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OLGA STAPS

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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50c. A YEAR

OLGA STAPS.

Comrade Olga Staps was the only woman elected to the school board from Elmwood Place, Ohio, last election. She carried the entire city, and is the only woman in office in Hamilton county. The new school board is composed of five republicans and Miss Staps, a Socialist. In speaking of her election, the Cincinnati Post says: "Miss Staps was elected last Tuesday by a majority of 19 votes, and Elmwood is most of the time republican. This time the men elected a democratic mayor, and the women elected a Socialist woman as member of the board of education. Miss Staps got more than 300 votes."

In speaking of her election Miss Staps is quoted in Cincinnati Post as saying:

There is so much I could say, but I can't always express myself. I didn't have the advantages of a good education. I had to leave school at fourteen. I was ambitious to learn more, but my parents were poor.

I wanted a piano, oh, so bad. And I got one, but I earned the money myself. I have tried to lift myself above my early handicaps. But the struggle is so hard for a woman. A man can become polished by rubbing up against the world. A woman must remain at home and fight out there the battle for personal betterment. I have done what I could for myself.

What, as a Socialist, I have felt for all humanity. I have felt for myself, for I believe that personally I and other women situated as I typify the struggle of the race for better things. At the present time we must all fight out our salvation alone handicapped by our poverty and struggle for mere existence. Under Socialism I look for a better chance for everybody.

I will be one woman and one Socialist in a board of education composed of men of the old-time parties. I don't know whether these men will be gallant enough to help me in the fight for some of the things Socialists want.

I stand on the national Socialist platform. It is as follows:

1. Adequate teaching force.
 2. Small classes.
 3. Right of trial for teacher when dismissed.
 4. Female teachers to be paid the same salary as male teachers for same class of work.
 5. Thorough knowledge by teachers of social and industrial conditions affecting the lives of the school children.
 6. Full and adequate provision for the physical needs of the children, especially those who come from homes of poverty, to whom learning is difficult, owing to the fact that a hungry stomach, languid body and thin blood cannot feed the brain.
- These are the things I stand for, and for which I will fight as member of the board of education. Classes are so large in the Elmwood school that some children can attend only part of the time, and the big inequality between men and women teachers in the matter of pay is an evil existing in all cities.

RUSSIAN METHODS IN SPOKANE.

Every once in awhile things happen in the United States that seem for the world like Russia. The "bull-pen" episode in Colorado a few years ago was one of these. The present fight for free speech out in Spokane is another. The authorities out there took it upon themselves to deny the right of free speech to the Socialists, and the Socialist labor organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, with its official organ, The Industrial Worker, and its headquarters in Spokane, is bearing the brunt of this fight.

As fast as men are thrown into jail for attempting to hold their usual street meetings others come to take their places. In fact, the comrades are pouring in from every section of the country to help in this fight.

And it is a serious business. Young men, without funds, but anxious to help, take advantage of every possible means of reaching Spokane, even to "riding the rods" through the long dreary cold of the northwest. One splendid young comrade from Chicago was killed while making his way in this manner; another was hurt in a wreck. Others suffered agonies from hunger and the cold. But none have turned back.

As for the treatment they receive after

reaching the scene of battle, it, too, is enough to frighten the faint-hearted, and cause him to pause in his work for humanity. Yet it is said that never a comrade has flunked, or turned traitor to the great cause. The following from the Seattle Socialist almost out-Russia's:

"Recently there was a wholesale sweating of prisoners in the hot cell. They were mostly men from Chicago, who turned out en masse for arrest the day after the arrest of Miss Flynn and others at the Hall meeting. So angry were the police with them for their method of showing their contempt for the police that they decided to give them a lesson. As a result, 29 men were packed into the hot cell and sweated from 12 o'clock noon until 10 p. m. So close were the men packed that they were unable to take their coats off even though they were being stifled by the heat. This cell,



ELIZABETH G. FLYNN

known in police circles as "The Dungeon," is airtight when the sheet-iron door is closed, and is heated by steam. It has no ventilation whatsoever except when the door is opened, so perhaps the condition of the air in this second 'black hole,' after 20 or 30 men have been confined in it for several hours, may be safely termed indescribable. The door would be kept shut until the cries of the men warned the guards that it must be opened or they would be stifled. So hot is this cell that in a very short time one's clothes are wet with perspiration. After the required period is served in this torture chamber the prisoners, in their weakened condition, are taken to cells which are exposed to cold drafts, and there they freeze until their clothes become dry and their bodies more or less accustomed to the great change in temperature. Needless to say, this has terrible effect on some of the men, and when they are fit cases for the hospital, the police turn them adrift. One of the Chicago boys passed through this ordeal, and after two days' stay in the jail he is a physical wreck. The sudden change of temperature acted upon his bow-

els in such a way as to produce a blood flux, which so weakened him that he could hardly walk, though a strong man when he went in. Broken in health and almost in a dying condition, he was released and made to shift for himself."

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a young speaker and writer for the I. W. W. organization was accosted on the street one morning by an officer, carried off to the police station and condemned to 90 days in jail on the charge of criminal conspiracy. Her arrest has caused a great deal of excitement, not only among her fellow workers but also among the fair-minded women of Spokane.

Fearing that the strain may become too much for the men comrades to bear alone Mrs. Bulah Hyde is calling through the Seattle Socialist for women volunteers to help in the speech-making—and to go to jail, if necessary.

There is the fear in the northwest that the Socialists give in to the Spokane authorities, and forfeit their rights to speaking on the streets that it will be a blow to free speech everywhere, and in order to put a quietus at once upon such an outrage, they are making this bold and most strenuous fight in Spokane.

Sunday School Superintendent—Who led the children of Israel into Caanan? Was one of the smaller boys answer?

No reply.

Superintendent somewhat sternly—Can you no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?

Little boy (badly frightened)—It wasn't me. I-I just moved yere last week from Missouri.

"Don't think you can get Socialism in our time" by carrying it off into some cold, dreary hall, or local. Get it into the home. Let the mother absorb it, and give it out to her growing children. Let it become the moving spirit about the heartstone. Sometimes I think you men are fools, the way you act about your Socialism.

"The Man and the Woman," by Helmut Untermann, in this issue, is an appeal to the men and women to try and understand each other through a study of the other's environment. It is an excellent suggestion and will be done in leaflet form for widespread distribution. Price will be 100 for 20c, or \$1.50 for 1,000.

Do you notice that we have widened and lengthened our columns? This gives you a great deal more reading matter for the same amount of money. But it costs more. We are hoping to make up on the extra expense by a big increase in circulation. This means a little more hustling on your part. But you can do it.


Send us sayings of Socialist children for our children's department. If there aren't any Socialist children, then it is time you were making some. But, thanks to some wise parents, there is already a good quantity of them. Let us hear from them.

Picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard Children.

Last month we offered the picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children, printed on smooth tinted paper, ready for framing, to any child who would send us ten cents for five copies of the P. W. So many responses were received that we have decided to continue this offer. So, send along ten cents for five copies of this number, and you will receive one of these fine pictures, never published anywhere but in the P. W.

The Man and the Woman

HELEN UNTERMANN



It is the frequency of the following remark: "Why is it that so many Socialists do not interest their wives in the movement?" that should lead us into a deeper study of this question.

When we hear a speaker impress upon his audience the fact that Socialism is even more vital, more beneficial to women than to men, and then learn that the speaker's own wife is absolutely ignorant of this vital truth, we wonder over this contradiction. But if we learn to understand the cause of it, it is not hard to understand.

For centuries man has come in contact with the world. All the larger problems lay before him. He would seek for fame, fortune and dominion over his fellow man. Consequently his needs and his desires developed accordingly.

How different it was with woman. I am speaking now particularly of women who have never entered into the industrial field. Compare her environment, her problems with that of men, and you must admit that the difference of the two environments has created altogether different needs and desires. And it is this difference of environment which makes it less and less possible for them to understand each other.

Man, who is performing his labor mutually, who struggles and strives together with his fellow man, has a far better chance to come to the understanding of social consciousness than has woman. For he soon learns that his individual efforts are only valuable as long as they are connected with the energies of other individuals.

Contrary to men, women do everything in an individual way and the spirit of mutuality does not enter into their home. Can you expect a mind that is filled with individual thoughts to have room for the larger—the social thought?

It is not man's superior intelligence which makes him come sooner to the understanding of social consciousness. His environment simply suggests these thoughts to him, while these suggestions are absolutely absent in a woman's environment.

Oh! the awfully narrow sphere in which the majority of women are compelled to live! Men do not know the loneliness which such life carries within itself. They do not know that such life is bereft of all higher aspirations and all broader and higher understanding. And it is just because they do not know that they are not able to make Socialists of their wives.

How can they? A man who knows nothing of the cares, responsibilities and agonies that a woman suffers in her lonely individual sphere, is not the right interpreter of Socialism for her. For he will interpret it as he understands it, which will be utterly unattractive to her, since she

needs an entirely different appeal. Of course, it is beside the question that some men have converted their wives to Socialism, for these are peculiar cases in which men have taken a deeper interest in the life of the wife, and therefore were able to touch the right chord in her understanding.

It is then obvious from this that we are living in two different worlds, a world for women and a world for men. The existence of these two worlds has brought about a very detrimental effect—the lack of understanding between men and women. This lack of understanding can only be overcome by trying to acquaint ourselves with the life and environment of the other sex.

A man is very anxious to have a woman understand the environment in which he lives, and a woman desires the same of a man. But both neglect to take an interest in each other's life, which alone will bring them to such an understanding. Man must take a warmer interest in the individual life of woman and learn the effect of such a life. He will then become a stronger advocate of Socialism, for he will not merely appeal to men but also to women. Woman on the other hand must acquaint herself with the larger problems of the world in order to arrive at the understanding of social consciousness. This understanding will arouse in her a hatred for the narrow humiliating sphere in which she is compelled to live. A hatred which is absolutely necessary to give her strength and power to help in the inauguration of a finer and better system. A system in which women do not have to slave their lives away in a narrow individual mind and body undermining sphere.

In many cases women ignore their husbands' efforts to educate them in the study of Socialism, for the literature brought home is tossed aside as something only belonging to men. Men quite often make a like mistake.

Some years ago when the Socialist Woman, now The Progressive Woman, was published in Chicago, it found its place among numerous other Socialist periodicals on the stand at the office of the Chicago Daily Socialist. One day while selecting some literature for myself, I noticed a comrade take up a copy of The Socialist Woman. But no sooner had he read the cover page than he dropped it immediately. The way in which he dropped it was so amusing to me that I could not help saying: "Did it sting you?" "Sting—what?" he said. "The paper, of course," I answered. "It did not sting me exactly," he replied smilingly. "but this is a woman's paper; why should I read it?" "And yet," I said, "you expect your wife to take an interest in the papers you bring home to her and are really disgusted when she takes no interest in them. And here you are doing the very same thing."

This seems to be amusing, but in reality it is very serious.

This lack of understanding between the two sexes, caused by the difference of environment and also by the indifference on both sides to acquaint themselves with that difference of environment, must be overcome.

If we grow into an understanding of

these things, together with the aid of industrial development, we shall do away more quickly with the existing two worlds, the one for women and the one for men. Instead, we shall develop into only one world in which—

Men and women
Stand side by side,
Different in their natures,
But equal in value and understanding.

EUGENE V. DEBS—FRIEND.

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

Some call him great; but greater than that is—

Than fame or place, or deed that has no end—

Debs has a glory greater than all this—
He is a Friend.

Some call him good; but better than the best,

Than haloed truth none love or comprehend,

Is his warm pulsebeat and his infinite zest—
He is a Friend.

Some call him wise; but wiser than all else
His instinct is, which flashes to the end,
Warming his soul till all discordance melts—
He is a Friend.

Some call him eloquent, which is but part,
The lesser part, though to it all things bend;

He weeps and laughs with us—more than all art—
He is a Friend.

Not my friend only, but the friend of all:
Debs fills the word that fills the world—
will spend

Himself for any, hearing the faintest call—
He is a Friend.

A brand new book that is as sensational as it is true and as true as it is sensational, is "Diaz, the Dictator," by Charles L. Phifer. Everybody will want to read it.

Subscription cards were recently sent to all our workers, with the suggestion that they sell them and remit to us as soon as possible. Comrades, this is the EASIEST way in the world to push a paper along, and we hope you will not neglect it.

The best and quickest way of "getting Socialism" is to have the young people absorb its principles in the home. The home influence counts for more than all the locals and all the halls in the land.

"Government without the consent of the governed is tyranny." How, then, can we call our country a republic? Are not half of the adult population governed without their consent?

Women and men everywhere are counting The P. W. as one of the strongest forces for good in our movement.

The Socialist Primer.

BY NICHOLAS KLEIN.

Here is just the thing for the kiddies. It begins with the abc's of things, and ends with a delightful little story by Fred D. Warren, entitled, "The Boytown Railroad." Comrade Warren claims this little story is the best thing he ever wrote. Think of what that means! The Primer is a twenty-five cent book, but are getting rid of the present stock at fifteen cents each, eight copies for one dollar. This offer lasts only through January.

SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN HEROISM---III

BY MAY BEALS HOFFPAUIR

Sophie Tchemodanoff.

For a week before the wedding the choir was trained by the bride's father, and the whole house was filled from morning till night with the pious hymns which the good priest would not have considered so appropriate had he known all. The other priests joined in the feasting and vodka drinking. Sonia devoted herself to the wedding preparations quite forgetful of her part as sweet-heart, and the poor, neglected bridegroom was intolerably bored. In after years Sinegub wrote of the event as follows:

At five o'clock in the evening the pretty village church was lighted up in festive fashion. Practically all the logical inhabitants and many from neighboring villages flocked from all directions to the temple. I put on evening dress (for the first and I hope the last time in my life) and a white shirt and tie, but left my silk hat, and put on instead an astrakhan cap. I entered the carriage with Father Michael, and we were the first to leave the house.

In the house of Father Vasili, in the meantime, took place the ceremony of robing and blessing the bride, at which was present her schafir (best man) that very justice of the peace whose offer of marriage she had declined. He looked at this remarkably beautiful girl, now even more fascinating in her bridal attire, and he could not help shedding silent tears.

Finally the bride arrived, accompanied by her schafir and bridesmaids. She was so pale and her hands so ice cold that I feared she would faint. But not looking on me or anyone else she followed me to the appointed place.

The choir thundered forth: "Come forth thou bride of Lebanon!" Then the priest, a brother of Father Vasili, performed the wedding rites, finishing by making me and Sonia exchange rings. At this moment I heard some one in the crowd saying: "Noo, teper, znatchit—shabash." (Now they are done for). During the whole wedding ceremony I felt dreadful. The crown that was placed on my head was too large and repeatedly slid over my eyes. Someone, I believe it was Father Michael, had the good sense to pad it with his handkerchief. It was a great exertion to me to hold out till the end of this torture.

Arriving at the house the guests began eating and drinking, drinking and eating. All at the table repeatedly sang "Mnogolietie" (Many Happy Years), the deacon particularly making merry and haranguing at the top of his voice. Numerous times the audience shouted the usual, "Gorko" (bitter) to which Larissa* and I had to respond in the orthodox fashion by kissing each other.

After the feast, Father and Mother Vasili accompanied us to the bridal chamber. We locked the door and remained tete a tete in intolerable confusion. Having put out the light Larissa undressed and disappeared in the luxurious featherbed, whilst I had to spend the night on a large box containing her things, improvising it as a resting place. In the morning we had to properly arrange everything so as to avoid creating any suspicion. In this manner we spent three nights.

In accordance with custom, Larissa and I paid visits to all the more important in-

habitants of the place; and finally, in the evening of November 15th, we started on our way to St. Petersburg.

The parting scenes were of a most cordial nature. My mother-in-law, weeping, blessed us with the sign of the cross, and kissed us both many times. I ardently kissed her hands, which were crossing me with such tender affection.

At last the village disappeared behind us and, stretching out my hand to Larissa, I said:

"Now I can congratulate you upon your freedom."

She replied nothing, but shook my hand warmly.

"Well, are you satisfied with me?"

"Yes, yes; I am deeply thankful to you," she now replied.

We arrived in St. Petersburg at the end of November, 1872, and there I placed my fictitious wife in the Woman's Commune situated in the Baskovi lane, "handing her over" to Mlle Kuvshinskaya. * * *

However, Sergius and Sophie Sinegub did not long remain in St. Petersburg. The progressive movement in Russia had begun the great wave of propaganda effort known as "going to the people." The young Nihilists sought enthusiastically for positions in the villages as common farm laborers, teachers, clerks, midwives, factory operatives, etc. Among the first and most enthusiastic of the pioneers of this movement were our young platonically-mated pair, who succeeded in obtaining appointments in the same school, in the boot manufacturing village of Gubin-Ugol in the government of Tver.

Poor Sergius says of this period:

"I had now two cares, one of a personal, the other of a public character. My fictitious wife had seriously touched my heart, but to confess this to her I considered almost criminal. I must somehow free myself from this weakness, and seek assistance in my public work. I must devote myself entirely to the public cause, and then no nonsense will enter my head."

Sergius Sinegub was very young.

*Larissa was Sophie's baptismal name.
(Continued.)

WOMEN ORATORS WANTED.

Anti-Socialist oratory has opened up another calling for women. The first academy for women speakers against Socialism has been inaugurated in London, and already 1,500 applications for studentships have been received.

In the school, students will receive a thorough training in the art of public speaking. They will be taught their subject from end to end; will receive hints showing how successfully to deal with interrupters, and be instructed in the principles of good debating.

This movement, which has been begun by the anti-Socialist union, is intended to have a great influence on politics in the future; and it is hoped that by January next there will be 500 lady speakers, ready equipped, to take their places in the political arena.—Chicago Journal.

And about the first real argument they meet in the "political arena" will make Socialists of them. But why are women orators wanted? Because in England women have proven themselves a force in affairs, and it is thought their influence against Socialism will be the most potent to be found.

When will the American women rise to this heroic standard?

Fine photo post card of Fred D. Warren, managing editor of the Appeal to Reason, and famous advertiser of Judge Pollock's court at Fort Scott, Kan., can be had for ten cents; two for fifteen cents.

THE WEB OF LIFE.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

The marvelous weaver works at his loom:
He works there night and day.
He works without sleep, he works without food.
And his work is also his play.

His pattern is laid on the moving loom.
His warp is the where and the when:
His colors the throbs of the human heart.
His woof is the deeds of men.

He works you in, and he works me in;
The sinner, and saint divine
He catches up and works them in.
Where their hues will best combine.

And I find myself, and you find yourself,
Wrought up in a strange device;
Our lives are blent in peculiar ways,
With lives that are "questionably nice."

And often you marvel and I rebel,
And we say "He is doing it wrong."
And we struggle to loosen the weaver's spell,
But his hold is remarkably strong.

So we are enmeshed in his cloth of Fate,
And sometimes our lines are dark,
And sometimes a splash of light we cross—
And sometimes a blood-red mark.

But what shall we do, and what can we say?
The weaver is silent and grim;
And prayer of man, nor threat of man,
Can provoke any word from him.

Maybe when he has collected our deeds,
Our heart-throbs and all our fears,
And has woven them into the Cloth of Time,
Which encompasseth all the years,

We will understand his majestic scheme,
And rejoice in his art divine;
While today we see but a part of the plan—
The detached "I" and "mine."

So today, though a-dangle, unmatched and raw,
We cannot remove from our heads
The notion that we are something more
Than a master-weaver's threads.

The New York Socialist women have been discussing in the "Call" the advisability of joining, or not joining, the suffragists in their struggle for the ballot. Perhaps we are not clear as to what is meant by "joining" the suffragists, but we do believe that we should never hesitate to speak or write for the ballot for women. Always of course, from the Socialist standpoint pointing out the necessity of woman using the same to further her economic interests. If we cannot speak from the Socialist standpoint on the suffrage platform, then let us speak for suffrage on our own platform—just as often as we have a chance.

It is not sufficient for a child to have his own mother. A child needs, in addition to his mother, social parentage.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Books for Sale by Us.

Woman and the Social Problem. May Wood Simons, 5 cents.
Socialism and the Home. May Walden, 5 cents.
Little Sister of the Poor, Josephine Conger Kaneko, 25 cents.
Outlines in the Economic Interpretation of History. Lida Parce, 25 cents.
Sorrow of Cupid, Kate Richards O'Hare (paper) 25 cents.
Sorrow of Cupid, (cloth) 50 cents.
The Socialist Primer. Nicholas Klein, 15 cents.
Socialist Songs (with music). Compiled by Charles H. Kerr, 10 cents.
Songs of Socialism. Chas H. Moyer, 25 cents.
Socialist Songs, Dialogues and Recitations. Josephine R. Cole, 10 cents.

Have you ordered a sample of those Capsheaf Safety Pins advertised in this issue?

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by a Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a Kaiser is a stream of hot water sprigin' up an' disturbin' the earth."—Everybody's Magazine.

If you are tired and soggy and beat out, read the letters from Little Socialists in the Children's Department. They will give you new life.

The Girard Manufacturing Company offers some good things this month. Read their ad.

Kiichi Kaneko, "Citizen of the World."



Editors *The Progressive Woman*, taken about two hours before Mr. Kaneko's departure for Japan

(Kiichi Kaneko, founder and managing editor of *The Progressive Woman*, died in his native country, where he had gone to search for health, on October 8, 1909.)

My country is not where beautiful Fuji stands;
It is not where you find the Geisha girl pretty;
Let patriots die for their country's sake;
It is not where my old memories remain.

My country is where humanity is uplifted;
It is where men and women enjoy their rights.
My country is where Mazzinis might live;
It is where Bakunins could preach.

Let kings be proud of their sacred blood;
Let nobles lust on their privileges inherited;
Let patriots die for their country's sake;
But my country is far from such trifles.

My country is where no one man can rule,
No throne, no title, no indolent nobles;
It is where man stands as man, simple and pure,
As the blue skies that stretch wide and free.

Let nations talk of their flags;
Let races think of themselves as "God-chosen,"
For their own and each other's sake;
But my country can never be there.

In the geography of human progress
No one nation stands isolated;
All people are striving for one goal,
And there, too my country I find.
—Kiichi Kaneko, in *New York Journal*.

In the winter of 1902 a Japanese student at Ruskin College (Mo.), told me one day that he had a very esteemed friend whom he would like for me to know. A friend who wrote things, and whose ideals of life were very beautiful and very high. In fact, he said with beaming face, he thought we would just suit each other, this Japanese friend and myself. He brought me a copy of *The Metaphysical Magazine*, with an article entitled "The Religion of the Universe," written by this friend.

The writer's name was Kiichi Kaneko.

In that article "The Religion of the Universe," I got my first glimpse of a rather unusual perception of life which I was later to learn more about. A cosmic perception, I would have called it. The religion of the universe, according to the

writer's interpretation, was the religion of life. It was life. It was without creeds or names, or sectional boundaries. It was just life and—progress. Always progress. It included all, and was fully designated by none, limited to none. Christ, Buddha, Confucius, Mohamet, Moses—all were a part of it. None alone was it. Socrates, Plato, Spinoza, Emerson—all of these interpreted it in part. None fully.

To try to limit religion, according to Mr. Kaneko, was to try to limit life, growth, progress. If religion was to be thought of at all, it must be thought of in universal terms.

And so with the world-life—with society. If humanity was to be considered at all, it must be considered as a whole. The East and West, the North and South, white, brown, yellow and black—all of this went to make up humanity. When boundary lines figured in thinking of humanity, when one little section or another spoke of itself as humanity, it jarred Kiichi Kaneko—grated fearfully on his nerves. "We are THE people," he used to say with some sarcasm, quoting the general conception of the American people about themselves. He was none the less severe with patriots of his own country. His article, "Japan as Viewed by a Native Socialist," in the *Arena* of 1905, begins: "In the first place I must ask my readers to remember that I am not going to treat my subject as a patriotic Japanese, such as you usually meet with, but as a citizen of the world, as a man of no country—in short, as a Socialist." And he treated it with such impartiality that foreign reviews everywhere quoted from the article, and Japan set her authorities to look after the recalcitrant across the waters.

It was not that he loved Japan less,

America less, but he loved truth and humanity better than he loved boundary lines and patriotic egotism.

So unusual, evidently, is this "cosmic consciousness" in mankind that the *New York Journal*, commenting editorially on the verses at the head of this article said: "We advise those among us who have been inclined short-sightedly to underestimate the character of the Japanese nation to read this contribution with care. After you have read it, ask yourself whether you are quite sure that your republicanism is as genuine and your view of the world and its duties as wide as in the case of this gentleman from Japan." And *Collier's Weekly*, attracted by the verses, commented much in the same manner.

This love of universal freedom, of universal progress, led Mr. Kaneko to take up, with characteristic enthusiasm and tenacity, the cause of woman, whom he found in various degrees of slavery in every nation of the world. He bought every treatise he could find on "the woman question," watched eagerly their protests in various lands against enslaving conditions, and tried to embody in *The Progressive Woman* his encouragement and sympathy for all their efforts. Unfortunately, before taking up the woman's cause, he had lost his health, and from that time until his death it was a painful struggle to get through with each day's work. Though tiring easily physically, his mind retained its alertness, and he kept up his reading and mental interest almost to the last. In one of his last expressions about woman he wrote:

I see woman is awakening everywhere,
In the distant east and in the west.
I see the spirit of revolt is beating
In the heart of woman.
I see her battle is on every hand
I see woman is in want—in a desperate want.

Things that have been denied her in the past
Are to be hers ere long.
I see woman is determined to win.
I see her in science, seeking vallant truth with
man.
I see her in art and poetry.
Trying to express herself with man.
I see her in religion, in politics.
I see her in industry, in commerce.
I see her on the platform, on the stage.
I hear men talk of "woman's invasion."
I hear of the "coming feminism".
I see that woman can no longer be subjected to men
That society is done with over-masculinism.
That the world is in need of the altruism of
woman.
That the age of cruel egotism is gone.
That the age of "mother love" has come.
Feminism is to prevail, and the age of woman
Will come in spite of man.

Mr. Kaneko was born October 21, 1876,
at Sasage, near Yokohama, Japan. He was
educated in the mission schools, and col-
leges of his country, attended the Meadville
(Pa.) Theological Seminary, and took a
post-graduate course in sociology at Har-
vard university. Coming from a long line
of officials, he was picked upon, while yet
a boy, as the logical candidate to the lower
house of the national Diet from his district.
He early chose literature, however, as his
profession, and at twenty-one was editing
a monthly magazine in Tokio. At this
period his mind was purely sentimental, not
having become conscious of the existing
class struggles. Like thousands of other
Japanese students he was in love with the
teachings of Tolstoy, and wrote poetry
and romantic stories and sketches. Later
he came to America to study the western
people and their ways. It was in his strug-
gle with conditions in New York and other
cities of the East, together with his investi-
gation as a student, that he finally came to
know and accept Socialism. As a "man
of no country" the political and vote catch-
ing phase of the movement held little in-
terest for him, but he was ever in sympathy
with its ethical and philosophical side.
As a great educational factor, he considered
Socialism far in advance of all other move-
ments.

Perhaps one has never known just how
much beauty there is in nature—in the
landscape, the stars, the rivers and moun-
tains—until one has lived with or among
the Japanese. At least I have sometimes
felt this way. There is something beyond
the western mind, in this love and grasp
of natural beauty. It is not the wild, ele-
mental love of the savage for elemental
things. It is a cultured sense, amounting
to a fine art. The slim new moon against
a deep blue sky, with the evening star
shining brilliantly near by, a bunch of
cherry blossoms, or even a twig from a
pine tree, will often act on the sensitive
Japanese mind like a bow drawn across the
responsive strings of a Stradivarius violin
by the hand of an artist, thrilling his soul
with a world of tremulous tints and tones,
absolutely unfelt or unknown by other
men. I have often seen and felt this ef-
fect upon Mr. Kaneko. And I shall give,
as the last of this little, inadequate sketch,
a few lines of his, in which are condensed
a whole range of emotions—his love and
faith in nature, his loneliness, his passion
for success, his fear of failure, then—the
gradual cooling of the fever in contemplat-
ing the calm flowing of the stream, and the
final, triumphant finding of the mind's way
again to its "Ocean of Freedom."

A Lesson in the River.

I stood on the banks of the Hudson,
Seeking a friend in Nature.
For I was tired of the worries of this world.
Away from my native land,
No friends to share the trial,
And no outlook for future success—
I saw the stream was moving onward;
Calmly and slowly through the ships and boats
So busily going to and fro,
Flowed the water indifferently to the Ocean of
Freedom.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ida Crouch-Hazlett, in Montana News.

Comrade Kiichi Kaneko, who died in Japan on
the 8th of October, 1909.

Dead—in the beauty and life of the morning—
Slain ere the dewdrops of youth had fled:
Midst the glad strength of his hope came the
warning;
Lowly he lies on the couch there—dead.

All the sweet promises the young life had given.
Will be buried for aye in the cold damp ground.
All the dear love that so rudely is given
May warm not his heart in the silence profound.

Dead—and the birds whistle clear o'er the meadows:
Dead—and the flowers bloom fair in the vale:
Round his still pillow alone croup the shodwits:
Nature's wide beauty breathes for him no wail.

Why was he taken from hearts that in anguish
Cry low for the voice that will never more cheer?
Why did he leave us in sorrow to languish
And shed bitter drops o'er his funeral bier?

But out through the mists of the tears that are
falling
We look on the sunshine that floods plain and
wood:
We hark to the merry-voiced little ones calling.
And know in our hearts that life's ways must
be good.

The dead past alone may bury its sadness:
The dead rest well in the old world's embrace:
And the soul that was culled from earth-life in
its gladness
In memory blooms with immortal grace.

A GREAT FRIEND OF THE WOMAN'S CAUSE GONE.

Theresa Malkiel, in Chicago Daily Socialist.

From Girard, Kan., comes the sad news
that our well beloved Comrade Kiichi Kaneko
has passed away in his native home on
the 8th of October. Comrade Kaneko's
death is a great loss to all the readers of
The Progressive Woman, to some of us
a personal bereavement.

Born in the far East where women are
still kept in abject slavery, he felt deeply
for womanhood at large. The world will
never know all the struggles he had to un-
dergo while championing woman's cause.

His body ceased to live, but his soul will
never die. The work he and his good com-
rade wife have started will live forever.
New movements, new ideas and new pa-
pers may spring up, perhaps with a greater
following and more success than our late
comrade had dreamt of. His, neverthe-
less, was the greatest task of all.

An alien in a strange land he was the
first among our Socialist men comrades to
devote his life to sex emancipation. Never
deviating from the Socialist point of view,
but at the same time proclaiming openly
and fearlessly that human freedom cannot
be achieved as long as one-half of hu-
manity is still enslaved.

He had lived, worked and died for us,
leaving his life's task to his widow to
whom we must pledge our sympathy, en-
couragement and help. Her burden has
become greater by the loss of him who
stood so nobly by her side. The personal
sorrow has sapped her strength, but, like
a soldier of the battle-field, she clings
bravely to her post. The outcome is still
doubtful, unless we rally loyally around
her. With the hearty sympathy goes forth
the hope of final victory for the cause
championed by our late comrade.

Resolutions of Condolence.

Whereas, After a life of service and de-
votion to the cause of the working class,
our beloved Comrade Kiichi Kaneko died
at his parental home in Japan; and

Whereas, Comrade Kaneko gave much
of his time and talent to the cause of
woman's emancipation; therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the
Woman's Progressive League of Kewanee,
Ill., extend to his bereaved comrade wife

in this her hour of separation and sorrow,
our earnest sympathy and offer our con-
tinued support to the work she is so nobly
carrying through; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-
tions be spread upon the records of the
league and copies be sent to the woman's
department of Wilshire's Magazine, The
Chicago Daily Socialist and to the widow
of the deceased, Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

By order of The Woman's Progressive
League, Mrs. Jos. Carney, Secretary, Kewanee,
Ill.

A Word of Thanks.

I wish to thank the many comrades who
have written me letters of solace upon
the loss of Mr. Kaneko. It is impossible,
just at this busy time, to answer all of
these letters personally, but I assure each
of you that I appreciate them, and do
always value any word of cheer or sym-
pathy from you. And I shall do my best
in the future to "make good" with the
charge that is left in my hands.—Your
Comrade Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

Our Leaflets.

(Don't forget that leaflet campaign.)

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Agnes
Downing; ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON SO-
CIALISM; A WORD TO CLUB WOMEN, by
Agnes Downing; REPLY TO ANTI-SUFFRAG-
ISTS, by Theresa Malkiel. Any of the above, 5c
for 10c; 10c for 20c; \$1.50 per \$1,000. FRANCIS
WILLARD ON SOCIALISM, 10c per 100; \$1.00
per 1,000.

WOMAN; COMRADE AND EQUAL, by Eugent
V. Debs. This article from the November Progres-
sive Woman has been done into leaflet form for
wide circulation. Prof. C. F. Light, of the Uni-
versity of Minnesota, says it "will rank, I think
with the gems of Robert Ingersoll." 20c per 100;
\$1.50 per 1,000.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST is a
new leaflet by Theresa Malkiel, written for the
express purpose of reaching women and interest-
ing them in our movement. Price, 20c per 100;
\$1.50 for 1,000.

THE CRIMES OF CAPITALISM is a new leaf-
let which shows the failure of capitalism and the
necessity of replacing it by a saner social system.
10c for 100; \$1.00 for 1,000.

CHEAP MOTHERHOOD IN AMERICA, by
Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows what a travesty
on truth our so-called "sacred" motherhood is. 20c
per 100.

WHERE IS YOUR WIFE? Kiichi Kaneko, it
written to call the attention of Socialists to their
attitude toward the woman question. 20c per 100.
HOUSEKEEPING UNDER SOCIALISM, Jose-
phine Conger-Kaneko, shows how real homes can
be made with the improvements and culture that
will be possible under a sane system of govern-
ment. 20c per 100.

"Woman and the Social Problem" is a 32 page
pamphlet by May Wood Simons, on this most in-
teresting topic. Sent to any address for 5c.

The Girls, the Boys and the Cakes.

A FABLE.

BY G. M. GEORGE.

Some fortunate boys had been given or won,
A number of cakes, while their sisters had none,
Yet when they demanded a moderate share,
Their brothers did nothing but giggle and stare.
They reasoned politely, they argued with heat,
They screamed and they shouted for something
to eat;

But, whether they shrieked or were perfectly
dumb,

The boys never gave them so much as a crumb
"The girls who are silent," they said, "do not take
The slightest intelligent interest in cake;

While as for the others who scream and who
bawl,

They are rude, and shall therefore have nothing
at all."

Then some girls grew angry, and scarcely polite,
And proved most imprudently eager to fight.

"How horrid and shocking!" some other girls
thought,

As they watched how their relatives struggled
and fought.

"Their tactics are wrong! How they wrangle and
brawl!"

And therefore their critics did nothing at all.

Till somebody said, "It would be a mistake
To think more of tactics than getting our cake.


Let us each one do something, the thing she
thinks best.

Instead of lamenting the faults of the rest:
And then one fine morning, perhaps, we shall wake
And find that we each are possessed of a cake!"

—The Common Cause.

"VIRIBUS UNITIS"

HEBE



The old Latin proverb, "viribus unitis" (by combined strength), the German proverb, "Einigkeit macht stark" (union is strength), our own national motto, "united we stand, divided we fall," and many similar proverbs and sayings in other languages, all express in so many different ways the one truth, that power and success are attained by co-operation.

It was one of the first of all great truths to be grasped and applied by the human mind. It must have been learned at the very dawn of human life upon the earth, during those far-off ages preceding all historical records, when our remote ancestors still lived in caves and clothed themselves in raw animal hides, and used sharpened bones for weapons and tools. For even the remotest traces of mankind's existence proved man to be a social creature. No where have human beings ever lived singly, and every new achievement of the human mind, every step in the infinite line of progress, from the discovery of fire in an unrecorded prehistoric time to the discovery of the north pole in our own day, was the result of combined experience and united effort. Without co-operation, civilization would have been impossible.

But during the history of mankind the great principle of co-operation was applied and developed by only one-half of the human race. Only the male half was enabled to live and grow in the spirit of "viribus unitis." Only the men enjoyed the comradeship of the hunt and the battle, and later, the comradeship of work. Woman's position, since the dawn of civilization, was isolated one. The inflexible laws of nature tied woman down to the helpless child which depended upon her, and thereby indirectly, to the shelter which she created for the child, the home. To this natural bondage the thousandfold bondage of custom, religion and law was added, which gave man complete control over his physically weaker mate, which made each individual woman economically dependent upon some individual man, and made all womankind a mere "adjunct of society, set aside for the purpose of reproduction." During the evolution of the family and the time woman's isolation only increase. We find the savage women working in groups, laughing and chatting over their pottery and their weaving, and preparing their meals together. Likewise the women in the Roman "villas" were not isolated housekeepers. Their interests and occupations were confined to the home, but at least there were a number of them, mistresses and slaves, working together, to supply the needs of the large establishment. The same was true of most women of mediaeval days. The ladies of the mediaeval castles and the women folk of the serfs worked together, and told stories and sang together at their spinning wheels, thus maintaining within their castle walls at least a limited spirit of co-operation. As the home became more and more the isolated abode of each individual family, woman was cut off more and more from all

co-operation with her kind. The height of her isolation has been reached in the modern home. The farmer's wife may follow the ceaseless round of her daily tasks for weeks without seeing a living soul beside her own family, and the housekeeper in the city flat, though she does see the butcher and grocer and meet her next door neighbor on the stairs, is no less completely isolated in her work.

This isolation and complete absence of co-operation in woman's life has produced two results which are both detrimental to the present progress of civilization.

Firstly, it has made the home a sort of old curiosity shop of the relics of past stages, for no occupation is so utterly unprogressive in character, so hopelessly conservative in its methods, as the occupation of housekeeper. In an age where all other lines of work depend on a detailed division of labor and highest specialization, we still find each individual housekeeper attempting to be cook, laundress, house cleaner, seamstress, nurse and teacher simultaneously. In an age where skilled labor is demanded in every trade and profession, woman still continues to turn contentedly to her manifold duties in the home with little or no preparation, trusting to her womanly and maternal instincts to guide her.

Secondly, it has made woman herself conservative, reactionary, blind to her own interests, and deaf to the call of that broader life which claims her and needs her today. But in spite of this individual women are beginning to fly and soar to heights that only a generation ago seemed quite unattainable to them. The door of the cage has been thrown open and the long caged bird is successfully testing its wings. The wonderful development of industry has called woman forth to do her share in the world's work as she has never done it before; to create and to produce by hand and by brain in grand social co-operation with her fellow woman and with her fellow man. Her sphere has become the great, wide world with its unlimited possibilities for self-development and social service.

The change in woman's position is still new, barely a century old; but the influence that this change has wrought is a tremendous one. The weak, dependent, submissive creature, with her coquettish little wiles and her cunning strategies, is passing from existence. In her place enters the new woman, strong, independent and self-reliant, loyal and honest, and this new woman is recognizing the value and importance of co-operation with an alacrity and keenness of mind that is astounding her brother. When in the early days of the woman's movement the first women's clubs began to form, little, local study clubs and social clubs, literary clubs for the purpose of reading Shakespeare and Browning over teacups and needle work, no one could dream of the important part these women's clubs were destined to play in the social and political life of the nation. Today all these American women's clubs are joined in a strong national federation embracing over 800,000 women, and far from contenting themselves with self-culture in literature and art, these 800,000 women are both

by their own endeavors and by the influence brought to bear upon state and municipal administration, cleaning up city streets, planting trees, establishing playgrounds, improving schools, establishing juvenile courts, and reforming legislation in behalf of women and children.

Besides this form of co-operation the woman's club which gives expression chiefly to the woman of leisure, another, still more important form of co-operation, has grown up among wage earning women; the trade union movement.

A still greater form of co-operation among women, greater both in scope and in importance, is the woman's suffrage movement of today.

This movement has today grown to a national and international one, until it embraces a world wide army of earnest women, irresistibly marching to victory. But grandest of all, grandest because it includes all the others in the splendid struggle for the physical, mental and moral uplifting of the entire human race, is the co-operation of the men and women in the international Socialist movement. The Socialist movement is the only political movement in the world that fully recognizes and supports woman's demand for equal social, economic and political rights. It is the only political movement in the world that strives to bring about a state of society in which woman will enjoy complete economic independence. It is the only political movement in the world that seeks to establish a superior form of civilization in which no child shall be born into want and poverty, but the fruits of human labor shall be for all. To the thinking, progressive woman Socialism should appeal in many ways. It should appeal to her womanhood, to her motherhood, to her self-respect and to her sympathies, to her striving for freedom and to her desire for a richer, fuller life. Socialism has much to offer the thinking, progressive woman, and it has a right to expect her earnest co-operation.

The Socialist movement is pervaded by the spirit of "viribus unitis" that joins all its adherents, irrespective of sex, race or nation, in universal comradeship. The women of the Socialist movement who are fully imbued with this spirit so new to womankind at large and who eagerly join hands with their oppressed brothers and sisters of all lands to usher in the co-operative commonwealth, are the mothers indeed, mother in body and in spirit, of a coming generation which shall at last be truly civilized.

The placing of women on the Socialist ticket out in Los Angeles promises much for the future progress in that city. Progress not only along political lines in our movement, but in social development from every standpoint. When the "hand that rocks the cradle" gets a real show at helping to rule the world, it will be a better world, and a cozier world, and a cleaner world than it is today. So here's to the women candidates wherever they be, and whenever they come!

Miss Gina Krog, of Christina, has been nominated by the radical party for a deputy in the parliamentary elections now pending in Norway.

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Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneko



Sometimes the New Year breaks with a song,
Sometimes with a tear and a sigh;
But however it comes, let us add if we can,
To its good, as it passes by.

Just a year ago from the time of this writing, Mr. Kaneko had some correspondence with Ernest Crosby, the poet. There was no intimation in the letters that Mr. Crosby's health was threatened. About two weeks later word came that he was dead. It came as a shock to Mr. Kaneko, who was very fond of the great Tolstoian disciple, kept a volume of his poems conveniently at hand, and often sat alone reading aloud his favorites. In commenting upon the death of Crosby, and of others who had appealed particularly to him, he remarked: "I wonder where I will be the next New Year?"

There are those who will just say that Mr. Kaneko is dead. His younger brother wrote, "My dear brother has ascended into the Fifth Monarchy." A Christian, if he is very liberal, will say that he has gone to heaven. The Theosophist, that he is awaiting his next reincarnation.

None can solve the great mystery of death.

"Where will I be the next New Year" is a question not one of us can answer. Not the wisest man nor the wisest woman on earth can answer. But one thing we DO KNOW, that we are here today. And it is possible for us to so work today as to prove that we are here; to prove to the future generations that we once lived upon the earth.

"I do not know whether I will live after death or not," Mr. Kaneko used to say. "But I know that I can do something that will perpetuate me in this life, among living people, and that is what I want to do."

The raising of womankind out of the slough of traditions which have bound her for a thousand centuries and more, appealed to him—a strange appeal for the Oriental mind, you may think—as the greatest of all human work. He saw in woman the fountain head of life, and with the feminine mind gagged and poisoned, the whole human stream must in so much be sluggish and poison.

Recognizing the economic bondage of womankind, he said that through economic freedom must lie the way of her freedom. We started the Socialist Woman, and finally called it the Progressive Woman. It seemed a little thing. It seems not a very large thing today. And yet—what possi-

bilities lie before the Progressive Woman. What possibilities of achievement, what possibilities of success!

Kiichi Kaneko has been instrumental in placing in the hands of the progressive womanhood of America a weapon by which they may prove to coming generations that they lived, that they thought, that they labored, and with no little measure of success, for human advancement.

"Where will I be the next New Year?" We do not know where you are, our Comrade, but I who knew you best believe that we are going to take advantage of the opportunities you made for us, and so perpetuate the work you began for us that the world will know you have lived, and will know that it is a little better for your having been with us.

Out in Spokane the sense-blinded, sluggish souled policemen arrested a little woman and threw her into jail, and the higher authorities sat upon her case and pronounced judgment upon her, condemning her to three months' imprisonment—all because she wrote and talked in favor of free speech for grown up men and women. We know Elizabeth Flynn; know that while yet a little girl in short skirts, the New York daily papers featured her, and gave her great prominence as a young woman of unusual talent and mental powers. Had she chosen to prostitute her talents to the conventional ideals; had she loved the working people less, and her own ease and comfort more, she might be holding a "position of trust", with a good salary attached, instead of passing as she is, these three months in a foul prison. But the time has come when women of spirit recognize themselves as human beings and are ready to take upon themselves the burdens, as well as the benefits, of human progress. They are doing it in Russia, they are doing it in England—and they will have to do it in this country, before we reach the higher stages of civilization.

Now is the season for electing members of the National Executive Committee. Comrades, so far as we know, there has never been a woman on this committee. There should be one. **Don't let this term pass without a woman on the N. E. C!** There is one woman candidate. And, fortunately, one who is as "competent as any man"—if that is the standard by which we are to judge competence—to hold a position of trust in our movement. She has been a party member for eight years, has spoken before every kind of an audience in every part of the United States, and has been for some time national organizer of the party. Her name is Lena Morrow Lewis, a name you know well, and The Progressive Woman asks you, men and women comrades, to give careful thought to the necessity of having a woman member of so important a body as the N. E. C. before you cast your ballots for the same.

Just before Christmas you almost forgot The P. W., and the results are that we have got to hold on "by the skin of our teeth" until you get interested again. This "skin of the teeth" feat is rather a fatiguing one; so please don't wait too long to relieve us.

Mrs. Nanette B. Paul, of Washington, D. C., has written a text book on parliamentary law.

Socialist Songs, Dialogues and Recitations for children, by Josephine R. Cole. Price 25c.

LITTLE TWO SHOES.

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

Pittering, pattering. Little Two Shoes!
Can't you be still for a moment at least?
Here away, there astray—oh, what's the use?
To try to keep up with Little Two Shoes?

Little Two Shoes is now ever at rest;
Pitter and patter no longer confuse;
But my soul wanders far in a day and night
Following the lead of Little Two Shoes.

A LETTER.

To the Editor of The Progressive Woman:

Dear Madam—By mere chance, as would seem, the July issue of your journal fell into my hands. I looked it over suspiciously or indifferently at first, but finally became much interested in it. This interest blossomed into enthusiasm, and now I feel that I must congratulate the whole world on having such a journal devoted to so good a cause. But good as it is, must express by special indorsement the article written by Theresa Malkiel, said issue, page 5. It touches the core of the whole woman question. It has always seemed to me that the elevation of woman had been delegated to my sex (male, alas!) and the sisters were to remain passive while the political and social messages were applied to her person. It has made me feel that she was like a watch that would keep good time so long as you pushed the hands forward mechanically, having no mainspring; but the rungs of the ladder of her elevation have been seized by the women themselves, and they propose to climb up without assistance, a furl the flag of their emancipation from their own staff. Go ahead, sisters. We help those who help themselves.


So long as such writers dip a pen in ink the world will progress. They are not only an inspiration to us men, but they are filling up the horn of blessing to be poured out on generations to come. I have read her article over several times; and every time it has presented a new phase to my mind, just as a new turn of a kaleidoscope presents to the eye a new aspect of the same pieces of glass within. May she continue.—W. P. Root, Medina, Ohio.

Dear Comrade—Here is a grown-up woman's picture of Comrade Debs and his children. Will certainly distribute them if you send them. I consider the children's number one of the best, if not the best, number of the P. W. yet published. Are those children brought up on Nutri and Nutol? They certainly do look a fine healthy, happy lot of youngsters—a humbling halo about "Gene"—the only kind of halo he wants, I fancy.—Yours in comradeship (Mrs.) Bertha M. Burns, Vancouver, B. C.

Thirty thousand shirtwaist makers, mostly girls, have been on strike in New York City since the 22d of November. "We'd rather starve quick than starve slow," is their slogan. This is the most significant stand taken by any trade union of women since their organization. And it is a precedent of what is to come. It is a fact that women, once they set their minds to achievement, are more revolutionary than men, who are often afraid to get away from precedent, even in the most radical moods. Women will ignore the laws set down by long-dead city or national fathers, step over them, break them—anything to go straight to the matter at hand, if it is sufficiently urgent. May the shirtwaist strikers win out! 18,000 of them in the smaller shops are already back to work on their own terms.

SEX AND "CONTRACTUAL MORALITY"

LIDA PARCE



In his book on "Sex and Society," Professor Thomas has reached the conclusion that women are lacking in "contractual morality." He says that woman, with the help of time and John Stuart Mill, has done nobly; very much better than could be expected, in fact. She is gradually freeing herself from the bondage in which man has held her and is outgrowing her slave traits at an astonishing rate; but one thing she lacks—"contractual morality." Mr. Thomas does not positively say that men are gifted with this noble quality, but the sanguine reader is allowed to infer that they are.

Professor Thomas has dealt even generously with woman in his book, but in this matter of "contractual morality" he has introduced an almost poignant question, and then left it in a state of harrowing suspense. Perhaps I shall be able to say some things that will have a bearing on that question.

"Contractual morality" probably means a sense of the obligations incurred in acts and situations that are of a bargaining character, and honesty in keeping those obligations. Of course, and understanding of relations of any kind must come through experience. Contractual experience is not limited to the signing of contracts, but conduct in the minor affairs of a give-and-take nature will tend to be decided by the definite rule laid down in the larger affairs.

Woman has never, until the last generation or so, been allowed to enter into contracts, if we except the contract of marriage; and in this her male relations were really the contracting parties and she was simply the subject of the contract. History overflows with evidence that she has, until recent years, been in no way regarded as anything but a piece of property in process of transfer, in the marriage contract.

But while she was subject to force in entering into this contract, she, and she alone, was held to strict accountability for keeping the terms of it. Not a very good training for contractual morality, nor a very good proof of such morality on the part of men.

A contract between persons is an agreement into which they both enter freely, and in which there are reciprocal benefits received. If it is a sworn contract, they must both swear that they have read the terms of the contract, and that they understand them. If it can be proven that either party to it was forced to enter into it, or entered into it ignorantly, or if the contract does not name the value delivered and the consideration received, that contract is not valid.

Did anybody ever read the terms of a marriage contract before signing it? Does anybody know what they are? Occasionally a case comes into court that gives the game away. Thus the terms of the marriage contract are disclosed from time to time. The terms of it vary between different states, but in general, the man becomes the owner of the woman's body, and of her services. He can make her work for him, without any limit whatever, excepting that of her endurance without pay.

If she works for somebody else he can collect her wages. And he becomes the sole guardian of her children, in all the states but nine. Her property passes into his control either completely or in some lesser degree. If she dies, he and his heirs have much greater rights to her property than she and her heirs have to his property if he dies. He can choose the place where they shall live, and the law gives him all these advantages over her, by reason of this marriage contract. But what value does the wife receive in return for all these penalties and obligations? There is a theory that she receives "support" and "protection." But the law does not allow a man to defend even himself, unless his life is seriously threatened. Much less does it allow him to defend his wife. The state has taken the matter of defense into its own hands. And as to the "support," the law does not guarantee it in any way whatever.

The marriage contract, then, is a contract the terms of which are not known to either of the contracting parties, and a contract by the terms of which one party incurs heavy penalties and obligations without receiving any stated compensation whatever in return. Can you see now why the terms of this contract are kept so dark? No self-respecting person, man or woman, would sign such a contract, if he had to squarely face the terms of it beforehand. It is an insult to the honesty of the man as well as to the dignity of the woman. I don't know just what a skin-game is, but I suspect this fraudulent contract would answer the description of one.

Now this skin-game is not a game played by every man upon the woman he marries. It is a fraud perpetrated by the state upon its women. And it is a means, the very strongest means that is used, to keep women in subjection.

The theory is that the state takes a hand in marriage for the moral benefit of the people, and to make fathers support their children. The means certainly seem strangely unadapted to the end. The father can collect the wages of the children, but there is no means provided whereby the father can be made to feed and clothe his children. And a bogus contract like this seems poorly fitted to secure the moral well-being of society. Then what is the reason this fraud is perpetrated? Suppose the women of any state should go before the legislature of that state with a petition asking that the terms of the marriage contract should be printed on the marriage certificate, in that state, so that people could read and understand it before they sign it. Would the legislature pass any such law? Certainly not. If women were free and equal in the marriage contract they would be "butting in" to business and politics inside of a week. It would interfere with profits all along the line.

If the institution of marriage is threatening to go to pieces, and many people think it is, this fraudulent marriage contract is doubtless to be credited with a good measure of responsibility for that fact. Professor Thomas would have a hard time proving that women fall behind men in "contractual morality," long as this imposture is practiced by the male state upon its women.

Those who believe that women ought to

be free human beings can find no better point at which to attack her servile condition than this contemptible and shabby fraud of the marriage contract. In the interest of both sex-morality and "contractual morality" a visible and honest marriage contract is necessary.

Read the pamphlet, *Socialism and the Home*, by May Walden. Price 5c.

Young George had wandered down to a silvery stream where some childish mermaids were splashing about in great glee. Eager to join the fun he stripped off and plunged in. An elderly party arriving about that time reprimanded him for going in bathing along with girls. Feeling his disgrace Georgie put up his lip and whimpered: "I-I didn't know they was girls. They didn't have their dresses on!"

Woman's Socialist Union of San Francisco.

Sunday, Nov. 21st, the speaker of the evening at Local San Francisco was Miss Ethel Whitehead, president of the Woman's Socialist Union of the state of California.

Miss Whitehead's subject was the relation of the Woman Question to the Socialist Movement. The topic was treated in a very interesting manner, showing that along with the class struggle there had always existed another struggle—that of sex, and that only through economic freedom could emancipation be attained. Socialism, therefore, promised even more for woman than man.

The meeting was well attended, and a lively discussion followed. There were a number of subscriptions taken for *The Progressive Woman*, besides other literature sold.

Miss Whitehead is doing good work in her efforts to interest the women, and an increasing interest will bring its fruit in the extension of our woman's organization. We are glad to have so good a paper as *The Progressive Woman* to help in awakening women to the vital importance to them of the Socialist movement of the world.—Yours in comradeship, Villa D. Reynolds, Corresponding Secretary Wm. Morris Club.

Did you see the magazine combination offer on another page? Read it. Read the ads.

"Socialism and the Home," by May Walden, is the thing for you to read if you are interested in this question. 5c to any address.

Remember your leaflet campaign.

Diaz the Dictator

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

124 PAGES 40 CENTS

Every citizen of the United States who loves liberty and who wishes to understand the situation in its entirety should have the book, DIAZ THE DICTATOR. This work tells, not only of the suppression of speech and press, the sufferings of the peons, the deportation of the Yaquis, the persecution of the agitators, but also of the boyhood life of Diaz and his early struggles. It records the contest for Mexican independence; tells of the Mexican empire and how it was overthrown through the action of Lincoln; explains how peonage and slavery came to be established in Mexico; and is altogether the most exhaustive thing on the subject you can buy. It is told in story form, yet it is full of historical facts, interpreted according to the "materialistic conception," from 1850 to the present, ending with Taft's visit to Diaz and the fight on Zelaya.

Single copy, prepaid.....\$ 40
Fifteen copies..... 3.00

C. L. PHIFER, Girard, Kansas

The Soul of Athena

LUELLA R. KREHBIEL

"My good LeMoyne, a favored time! Something more refreshing than **masticha** and **pilaff**. A card, announcing the man who has been the friend of your youth and maturity—Harold Van Berg," exclaimed the valet of an American sculptor whose Athenian studio is located on the Stadion not far from the Place de la Constitution.

"Harold Van Berg," replied the artist. "Yes, he is more inspiring than a Caprian sunset or a Wagnerian strain. Bring him right up to the studio."

"A fine fellow must be this Van Berg," mentally ejaculated the valet, as he descended to the lower floor, "or he would not be invited to the studio. LeMoyne is a man, sensitive to the superlative degree, and declares that the atmosphere of men who are yet unjust and unbalanced tends to exhaust his power. Well do I know that I have spent more time in an effort to make a real man of myself than in attending the wants of LeMoyne since I've been looking to him financially."

A statue of Spinoza was the first object that met Van Berg's gaze as he entered the studio.

"How splendid!" he exclaimed as he halted before it. "Spinoza! one of the first who declared that there is matter, mind and force in every atom of the universe, that the creative spirit is everywhere at work evolving higher forms of life, and for that reason, we should revere every existing atom. If this theory of universal reverence were taught and practiced it would abolish every wrong and inharmonious condition of life. Had men struggled for their brothers as they have struggled against them, man's history would be without a shame or a stain.

"Divine was the conception, Spinoza, even though it was not canonized."

The greeting between the life-long friends was most cordial; lingering clasp of the hands and a glisten of moisture in the eyes.

"How you are working, LeMoyne!" exclaimed Van Berg. "Tyronne admitted me to your studio in Paris, and I thought you must be doing most of your work there, but I see you are doing more of it here.

"What a co-incident! As I entered your studio today I found you just as I did when I entered it three years ago—meditating seriously while you leaned an arm against an Athena. By the way, I found one of your Athenas in the loggia of our mutual friend in Rome and I believed that you could never excel that work; but you have done it here. This marble face thrills me as no face of the flesh ever did.

"Still single, my friend? Upon my faith I believe you are in love with the soul of your Athena. And I can understand your sentiment in this matter. When the great Phidias chiseled his Athena for the Parthenon he gave to the world the finest sculptured face of woman it has ever beheld. He chiseled a face that bespoke all the mastering powers the Grecians attributed to their goddess. It may yet require centuries of evolution to produce the strong, fully rounded woman who fulfills the prophecy of this face, but whatever has been conceived can be produced. I believe that men and women will possess powers as great as those of the mythic gods and

goddesses long before the acme of human evolution has been reached. Man's progress in practical science today substantiates this statement.

The broad shoulders and ample waist of the goddess bespeak her splendid physical powers. The well-rounded neck rises from the shoulders like a column to support the well-set head. Her face expresses beauty and refinement, a high degree of intellect, wisdom and power of thought. The mouth is proudly set, the countenance full of reserve and the entire posture is dignified almost to the point of austerity. A majestic being like this is not one to be familiarly approached. Her face does not possess the sensuous or estatic expression of the madonnas; but let us have fewer men and have them greater. Let us have a maternity that will not merely fill the world with people, but will mother that people by fitting the world for them. But, my friend, we shall have to live our time among women instead of goddesses."

"Yes," replied LeMoyne, "we love the ideal, but the real falls so far short of it that it sometimes causes us to suffer."

"I realize the source of your power, my friend," said Van Berg. "You have chiseled under a prophetic assurance of its ultimate fulfillment and your marble face surpasses the marvel of the great master.

"But I thought several years ago that you had met a young woman in New York City who interested you, and was expecting to see the notice of your nuptials at any time."

"That is true," replied LeMoyne. "She was beautiful, cultured, and had a fine intellect for details. She possessed for me that indefinable charm or magnetic attraction upon which marriage, if not commercial, is generally based today. But her greater understanding and sympathy, the masterful, creative forces of her womanhood had not yet been aroused and where there is nothing but magnetic attraction alone it soon becomes exhausted and unhappiness follows. Love, without profound respect, cannot live. Where marriage does not strengthen and inspire, it becomes a blighting influence.

"Could we require too much of human nature at its present stage of evolution?" inquired Van Berg.

"We are all limited today in ways multitudinous, but there is no reason why all should not hold to high ideals of life and be willing to sacrifice and struggle for them," said LeMoyne.

"There are many women today," said Van Berg, "who are giving much of their lives to the support of meaning principles."

"There are many women who have experienced or come in close contact with the more oppressed conditions of life who are fighting for a greater social recognition of truth and justice, but had their lives been more fortunate they would be as the more fortunate, indifferent. Many of our laboring men who are justly crying out against the industrial wrongs which are robbing them of life would cease their protests if they should some day chance to wake up to an inheritance.

"Our American woman, who last night banqueted a number of Grecian, Roman and Venetian grandees, gave her earlier life

to the propagation of vital social principles, but she was incidentally taken up by a millionaire and has given her entire time since to the pursuit of mere social conquest and notoriety. When all humanity is yet so in need of woman's most serious consideration, it deeply mars one's ideals of womanhood to know so many women who take millions that have been unjustly extorted from the masses and wage social crusades which, in spirit, are as cruel and meaningless as a Napoleonic campaign and who are as degenerate in the waste of their extravagances as a Nero. Principles seem to be fads with many women who dare not contend for their practical finale. **Van Berg, I long for the woman who strives after all selfishness is left behind.** Fate is sometimes hard, but I've held to an ideal too long to go back. Could I love? Ah, I would give a love so great that to wound that love would be to wound my life," said LeMoyne with such feeling that Van Berg was deeply touched. He approached his friend, clasped his hand and said, "There is nowhere a man who has greater reason to respect himself than you have, and I would gladly give years of my own life to see you meet the woman who could win both your respect and your love. Woman has been suppressed through all the centuries and her powers stifled, but she is awakening and her development means the fulfillment of the material, intellectual and spiritual ideals of the race."

The two friends spent the remainder of the day, criticising the artists' latest works and talking over the events of the years that had elapsed since they were last together.

"We shall dine in the garden tonight, see 'The Victory of Leon-ideas' at the theater and spend the intervening time in the grounds of the industrial exposition, which will give you an opportunity to enjoy our splendid atmosphere. The out-of-door dining and open-roofed theaters are so characteristically Greek that they serve as a link between modern and classical times," said LeMoyne.

Van Berg found the view from these grounds one of the most entrancing he had ever beheld—a scene that at once deeply impressed him with the departed glory and present beauty of Athens. A broad flight of marble steps led down to a lower level, where we find the remains of a Roman gymnasium. Not far away are the imposing columns of the great temple of Zeus, towering, gigantic, waging a battle against the deathless onslaught of years. Raising the eyes and looking through the columns of the Olympian we view the shimmering sea beyond the Attic plain, and still on, we behold Aegina floating in the purple haze.

To the left is the world-famed Mt. Hymettus, whose transfiguration under the sunset glow is the most poetic and transporting scene on earth.

But the conversation between two young men seated not far from Van Berg and LeMoyne became so animated that their attention was drawn to it.

"Exasperating! the term is wholly inadequate!" exclaimed one of them. "It's a crime that a woman with so much money should get so many of these new-fangled

as into her mind. I had thought that combined fortunes would free me from financial consideration for a life-time, but seems that she is disposed to spend her money in assisting the lives of many instead of making it irresponsible for me, or giving social distinction for herself. She inherited three of the finest houses in America, but some of her less fortunate relatives occupy them. She assists individuals, establishes schools and more than that, she openly advocates such a scientific adjustment of society that all of its members should be equally secure in all of the better opportunities of life. She declares the best would be crude without the opportunities that money brings. She was elected for the first prize of a musical school in Paris, but withdrew and allowed the honors to fall upon a young woman less fortunate financially than herself. She paints and chisels and is always so intensely absorbed that I do not believe that she has ever realized that the human race is composed of two sexes. Last night I was taking her out to a reception held for the instructors and students in the American school of classics. Our car ran into a group of unfortunates and she spent the night among the disconcerted instead of going on with me. She is utterly impossible and I am naturally irritated to loose so much over a few nonsensical ideas."

"Ideas?" inquired the young man's companion,—"is the selfishness of one individual to outweigh all else in the scales of human consideration? In good faith, I must admit that it would require a heavy weight to overbalance your egotism. May I ask the young woman's name?"

As if lost in a dream LeMoyné sat, motionless, unconscious of his friend or surroundings. At length he turned partially toward Van Berg and said vaguely, "I should like to know her name."

"Well," responded the disappointed young man, "her name is Athena Manahan. Her father is an admirer of Greek art and worked with Schliemann all through his memorable excavations."

"Athena Manahan," LeMoyné repeated. "Athena! Athena! I shall not forget it."

Finally, he roused from his reverie and that evening his conversation excelled all of his former records in versatility and consistency. It seemed that at last he had given space in his thoughts for a ray of hope and he was drawing strength therefrom.

Time passed rapidly, for Van Berg in the city that had at last thrown off its yoke of foreign power and is now reviving so rapidly that it promises to become again the world's center of art and learning.

"My friend," inquired LeMoyné one day as the violet shadows began to gather about Lymettus, "would I impose upon you by inviting you to attend a meeting of our chisel club at Baron Sina's tonight? I would gladly spend the time with you elsewhere, but I am anxious to see how my Athena has been placed in his gallery."

"I shall greatly appreciate the privilege of visiting his gallery and reviewing your works there," responded Van Berg.

As soon as the program would permit in his absence LeMoyné withdrew from the meeting and sought the gallery.

As he hurriedly turned about a group of statues, he stumbled with full force upon a young woman who was sitting on the base of one of them. She sat in full view

of his Athena and was evidently studying it.

After LeMoyné had made the due apologies and explained his visit to the gallery at that time, she arose, extended her hand and expressed her deepest gratitude for the privilege of meeting the creator of the noted Athenas.

LeMoyné quickly noted her fine presence, grace of mannerism and striking intellectuality of features.

"I came here," she remarked, "to gaze upon the face of your Athena and harmonize myself with only such a soul as could mould those features in flesh."

A light came into her face, such as he had never seen in a woman's face before. Her voice and the sentiment of her words thrilled every atom of his being.

"I have studied the face, form and posture of Athena since childhood," she continued, "and have been strengthened both physically and mentally by coming into rapport with the powers attributed to the goddess. Ah, Monsieur LeMoyné," she exclaimed, "her imputed powers, approaching supremacy, were but an intuitive heritage of the centuries, a mystic premonition of the inevitable, evolutionary ultimate. The transmitted powers of an awakened womanhood, a conscious motherhood, will become universally masterful. Man's history is but the history of his blinded efforts to make the ideal real and the victories of science and of ethics are today more fully than ever compensating his efforts. But why am I speaking thus to you? You have felt this power, this prophecy, this inspiration or you could not have chiseled that face!" and she turned to LeMoyné with an attitude and an expression which said that, in him she expected to find all and, that to him, she gave all. LeMoyné experienced a nerve tension that he had never known before. Here was a woman who pleased him externally in every sense, whose magnetism filled him with ecstasy, but was she—Oh God!—was she the mate of his soul, the full complement of his being? Could she be—ah, he had waited long—could she be—Athena Manahan? Was there another woman in Southern Europe, anywhere, who possessed the attributes ascribed to her? He felt his fate dependent upon the one chance out of thousands. His face grew pallid, his knees weakened and he sank into a seat. Alarmed, the young woman inquired what she might do for him. "Will you—" and he clasped her hand as if he would crush the bones of her fingers. "Will you tell me—your name?" and then he clapped his hands to his ears as if her words might prove a fatal blow.

"My name is—Athena Manahan," she replied. As he sat, wiping the perspiration of reaction from his brow, he related to Athena the story of his experience. "Ah," she exclaimed, "how the contemplation of a strong and noble soul has evolved and harmonized our own and made our lives triumphant on a plane of right and justice. Some day truth will abolish all error and discord and bring us peace." Van Berg wiped the tears of joy from his eyes and promised to return to Athens for a certain date.

The Woman's League, advertised elsewhere, will help you to build a beautiful club house that can be used by your society and your local for many things. Ask them about it. Incidentally you can help push the Progressive Woman, too, by joining the League.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

Chairmen of woman's committees since last report have been appointed as follows:

Eldorado, Ill.—Mrs. J. H. Goss.
Collinsville, Ill.—Wm. Houston.
O'Fallon, Ill.—Mrs. M. Holdner.
Glen Carbon, Ill.—Joash Critchley.
Troy, Ill.—Mrs. Chas. Burgess.
Grafton, Ill.—J. J. Keon.
Staunton, Ill.—Herman Rahm.
White Hall, Ill.—T. K. Young.
Quincy, Ill.—Mollie C. Landwehr, 526 S. 8th street.

Monmouth, Ill.—Mrs. John Higgins, 718 S. 3d street.

Rock Island, Ill., has a membership of 18 in W. N. P. L. Mrs. Nellie Scighartner, 1133 10th avenue, is active both in the league and the party.

Streator, Ill.—Mrs. Sara Benson, 607 Tyler street.

Kewanee, Ill.—Mrs. Wm. Aldrich, 416 W. 5th street.

Rockford, Ill.—Mrs. I. Billingham, 1130 Green Mount street.

Joliet, Ill.—Mrs. Bertha Winkler, R. F. D. No. 1.

Dubuque, Iowa—Mrs. Pearl Miller, 64 Dodge street.

Vinton, Iowa—Mrs. H. O. McElhany.

Graettinger, Iowa—Mrs. Fred Spies, Mrs. H. G. Harrison.

Emmetsburg, Iowa—Mrs. Mabel Sprout, Mr. C. E. Cohoun.

Sioux City, Iowa—Mrs. Julia Sokoloff, North Riverside.

All who are interested in the children's work please notice that the W. N. P. L. advertises in December issue of The Progressive Woman Spargo's "Socialist Readings for Children." Help the children by placing this book in their hands. Help The Woman by making advertising in its columns profitable.

Note also the capsheaf safety pin ad. The New York hustler for Progressive Woman ads, will be assisted in her work if you will drop a card calling for samples of this pin. Also where possible, order the goods. Chairmen of woman's committees are requested to call the attention of women members and sympathizers to ads. appearing in the columns of this paper. The women of the United States can make their journal strong by supporting its subscription list and its advertisers.—Anna A. Maley.

Have you read the ads in this number?

The Woman's Socialist Union of Los Angeles held its annual meeting on November 23d.

Officers for the year were elected as follows:

President, Martha Y. Salyer.
Vice president, Lizzie E. Newerf.
Recording secretary, Mrs. E. W. Finley.
Corresponding secretary, Sallie E. Bowman.

Treasurer, Mrs. Rebstock.
Librarian, Mrs. Paul Gessner.

In the evening a propaganda meeting was held. The German Socialist Singing society sang and were heartily encored. Mrs. M. T. Hinckley favored the audience with a vocal solo, and the retiring president gave a review of the work, and Comrade E. A. Cantrell gave the address of the meeting.

If you have not read May Wood Simons' "Woman and the Social Problem," send 5c today for a copy, and read it.

WOMEN IN THE LOS ANGELES CAMPAIGN

AGNES H. DOWNING

It was much to our surprise that we received the nomination at the primaries in November. While old party candidates were telling that they were friendly to women, or that they as individuals favored giving women the ballot, the Socialists just nominated women. It was a propaganda for equal suffrage worth the friendly promises of years.

When we were nominated our local was in debt; two resignations (caused by changes of residence) from the city central committee further disabled us; besides, air was not yet clear from recent local strife. Yet during the campaign all worked with loyalty, spirit and persistence. We candidates interviewed papers, secured press notices, prepared our material for publication and attended public meetings wherever we could get a hearing. Everywhere we stated clearly that we stood for Socialism and at the same time gave a definite, tangible recital of what we would do if elected; we gave plausibility to our plans by showing what Socialists had already done when in action.

Our workers distributed in all 71,000 pieces of literature. Besides we got in the city dailies, and the two labor union papers, The Citizen and the Union Label Bulletin, supported us most cordially. Unquestionably much has been done to break down prejudice against the word Socialism, for while we carried the word on everything, our vote averaged more than one-third of the average vote of the successful capitalist candidate, Mrs. Bowman, a little in the lead, receiving 8,790. And this, though our opponents were with the popular "good government" ticket that carried the city, and had a campaign fund of \$25,000; we had \$200.

On election, though the day was wet, a large number of Socialist women came out as precinct workers, and a group of loyal comrade women even came from Pasadena and gave their good aid.

Women and precinct workers were, of course, an innovation. Our women felt their responsibility; they realized their dignity as the vanguard of a vast movement; they knew that women in politics would for the time at least, be judged by what they did. So their quiet strength, everywhere manifest, was in itself a power.

And the young Socialist party with all its untried hope, might well point with pride to its precinct workers. They were all volunteers, many of them women, mothers with growing daughters, and sons as hostages; though fewer in number they made a fine contrast to the irresponsible hirelings that represented the old parties. It goes without saying, **the future is ours.**

The Candidates.



Agnes H. Downing is a native of Minnesota and was educated at the state university. For ten years she taught in the public school. She studied law and was the first woman admitted to practice in that state by taking the bar examination.

Since coming to Los Angeles Mrs. Downing has been admitted to the bar of California. She has always taken a vital interest in the

public schools; at present she is president of the Parent-Teacher Association of the East Vernon school.

Mrs. Downing is an advocate of economy in public affairs and believes it is the very best economy to provide ample facilities for the best development of every child.



Sallie E. Bowman was born in Schuykill Haven, Pa., of whose high school she was a graduate, and afterward was a teacher for seven years in the schools of the same state.

Having been a resident of Washington, D. C., a number of states of the union and of Los Angeles for the last ten years, she has been able to study the school question in all its phases. As the mother of four children who attended the Los Angeles schools, she knows the educational requirements of the children of Los Angeles. Mrs. Bowman firmly believes that society will be best served when the child's education is broad enough to enable him to choose his vocation in life by inclination and not by circumstances.



Mary E. Garbutt was born in New Jersey, but grew up and was educated in Jacksonville, Ill. She is a graduate of a college in her home town, and was valedictorian of her class.

She has had wide experience as a teacher in the public schools of Illinois, Denver and Los Angeles. Was at one time vice principal, at another principal of one of our city schools. When she received her appointment as teacher in the Los Angeles schools it was at the urgent and unsolicited recommendation of the county superintendent of schools, who recognized her excellent work in the school room, in an adjoining district.

Mrs. Garbutt always kept in touch with the best educational thought and methods, but utterly refused in her work to be simply an imitator.

She believes if a city needs to retrench, the last place for retrenchment should be the public schools.



Mrs. Mary E. Jones has been a resident of Los Angeles for fifteen years. Having been reared and educated for the profession of teaching, Mrs. Jones has been deeply interested in the great problems of public education for many years.

The fact that thousands of children in Los Angeles are denied school privileges has especially aroused her sympathy, as she lives among the working people of our city.

Mrs. Jones is a strong champion of the principle that women as the mothers of the race should have a voice in the management of the schools.

Equality of Opportunity Must Be Inherited.

C. F. DIGHT, M. D.
University of Minnesota.

In his book on "Poverty," Robert Hunt tells us that in the United States there are probably ten millions of people who are underfed, badly clothed and poorly housed and that, too, in fairly prosperous times.

This means two million families—allowing an average of five persons to a family—whose parents with their offspring are in a condition of real poverty. At times the must feel sharply their physical discomfort frequently they are humiliated when the contrast between their need and the abundance of others rises up before them; constantly they realize that they live on a lower plane of social existence, and that education, culture, travel, the better class of plays and music, wealth and independence are not for them to share.

It goes without saying that these people

Special Christmas Offer

LAUGHLIN Fountain Pen

The most popular and widely known writing instrument on the market.
Style shown on left mounted with two ¼ inch gold bands.

Postpaid to any address, only \$2.00; by insured mail 8 cents extra.

Style on right, Mother of Pearl Mountings, finished with handsome gold trimmings, size and style as per cut.

Postpaid to any address, only \$2.50; by insured mail 8 cents extra.

Either of the above fountain pens without mountings on holder, plain or chased as desired.

Complete to any Address, **\$1** Only

By insured mail 8 cts. extra.
Every pen guaranteed full 14 Kt. Solid Gold, and to be satisfactory in every particular.

To show our confidence in the Laughlin Fountain Pen, you may try it a week, if you do not find it as represented a better value than you can secure for THREE TIMES THIS SPECIAL PRICE in any other make, if not entirely satisfactory in every respect return it and we will refund your money, with ten (10) cents additional. The extra 10 cents is for your trouble in writing us. (Two customers in 5,000 have asked for return of money.) In ordering please state whether fine, medium or coarse point is desired.

We also make a full line of Society Emblem mountings. Advise what emblem is desired and we will advise you price.

Beware of imitations—insist upon getting the GENUINE LAUGHLIN ADVERTISED pen.

If your dealer will not supply you, address the summary and order direct from us. Give us the name of your dealer that you asked to show you a Laughlin Safety Fountain Pen, and in exchange for this courtesy we will send you free of charge one of our new safety pocket fountain pen holders—address

Laughlin Mfg. Co.
DETROIT, MICH.

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would prefer to enjoy better life conditions than they do. Especially would the poor parents have the lot of their children a better one than theirs has been.

This leads directly to the question why it is that one in every eight persons is so badly situated? Poverty, of course, is the proximate cause. But why are they in poverty? Because our industrial system breeds it and plunges people into it.

Our industrial system is based on profit making. Its policy is, never to let a person work unless the employer, if he be a private one, can make profits from the labor of the worker.

The profit-making system takes from our 30,000,000 of wage earners about four-fifths of the output value of their toil.

This legal robbery of the workers keeps them poor, for the remaining one-fourth of the value of their labor which they get a pay is a bare subsistence wage with most wage earners; and so long as this system lasts the progeny of the poor will be born into poverty. Poverty is their inheritance, and out of it not one per cent can rise. Poverty breeds poverty in obedience, it might be said, to the law of heredity.

Every person willingly assents to the fact that this law operates in the organic world—like produces like. We see it acting true in every blade of grass, in every leaf on every tree, in every vine winding itself around the pole it climbs, in every fly, in every flower, in every bee, in every bird, in every bone in every body.

Were it not for this law of like producing like, everything in reproduction would be in confusion; nothing would be certain; the hen's egg would as likely hatch a mouse or an elephant as it would a chicken; the domestic cat might rear a flock of wild blue-birds; the acorn grow into a tickety tree or develop into a horse and you might safely claim man's origin in the monkey.

But this law of like producing like exists, and hen's eggs always hatch chickens, if anything; cats produce kittens, acorns oaks and monkeys not men—at least directly. and thus it must always continue to be so long as this law of like producing like exists, and its existance is absolutely indispensable. Heredity, it is, that makes man man, and prevents him from being some other animal. It makes evolution possible by transmitting acquired characteristics.

Now notice the almost incredible exactness of the working of this law. If you cut from a willow tree only a small twig, and plant it or throw it carelessly into the ditch, and there be water and earth sufficient, it will grow into a tree essentially like the one from which it came.

If you pluck from the begonia a single leaf or even a part of a leaf and plant it, it will grow into a perfect plant essentially like that from which it came. Now the leaf had no root, no bark nor branches such as the plant had, yet there was something in it or about it which made it grow into a plant like unto its progenitor; showing that the law of like producing like is so surely acting, that even a little fraction of the like will produce its original like.

This law acts also, and with almost equal certainty, in the industrial world, for to every person there comes an industrial as well as an organic or bodily inheritance. Poverty breeds poverty and wealth breeds wealth.

An illustration will make clear what we mean by industrial inheritance. A child is born to parents who are millionaires. It

is reared amid all the luxury that wealth can bring. As the boy grows up nothing makes it necessary for him to get his living as a wage earner in mill, shop or mine. He was not born into conditions which made that necessary. He inherited wealth, and perhaps launches into some large enterprise and exploits the masses. These conditions and opportunities were his industrial inheritance.

Another child is born into a family of the slums, or to some poor but honest and hard-working parents elsewhere. This child has to begin toiling at an early age to help support the family. It is deprived of all the good things enjoyed by the child of the millionaire. The poor child had an industrial inheritance which almost certainly doomed it to lifelong wage slavery and exploitation.

To talk of equality of opportunity under an industrial system that breeds such extreme conditions of inequality and fixes them at birth, is profound absurdity. Only by inheritance of it can equality of opportunity be secured to all.

Our industrial system which breeds inequality will not right itself. It directly perpetuates poverty and wage slavery on one hand, and on the other wealth and mastery.

The children of the poor inherit poverty and its numerous handicaps with almost the same regularity as they inherit the physical form which belongs to man.

You parents who would have it otherwise; you who wish for your children a better lot than yours has been if you are poor; you who would have all children enjoy the first and greatest of all human rights—the right to be well born, with

equal opportunity for all—can only have this by changing the laws which now regulate industrial inheritance.

The laws of organic or bodily inheritance—heredity proper—you cannot change; they are God-made, and wise and good, the laws of industrial inheritance are man-made and can be changed and should be. Socialism points out the changes that should be made and how to make them.

If we will but provide industrial conditions, such as are good to have inherited, then through heredity—industrial and organic—these good conditions will be transmitted, and the human race will soon abolish poverty, establish equality of opportunity, and rapidly advance in every way desirable far beyond anything to which it has yet attained.

Little Sister of the Poor.

Have you read "A Little Sister of the Poor?" This is what Selma Jokela, Malcolm, Minn., says about it: "I am so pleased with your little book, 'A Little Sister of the Poor,' that I wish I could translate it into Finnish, when I am through with my other work—the book I am helping to write. It is one of the very best propaganda books in that line and as it is written by a woman it is more eagerly read by women. Please let me hear from you as soon as it is possible for you to do so." "Little Sister" is a twenty-five cent book, but through January we will give it to you for fifteen cents, or eight copies for one dollar.

The P. W. has a few books for sale—a few really essential ones. Later we hope to add more to our list. But in the meantime we hope you will call liberally for these.

We are living in a wonderful age—an age in which women are coming into a consciousness of themselves.

You can help this paper by remitting for the sub cards you received the other day.

A New Year Suggestion

WE have made special arrangements with the following magazines, by which we can offer them in combination with this paper at a remarkably low price as New Year Gifts. Each magazine may be sent to separate addresses.

CURRENT LITERATURE	\$3.00	} Special Price \$2.80
with AMERICAN MAGAZINE	1.50	
or GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	1.25	
PROGRESSIVE WOMAN	.50	

CURRENT LITERATURE	\$3.00	} Special Price \$3.50
AMERICAN MAGAZINE	1.50	
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING	1.25	
PROGRESSIVE WOMAN	.50	

WHY--

DOCTORS, LAWYERS, BANKERS,
MINISTERS AND PROMINENT
BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN
READ

CURRENT LITERATURE

1. It is up to date with the world's activities;
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3. Depicts persons in the foreground brilliantly;
4. Is a guide to the best recent Literature, Art, Science and Drama.
5. Gives in its many illustrations a moving picture show of the world.
6. Is a magazine of unsurpassed timeliness.

Tear off and mail to THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Girard, Kansas

PUBLICATIONS	SUBSCRIBER	ADDRESS

FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SNOW HOUSE.

Dialogue.

Three Boys.—Enter two boys.

First Boy—See here! You just leave the snow alone over this side of the yard. I am building a snow house. Don't you see it? And I want all this snow, so you leave it alone.

Second Boy—Who says I must leave it alone? I am going to build a house, too, and I have as good a right to the snow as you have.

First Boy—If you touch this snow I'll fight you.

Second Boy—Come on, then! I'm not afraid of you. I'll show you that I have as good a right here as you have.

(Both prepare to fight. Enter third boy.)

Third Boy—I say! What's the matter? (Comes between the other two boys) What are you fighting about?

First Boy—I started to build a snow house and he's taking my snow away.

Second Boy—It isn't your snow. You don't own this school yard.

First Boy—I had this corner first. You keep your own side of the yard.

Third Boy—Oh, I say, fellows! Don't make fools of yourselves. Let's look into this. I see how it is. You have been practicing competition in getting snow and that's how you've come to fighting. Don't you remember what teacher told us the other day, that competition leads to fighting? I'll tell you what let's do. Let's try co-operation. (Turns to first boy.) You couldn't build a very big house all by yourself. (Turns to second boy.) And neither could you. Now let's all pitch in together and build a rousing big snow house, and tonight we'll pour some water over it so that it will freeze good and solid, and then tomorrow we'll go inside and play we are Indians. What do you say? That will be better than fighting.

First Boy—All right! Come on. Let's get the other fellows.

Second Boy—Hooray for the co-operative wigwam.

(All three go off together.)

(The boys should wear caps, mittens and mufflers, and carry shovels.)—J. R. Cole in Socialist Songs and Dialogues.

MOTHER LOVE.

You are just little folks. Maybe a little boy or a little girl, or both. And because you are little folks, your mother takes good care of you, washing you, dressing and feeding you, putting you to bed at night, helping you off to school in the morning, and planning for you all the time. It would be hard to live without mother, wouldn't it? If you think about it for a moment, you will see just how hard it would be to get along without her. If you did not have her to love you when you are blue, to hold you in her lap when you are tired, to fix you warm, pretty clothes, and cook nice meals when you are hungry—if you did not have her to do all this, it would be awful, wouldn't it?

If you think every day about how much mother does for you, you will feel more and more deeply her usefulness to you. And then, if you will ask yourself what it is that makes mother do all this for you,

you will decide that it is "mother-love" that makes her do it.

"Mother-love," then, is a very fine force, isn't it, to make some one take such good care of little folks who can't give much in return?

And if "mother-love" can do so much for you right in the home, don't you think it could do a great deal outside of the home? Because you know you can't stay at home all the time. You have to go up town, and to school, and when you are big you have to go many places outside of the home. When you go up town you often find ugly sidewalks and dirty streets, and often there are men lounging around the corners and spitting on the pavement, and if you are a little boy you sometimes hear ugly words and swearing. At school sometimes your building is old and rickety, the teachers are cross, the desks too small or old, and there are many things that might be made better. You feel when you are on the street and in the school, the absence of "mother-love." It isn't a bit like home, is it?

You didn't think that "mother-love" could show itself anywhere but at home, did you? Well, it can. And that is just what all the women and men are working for, who want the ballot for women. They want women to bring their "mother-love" into public affairs, and through the aid of the ballot make the town and the city more like the home—cleaner and sweeter, and safer to live in. They want the women to come out and say to the careless men: "Here, you must keep the streets of this town clean; you must build better walks for our children to walk on; you must build good and safe school houses, and employ only kind, intelligent teachers; you must make beautiful parks where our children can play; you must tear down the gambling places and build up decent amusement places—beautiful theaters and lecture halls. You must do this because our children will be big some day, and we don't want them to have bad influences when they go out of our homes."

Don't you think it would be nice if your mother and all the mothers who love their little children could help to make the cities and the towns beautiful and good?

I hope you will think about this a long, long time, and some day when you are big, you will want to help get the vote for your mother and your sisters, so they can bring their beautiful "mother-love" into public life, and make the world as good a place to live in as the home is.

"FRAIDY-CAT."

Isn't this a be-au-ti-ful title for an article? Well, maybe you don't think it is. But I will tell you how I came to use it.

I heard the Office Girl the other day singing something like this:

"Fraidy-cat! Fraidy-cat!
Afraid to do this and afraid to do that.
You're sweet as can be, and you're pretty, but gee!—

You're a Fraidy-cat."

At first I thought it was a funny little song. And then I got to thinking about how many "Fraidy-cats" there are in the world. And even among Socialists there are "Fraidy-cats." A great many Socialists won't talk about their Socialism to people because they are afraid to. "I'm afraid they will be shocked," they say, "I'm

afraid they will think I'm an anarchist," or, "they will think I am queer," or, "I'm afraid they won't understand." And a lot more won't distribute literature or take subscriptions to a paper, or join the local just because they're—"Fraidy-cats."

Now I hope you are not a "Fraidy-cat." And I hope you will speak up for Socialism, if you believe it is right, whenever you get a chance, and I hope you will distribute literature and sell sub cards, and do every thing you can, if you believe in Socialism. If you don't believe in it, then don't do anything to help it along. But whatever you are, stand up for your belief, and don't be a "Fraidy-cat!"

Whenever you read of "great" men in your histories, if you think about them you will find that they never were "Fraidy cats," but stood up for their principles, even when everybody else opposed them. After awhile the stupid people came to see that they were right, and then they wrote them up in history, and came to look upon them as very great men. Well, the fact is, they were just simply courageous men, and were not "Fraidy-cats."

Now if all our little Socialist readers will stand up boldly like these great men—like Karl Marx, for instance, and Engels and La Salle, and if they never do act like "Fraidy-cats," we will surely have Socialism when they are grown.

SOCIALIST TOTS.



Adeline heard her father holding a political conversation with a friend about Roosevelt and some of his actions. Finally she heard her father say, "Well, Roosevelt is a puppy!" Looking up into her mother's face she asked, "Why did papa call Roosevelt such a cute name?"

Frances crawled up close to her mama one night and asked what she would do when she got married and went away and left her. Her mama said, "Oh, don't talk about it. I don't like to think of it." After awhile she patted her mama's face and said "Well, don't worry about it mama, maybe you will be dead by that time."

Frances and Adeline are both staunch Socialists, but Roger, their brother, is a little slow in accepting the doctrine. Once when he accused his mother of not being just what he thought she should be according to the teachings of Socialism he was at once reminded by the girls, "You are not a Socialist. You don't know. You have no right to talk until you know what Socialism is."

At one of the Socialist camp meetings in Texas last fall Lena Morrow Lewis overheard the following between two youngsters: "What's your pa's politics?" the first little boy asked.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"Well, then, I guess he must be a democrat because all little boys whose papas are Socialists know about their papa's politics, but little boys whose papas are democrats never know anything about politics."

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN.

In our Children's edition of last month, we offered a picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children to all the little folks who would send in 10c for five copies. The Progressive Woman to hand to their friends. We also asked them to write and tell us how they liked the Children's number, and why they were Socialists. The results were so gratifying that we almost wished we could conduct a whole children's paper all the time. Following are a few of the letters received.—Ed.

Editor Progressive Woman—If you will allow me space in your valuable paper I will speak a word to the workers. I am a little girl 12 years of age. I am a Socialist and am working to help emancipate the whole human family.—Yours respectfully Edna Motley, Twin Falls, Idaho.

To Pearl, the Office Girl—I like your paper because it is the truth. If every man, woman and child read one of the P. W. Socialism would come into power a few years sooner. I am a Socialist because I know it is in the right. There is no encouragement in this town. Out of 1,600 inhabitants no more than 35 boys and men are Socialists. I understand Socialism enough to know that there would not be one-third as much suffering if it was in power. For my part I think the United States is a busy bee hive of cruelty, inhumanity and suffering. Not meaning any offense I am, Yours sincerely, Theodore Edwin Renshaw, 10 years old, sixth grade.

P. S.—Enclosed find 10c of my own money. I promise to distribute the papers among my friends.—Hennessey, Okla.

Dear Friend—Please send me the papers and picture of Comrade Debs and the children. My mama takes your paper and likes it fine. Wouldn't do without it. Yes, write for us children. Tell us if U. V. Debs has a family. My mama says he is the grandest and greatest man in the world. My papa saw him last summer, and talked to him at Snyder. There is nine of us children. I am 14. The babies, twin boys, are 3 years old. I pick cotton hard for papa and away from home to make a little money for myself. I am going to school now.—Yours respectfully, Lena Enochs, R. 3, Eldorado, Okla.

Miss Pearl Busby: Dear Comrade—My mama takes the P. W. I read the paper and like the Children's edition. I like the sayings of the little tots best. I am a Socialist because it is the only party that proposes to give the people what they earn. Inclosed you will find 10c for the five copies. I will distribute them. I was down to Woodward and heard Comrade Lowe speak. I am going to school, am in the 4th grade. I am 13 years old.—Miss Ella Allen, R. F. D. 2, Catsby, Okla.

Dear Comrade—I read the Hustler's column that you wrote in mama's Progressive Woman. Yes, I did pay attention. You want to know why I am a Socialist. I read about the children and their papa and mama that half work to death in the sweat shop just to get a little something to eat and wear, and I think it is enough to make any one a Socialist. And I felt sorry for little Marie when the Russians killed her papa. I am sending 10c to get five of December number to give to some of my friends and I want the picture of Debs and his little Girard friends.—Yours for the revolution, Jessie Chase, Mason City, Neb.

Dear Comrade—I read the hustler's column in the December number of The Progressive Woman, and am writing to answer the questions you asked. I did pay attention.

I am a Socialist because the capitalists get the profit and we do not get the value even. When the Red Special was on its trip I could not wait for the next paper to come to tell what had happened. I would like to see Comrade Debs and Warren. I want five copies of the December number of The P. W. to distribute among some friends and also to tell the editor to send me the special offer of Sorrows of Cupid and the Little Sister of the Poor for 25c.—Yours for the revolution, Carl Chase Mason City, Neb.

Miss Pearl Busby: Dear Editor—I did care and pay attention, and I like the Children's edition. I am a Socialist because it would be better for all, for the rich as well as the poor. I send 10c for five copies and picture of Comrade Debs and Girard children. I saw this ad. in the P. W.—Yours, Eulah Mathews, Texmo, Okla.

Dear Pearl Busby—Hello! I am just doing the work because I want to get the picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children. I will answer some of the questions you asked. You ask why I am a Socialist: it is because my parents are. You ask what story I liked best, and why. "The Purse Jack Found." I like it because it is a boy's story. I would distribute more papers if I had them. My mama has taken the paper for a long time and likes it just fine. I am a boy ten years old. I will try to get some subscribers to help you.—If I can. I am enclosing with 10c.—Address me, Mr. William B. Congdon, Powhattan, Kan.

Dear Comrade—I will send you 10 cents for five P. W. I like your Children's number very much. I sold twelve Chicago Dailies last Saturday and made 28 cents. So this is my money. I am a Socialist because papa is. I am almost eight years old. My little brother Ralph is only six.—Yours truly, Lyle Thomas, Pleasanton, Kan.

Dear Comrade "Pearle"—Enclosed find twenty cents for ten copies of the December number.

Mother and I will distribute them when I go "bye-bye" in my go-cart. I knew mother's picture on the front page as soon as I saw it. Hebe's article, "An Awakening," is very beautiful indeed, and would be fine for a leaflet. The "Merry Christmas" article was especially good. Will be glad to receive the picture which we shall frame for our Sunday school.—Yours for the revolution, Lillian Laura Lanferstek (per Pearl Aline L.), Newport, Ky.

Dear Comrades—I enclose 10c for five copies of the Children's edition of "The Progressive Woman" and a duplicate of the picture of Comrade Debs and the children to frame. I promise to distribute the papers among friends, where I think they will do most good. I am 13 years old and am a strong Socialist, and so is my teacher.—Your Comrade, Janet Bailey, 1450 Montana, street, San Antonio, Texas.

Dear Miss Busby—I like your edition very much and became interested in it. The things I liked best were "An Awakening." I liked it because it seemed so real and true. Another is "The Purse that Jack Found." I liked it because it teaches us a lesson never to keep anything that does not belong to us. "The Children of New York City" I liked because we have been studying about New York, and it gave me more facts about it. I liked all the things in this paper, but those best. I am a Socialist and the reason is because I feel so sorry for the poor children who have to work all the time and never have time to play. I want to do everything I can for them to relieve them of their suffering and poverty. I would like to do this work you ask us to do, so please find enclosed 10c, for which send me the picture of Mr. Debs and the Girard children and five papers named The P. W.—Your friend, Hannah Boller, Hill City, Kan.

The Office Girl—I noticed an advertisement in the paper for five copies of this issue The P. W. to give to my friends to read. I will send my 10c for them and for a picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children. You ask me how did I like the Children's edition. I like it fine. Mama takes the paper and likes it all right. I am a Socialist because I believe that God Almighty made the earth for the benefit of one as same as another. Well, I will close.—As ever your friend, Annie Roddv, Troupe, Texas.

Photo post card of Comrade Debs, ten cents.

LOOKING FORWARD

The holidays are past, but the eating problem still interests you. We now present to you Primel, a brand-new "filler," a breakfast food. It fills your shipments out with what you lack to make the 100-lb limit; it fills the hungry child and every other member of the household with that which satisfies hunger. Comrade Wayland, over his own name in the Appeal tells us "it is the first breakfast food we have ever had in the house which all the family enjoyed." When Wayland tells us that, you pretty near know, this food makes good.

PRIMEL.

has met with reception phenomenal in the history of breakfast foods. It has only been out ten days as this is written, yet in that short time it has been ordered and used by more than 200 families here in Girard, and every grocer in town has ordered it to supply the demand. The reason is that Primel is not only all grain, but is all of the grain, the best cereals being combined in such proportions as to supply all the prime elements required by Nature for perfect body building.

That's why we call it Primel. It contains all the PRIME elements and it's not only a perfect food, but it's appetizing while you eat it, and satisfying after you eat it, because there is nothing lacking which you need.

It is also economical, a single 10-cent (18-oz.) package will make two good meals for a large family with only the addition of a little milk and sugar if desired.

It reduces the cost of living to bed rock.

We would like to have you try it because you ought to know about it. We can't quite afford to give it to you and pay postage too, but if you will send 10 cents to pay postage, we will mail you a sample

8-oz. package, a good meal for a big family, and place your name on our mail list.

If we did not feel sure that you would like Primel we would not make this offer.

Ladies, Here Are Figures That Talk.

Lard is quoted today at 18c. Five gallons of our Odorless Cooking Oil takes the place of \$9 worth of lard, and you know it does not come from any diseased animal.

A case of Nutreto you would pay at the stores for like amount of coffee \$3.30. For a case of 14 lb. Ceroblend you would pay \$2.80. And buying Primel by the package you would pay \$2.40 for a 30-lb. case. That makes a total of \$17.50, and we'll send you the whole business 5 gallons of oil and the three cases, for ten dollars, you pay the freight (110 lb.).

Some More Samples of Saving.

No. 515 Needle Book; containing five papers "Dix & Rand" silver-eyed sewing needles (in the best and most popular sizes), 1 steel bodkin needle, 2 yarn darners, 2 wool darners, 2 cotton darners, 2 silk darners, 2 button needles, 1 carpet needle, 2 basting needles, 1 quilting needle. At the stores these needles would cost, if bought by the package, 35 cents; sold by agents in the book, 25 cents. Our price 10 cents, or by mail 12 cents.

Shoe Strings.

Something used in every house.

No. 80 a good strong string, heavier than you usually get for 5 cents a pair, 45 inches long; per dozen pair, 18 cents, or by mail, 22 cents. Common strings down to 10 cents per dozen pair, or by mail, 12 cents.

We can save you money on many things by low prices and also save you by the high quality some of the risks you now take.

We are at your service for the asking.

THE NEW GIRARD MFG. CO., GIRARD, KANSAS

WHAT CUSTOMERS HAVE TO SAY.

"Let Me Scrape the Pot."

Sample of Primel received and tested. My children asked for a second portion, then my little girl asked for more, was told there was none, and retorted, "Well, then, let me scrape the pot," and we are anxiously awaiting arrival of order. Looks to me like Primel will prove a winner for the New Mfg. Co.—Fraternaliv. A. R. Laurent, New Orleans.

"Aunt Allie" of Chicago.

I have sampled Primel; as a cereal food found it good. But I want to say, as a food I hardly think it can ever win me from the devotion that, as a drink, Nutreto at once called out and has held me steadfast to. Used together by a family the two cereals should make for strength and their users a power in the land.—"Aunt Allie," Chicago.

Hustler Editor Creel.

You all know Creel, formerly the hustler editor on the Dally, now in Girard, puts up a wall about being hustled out of bed to run for milk at command of the kids who are early awake and ready for more Primel. "Nor is this all," he adds. "My ten months baby, whom we had decided to wean at some far distant date, now asserts himself since tasting your break-up-the-home preparation, and demands tri-daily doses in ever-increasing quantities, and he bids fair to wean himself."

Five Cases of Each.

Ordering five cases each of Nutreto and Primel, J. T. Cuppy, of Columbus, Ohio, writes: "Just finished my dinner and my wife joins me in saying Nutreto is the best beverage and Primel the best food product ever placed on our table. To the sandbagged-at-every-cross-road-consuming public we say, try them and be convinced. Actions speak louder than words, so rush my order on and see if this neck of the woods doesn't make good. Nutreto and Primel are well named. They are first in excellence of quality, quantity and nutrition, and are destined to rank first in value and importance as a food and beverage."

Our New sample dollar package, prepaid anywhere east of the Rockies for \$1. Two 25-cent packages of Nutreto; three 10-cent packages Primel; 1 lb. Ceroblend. (West of Rockies, \$1.25.) Add gallon cooking oil for \$1.25 extra.

THE NEW GIRARD MFG. CO., GIRARD, KANSAS

SOCIALISM

EDNA MOTLEY, 12 YEARS OLD.

Socialism proposes to give the laboring man all he produces, to have the co-operative ownership of all the public utilities and to give every man an equal opportunity. Socialism does not oppose Christianity. The Bible says, "He who does not work shall not eat," and so does Socialism. Socialism does not stand for war. Socialism does not break up the home. Socialism does not stand for that wicked drink known as whiskey and all kinds of intoxicating liquors.

If you examine the United States statistics you will find that the producer only gets about one-fifth of all he produces. Now, where does the remaining four-fifths go? It simply goes to the capitalist, or exploiter. The average laboring man only gets enough to barely keep his family alive and lives in a house that is not fit for human beings to live in. Under Socialism this poor laboring man could build a nice home with electric lights, proper ventilation and sanitary improvements. He could also enjoy life like he ought to with a nice lawn, trees, books, gardens, good clothing, the best of food and plenty of leisure time to give himself a rest from the worries of life.

Some people call Socialism anarchy, but it is capitalism which is anarchy because the capitalist squeezes the very life out of the working man, his children and wife, which leads him to become a tramp or a burglar and in some cases a murderer. Under Socialism children could enjoy life, have lawns, pianos, organs and all kinds of musical instruments to play on. They could enjoy a child's play instead of having to work in these horrid sweat shops or factories which are in the cities of ten thousand or more population; while a capitalist's child, if he has any, can enjoy the luxuries of life by using money that has been taken dishonestly. Now let us all unite and bring about the co-operative commonwealth that will overthrow the profit system which takes along the great commercial wars and enthrones universal peace, also save men and children from the exploiter's grasp. Then all will be happy, living in peace.—Twin Falls Idaho.

Dear Comrade—I am sending 10c to pay for five copies of The P. W. Mama takes it and we like it fine. I do not know what to say of the Children's number, except that I like it fine. I am only a 15-year-old girl, but I am a Socialist; also papa and mama. I would like to distribute them among school children.—Truly your comrade, Miss Edith E. Walker, Carter, Okla.

Dear Comrade Pearl, the Office Girl—I want to tell you that I like you very much and also the Children's edition. I find it very hard to choose between the "Purse That Jack Found" and Comrade Eugene V. Debs and his little Girard friends. I know I would choose the last one if I was one of the children in the picture. I like this piece because Comrade Debs loves the little children. It will be so nice to have one of these pictures. I like the one about Jack because he was honest and I think it is so much better to earn things than to steal them. I am a Socialist because my father and mother are, and I think they know what is right. I may have a better reason to give when I am older and know more about it. Enclosed find 10c for the papers.—From your little comrade, Florence Jordan, 852 Huntington avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dear Comrade—I am just one of the "kids," so I know that I will like you, and hope you will like me. My father and mother met you last fall while visiting in Girard, so I feel just a little bit acquainted.

The Children's edition of The P. W. is just dandy; in fact, they all are.

I am sorry to hear of Comrade Kaneko's death and Mrs. Kaneko has my most sincere sympathy. I am sure that we are all deeply indebted to Mr. Kaneko for the active part he has taken in the fight for Woman's suffrage and should all pledge ourselves to work for the advancement of the paper which he and his wife have founded.

Enclosed find 10c in stamps, for which please send five copies of the December issue to my address.—Yours for the revolution, Minerva Robins, Iantha, Mo.

Dear Comrade Pearl—Will you let a big fifteen-year-old girl come in as one of the little children who does care, and who did pay attention and you may make the editor glad, for I just love the Children's edition, but it would be hard for me to tell what pieces I like best. But the "Children of New York" and "The Purse That Jack Found," the article by the Office Girl, seem to appeal to me a little more than the others and I also like the picture and short article of Comrade Debs. But it is all too good to stop to pick out the best. My papa is a grand Socialist, and he takes the Appeal and the Rip-Saw and The Progressive Woman. I like The P. W. best. Oh, yes! you wanted to know if I was a Socialist and why. Well, I am a Socialist, all right, and as to why, there are two big reasons: First, because I have heard my papa speak of it since I was big enough to understand anything, and, second, I understand that it is the only thing that will free mankind.

I enclose 10c (and I did not have to ask papa for it). I will take pleasure in handing out copies of The P. W. that you send me and after they are read I will try to get those who read them to subscribe for it. Well, you ask for a small letter and here it a large one. Hoping that the editors will have the Office Girl to write us soon, I am your comrade, Fay Trotter, 1312 S. 2d street, Waco, Texas.

Dear Friend—Yes, I like this "Children's edition." You can tell the editor that I like it all right. I like this article that you wrote us, and the one about the Socialist Tots. I am a So-

cialist and I'll tell you why; it's because my papa is a Socialist. I didn't have to ask my papa for this 10 cents that I am sending you. I earned it myself. I will give them to five of my friends all right.—Your little Socialist kid, Aubrey Tangen, R. No. 1, Newberg, Ore. P. S.—I am eight years old.

Dear Comrade—I am a girl ten years of age. I live in the country. I read the Children's number in The P. W. I liked it fine. I cannot tell you which piece I liked best, as they were all good. I am a Socialist. Socialism will be just as Captain John Smith said, "all that didn't work could not eat," then these poor little children that work in mills and factories would have more time to play and go to school. Enclosed find 10 cents, for which send me the picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children.—Yours truly, Vericia Jones, Amber, Okla.

Dear Comrade—We will write for the five copies and give them to my school friends, and we sure will be glad to get Comrade Debs' picture. We went 18 miles last August to hear him speak. We all enjoyed the sneaking. We heard Miss Caroline Lowe and Ameringer. We stayed five days. Mama and papa are Socialists, and have been for six years. They take the Appeal and Rip-Saw and Progressive Woman, and do all they can to help the work along. Excuse this paper. It is a part of my copy-book. I am at school today. Don't get to go much on account of bad weather, and we live three miles away. Hope to hear from you soon, and to get the picture. We will expect it as a Christmas present. Oh, yes, I can't tell just which I did like best in the Children's edition. We read it from start to finish, and I like them all. Well, good-bye.—Katie and Esma Garrett, Berlin, Okla.

Dear Office Girl—In replying to your request I will state that I like the December issue of your paper because it explains everything so plain and clear. I like the piece on page three best, which is entitled "The Struggle for Existence," because it explains the present system so well. I am a girl 12 years old, will be 13 Christmas, and a Socialist because I believe it gives every one an equal opportunity and a chance to be comfortable in life. Enclosed find 10c, for which send me five copies of your December issue.—Yours respectfully, Edna Motley, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Our receipts went away down in December. Now please don't do it again, dear readers. It really is awful for you to forget in this way.

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