two classes will make the work more interesting for both the older and younger pupils. The ages will range from five to fourteen. In order to

interest the parents, we distributed all our Socialist magazines and papers after reading them, very often with marked passages.

Our school was held at the northeast corner of Columbia and court place and shall be at the same place when we re-open, if other arrangements cannot be made. We shall be glad to increase our membership and hope this may interest some Newport comrades who may not have heard of the school. The time is ten a. m. and the date is not yet decided upon but it will be some time in September, probably the last Sunday as the weather may be too warm before.

Next winter, we shall prepare the children for plays and sketches and hope we shall be able to get many more than we have. Work for Socialist children is rather limited and we trust some of our writers will get to work for the children and also that there will be many Socialist schools started this fall to encourage our writers to write some plays and sketches.

To Our Readers from May Beals Hoffpauir.

Dear Comrades—We have been planning for some time a propaganda trip of more than a thousand miles on southern waterways. We have raised part of the money for the outfit and must have the rest. If you will order now all the copies you can use of my forthcoming book of stories, "Wampum Sal's Champion," it will insure the success of the trip and give you a bunch of propaganda literature that is sure to interest the unwary. Here is what a few Socialist editors have said about my work:

Don't forget that we want your stories often.—Mary E. Marcy, assistant editor International Review.

The best story writer in the party.—A. M. Stirton.

A genius.—Ida Crouch Hazlett.

Gives voice to the victims of capitalism who have suffered in silence.—Chas. H. Kerr.

One of the best, if not the very best, writers in the movement.—Josephine C. Kaneko.

Paper covers. Advance orders 25c; after publication 35c; 5 copies to one address \$1. All who order 5 in advance will receive free an autographed photo of the author. Address May Beals-Hoffpauir, Rafter, Tenn.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED

Always watch your wrapper for expiration. If the wrapper says No. 28 it means your term will expire with No. 28. Renew before your term is out. We can't supply back number.

More than 1,000 subs was our record for the hot month of August. Let's see if we can't beat it for September.

Remember the organization number for October.

The Truth About Socialism

HERESA MALKIEL



Civilized man has always had to face the problem of how human society can be so changed that, in place of the misery of the many, and the hate and strife out of which revolutions have come, there shall

reign economic and spiritual independence for all, together with a harmonious social relation.

Never before was this problem of society voiced more passionately or persistently than now. It is the dominating intellectual and moral issue of our time. A growing social unrest pervades all classes of society. All feel that the ground is shaking with the passion of the world's struggle for complete freedom. The growth of political Socialism the world over is one of the facts of modern life, which no thoughtful man or woman can ignore.

Think of it: In the year 1870 the total Socialist vote of the world was 30,000. Today it is not less than 9,000,000! In 1887 France had 47,000 Socialist voters, while Germany had just 30,000. Today France has nearly a million voters, while Germany has three and a quarter millions! In 1888, just a little over twenty years ago, the Socialists of America polled 2,068 votes, whereas in 1908 they polled over 450,000. At this rate of progress the election of a Socialist president is possible within our lifetime.

It is true that many people are totally indifferent to the political questions of the day, but the economic problems must force themselves upon the duller mind. Every human being has certain wants and naturally rebels against a system which makes the satisfaction of those wants difficult or impossible.

The great question of life is that of the human longing for comfort. The cry for bread fills every part of the world. The demand of hosts of millions in all lands for a Socialist regime is, at bottom, an expression to toil less and live better.

Every candid student must admit that, while the lot of the workers has in many ways improved during the centuries of civilization, so that their standard of living is higher, the contrast between rich and poor was never so great in the world's history.

The life of the great mass of people is controlled by a relatively small but powerful class. Each decade marks an increase in the army of those who cannot call a single inch of ground their own, who live under

abnormal conditions, dependent for a living upon jobs, which are controlled by the master class, and condemned to misery and slow starvation when they lose their jobs.

From this class comes the loudest demand for a change. It is natural that this should be so, and equally natural that the greatest resistance should come from the class of power, the masters of bread and life. Yet the regeneration of society for which the poor and oppressed are striving, would benefit all classes of society and not the workers alone.

The social happiness and peace which appealed to Emerson when he wrote: "I honor the generous ideas of the Socialists, the magnificence of their theories and the enthusiasm with which they are urged," the sublime goal of human brotherhood, which is the Holy-Grail of Humanity's age-long quest, would benefit the prince no less than the pauper, the man of millions no less than the man of rags.

This cannot be too strongly stated, in justice to the Socialists, who have been accused by many in the halls of learning and the high places of government of seeking to set class against class and fostering class hatred. What they are striving for, on the contrary, is to get people to realize that under the present social system classes are created, and class hatred is developed.

They are seeking to do away with classes altogether; to realize the splendid vision of brotherhood.

This ideal, which may be termed the goal of present-day Socialism, is not new, or peculiar to the Socialists. It lies back of the great religions of the world. Even the idea that the social wrongs are due to the inequalities of wealth and to the private ownership of the means of life is not new, but can be traced to Plato's Republic, to Sir Thomas More's Utopia and other dreams of social millenniums. Robert Owen, who was the first to use the word Socialism to such schemes, about seventy-five years ago, has been called the "Father of Socialism," but it must not be supposed that the Socialist of today is a believer in Owen's social schemes. If there is anything for which the average Socialist has a profound contempt it is for schemes of any kind. People do not seem to understand this readily. They are constantly talking of the Socialist scheme in spite of the fact that no Socialist has any scheme, or believes in one.

The real founder of present-day Socialism was the great German scientist, Karl Marx. This genius, working in England and taking his ideas of the early English economists, succeeded in changing the whole tenor of political economy.

No matter how much they oppose

his theories, the greatest scholars of the world have paid homage to his merit as a deep original thinker, and he is universally admitted to have been one of the greatest figures of the nineteenth century.

The principal features of Marx's work can be stated in a few words: Unlike Owen, he did not build an ideal community upon the foundations of fantasy. Discarding dreams he adopted the methods of the scientist. He showed that human society is subject to the cosmic law of evolution. That social life is a constantly changing, ceaselessly growing relation.

He took the primeval man and traced his tortuous ascent through the centuries. Here, then, was a movement onward and upward to some end. And that end, he showed, was nothing less than the happiness and comfort which the dreamers saw in their vision.

He worked out the theory of social evolution, basing it upon a study of the origin and development of different social organisms, their origin, development and replacement by other and higher forms. As he said himself: "According to the manner in which men produce and exchange wealth their social relations are developed." He pointed out that the social state, which men had fashioned in their minds as an ideal, must be reached as the result of the development of their economic powers.

So he examined the economic tendencies of his time, and was the first one to predict the coming of the trusts, not a hold light of his mind's fantasy, but from the facts of life. His genius foresaw the growth and concentration of wealth and industry.

Next he developed what is known as the theory of "Surplus Value"; it refers to the source of capitalist incomes. Marx showed that the producers of wealth, the workers of hand and brain, produced more by their labor than they got back in wages or salaries, the balance going to capitalists and landlords. Proving the fact that the interests of the producers and their exploiters are fundamentally opposed which naturally develops the struggle between the two classes.

The keynote of Marx's teaching is in the cry: "Workingmen of all countries, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have the world to gain!" And today there is not a civilized land in the world where his followers cannot be found engaged in the herculean task of effecting the abolition of privileges and inequalities which rest upon the exploitation of the laboring class and the bringing about of the economic and social unity of all, regardless of race, creed or sex.

These are prosperous days—for those at the top.

Some Methods of the White Slaver

BERTHA WILKINS STARKWEATHER

During my work as visitor for the Bureau of Charities in Chicago's famous first ward, the stamping ground of Hinky Dink, Bathhouse John and The Dandy of the Tivoli (who made no pretenses of running a Young Men's Christian association), I became so familiar with the wreckage which lies around in broken lives after the slaver has done his work, that each new case as it came up to be "helped" fell into its own class as naturally as a new plant falls into line under the searching scrutiny of the botanist.

Both the seducers and their victims responded to this law of classification. The seducers fell into two great divisions—the amateur and the professionals.

The amateur leaves his victim as soon as he tires of her or when she "gets into trouble." The professional seducer sells his victim in the city markets.

This professional seducer is the lowest form of life on the planet, the biologists notwithstanding. He makes the seduction of girls an art and only too well does he know the weaknesses of his victims.

He knows that American girls are likely to trust and "love" the man who is willing to spend money for them. He knows that to have a "swell feller" who seems delighted to give her "a good time" is the highest ambition of her poor little, gum-chewed soul. This professional seducer knows that a bunch of carnations or roses, a box of candy or tempting fruits, a soft little letter or picture card when he is away from home "on business"; a theater ticket, a walk in the parks or a trip across the lake is pretty sure to "land" even hard cases of the city girl.

In the country his tactics are modified somewhat to conform to the ideals of the girl's surroundings. Fruits and flowers do not appeal to her as do candy, pretty gew-gaws or a buggy ride in a shining "rig from the livery." In both cases he sees to an inexhaustible supply of chewing-gum, dainty love-letters, picture cards and valentines in season.

We Americans have prated of our liberties and "the purity and absolute trustworthiness of our girls" for a century, but the truth is that the average, vain, little gum-chewing American girl is about the "easiest" specimen of the genius on earth. I sometimes have wondered whether there might be some connection between the gum-chewing and the "easiness." Whether all power to reason or even to see danger ahead, might not be drowned in the unnatural supply of

saliva constantly flowing into the stomach.

In all cities, poor people who live "close in" so as to save car-fare, are forced to take a roomer to help pay the rent and they usually live in a neighborhood which is questionable, to say the least.

I found an honest Baptist deacon who took all his roomers to prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings next door to a woman who was running a howling brothel. The city children know "everything" in the vilest way. Vice is the monster too often seen and so embraced.

Daisy's mother had taken a roomer and it was not long before he began to drop in for a little chat in the evening and soon Daisy was allowed to go out with him. After a few weeks of the most respectful association, a longer trip was planned and from that Daisy did not return. The mother traced them to one of a hundred infamous hotels on the south side which was only a few blocks away from the flat which had been the girl's home for many years.

After an agony of supplication, after the bureau had done all it could do, after the spiritual adviser had been appealed to, I saw Daisy's poor little mother last with tears running down upon the lace waist (which had to be delivered with a dozen others at some hotel lift at 6.30, sharp) stoutly protesting her hope that she would succeed in saving her second pretty daughter from Daisy's fate because she would never again take in such a good-looking roomer!

One day a smooth, very handsome young man of the barber type with a dash of color hardly noticeable, asked us to go and see his wife who was being held a prisoner by her mother only a few blocks away. I found another wild-eyed mother in a flat. She was about to refuse me admittance, but finally opened the door just enough for me to enter. The daughter was a beautiful, very young girl—not yet fifteen. She had gone with the young colored man and had sworn to eighteen years of age and had been married hurriedly in his church. They had gone to live in the dive conducted by the new mother-in-law, a good-looking octoroon. The girl's father had gone to the place with an officer and had taken her out by force.

"Please go to Father Paul," whispered the distracted mother. "He baptized my girl and last Easter he confirmed her and maybe he can scare her!"

I found Father Paul a dark powerful man.

"You say she's married?" he asked

gruffly. "Well, since she is baptized and since the man she married is baptized, too, there is nothing to be done. We can show these young people what is right, but we can not make them do it."

The half-crazed mother held her daughter a prisoner a few weeks longer and then lost her in a moment of carelessness. The girl went to her handsome husband who lived in his mother's brothel which had meantime been moved from 18th street.

In all factories, stores and packing houses where girls are employed the seducer plies his arts while at work often in some position over the girls. He may be a foreman, a supply man or even an officer of the law in a blue uniform, as in the stockyards where the officers hire the women. Whatever his industrial position, he is likely to have it in his power to injure the girls if he is so inclined so they are afraid of incurring his enmity, though he may be a repulsive brute of any age.

My young Polish forewoman, when I worked in a gang of fifty women trimming meat in one of the packing houses, was evidently the victim of the foreman and she could tell any of the girls that he preferred to do work after hours, as described in *The Jungle*.

Girls who get less than two cents for wrapping six dozen bars of soap and packing them in a box are likely to be afraid of anything at all, so desperate are they to live; they will submit to many liberties before leaving a place.

Grace G. was a country girl. Her people lived on a little rented farm near a Wisconsin village. They were good, hard-worked people and Grace was the oldest and the prettiest of a large family.

Attracted by the stories of the young girl's beauty, a handsome slave hunter came to town and met Grace at a church social. Soon he was her "steady." While her mother was away for a few weeks caring for a dying father, the farm house was left in Grace's care. Her father was in poor health and went to bed early, leaving the house to the young folks.

Grace's lover had always been most respectful, gallant and devoted; as soon as she had surrendered, poor little Grace told us, he turned on her like a demon—taunting her with her pretensions to being a decent girl—gloating over her downfall; then in the ears of the shocked child of seventeen he poured a fascinating story of the gay life of the city and how her beauty and her fine voice would win her a great career on the stage. When she still hesitated about

leaving her helpless father and the little brothers and sisters, he threatened to go right down town and tell all the boys of her little set about it. Grace could not think of having these among whom she had been the envied little queen, hear of her downfall, so she left her home desolate and was taken to a shameless resort in Chicago where her master proudly exhibited her fresh beauty, and had her trained to dance and sing.

For months she traveled with him doing stunts in vile vaudeville; and at last she landed in an elegant "club" on Michigan avenue.

She was quite a queen there until her physical condition was proclaimed to the keeper of the place by several disgusted patrons. Then poor little Grace was given the alternative of sweeping stairs and washing dishes or "gettin' out." She came to the bureau to have us recover her trunk from the madame who claimed it for debts that the girl "owed" the establishment. It was easy to get the trunk by telephoning a gentle threat to the place, but it was not easy to help poor little Grace. Our committee, seeing the girl's great beauty, decided to make a strong effort to save her. A specialist was employed. He said that if Grace would take his deadly iodines for three years and meanwhile "keep straight" she might then be able to speak naturally again, and be cured as far as that was possible. The leprosy had attacked the vocal chords, and Grace's fine voice was gone; but her good looks were not gone, as she was only nineteen.

The bureau found that Grace's father had died, and that her mother had moved away to cook for the farm crew on a large berry farm.

Because it was not to the old home, Grace finally consented to go to her mother. The menace of infection to all around her; the disaster sure to follow if she won a young farmer as a husband; all these social calamities hovered over her "case" when we dropped Grace picking berries in Wisconsin, under the watchful eye of her mother.

But it is not only in the neighborhood of great cities that the white slaver operates. In an isolated California valley, a pretty farmer's daughter who lived near the oil fields, was enticed. A young city fellow, supposed to be some sort of an expert waiting for an opening in the oil field, began to pay her ardent attentions. He spent money freely and was so considerate of the mother and so gallant to the daughter, that no harm was thought when he asked her to go to a country dance with him, where he shone as a "swell" dancer. This went on, and one day they did not return from a ride they had taken. In the morning the farmer went in search of his daughter, with a revolver in his hip pocket, yet with a

hope in his heart that the girl had stayed with friends. He traced the "elopers" to a near-by town where they were left by a wash-out train. After two days the girl was brought back disillusioned, bleary-eyed and forever scarred.

In a town near by another white slaver operated last fall. He had succeeded in getting a sweet girl to become "engaged" to him. She was pretty and had a fine soprano voice. She led in one of the little church choirs and her voice attracted attention. The slaver had for some reason exacted a promise from her that she would tell no one of their engagement—a promise which she kept in every case but in that of her best friend. The girls then compared notes and it was found that the friend, too, was engaged to the fascinating stranger. He had promised to send for her in the fall and they were to live in San Francisco. It was evident that the slaver was trying to secure two victims on one trip. We heard later that he moved on to a town thirty miles away and left later with a pretty girl, the daughter of a railroad employe.

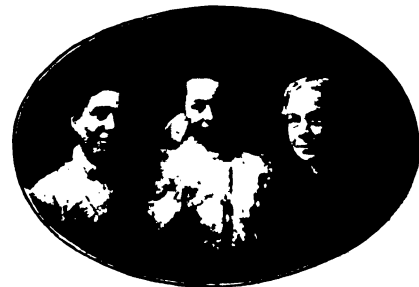
The best protected poor girls that I found in Chicago are the Italian girls. Girls never go out alone after nightfall—even in the twilight—for fear that it might be dark before they return. Such a thing as going out with a man alone is unheard of, unless perhaps in the case of an abandoned girl. If an engaged girl were to walk a block alone, her lover would be justified in breaking the engagement. If a doubt exists against her good character, she is not allowed to "wear a white veil" when she gets married.

There is no immediate danger for happy-go-lucky American parents adopting this custom of universal chaperonage over their girls. Generalities do not impress our people. Only details attract attention; this is the only excuse for depressing details of this kind.

Only by NOT keeping still; by laying bare the whole infamous insinuating methods of the traffickers in girls can mothers and daughters, fathers, brothers or even friends and neighbors, be aroused to the deadly seriousness of the situation.

Comrade Theresa Malkiel, to whom The Progressive Woman owes much of its early support through her untiring work for subscriptions, is ill in a New York hospital. We hope for her speedy recovery and restoration to her family and the Socialist work.

Harry Thaw's mother has come out against suffrage for women. Perhaps Mrs. Thaw is afraid the voting woman would not raise her children right!



A WORKER OF THE RANK AND FILE.

Mrs. Fannie Hall is the comely young matron who has entertained at her home, 1892 Riverside avenue, West Springfield, Mass., almost every Socialist agitator who has visited Springfield and vicinity. Mrs. Hall may not be well known to the soldiers of the movement, but she has a warm place in the hearts of many of the "generals".

The Hall household is an interesting one. Mr. John Hall Jr., is such an ardent Socialist that his face readily takes on the rosy hue of our flag. Then there is Grandmother Gardner whose years show only in her white hair, for her face is still plump and youthful. Miss Frances Hall, the little daughter of the family, exhibits a map of her own making of a land through which flows the Debs river, rising in Socialist heights, and the Taft river, rising in the mountains of corruption. Last and by all means greatest, is Eugene Victor Debs Hall, ten months old, who displays wonderful agility in reaching every spot where there is anything to be pulled down or knocked over. He is as much of a destroyer as his eminent namesake is a builder.

Mrs. Hall has an intelligent understanding of, and a keen sympathy with the Socialist movement, and when her boy can spare her, I am sure the Socialist women of Springfield will receive a valuable addition to their ranks. In the meantime, she cheers and comforts the field workers and those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the Hall home do not forget that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

ANNA A. MALEY.

Multitudes of little children who ought to be in school are tending the bobbins in southern cotton mills. Do you think it is right?

Read "Some Methods of the White Slaver" and see what you think of "American chivalry."

Don't forget that we want to put 2,000 new names on the list this month.

Ignorance is the greatest menace to human progress.

Starvation in High Places

J. C. K.

"The woman, after all, is least to blame"—London Times.

She had risen from a morbid sleep, which she had obtained by a drug. She had been manicured and bathed and clothed by maids skilled in the art of beautifying. She had

swallowed a costly breakfast by the aid of spirits and seltzer, and had driven off to a day's racing and betting in the company of a *cavalier servante*.

A high-born girl of loving and passionate temperament, she had been married not many years since to one, who, in the eyes of society was in every way her fitting mate. But the laws of high society are seldom recognized by nature, and she had failed to find her life complemented by the mate that had been chosen for her.

Nature rebelled. It cried out against the unnatural union, and longed for its own. And the girl, at sea as to the meaning of the disturbance in her soul, sought surcease from her unhappiness by plunging into fashionable society. She failed to find satisfaction, and her dissipations increased. Her house was becoming the resort of men of questionable character, and she was setting at defiance every conventional dictate of propriety. Her young husband went to Africa to "shoot big game." Letters and telegrams followed him after a time, beseeching him to come back; his wife needed him.

He refused to return, and plain hints were given that should he be forced to return, it might prove but the opening of revelations in regard to his own life, that would surpass hers in dissipation, and furthermore might involve half a dozen other high families.

He was afraid to return.

And she got along quite as well without him as she had done with him. In any case her life was unsatisfied, her heart hungry, her soul starving.

It was a bright day that she drove off with her cavalier to attend the races. The sun was high and warm, her cheeks and lips were tinted with the fever in her blood. Her eyes had a deep yearning in their depths as she looked out upon the world glowing with natural beauty and peace. She heard the birds singing from pure joy, and her heart grew sick within her. To be alone in a world like this!

The man at her side was relating a bit of scandal. She was not listening.

As the horses turned a corner, they came near colliding with a road cart going at full speed. They were saved from being dashed to pieces by a man of the common people, who saw their predicament, and like a flash sprang at

the horses' heads. She had not realized the danger; it had passed too quickly and her mind had been absorbed in other thoughts. Half unconsciously she looked at the man who had rescued them. Caressing the horses' noses, with the endeavor to quiet them, he looked at her. Her eyes opened wide, and looked into his full, earnest, unabashed. He wore the garb of the common people—a small business man, school teacher, or clerk, perhaps—but he was every whit a man. Through his eyes shone such a soul as she had never seen before in all her life. Such a soul! It cooled the burning in her blood, and caressed her lonely, aching heart. But it was only for an instant.

With a word of thanks—which the man did not hear—and a slight pull at the reins, her companion drove on, leaving him far behind. The action tore through her sensitive being like the stinging lash from a whip. She crushed her hands together in her lap. In the brief space of a moment she had realized what her nature had longed for all her life—recognition, true companionship.

But the man belonged to the common people. There was a gulf between them that could not be passed. With the consciousness of this thought, darkness enveloped her. She closed her eyes and groaned in an agony of despair.

"What is it?" asked her companion.

"Nothing—only I am a little warm, and would like a drink."

He laughed suggestively. He thought she wanted wine.

THE LADY AND THE DIAMONDS.

In London some time ago the angel Gabriel looking down, or the dark-faced gentleman looking up, might have beheld a touching and interesting scene.

The table was spread for a fine banquet. The king was there—when you say the king among Americans in London, of course you mean the king of England.

An American woman was at that dinner, shivering with delight and pride; she is a woman with a rich name and a very rich husband.

Another woman was there, one of a number whom the king "delights to honor."

This other woman sat beside the very rich American lady who was shivering with delight at finding herself almost within speaking distance of "the king."

The king's friend admired a valuable diamond ornament that the American woman was wearing. And the American woman, still shivering and trembling, took off the jewel, begging the English woman to accept it.

The English woman did accept it,

being a philosopher evidently, as well as a friend of the king.

All of the newspapers told of this.

A little comment might be appropriate.

The woman whom the king delights to honor, and to whom the rich American woman shiveringly gave the large diamond ornament is probably a fine woman indeed, worthy in all ways. But that lady is talked about, and the American woman knew it. She knew perfectly well if you wanted to be a friend of the king, and if you should want a chance to dine again almost within speaking distance of the king, the best thing you could possibly do would be to oblige that lady who got the diamond.

Not all the things that are said about the lady who got the diamond are true, you may be sure of that.

But may we ask this question?

Suppose that in America the very things that are said about the lady who got the diamond had been said about a governess without money or friends. Would the rich American woman have given that friendless governess a very rich diamond ornament, or would she have put her out on the sidewalk?—New York Journal.

Pictures of Debs and Warren.

The picture of Comrade Warren on the cover page of this issue has been copyrighted by F. K. Duncan, and made into a very excellent souvenir postcard. The postcard is much better than the cut, because it is a highly finished photograph. We also have excellent copyrighted photograph postcards of Comrade Debs. These cards will be sent to our readers at 10c each. To agents 5c each in quantities of twenty or more. Everybody will want pictures of these fearless fighters in the social revolution. Agents can make stacks of money on them. Write today to The Progressive Woman Publishing company, Dept. O, Girard, Kan.

The Maternal hospital in Minneapolis has been running twenty-three years. About sixty babies a year are born there. In all of its existence but two women have died there in child-birth. When all expectant mothers may have high grade hospitals to go to, the death rate at child-birth will be reduced to an insignificant number.

It is a wonder the way the "big magazines" are printing articles on the woman question. Something surely going to happen.

We call it prostitution when a woman
Sells womanhood, but men are every day
Selling their manhood and 'tis never noticed.
He is a prostitute who sells his talent,
And speaks by voice or pen or even by
silence
For that he feels is wrong; a prostitute
Who dares not have his say and live his
life
To the full height of his sublime ideal
—C. L. P.

LETTER BOX

I feel that our union is more than ever ready to work for the P. W., though this does not seem to be a favorable month. Am enclosing \$4.00 for Hillquit's "Socialism in Theory and Practice," and the remainder you may apply on my bundle account. I hope Comrade Kaneko will see fit to return via Los Angeles some day. Am enclosing ms for woman's edition of the Appeal.—Agnes H. Downing, Los Angeles.

You ask for suggestions looking toward improvements in the P. W. There never has been an issue of any periodical that has come nearer my ideal of perfection than the one containing that article of Robert Hunter's on "Monkey Shooting." But I notice that the publications that are most popular are those where short letters are published with an exchange of sentiment on current topics. The publication of such letters has a tendency to bring about a strong bond of unity and bring readers in touch with one another as well as with the publication. A department set apart for this purpose in the cause we are trying to bring forward would certainly assist in the work of education, whether the general make-up of the magazine is improved or not.—Mrs. Frances F. Spangler, Pittsburg, Kan.

I have been given special charge of the P. W. at our meetings. Enclosed find money order for a bundle and \$5.00 for sub cards. Will do all we can for the P. W. here.—Sallie E. Bowman, Los Angeles Calif.

Just received the August Woman. Oh, what a feast of good things. Best number yet! The last one is always the very best. I think. I want to tell Comrade Price Morgan, "Them's my sentiments." So glad to learn Mr. Kaneko is improving since reaching Japan. I like the little portrait of our editor "all by her lonely." Want to thank you, also, for giving us a glimpse of Fred D. Warren, our grand and noble hero, of the "Little Old Appeal." Am pleased that we are to have a literature campaign. There is no better way of reaching and converting the people. I promise to distribute all the literature I can get. Enclosed find four subs with my renewal.—N. D. Sowles, Sutter, Calif.

I am sending seven subs to the P. W. I am so well pleased with it that I would like to see it grow and treble its present circulation.—Miss Myra Jones, McCune, Kans.

Find enclosed four names of my friends with my renewal to the P. W., the best little paper I ever had.—Mrs. Thos. Padden, Langdon, N. D.

Enclosed find club of four for P. W. It is indeed a precious little paper. I also enclose a history of our Sunday school.—Pearl Aline, Lanferslek, Ky.

I enclose four names for your list. I would send more, but I have in the past sixty days spent over \$75.00 in an attempt to teach the people of Oklahoma the great truths of Socialism. I realize the great necessity of educating our women to Socialism, as we cannot hope to succeed without them. The ten encampments we are having in Oklahoma this year are doing much for the cause of Socialism. I am satisfied we will carry the state next year. The outlook is very promising.—R. F. Richardson, Oklahoma.

The weather has been so fearfully hot that I thought, when you sent the four sub cards to sell in August, that I couldn't do it. This is a slow old town, and I was afraid nobody would buy the cards. But one neighbor after another drifted in to spend an evening on our front porch, and I availed myself of their presence and sold every card. Enclosed find \$1.00 for same. We can often make a hit where we least expected.—Mrs. A. L. Black Missouri

We have a lot of women that are interested in your little paper, which is a jewel. We read every line of it, and want more. We have sent some to the Suffragists to read in their clubs and hope for good results. We have gained some Suffragist members in our study club, and I send you one sub from them. Hope to send more soon.—Mary Millett, Washington

I received the 100 copies of Progressive Woman and also bill for same. I send along five sub cards and expect more soon. Please find enclosed money order for \$3.25. I think the P. W. is certainly needed in every wage worker's home and I earnestly hope this paper and the Appeal will gain steadily. I am not religious, but I say, God speed the Appeal and its partner, The Progressive Woman on to victory. They

are deserving of every wage worker's support in America. Will order more P. W. at a future date.—Morgan Morgans, Washington.

I enclose five more of the 200 subs I intend to get as soon as I can. These people do not know how fortunate they are until they have read a copy or two.—Alice Lowy, Chicago.

I am sending you the names of three friends in connection with my own. We consider the August number such a fine paper that we would like for the friends' subscription to begin with that issue if it is convenient.—Jennie Shinn, Kansas.

Enclosed find four names. I am a new student in Socialism and am very much interested and like the P. W. I should like to see that splendid magazine grow and have just started to help a little. It has been slow work, but I guess next time I will know better how to get at it.—M. Schwind, Seattle, Wash.

Enclosed find \$1.00 for a renewal of my paper from July, and that of three friends. Two of them are not Socialists but I feel sure they will enjoy the dear little magazine, and I hope it will bring them into our circle of comrades. Were the old name on the paper they might not read it at all, but I feel assured they will read it now, and I shall try to get more interested.—Alvine Rosenkantz, St. Louis, Mo.

Don't you know the saying, "It is better for a mill stone to be tied about your neck, and you cast into the sea, than that ye should tempt one of these little ones," or something to that effect? This is Saturday morning and I should be sweepin' dustin' ples an' cakes an' such truck of indigestibles for the Sunday dinner, don't you know? Well, along comes The Progressive Woman so chuck full of good things that I must needs read it and give the family plain brown bread, rice and fruit for Sunday! Then what becomes of the doctor's Monday morning fee? Glad to see the paper forging ahead. Each number better than ever. Gertrude (Breslau Hunt) will be with us in our campaign for a week beginning September 5th. Janet Fenimore is doing herself proud on the road. Florence Wattles has been out for about six weeks as state organizer and working hard. She is up against situations that would stagger a man, but she goes on. Find \$1.00 enclosed for a bundle of magazines. Good cheer, good luck and the love of comrades.—May Strickland, Indiana.

Enclosed find \$10.00 and forty names. Many, many women became interested in the movement and some who would not even discuss the matter before the encampment became very enthusiastic before the close. Everybody is so well pleased with the way the women are taking hold. Lena Morrow Lewis, Texas, enroute.

Am sending my renewal and three other names. We cannot do without the P. W. I think it fine and don't want to miss the September number.—S. A. Cleman, Pittsburg, Kan.

Enclosed find four names I can't tell you how much I value the P. W. Yours is a noble work.—Mrs. G. W. Adair, Texas.

Please find enclosed five cents for the August issue of the P. W. in which Warren's picture appears. No doubt you will be flooded with demands for this issue, for none of us would willingly miss the chance of seeing even on paper so brave and noble a man as Fred D. Warren has proved himself to be. The Warren case is making history that future generations will read with joy and pride.—A. B. Lathrop, Belfast, Me.

Please send me five of your post cards. Lena Morrow Lewis was here at our encampment at Commerce last week. She is the finest speaker I ever heard. She told of her visit to Girard and said she wished it was so all of us comrades could visit The Progressive Woman office. My husband subscribed for your paper. I don't see how I could do without the Woman now.—Mrs. Minnie Yancey, Texas.

WHITE SLAVERY—Have you read that heart-stirring book "Chicago's Soul Market"? It handles the burning, hideous question of traffic in girls as radically as mails will carry it. Fifty pages illustrated. Endorsed by press and selling like wildfire. Price, prepaid, twenty-five cents. Send silver stamps stick. Dr. Jean Zimmerman, 172 Washington Boulevard, Chicago.

Mrs. Josephine Cochrane, a Chicago woman, invented a dishwashing machine that is being used in hotels all over the country.

OUR ORGANIZATION NUMBER.

With the assistance of Comrade Lena Morrow Lewis, we are going to get out a great organization number for October. Here are some of the things we have planned: The state secretaries will send reports of the work of women in the various locals; there will be descriptions and pictures of some of our Socialist headquarters; there will be excellent articles on party organization by those who have had wide experience in this work; there will be a great many pictures of women workers in the movement, with a short write-up of each; there will be articles on the formation and maintenance of Sunday schools; articles on forming women's committees and societies; there will be—but we can't tell everything here. Suffice it to say that this edition of The Progressive Woman will show the Socialist party to be a great human organization with an intelligent working basis composed of both men and women, who expect upon the political field to win emancipation for the entire human race.

There has not been such an issue of any paper, and this organization number should be in the hands of every working Socialist in the country. It will sell at 2c a copy in bundles of five or more. You can retail it at your local gatherings at 5c a copy. Everybody will want a copy. Send for a big bundle and sell it out. Send orders early.

Roosevelt, the slayer, declared that he was indignant, outraged, and shocked when he found that of the seventy-two natives who for 120 miles carried on their heads the luxurious baggage of his slaughtering party, no less than thirty-two were women. He just stayed shocked, though. He did not carry any of his plunder himself.—Ex.

The "Modern Magazine" edited by Payton Boswell is an interesting journal, of a literary character, and thoroughly up-to-date. It occupies a field all its own in Socialist journalism, and we wish for it the 100,000 circulation which its editor has set as its goal. Published at 180 Washington street, Chicago, price 50 cents a year.

Send for a sample copy "The World." A strong Socialist weekly for thinkers. (Not intended for mere sentimentalists.) One dollar per year, six months for 50 cents. 528 Seventeenth street, Oakland, Calif. Maynard Shipley, Ed.

A woman invented the ice cream freezer and sold her patent for \$1,500. She didn't know that she was giving away a fortune.

The Progressive Woman one year 50c. In clubs of four or more, 25c.

The National Movement.

Should Women Raise Money for the Socialist Movement?

It is a big question this money question. We can't live an hour without having to face it one way or other. There is nothing that can get on without considering it. The Socialist movement can't get on any more than any other organization or institution, without money.

The other day one of our good workers wrote from a certain state: "I can't do very much for the P. W. here. The state is in an awful need of money, and they don't like to have it taken out by subscribing for . . ." and so on.

I wrote back and said: "What that state needs is a lot of good women working to raise money for it. Tell the Socialists there that they will make the investment of their lives when they get several thousand women reading the Progressive Woman."

And so they will. Do you know what would become of the churches today, if it were not for the women to raise money for them? Of course, you do. And do you know what would happen to the Socialist movement if you could get the women started to raising money for it, like they do for the church? Of course, you do. It would grow by "leaps and bounds" where it now crawls like a snail.

But do you believe Socialist women ought to raise money for the movement? Some one asks. Yes, I do. There isn't a woman in the whole push too good to wash dishes or make sandwiches if it will be anything in the pockets of the Socialist party. Dinners and suppers and entertainments and picnics and ice cream feasts, and the whole thing, if it supplies the all necessary for the machinery. And I hope the women will do it.

But—and don't forget this part—the women should always remember, and the men should always remember, that this is not to be the end of woman's place in the Socialist movement. That she is always and forever to take her place in the local right along with the best—and the worst—in making talks, airing her views voting, and all the other mysteries that too often are enjoyed only by the male element.

And women party members will take their full share in the work of the local as soon as they understand that it is to their interest to do so. That women have some special benefits coming from this Socialism, as well as the rest of humanity.

That is why I told the comrade referred to that a good investment for that particular state would be a thousand women reading the Progressive Woman. The P. W. never fails to point out to the woman just what Socialism means for her, and her kind. And not only that it shows her where she, as a sex stands today, and shows she has got to make an effort herself, if she is to better her condition.

When women understand about all this, they are ready to raise money, make talks in the locals, vote, and read the National Bulletin with all the interest they formerly felt for the fashion journal. If you don't believe it, make the acquaintance of some P. W. readers.

Yes, it is a good investment when a state has a thousand women reading the Progressive Woman.

And the Socialist party will never have very much money until the women get busy raising it.

Report of Anna A. Maley, National Organizer of the Socialist Women.

Holyoke, Mass., is an industrial town with a population of 50,000. Writing paper, cigars and umbrellas are manufactured here and there is also a large textile industry. Our movement is weak, no meeting having been held since April. The local comprises but twelve members at best. A re-organization meeting was called for July 20th. J. B. Mooney, 11 Somerset street, was elected secretary of the women's committee. He will push all special issues of the Progressive Woman and will also take subscriptions for the same as there is a large Irish Catholic population in Holyoke.

At Lynn, Mass., a picnic audience listened with interest to a talk on woman and the movement on the afternoon of July 10th. With the aid of Mrs. Margaret Goebel, I took thirty-six subscriptions for

The Progressive Woman at this meeting. Mrs. Harriet D'Orsay, 74 Mall street, will act as agent for the Woman and as correspondent for the national woman's committee.

Fall River, a town of 100,000, has at least 30,000 textile operatives, largely Portuguese, badly organized and very poorly paid. We held but one street meeting there and elected the following woman's committee: Thomas J. Boyce, 231 County street; Miss Annie Burke, 760 Bedford street, and Miss Rose Brennan, 187 Bank street. The general movement here is in a very slow condition but the interest in the discussion was lively and the sale of literature considerable.

On July 17th I addressed a picnic meeting at Glen Echo Park near Stoughton. Here I took forty subscriptions for The Progressive Woman but there was no opportunity to elect committees.

Milford correspondent for the woman's movement, John P. Peterson, 25 Grant street. The chief industry in this town is granite cutting. Work is not steady, the working population shifts and our movement is slow. There are some twelve party members enrolled but no women. I addressed one large street meeting here.

Bridgewater is a stronghold of conservatism. Many of the older residents who are content to live in the reflected glory of their ancestors, threaten to move out of the city because two shoe factories have recently been established. They disdain to touch elbows with those who are "Not too low the cloth to weave

But too low the cloth to wear." A minister of the town who has been standing for Socialism finds it expedient to take a new charge this fall. I took three subscriptions for The Progressive Woman here and addressed a fair meeting from the veranda of the Bridgewater Inn, but as there is no Socialist club in existence, I could not elect a committee. George J. Alcott and Mrs. M. E. Palmer will further the woman's work and attend to any distribution that may be referred to them, but they have difficult soil in which to work.

The Lowell movement is full of inspiration. This is a textile town of about 100,000, with 70 paid-up members in the Socialist club. I addressed a meeting on the South Common of upward of 1,000 on July 18th, on the subject of Woman's Suffrage From the Socialist Standpoint. The interest was close and a good collection was taken. The following night more than 100 comrades assembled in the party headquarters, 159 Middlesex street to discuss the interests of women. The finest spirit was displayed in this meeting and the following committee was elected: Mrs. Ernest M. Sproule, 94 Orleans street, chairman of the woman's committee and special agent for The Progressive Woman; Smith Trejfev, Arthur Brown, Robert J. Kelly, C. L. Pingree, W. S. Parker. Lowell has a number of interested women but not many members. The men agree that they can and will get them. Watch the woman's work grow in Lowell.

Weymouth and East Weymouth also, Quincy, have refused their dates. I am negotiating with Worcester for work there and am also negotiating with Boston for work in and about that city. An attempt will be made to organize there a sort of central committee which will extend the woman's activity throughout the state. Brockton is a promising field for work and I shall meet with their local on Tuesday night, the 27th. These first weeks have been largely in the nature of experiment and the indications would seem to be that the initial work, it is better to confine our efforts to the larger cities in each state, depending upon them to extend the work to the minor points. There seems to be ample work along the lines of general organization in every town but this special work among women can be done to advantage only where there is an organized and active movement.

During this month I have taken 110 subscriptions for The Progressive Woman.

California.

Los Angeles.—The Woman's Socialist Union of Los Angeles in connection with the Socialist women of Huntington Beach will hold a Socialist Chautauque August 19th, at Huntington Beach in the new hall at that place. There will be a short morning session commencing at eleven o'clock, Mrs. A. G. Lyon of Huntington Beach and Miss Ethel Whitehead being the speakers. At noon a basket lunch on the beach. In the afternoon five topics, twenty minutes each will be presented by Mrs. Williams, of

Los Angeles; Mrs. Stewart, of Huntington Beach; Mrs. Bowman, Mrs. Downing and Mrs. Kotsch, of Los Angeles. Rev. T. W. Williams will speak in the evening, by special request of the Huntington Beach comrades, on "The Christian Socialist Fellowship" and Mrs. Mary E. Garbutt will repeat her paper on "The Root of the Matter" by insistence of the committee.

Los Angeles.—Mrs. Sallie E. Bowman, 2715 Dorchester street, has been authorized by the W. S. U. of the city to take subscriptions for The Progressive Woman. She has special charge of the Woman at all meetings of the Union, and will be glad to take any and all subscriptions for the same.

Sawtelle.—Miss Luella Twining was the speaker at the Socialist Hall. The attendance was good, the interest intense and all those who have heard Comrade Twining know the character of the lecture.

Long Beach.—On Tuesday afternoon, Comrade Ethel Whitehead organized a branch of the Woman's Socialist Union. She spoke Monday evening at Tanner Hall. A strong probability the local will be re-organized. Wake up comrades.

Anderson, Indiana.

Anderson, Ind.—The following resolutions appear on the party ticket of Anderson:

Whereas, The Socialist party offers to women not only their complete political suffrage, but their entire economic independence as well, Be it—

Resolved, That this convention of the Socialist party of Anderson appeal to the women of our city to help the Socialist party in the present campaign.

Resolved, That we also call the attention of the women of Anderson to the fact that they are at all times invited to become members of the Socialist party and to have a full voice and vote within its councils.

Resolved, That we appeal to the womanhood of Anderson for their assistance, because of their natural and leading interest with us in the protection of our homes, the beautifying of our city and the cleansing of our municipal government.

Open Letter to Socialists by the Woman's National Committee.

Dear Comrades:—It gives us great pleasure to write to you, for we women of the Socialist party should become more closely affiliated, as we will need co-operation and mutual assistance in the battle to come.

It is up to us to start a new and last-Suffrage movement in this country. By saying a Suffrage movement we do not mean a pure and simple feminine affair to wrangle for the privilege of the ballot alone, but a clear, class-conscious movement where the ballot will be demanded as one of the means to the goal.

If you follow the party Bulletin you have probably noticed the decision of the woman's national committee to issue a Suffrage almanac explaining the rights granted to women in the United States in general and in the different states in particular. This to give the women throughout the country an opportunity to take advantage of the few rights granted to them, of which the majority is ignorant today.

You will realize at once the immensity of the task undertaken and will understand, of course, that the woman's national committee could not possibly carry out its decision unless it secures the help of the active Socialist women throughout the land.

We appeal to you, therefore, to get to work and find out all about the rights granted to women in your respective state and county. If the work proves too much for you, enlist some other women better known to you than to us. Hoping to know soon whether you are ready to take up the work, we are, Yours for the cause

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The Woman's National committee intends to publish a suffrage almanac, and calls for assistance along the following lines:

1. We call for volunteers among Socialist women in each of the twenty-four states giving women some form of school suffrage.
2. That from among the volunteers one woman be appointed for each of said states not necessarily living in same, by our committee, and that she shall sub-divide the work for her state as she sees fit.
3. That our volunteers be instructed to apply for information to the governors and state superintendents of public instruction, as well as to the mayors of different towns and local school boards.
4. That our volunteers be distinctly instructed to obtain full information, not only as to the municipalities where women

may vote on educational matters, but also in regard to the dates when elections take place.

5. That our volunteers be requested to send all information, as soon as they have obtained a sufficient amount, to Meta M. Stern, 410 West One Hundred and Fifty-fourth street, New York, who has been appointed by the W. N. C. to compile the material.

6. That the information, when gathered, sifted and tabulated, be issued as a Suffrage almanac by the W. N. C.

7. That we urge upon all state organizations of the Socialist party to send women speakers to such localities where women have the school vote at the time of local campaigns. In order to point out to working-class women the importance of their intelligent use of the ballot.

District of Columbia.

Washington.—On Monday, July 28th. Local District of Columbia held an open air meeting on the lawn of the hotel August Bebel at 11 B street, Northwest. Here under the very shadow of the dome of the capitol, within one hundred feet of the capitol grounds, the political, industrial and social evils of the day were flayed without mercy and the constructive remedy of Socialism pointed out. This is the first time that a Socialist open air meeting has been held right at the door of the capitol, especially while congress is in session.

Comrade Pollock presided at the meeting. There were about one hundred and fifty people present. Music was rendered and refreshments were served. Comrade Ferguson, pastor of the People's church gave a delightful talk on the personal side of August Bebel and other European Socialists whom she has had the pleasure of meeting. Comrade Jackson of the Baltimore local talked most entertainingly in his happiest vein, which is saying much. Comrade Cohen spoke with energy and emphasis. Comrade Ellen Wetherell discussed the question of woman's suffrage and pointed out why Socialism means the full emancipation of woman.

What a revolutionary tone the meeting took on is shown by the fact that while Comrade Fred Merrick was speaking a blue coated guardian of the peace and respectability listened attentively. As the speaker waxed warmer in his denunciation of the deplorable condition in the District of Columbia and quoted congressmen to substantiate his statements the blue coat became more interested. By this time scores of people had collected on the street and around the corner and were giving the

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

Have you ordered this wonderful book? Sold many editions. A fresh edition just off the press. Better send your order before this edition is out.

A woman is always appealed to by the sorrows of Cupid. Comrade Kate Richards O'Hare who wrote this little book, was fortunate in her choice of a title. Hidden under the sorrows of Cupid is the Socialist message, plain and simple, and so interwoven with Cupid's woes that it must appeal along with them to the reader. Romance, truth and propaganda, all in one. You can't get a better combination! Order today for your friends, wives, sisters, sweethearts! Paper, 25c. Cloth, 50c.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Girard, Kan.

closest attention. Feeling ran high. Many government employes stood behind trees and applauded from the point where they could not be seen. When Merrick stated that there was nothing in the oath which prevented a government employe from striking our friend, the patrolmen strode off in double quick time for a plain clothes man. When they returned, in a hurry, the plain clothes man was asked his opinion of whether or not the words uttered by the speaker were treasonable. Not knowing just what to advise the policeman, the latter allowed the meeting to continue without interruption. Later his ruffled feelings and official dignity were placated with a cool dish of revolutionary ice cream.

The Progressive Woman in clubs of four or more, one year, 25c.

"The Seven That Were Hanged," by Leonid Andreiff, 15c. A. C. Field, 44 Fleet st., E. C. London—and "The Terror in Russia," by Prince Kropotkin—Methuen & Co., 56 Essex st., W. C. London—are two really horrible things by world-renowned writers that come to our desk too late for review. But because their horror is true, all lovers of freedom and human life should send for these books, read for themselves, and join the army of Socialists that are trying to do away with this worse than savagery in the midst of civilization.

A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

This story tells how the little women in the crowded working districts of our great cities must constantly struggle to keep the wolf of poverty from devouring them, and the wolves of lust from dragging them down. If you haven't read it, order a copy today and read it. IT IS YOUR BUSINESS TO KNOW THE HARD LIVES OF THESE WORKING GIRLS, SO THAT YOU MAY HELP IN OVERCOMING SUCH CONDITIONS.

"There is no saner, or more convincing woman writer today, than the editor of The Progressive Woman. Mrs. Kaneko is always logical, and is as conservative as it is possible to be when dealing with the subject of the woman wage-earner under existing social conditions in our large cities. A Little Sister of the Poor is the story of a young girl reared in the unfavorable environment of the West Side district of Chicago. Send for a copy and read it."—The Swastika Magazine.

"I read Josephine Conger-Kaneko's new book, 'A Little Sister of the Poor,' at one sitting, simply because I found it charming from the first page to the last. You need not buy this book from a sense of duty, because after you have read two pages, you will want to sit down and read it all. The interesting, lovable and always human characters will carry you to the last page. You will want to know what happens to them. This book is like a personal visit out to our West Side and by the time you have finished it you will feel as though you had lived there for a long time. 'A Little Sister of the Poor' is a book to give your friends who persist in closing their eyes to the misery attendant upon the heels of Capitalism. Nobody can read it and believe that modern civilization has attained the ultimate heights, leaving nothing to work or hope for. It is a thought-producer and interesting always."—International Socialist Review.

Good, clear print and bound in scarlet imitation velum. Twenty-five cents a copy. Five copies, \$1.00.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, GIRARD, KANSAS