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Read "The Traffic in Girl Slaves," Page Four

The Progressive Woman

Mrs A. J. Park
611 Gilman St
45

VOL. IV

JULY, 1910

NO. XXXVIII



Savage

"In the United States more girls are taken into Houses of Infamy each year than enter any other occupation except housewifery." (P. 5)

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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WISE HEADS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

Mazzini on the Emancipation of Woman.

Over sixty years ago, when the great Italian liberator, Joseph Mazzini, made his famous address to the Italian workingmen on the "Duties of Man," he said the following:

"Your complete emancipation can only be founded and secured upon the triumph of a principle—the principle of the Unity of the Human Family.

"At the present time one-half of the human family—that half from which we seek both inspiration and consolation, that half to which the first education of childhood is intrusted—is, by a singular contradiction, declared civility, politically and socially unequal, and excluded from the great unity.

"To you who are seeking your own enfranchisement and emancipation in the name of truth, to you it belongs to protest on every occasion and by every means against this negation of unity.

"The emancipation of woman, then, must be regarded by you as necessarily linked with the emancipation of the workingman. This will give to your endeavor the consecration of a universal truth."

It is wise tactics and strategy to attack an enemy on his weakest side. The Woman Question is the weakest link in the capitalist mail. The workingman, we know, is a defenseless being; but it takes much sharpening of the intellect to appreciate the fact that he cannot speak for himself. His sex is popularly coupled with the sense of strength. The illusion conceals his feebleness, and deprives him of help, often of sympathy. It is thus even with regard to the child. Proverbially weak and needing support, the child, nevertheless, is not everywhere the victim of existing social order. Only in remote sense does the child of the ruling class suffer. The invocation of "the rights of the child" leaves substantially untouched the children of the rich. It is otherwise with woman. The shot that rips up the wrongs done to her touches a nerve that aches from end to end in the capitalist world. There is no woman, whatever her station, but in one way or another is a sufferer, a victim, in modern society. While upon the woman of the working class the cross of capitalist society rests heaviest in all ways, not one of her sisters in all the upper ranks but bears some share of the burden, or, to be plainer, the smudge—and what is more to the point, they are aware of it. Accordingly, the invocation of "The Rights of Woman" not only rouses the spirit of the heaviest sufferers under capitalist society, and thereby adds swings to the blows of the male militants in their efforts to overthrow the existing order, it also lames the adversary by raising sympathizers in his own camp, and inciting sedition among his own routine.—From Introduction to Bebel's Woman Under Socialism.

You may state most positively that woman suffrage in Idaho purifies politics. The woman vote has compelled not only state conventions, but more particularly county conventions of both parties to select the cleanest and best material for public office.—Ex-Governor Hunt of Idaho.

The lack of direct political influence constitutes a powerful reason why women's wages have been kept at a minimum.—Hon. Carroll D. Wright, ex-commissioner of

RIGHT OF WOMEN TO VOTE.

KATHERINE M. DEBS.



To my mind there is no valid argument against the right of women to vote on equal terms with men. The proposition is self-evident that woman, being a human being and a citizen of the community, the same as man, is entitled to equal rights, privileges and opportunities.

Let me ask this simple question: What justice is there in compelling women to obey laws they have no voice in enacting? This question has never been answered and never can be answered except in one way.

If woman is less than a human being, less than a citizen, a mental weakling, requiring man as a guardian; if she is but the property appendage and convenience of her lord and master, then I submit she ought not have the right to vote, but should in all meekness resign herself to her divinely (?) appointed lot, the echo of her husband, the servant of her sovereign, satisfied to spend all the days of her life in the realms of mental inferiority and political non-existence.

But woman has all the essential qualities of man, not excepting mentality and initiative, and if she is to develop the best there is in her, she must be free and she must be the equal of man in respect to every right and every opportunity required for the untrammelled expression of her voice and will.

Lester F. Ward, greatest of American sociologists, says: "We have no conception of the real amount of talent or of genius possessed by woman." No, for the reason that woman has never had the chance to unfold, to develop her latent powers and energies and to show the world what she is really capable of accomplishing.

But there has been a wonderful change of sentiment upon the woman question during the last few years and the change will be still greater during the years immediately before us. Old prejudices, ignorant customs and barbaric traditions are being swept aside. The new spirit, the spirit of the coming social democracy, is asserting itself everywhere and the world is beginning to heed its cry and to reshape its institutions, based upon mutual eco-

nomical interests and the absolute equality of the sexes.

As a Socialist I see no reason why woman should not be the comrade of her husband upon equal terms in all the social, moral and political affairs of life as well as in the struggle for existence, and I am proud that the Socialist party, the party that is spreading so rapidly over all the world, proclaims as one of its cardinal principles, that woman is and ought to be and shall be the equal of man in all essential respect, and his inferior in none.

Those who declare that to engage in politics would degrade woman will pardon me if I venture to suggest that they would better change their politics. The kind of politics that will degrade a woman will also degrade a man, and no man ought to engage in the kind of politics that degrade his wife and mother.

As for the women who protest that they do not need and do not want the ballot, I think they unconsciously offer the strongest possible evidence in favor of the ballot.

But it is particularly in the name of the five millions of wage-working women in the United States that I raise my voice in behalf of unrestricted woman suffrage. These women have to go out in the world and compete with men in industry, in business, in educational and professional life and why should they not have the same political rights and privileges? As a rule they are the victims of the most unjust discrimination in respect to wages and treatment, because they lack even the limited means of self-defense with which their male competitors are provided by their manhood suffrage.

If the pampered pets of society do not want to vote, the working women do, and for reasons that no society queen, such as Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, with all her brilliant sophistry, can successfully deny.

Thirty years ago Susan B. Anthony, the noble champion of woman suffrage in the early days of the movement, was treated with almost brutal contempt by the "better element" of society, in the city of Terre Haute; today her name is honored throughout the civilized world.

The cause of woman's rights is advancing with the cause of man's intelligence, and no matter how many obstacles may be thrown in its way by ignorance, prejudice and sordid self-interest, the time is coming when women will be the equal of man, when both will be free, when society will rise to a higher plane, and enter into a larger and nobler life.

Send 20c to the national headquarters of the Woman's Suffrage Association, 505 Fifth Avenue, New York City, if you wish leaflets on every phase of the suffrage question.

In accordance with the action taken by the Woman's National Committee, Comrade Mabel H. Hudson, general correspondent, has circularized all party locals and supplied blank forms containing the following questions: "How many women in your local? Have you a woman's committee? Name and address of correspondent." It is very important that this data be secured at once. The leaflet issued by the Woman's National Committee, entitled "Plan for Work in Socialist Locals," is ready for shipment. Price \$1.25 for 1,000; 70c for 500. Address orders: General Correspondent, National Headquarters.

THE MITIGATOR.

ELSA C. UNTERMANN

CHAPTER III

The sight which greeted the new arrivals was one to arouse even those whom beauty scarcely effected. At a distance of a hundred rods from the edge of the wood there rose a rocky ledge, bare, cold, and moist with trickling water on its ascendant slope, but carpeted with moss, lillies and violets on its surface. An enormous oak lifted its branches from amidst the verdure, preading itself protectingly about its lower sisters to guard them from the sun's too ardent rays. In the center of this spot the maiden had established herself. Her lark green tunic waved gently hither and hither by the breeze or by her movements seemed but a continuation of the greensward at her feet. The black wall of rock was no darker than her hair, a gleaming, luxuriant mass, falling in soft waves to the lithe curve of her neck where it was gathered in a large, loose coil. Her dark eyes grew by turn fiery and tender as her emotions dictated. The rippling of the water that flowed by her rostrum and the whispering of the trees created the music to which her supple form swayed as she spoke.

The crowd at her feet was in an uproar, some denouncing and others praising her. She raised an arm from her side and put it out before her in the manner of one requesting silence. However, the motion held no intolerance, no impatience, no imperiousness; there was about it something supplicatory. She did not demand a hearing, but simply asked for it. And in response to her desire the babble grew weaker, finally dying away completely, leaving before her a quiet, attentive multitude.

"I infer from such words as 'unscientific,' 'phrase juggler' and 'upstart' that are hurled at me that some of you think I have attempted to reject the doctrine of economic determinism. If so, you are greatly mistaken. I hold that the recognition of the fact that the prevailing mode of production is the base of the political, juridical, and intellectual superstructure of society is one of the most vital accomplishments of humanity. It inaugurates the formation of a genuine science of history. It marks one of the first attempts made to understand the laws that govern human action. Furthermore, as it has led to the unveiling of the processes of your industrial systems it has given the workers a scientific basis from which to struggle for their freedom, has shown them that there is a crying need for their emancipation. Therefore, I do not object to this doctrine because of what it contains, but because it omits something that it should not.

"Your biologists have discovered that hunger and love are the driving, the directing forces of universal life. These two instincts, the desire to sustain present life and the desire to create new life, are ubiquitous; they are ingrained in every form of being from the electron to man. By what law of logic, then, can the two be recognized in biology and only the one, hunger, in sociology, since sociology is in a sense an outgrowth of biology, being the study of a special portion of universal life, human life?

"Therefore, I think that there should be included in the materialistic conception of history a statement to the effect that the

forms which society assumes depend also upon which sex is dominating. Those of you who have studied anthropology know that in the days of the matriarchate many of the evils that afflict society today, such as unemployment, prostitution, and child labor were unknown. That problems equally as annoying as the above mentioned may have existed no one will deny. The point which I wish to make is that those of you who are fighting to free humanity from the sorrows that weigh it down should look well to the causes of your troubles and be certain that you make the emancipation complete, that you do not leave half of your number in a state of indifferent freedom. In order to accomplish your sublime purpose of striking off for all time the fetters from all human beings you must be made aware of the fact that women are not only bound by economic chains, that when you have filed those rivets you have still another set of chains to strike from them, the chains that make them the slaves of men.

"It is not that the greater number of men wish to keep women in the servile position they now occupy, nor that women are content to remain in it. Both have merely become so accustomed to the existing state of affairs that they are not aware of their real impact. It is for the purpose of making you conscious of the error you are in danger of committing that I have sought to speak with you. Your fight is too great, too noble and vital to be defeated by carelessness or shortsightedness. You want no blot on your future society, no suppression of any of your kind, whether they be men or women. Therefore, look well and discover what you have to overcome. Observe your daily actions, analyze your thoughts, and without difficulty that double slavery of which I have spoken will become plain; the evidences of it are continually before you. It is for your own good. Take heed!"

A haze clouded the vision of the people; the stream of Practical Experience became a roaring torrent; the grass and trees bent low under the force of a whirlwind that had sprung up apparently from nowhere; noises like the falling of mountains rent the wood from end to end. Terrified, the mass of humanity fled to the plain from whence it had come.

In time the disturbances in the wood died away and some of the bravest who had heard the maiden evinced a desire to return and find whether she was still there. But, although they searched all the crevices and ravines and peered into the trees to see if she was in hiding there, they found no trace of her. This led some of the seekers to believe that their experience had been merely an illusion, but others had been so deeply impressed with the things they had heard that they could not doubt the reality of the maiden's existence. These spread far and wide the thoughts she had transmitted to them averting thereby the calamity of which she had warned them.

The End.

Don't ask for copies of The Progressive Woman of any date prior to the June issue. We haven't them.

Picture of Debs and the Girard Socialist children on heavy tinted paper, with five copies this issue of The P. W., 10c.

ECHOES FROM THE CONGRESS.

Did you notice that Kansas was represented part of the time by women alone? Two of the three regular delegates were women, and when the one man was absent, the first alternate was Josephine Conger-Kaneko of The Progressive Woman." An interesting group, that Kansas trio. There was Caroline Lowe, the attractive ex-teacher of Kansas City, as earnest and self-effaced as she is skillful and effective. In voice and manner she is as unspoiled as if she had not been soap-boxing for two years.

Kate O'Hare, with her wit and proud boasts regarding the fair young O'Hares, makes it quite evident why the farmers of Kansas and Oklahoma think her a second edition of the historic Mrs. Lease.

Mrs. Kaneko has earned the gratitude of us all by her courageous persistence in pushing the woman's paper.

Many of us thought often of the prophesied native of Japan, who was with her at the convention two years ago. The vision he held so persistently of what womanhood should be and do in the movement will be an inspiration for many years to come.

The closing moments of the Congress were spent in cheers and songs. Enough know the "The Red Flag" and "The Marseillaise" to make the bell ring, but it is a pity we do not all know these songs with all the words and "The International" as well. We do not sing half enough in the movement.

In two years more may everybody be ready to help lift the rafters.—Mila Tupper Maynard, in Chicago Daily Socialist.

Are you one of these unfortunate persons who has never had Hope? Well, right now is the time to get it. Send 10c to Ward Savage, 5110 West Madison street, Chicago, for a copy of his illustrated comic monthly, "Hope." After that you will never be without it. Savage makes the pictures for the Chicago Daily Socialist, and holds a place among the cleverest cartoonists of the country. "Hope" for June has a double page cartoon, in colors, of Fred D. Warren before the bar of Justice; in his hand is the query, "Is Kidnaping Legal?" Beneath the picture are the words, "Will She Ever Answer That Question?"

Woman's League Opens Summer Campaign

The Socialist Woman's League of Chicago has begun its summer work. In connection with the Political Equality union they recently held a meeting in front of the Newberry library, with Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, of London, and Miss Helen Todd, of Chicago, as speakers. A newspaper report says more than a thousand enthusiastic participants were gathered together at this meeting. In her speech, Mrs. Montefiore said regarding woman suffrage: "I am a militant, and was in prison, but such rough tactics will never be necessary here because with a little more education American men will give their women freedom. In London we are keeping the press and the public busy, but you won't have any trouble here. Organize your women into trade unions. Don't try to beat down the wages of women. Who started this idea of 'no taxation without representation'? Why, you Americans at the Boston tea party. Surely the educated modern woman ought to receive as much at least as criminal and ignorant men. Think it over."

The Traffic in Girl Slaves

The First of a Series of Articles Written for the Purpose of Arousing the American Public to a Realization of the Menace of the Widespread Traffic in Its Women

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

"Patten and Armour may have their corners on wheat and cotton. Let me have a corner on women and I would have Theodore Roosevelt scrubbing my steps. The biggest and greatest would come to me."—Mrs. Ada E. Krowell, keeper of a resort for women in Chicago.—(From Chicago Examiner of May 27, 1910.)

"It is estimated that in this country alone every year, 770,000 young boys reach the age of maturity; . . . that of this number more than 450,000 young men enroll themselves in the great army of the diseased (venereal)."—From "Letters of a Physician to His Daughters."

"The startling statement is also made upon good authority that there is more venereal infection and disease among innocent, unoffending married women than among their despised sisters of ill repute."—"Letters of a Physician to His Daughters."

"The traffic in importing women for purposes of prostitution . . . is found to be of large dimensions. . . . The forms it takes are as bad as possible. The men who own these women are of the lowest class and seem to have an organization or at least an understanding which is national and even international in scope."—Commissioner Bingham's Third Annual Report on the Work of the Police Department.

A Business Proposition.

There are certain fundamental laws underlying every business enterprise—the law of supply and demand, and the unearned increment, or profits. There is no business on the face of the earth today that would trouble itself about living a week, were there no profits in it.

The latest edition of the Webster-Morris dictionary gives this definition of prostitution: "The act of prostituting the person to lewd purposes for hire." The prostitute, then, is sold, or sells herself, for hire—for profits.

I want you to keep these facts in mind through the whole of this article, and all others that may follow on the subject.

It is the Socialist contention that if we remove the profits from prostitution, that evil would die out.

"But," protests the reader, "what are you going to do about the demand? The demand is tremendous; it makes possible the business. What will you do about that?"

And again the Socialist answers: "The demand is an overstimulated one. It is an unnatural creation of wrong social conditions. Particularly so of conditions affecting the factors that supply it. Give woman economic and political freedom, and she will cease to supply the demand. Render it profitless to her, and it will die for lack of stimulation. A normal balance will then be struck between the sexes, giving rise to a single, instead of a double, standard of morals, such as we have today.

But we know that neither the profits nor the demand will go so long as capitalism, which is fundamentally a profit system, stimulating every money-making enterprise, no matter what its evil extent, exists. The most we can hope to do is to educate the public mind in regard to the inroads made upon the physical and moral health of society by this riotous, unchecked cancer, known as the social evil, and thus destroy one of the worst, yet most tenacious, props of the present system. Too long have we considered ignorance on this most vital of questions a virtue, with the result that we have the fearful statistics quoted above from "Letters of a Physician to His Daughters."

Beginning of the Roe Prosecutions.

In December, 1906, Clifford G. Roe, then assistant state's attorney of Illinois, tried the Morris Goldstein in Chicago for for-

gery. During the trial facts were disclosed which finally led to the discovery that Goldstein was a pander in the White Slave Traffic, and had recently brought a girl from Duluth, Minn., and put her in a resort.

A little later a pander brought Agnes (now married) to the city, put her through all the tortures of the "breaking-in" process, and placed her in a resort. (It may be stated here that until recently in Chicago—and even yet in many other cities—a girl or woman had no protection under the law, if it could be proven that she was of unchaste character prior to any prosecution she might bring against any person or persons for assault. Because of this the houses were reluctant to take girls who had not first been "broken in.") Agnes escaped, appealed to the courts for protection, and the story she told of the mistreatment that had been accorded her was so terrible that Mr. Roe became interested, not only in the one case, but in white slavery in general.

He made investigations, questioned hangers-around in the court room, and found sufficient corroborative material to satisfy himself that the cases he had tried were not mere accidental, isolated affairs, but



CLIFFORD G. ROE

Who is carrying on a campaign against panders in the White Slave Traffic

were part of a great business scheme that had its organization, its agents, panders, pullers-in, and all the essential paraphernalia for a successfully conducted enterprise.

So impressed was Attorney Roe with the menace of the situation to society in general that he determined to devote all of his time to fighting it. A campaign of publicity was started, a commission was granted and a corps of detectives set to work, hunting out and running down panders for prosecution.

Panders Driven from the City.

Since the first of October nearly forty cases have been tried through Attorney Roe's office alone, and between nine hun-

dred and one thousand panders driven out of the city.

Perhaps the greatest achievement of the office so far was the apprehension and conviction of the Chicago-St. Louis gang. The principals in this case were Morris Van Bevere, Madame Julia Bevere and David Garfinkle. This gang had codes and signals, and panders and agents scouring the country for girls. It was the custom of these to offer employment to the victims. And let us state in passing that the working girl is the chief victim of the pander. She is offered a good position in the city, with fair wages, and a good time. The pander is smooth, he is in earnest (there is money in it for him), sympathetic and persuasive. Without any thought of harm, the girl signs a contract for employment and is whirled away as quickly as possible to the city and to her doom. It is bad business, and it must be disposed of swiftly and silently. If the girl is easily reached through her emotional nature, the pander makes love to her, proposes marriage, and, if necessary, actually goes through a ceremony which she believes to be genuine.

The Bogus Lover.

Shortly after the conviction of the Chicago-St. Louis gang, on January 28, 1910, one Clarence Gentry was convicted of pandering and sentenced to six months in the House of Correction, and a fine of \$300 and costs. He was found guilty of selling Mildred Clark into a life of slavery. Mildred was the beautiful daughter of an old, but impoverished southern family of Nashville, Tenn. She was seventeen years old, and was working in a laundry. At a dance last November she met Gentry, who pretended love at first sight. He proposed marriage, Mildred accepted him, and in three days eloped with him to Chicago. Gentry had told Mildred of a home he possessed in Chicago, but took her to what he called a rooming house. Here she was locked in a room, and her clothes taken from her to prevent her escape. This is one of the tricks always resorted to when a girl is forced into such a life against her will.

While trying to write a letter to her mother, Mildred was discovered by Gentry, who beat her, swore at her, used every method to intimidate her, even taking the finger of a dead person from his pocket, and saying: "This is what becomes of girls who 'snitch' (tell)." He told her if any visitors asked questions to tell them she was from another section of the south, had been married, and had been in a sporting house before.

While engaged in a revival meeting in Chicago, Gypsy Smith led a religious parade through the Red Light District, during which one of Mr. Roe's detectives found Mildred and helped her to escape from her bondage.

Another method of the bogus lover is typified in the action of Jacob Jacobson, who met Adell in Lincoln Park (Chicago) last Fourth of July. He took her home and asked to call again. He visited Adell a few times, was introduced to her mother, and brought with him a friend, Louis Brodsky. He asked Adell to

t a girl for Louis. She introduced her end, May and the four took walk in one of the parks. The young n represented themselves as wealthy ntlemen from New York City. They tended love at first sight, and soon ped with the girls.

After taking them to an amusement place the salary of one of the girls who rked in a department store, they then ok them to a place out on the Strand. ick they said was a rooming house. In ling the story Attorney Roe said the utality to which the girls were subjected the breaking-in process was too terrible put into print.

Two days later, while trying to sell one them into a disorderly house, Brodsky is caught by a Roe detective, and all conrned in the business were arrested and nvicted. One of the girls has since been rking in a department store and one is home.

Procured by Promising Employment.

Lida, who was working as shier in a 5c theater in Lafayette, Ind., as approached by J. T. Mehl, who promed her a better position in Chicago. She gned a contract with him, and was placed a house on the West Side. She escaped most immediately, whereupon Mehl beame frightened and confused, was caught, id sentenced to six months in a House of orrection, and fined \$300 and costs.

On May 18, 1910, a man by the name of arry Cohen was found guilty by the judge r bringing Jennie Konivich from New ork and putting her into a house, on romise of a position. Two days later Abe reenberg and Ben Wagner were found uilty of a similar charge, were sentenced o a House of Correction for six months, id fined \$300 and costs.

A Cry of Warning to Parents.

Nothing that I could say regarding the relessnessness of parents in bringing their ons and daughters up in the world igno-nt of its pitfalls could carry the weight at the following confession and cry of arning from a pander's victim should ve with the readers of this article. She ys: "This man, whom I had no reason suspect, sought me with the offer of a od place to work. He promised me a od salary, and as I was then without ork I accepted the place in perfect good ith. I had never heard that girls were ight and sold. It seems to me that good ople, pious fathers and mothers who let air girls grow up and go out into the rld without a word of real instruction at will protect them in such crises, which y come in life to any woman, are not olly innocent—I am tempted to say are ghtfully guilty—of the destruction of air own daughters."

(To be continued.)

The Mills of Mammon.

Jas. W. Brower, is a white slave story it will make your hair stand on end. t only that, the curse of the capitalist tem in its every department, is shown in such a manner as to sicken and dis-ib the most enthusiastic supporter of the sent order. Get a copy of this book for ur library, and lend it to all your neigh-irs and friends—they will read it. Price, The P. W. Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

Boys and Girls

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Don't forget that leaflet campaign.

The Outcast.

She stood on the edge of a sea-washed ledge—
Gazed down on the breakers' foam;
And her thoughts were wild, like a wayward
child—
Poor girl, without hope, or home!

Yes, the girl was fair—crowned with golden hair,
And her eyes, divinely blue,
Yet the blight of shame and a branded name,
Gave beauty a chastly hue!

Ah, she knew enough, of a life that's rough—
Of evils that men conceal,
While, beautiful earth, with its sinless mirth—
To her—an unbroken seal.

Yet, to be the slave, of a wanton knave
Was a doom she knew too well,
As the sun went down, she stared at the town,
With a hate, that none may tell.

She turned to the sea, that could her free,
From the loathsome life she knew;
While the spray dashed high, and it seemed to
cry,
That her hour was over-due.

Still, she stood in doubt, till the stars came out,
And the city—lost to sight,
Then she tried to pray—in a pagan way,
For a darker, blacker night.

She sank on a stone, with a chilling moan,
For the night was wintry cold;
And her clothes were thin, as the veil of sin,
That drapes with a mocking fold.

As her blood grew chill, so her torpid will
Recolled from the plunging leap;
Nor did she arouse from the luring drowse—
Nor wake from the freezing sleep.

Lo, they found her there, in the buzzards' care—
Dead, dead, for many a day,
Doctors said: "The heart," which was true in
part—
While the Social Sin seeks prey!

—Lidia Platt Richards.

Pasadena, Cal.

WHY SOCIALISTS SHOULD EXPOSE THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC.

AGNES H. DOWNING.

1. Because the white slave trade persists because the majority of people do not know that it exists at all.
2. Because exposing renders it less safe and hence less profitable
3. Because in the United States more girls are taken into houses of infamy each year than enter any other one occupation except housewifery. The greater part of these are procured through the white slave trade.
4. Because the girls are practically all working girls and hence poor and helpless.
5. Because the girls are destroyed there; the average length of their lives is four years.
6. Because womanhood and motherhood are degraded in the persons of the girls who are subjected to unnameable abuses.
7. Because men are diseased and brutalized by this institution.
8. Because hundreds of thousands of young girls are lost to the useful walks of life because of this evil.
9. Because there are thousands of men (the cadets) in every large city, literally a standing army to keep those girls in subjection. These men are lost to useful industry and are brutalized by this work.
10. Because a blow at this infamy will help to break machine rule in the cities. The big corporations always have for their allies the cadets and keepers of infamous places, the buyers and sellers of women.
11. Because the Socialist party in declaring for justice and equality of privileges for woman means all women. While the sale or degradation of a single woman is protected it should protest.
12. Because Socialists can offer the only complete permanent remedy, namely, abolishing profit in all dealings of life and the

upbuilding of human character through good economic conditions.

13. Because no argument in the wide world shows so vividly the need for a change in the present system as the bare facts of the white slave traffic.

A Little Sister of the Poor,

by Josephine Conger-Kaneko, is a story founded upon the actual experiences of thousands of working girls in our great cities. The characters are taken from real life, and are in no way exaggerated. This is the great value of the story. It is written in the form of a romance, and is refined and pathetic in its appeal. It will assist in arousing interest in the White Slave Traffic, and should be in the hands of all who are not yet awakened on that question.

For a limited time, two copies for 25c (coin). Send to The P. W. Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

When you were weak and I was strong, I toiled for you. Now you are strong and I am weak. Because of my work for you, I ask your aid. I ask the ballot for myself and my sex. As I stood by you, I pray you stand by me and mine.—Clara Barton to the soldiers.

Woman and Socialism is just now a much discussed topic among, not only Socialists, but by suffragists, and all persons of progressive thought. For this reason May Walden's pamphlet, entitled "Woman and Socialism," is of special importance at this time. You really can't afford to be without a copy of this pamphlet, if you want to be well informed on this subject, and you ought to have a lot of extra copies to hand to your friends. Price 5c each; 60 for \$1. Order from us.

A. Sitmore & Co., shirt-waist makers, have brought suit in the United States circuit court for triple damages against certain leaders and participants in the shirt-waist strike. Among the defendants are Miss Inez Milhollant, Bertha Mailly, Mary Oppenheimer, Socialists, and Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, Elizabeth Deucher, Ida Raub and other suffragists. Sitmore sues for \$150,000 damages.

Send \$1 for four Progressive Woman sub cards—and then sell them.

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SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears the clothing. Send postal to 101 Franklin St., New York City, for free samples. Use "Capsheaf" once and you will always use it.

Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses.

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Rochester, New York



Sex Consciousness in the Class Struggle

WELLS LE FEVRE, M. D.

Lack of understanding among the people makes a definition of these terms necessary. The "class struggle" is an effort on the part of those who have been dispossessed, of what morally belongs to them, by another class who have the power to do this by intrigues of many kinds. The "class struggle" is a struggle for **industrial freedom**. The demand that all shall have an **equal opportunity** to earn their food, shelter and clothing. This they do not have today. It belongs to them by natural right and they demand their own.

The "sex struggle" is a demand for **political freedom** for woman, which is something she does not have. Hence she has not only her industrial freedom to obtain, but her political freedom also. But why does she need political freedom I am often asked. Because she has learned that the white man found it necessary to demand his political democracy by the American Revolution and the colored man found his political democracy by the Civil war. In the process of natural growth they found this to be necessary. The white woman and the colored woman have now realized that political democracy is also necessary for them. It also belongs to them by right of natural growth and development and they are simply demanding their own.

History teaches the woman that man had to have his political freedom before he was in a position to demand his industrial freedom. It also teaches her that both he and she must demand their industrial freedom at the same time and that both must be able to back up that demand by all the powers that rightfully belong to all the citizens. One of these powers is the vote. Viewed from a political point it therefore becomes the next necessary step in her development that she may be in a position to demand her own, and to enforce that demand. And furthermore, history has taught her nothing more distinctly than that liberty of any kind is **never given. It is always taken.** She must take hers or she will never get it. If men were wise they would recognize the necessity that woman must have her **political democracy** before **he or she** may take their **industrial democracy**.

After a certain banquet a crowd of men rushed into the cloak room to get their hats. A servant in charge had received these hats and could have returned each to its owner had he not been overrun by the rush of each man scrambling to get his own. Of course, confusion followed. The servant, knowing the value of order, said: "Gentlemen, if you will kindly wait outside I can find your hats for you quicker than you can find them for yourselves." "Yes," said a waggish fellow, "come on men, let's all get out—I've got mine." Couched in this lies the error—one of the errors—of men toward the sex struggle. He has his (hat) **political freedom** and is so short sighted to not see that he may not get his (coat) **industrial freedom** until woman has obtained her political freedom first, just as he had to have his first. Such short sightedness on his part is disastrous to the interests of both the man and the woman, but he does not yet see it so—and there is a reason for his blindness.

The writer has often been surprised to find this cataract upon the eyes of the

great majority of men and women. Yes, strange to say, even among Socialist men and women—and, even more strangely, among old and trained Socialist teachers and workers. Though I believe it was an unhappy slip of the tongue merely, yet I was surprised to find this same error in an address, demanding the franchise, made but a short time ago by one of our strongest women workers. Speaking of the lukewarm attitude of the men toward the question of sex consciousness she said: "I do not condemn the men comrades for their lukewarm sympathy. . . . There is no more reason for the men, as a body, to champion the women's cause than there is reason for the factory owner to favor labor unions; than there is reason for the ruling, possessing class to work for Socialism," etc. Nor do I 'condemn' the man, of course, since he has been so carefully hoodwinked by education for centuries to believe that the 'home is the proper place for a woman,' but I do earnestly deplore his blindness to his own best interests. Seeing this he would throw off his lethargy and do all in his power to aid woman to get her franchise and thus secure her necessary aid in getting his, as well as her, industrial freedom. She is conscious that her sex must get something that the other sex has gained, by conquest, hence she becomes 'sex conscious' and enters the 'sex struggle.'

"Sex consciousness" is woman's complete awakening in "class consciousness."

Now, after this are you prepared to believe that there are many active Socialist workers who persist in confusing "sex consciousness" with "sex hatred"? Well, you had better be so prepared, for you will not have far to go before you encounter just that kind of "limited" Socialist. For he, or she, who ignores the sex conscious struggle must only see the class struggle as a **male** struggle and hence sees but one-half of the whole struggle. It is not a male class struggle; it is not a female class struggle; it is a human class struggle and the woman must demand her share of it as a human. This she may not do effectively until she has her political freedom—until her vote counts just as much as that of any man's vote. She must have this or consent to remain the slave of man (the slave of a slave) or remain the pitiable plaything of one who calls himself a man. She must have the right of franchise or, viewed from a political point, man will never gain his industrial freedom.

Therefore, it is neither fawning chivalry nor utopian altruism that prompts a male comrade to champion sex consciousness. To him, or her, who has comprehended the class struggle as a **human class** struggle the function of sex consciousness becomes a necessary equation in the problem of his or her own self-preservation. They see it as the next necessary step in the line of political conquest. Where are you lined up, comrade? Are you still staring at the old capitalist stalking horse of male citizenship only, and thus debarring one-half of the people from a voice in what they shall do and have, or are you demanding for women that they shall have their natural right to express their wishes?

It is vital to capitalism that the woman shall be kept "in the home where she belongs" and that you and I be made to be-

lieve that this only is her proper place. So long as we can be made to believe that she should "keep silent," and eat her bread out of some man's hand, just so long must she and that man and their children eat only when someone else allows them to do so. Given her political freedom her next demand, in her natural growth, will be that she must have her economic or industrial freedom, and she will be able, in common with the same demand that the man must make for the same reason, to enforce her demand and wrest from the retainers all that which is her own. Capitalism knows that the rights of the man are securely bound with the rights of the woman. By controlling her it controls both of them. Hence, by pulpit and press, by platform and social conventionalities she is taught what is "proper." Concealing, from even its teachers, that it is proper because it is best for the interests of capitalism. It is a clever scheme and worthy of the debasing form of civilization that rules the world today.

Comrade, are you the dupe of this plot and are you playing the game of politics according to the rules laid down by your enemies, or do you propose to play it from now on, as the opposition do not want you to play it, by recognizing and demanding the enfranchisement of the woman?

The demand of the "sex conscious" woman is the next necessary political step in the class struggle.

Huntington, Ark.

"The enfranchisement of women will be good for all parties—it will improve liberalism, because it will humanize them, making them complete instead of only half-representatives of those various schools of thought. We have every reason to dread any reform devised and carried through for the whole human family by the male half alone; and, perhaps, we have especially to dread reform under male Socialism, because Socialism will be more fundamental in its changes, and will, therefore, be more dangerous under ill-balanced conditions than are the mere timidities and delays of Conservatism."—Votes for Women.

It is too bad you didn't get your order in for the Debs and Warren post cards. They are all out. Some things we don't keep forever. Will let you know when we get some more in.

From the Diary of a Striking Waist Maker.

Owing to the enormous demands from the readers of the New York Call and Chicago Daily Socialist, the Diary will be published in book form. Under the circumstances, the further publication of installments of the Diary will be suspended until after the book is out, in order not to interfere with the copyright. The book will be published at 25 cents. Advance orders can be sent to The Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan.

Socialism will mean employment for every able bodied man and woman, food for everyone, homes for all, and educational advantages for every child.

YOU DON'T HAVE to have that affliction. I can help you out of it. Write for particulars to C. BARTON, Station E, Kansas City, Mo.

Souvenir post cards showing Appeal to Reason building, and Frisco depot with Appeal to Reason mall, two for 5c.

Don't let any member of your local rest until he or she has subscribed for The P. W.

Woman and Socialism, by May Walden, 60 copies for \$1.

Send 50c for a year's subscription to The P. W.

The Socialist Primer for children, 15c.

The Case of Fred D. Warren

GEO. H. SHOAF

Fred D. Warren was sentenced to six months' imprisonment in the county jail at Fort Scott, Kan., the payment of a \$1,500 fine, and the costs of the prosecution, which will amount to \$1,000.

Why?

What had he done that he should be branded as a criminal and ordered to lay in a narrow cell six months, where his only occupation would be silent contemplation behind iron bars?

To those who know Warren the very suggestion of his committing a crime is absurd. Warren would no more hurt the feelings of his fellow man than he would harm a mocking-bird. If he ever entertained a malicious thought certainly it was never recorded among the things known of him by his associates. He has no personal enemies, and his nature is such that no one would or could hold against him a grudge of any kind.

Why, then, should he be visited with a punishment such as is accorded prisoners convicted of serious crime?

Warren was indicted at Fort Scott, Kan., May 7, 1907, for mailing an envelope on which was printed language alleged to be threatening and scurrilous. After repeated postponements, at the instance of the prosecution, he was adjudged guilty in Judge John C. Pollock's court May 6, 1909. After another delay sentence was pronounced July 1, 1909.

It is the contention of the defense that Warren was prosecuted, not because he mailed an envelope on which was printed a reward offer of \$1,000 for the capture of W. S. Taylor, former governor of Kentucky, but because as editor of the *Appeal to Reason* he was obnoxious to the authorities at Washington City. It is charged that he was arrested, tried and found guilty as the result of a conspiracy on the part of government officials who long have sought to suppress the paper of which he is the editor.

The very nature and extent of the punishment inflicted upon him clearly reveal the animus of the government in its prosecution.

Six months in jail, a \$1,500 fine and the costs of the court, amounting to \$1,000 more!

Think a moment.

Then think again!

\$1,000 reward will be paid to any person who kidnaps ex-Governor Taylor and returns him to Kentucky authorities.

The mailing of an envelope on which was printed the foregoing language was held to be a crime for which the offender should spend six months in jail! And the man for whom the reward was offered was at the time a refugee from justice, under indictment for murder, with a price upon his head!

Warren, who only added \$1,000 to the immense reward Kentucky had outstanding for the apprehension of Taylor, was sentenced to jail; Taylor, whose flight from Kentucky tended to confirm the general suspicion that he was guilty of the murder for which he had been indicted, was never even tried. Instead, he was pardoned just a few days prior to Warren's trial in or-

der that he might go to Kansas and testify against the Socialist editor!

Talk about equality before the law in this great free republic of the brave!

Taylor was and is a republican.

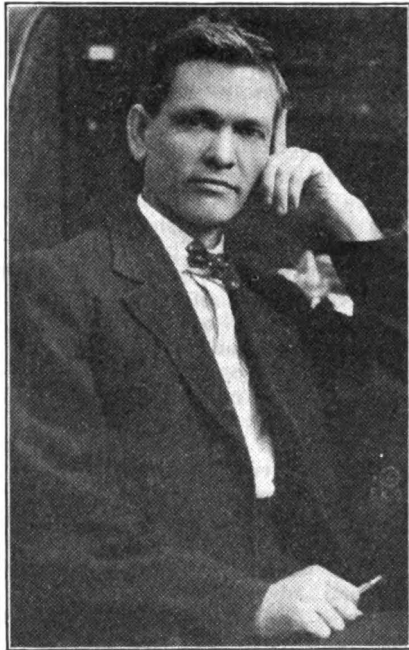
Warren was and is a Socialist.

Turn this matter about as you will, the fact that the one was a republican politician while the other was a Socialist agitator, is all there is to it.

Warren's offense, if any, was purely political. In a hostile court, on perjured testimony and before a jury of republicans, he was literally black-jacked and crucified.

Had Judge Pollock been guided by the law rather than by the conspirators at Washington City, who desired to crush Warren and suppress the *Appeal to Reason*, he would never have entertained the indictment. It was not until after he had "consulted higher authorities" that he permitted the indictment against Warren to stand. Every disinterested lawyer who has examined the statute under which the indictment was found unhesitatingly declares that the statute invoked **does not apply in this case.**

According to the statute invoked cards and envelopes carrying non-mailable matter



FRED D. WARREN
Editor of *The Appeal to Reason*

must be addressed to the person defamed or threatened. In Warren's case the person addressed was J. L. Pierson, San Pedro, Cal. The offer was made to him to kidnap Taylor and return him to the Kentucky authorities. No letter or card was ever mailed to ex-Governor Taylor.

Before mailing the letter, to be certain that he was violating no law, Warren consulted the Girard postmaster, and was told that no law would be fractured by mailing the reward offer for the capture of Kentucky's refugee ex-governor.

Yet, after being informed beforehand that he was violating no law, by the postmaster who is supposed to speak with authority on such matters, Warren was indicted under a statute that does not cover,

and has nothing to do with the particular offense with which he is charged, convicted by a jury, several of whom months before the trial stated that the editor of the *Appeal to Reason* should be run out of the country, and sentenced to six months in the county jail by as corrupt a judge as ever sat upon the bench.

For violating the Kansas liquor laws Judge Pollock usually fines the offenders \$25 and costs. For sending obscene matter through the mail the judge rarely imposes a penalty heavier than a \$25 fine and thirty days in jail. For making false returns in the matter of securing pensions Judge Pollock generally fines the offender \$1 and costs. Persons convicted of counterfeiting usually are fine \$100 and sent to jail for six months or a year. One man who maliciously destroyed a mail box was given thirty days in jail. Several persons who were convicted of stealing mail were fine \$20 and costs. Persons convicted of mailing lottery letters are fined \$1 and costs. Railroad companies which violate the quarantine laws are fined \$100 each.

W. E. Heal, who, October 21, 1905, mailed a postal card at Coffeyville, Kan., addressed to Warren Fergus, Mathews, Ind., upon which card, according to an indictment returned against Heal, was written "scurrilous and defamatory terms, words calculated and intended to reflect injuriously upon the character and conduct of Fergus," was by Judge Pollock sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 and costs.

Fred D. Warren, editor of the *Appeal to Reason*, charged with exactly the same offense, was sentenced to pay a \$1,500 fine, the costs of the court, and to serve six months in jail.

According to the record, the persons who were convicted for committing real crimes were republicans and democrats—not one of them was a Socialist.

Warren, who was sand-bagged and hamstrung for a doubtful offense, which was never committed, is a Socialist.

For upholding and practicing the methods of the capitalist system the big thieves are rewarded with riches and power; the little fellows generally are reprimanded with small fines. Any person who advocates the overthrow of criminal capitalism is persecuted and hounded to poverty and jail.

Right was ever on the scaffold,

Wrong was ever on the throne.

But Warren in jail will reverse this venerable situation. Before this case closes capitalism will begin to totter to its fall. Not always will the workers of the world submit to insult and contumely, and signs are not wanting to indicate that Warren's conviction is the beginning of the end.

I am for equalized woman suffrage as a matter of human justice.—Samuel Gompers, Labor Leader.

Woman suffrage has resulted in nothing that is objectionable, and in much that is advantageous.—U. S. Senator Teller of Colorado.

We have in Colorado the most advanced laws of any state in the union for the care and protection of the home and the children, the very foundation of the republic. We owe this more to woman suffrage than to any other one cause.—Judge Lindsey of the Denver juvenile court.

The Progressive Woman

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The Progressive Woman Publishing Company
GIRARD, KANSAS, U. S. A.

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Club rates for Canada.....	40
Foreign subscription.....	50

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

ADVERTISING RATES:

Eight cent per line net—no discount for time space.
Columns—width 3 ems; length 11 inches.
Circulation, 15,000.

All advertising matter should be addressed directly to the publisher.

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

Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneko



Oh, I long for the strong man, and the woman of strength;
The twin world-gods, who will rise at length,
And break from the earth the earth's slave mind,
And people it anew, with a race of their kind.

The Progressive Woman has decided to distinguish itself this month by not even mentioning the name of T. R.

With the warm weather comes the circus, the pink lemonade and the soda fountain. These are as inevitable as the seasons. In this latter day there come also the Socialist picnic, the encampments and the "journeyman" soap-boxer. Since their inception these, too, have become as inevitable as the seasons, and as irrepressible. Long may they wave! At least until the voice of the soap-boxer has disturbed the quiet of every village street, even unto the uttermost ends of the earth, and the picnic and encampment have evolved into the co-operative commonwealth.

Out of seven delegates to the International Socialist Congress to be held in Copenhagen in August, three are women. These are Lena Morrow Lewis, national organizer and member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist party, May Wood Simons, lecturer and associate editor of The Chicago Daily Socialist, and Luella Twining, lecturer and famous for her work for the Moyer, Haywood, Pettibone case a few years ago. Miss Twining goes to the Congress not only as a delegate from the Socialist party, but also as representative of the Western Federation of Miners. These are three strong women, and we know that they will "make good." That is all the party asks of them. The men comrades elected are Hillquit, Berger, Haywood and Hunter. We know also that these will "make good." And that is all the party asks of them.

Boys and Girls

can make big money working for SOCIALISM. Kindly send stamp for particulars. Address Box 1418, Los Angeles, Cal.

The National Educational Association meets in Boston the 1st and 2d of July. There will be some 6,000 in attendance. While women constitute the majority of this body, only ten are listed as state directors and members of committees of co-operation. It takes the Socialist party to give women fair representation in its deliberative bodies.

We are in receipt of *Mujer Moderna* (Modern Woman), a monthly magazine for women, edited by Andrea Villarreal Gonzalez, at 512 Camaron street, San Antonio, Texas. Comrade Villarreal is one of the leading spirits in the Mexican revolutionary movement, and her magazine no doubt contains much of interest for the Spanish reading public. Price 5c a copy, 60c a year.

Miss Ellis Meredith, a brainy and energetic little woman of Denver, was recently elected Election Commissioner of that city. This means that Miss Meredith will have exclusive control during her term of office of the following matters: Appointment of registration committee, selection of polling places, appointment of judges, furnishing all supplies, canvassing the vote, custody of the ballot boxes, etc., issuance of election certificates. It is a place of considerable responsibility. And, to controvert the old saying that women would not vote for a woman candidate, Miss Meredith shows that she ran ahead of her ticket, and that the women did it. Mrs. Margaret O. Floaten and Alice Todhunter Bradley were nominees for aldermen in their respective wards on the Socialist ticket.

A Sovereign Voter and Ideal Jurymen.

An American-born citizen, a resident of North Dakota for the last seven years, who did not know one single state or county official by name, not even the president of the United States, has been found in Minot, N. D. In securing the jury for the Noah murder trial a farmer testified he knew nothing of the case. He said he had never read a detective story in his life, admitted his ignorance of county and state officers and when asked for the name of the president of the United States replied: "I have heard the name, but have forgotten it." He is one of the two men so far selected on the jury.

The American Woman's League.

The first national convention of The American Woman's League has just closed after a three days' session at University City, St. Louis, Mo. This was one of the most remarkable conventions ever held in the United States. Mr. E. G. Lewis, editor and proprietor of The Woman's National Daily, and founder of the league, is, because of his wonderful capacity in organizing women, one of the most talk-of men today. Although the league is young, and this was its first national convention, there were present 3,000 members and delegates.

The American Woman's League is building beautiful club houses for its members over the country, besides offering splendid educational advantages. The method of paying into the league is through securing subscriptions to magazines, which are divided into various classes, the headquarters keeping a certain per cent. Among the magazines listed with the league subscription list is The Progressive Woman. Anyone securing 100 subscriptions at 50c each to The Progressive Woman, within a year, becomes a member of the American Woman's League, and is entitled for life to the use and benefits, free of charge, of its helpful institutions.

The Now.

'Tis not the past that hovers near
It is the now;
The moment with its joy or fear,
The present vow.

True some color we must take
From that day
Whose sun has set, and for its sake
Bade anger stay.

'Tis not the past, however, sweet—
It is the now
We lay at our Redeemer's feet—
The present vow.
Shelby, Ohio. —Elizabeth Marlan Marvin.

At the close of the National Congress we were called upon to sing The Red Flag and The Marseillaise. In all that audience of delegates and visitors I believe less than fifty knew enough of either of these songs to sing them half through. Now that was not only a pity, it was a rank shame. And the editor of The P. W. wants to INSIST that Socialist families get these songs and learn to sing them. Sing them all the time—every evening before prayers, and all Sunday afternoon. You ought to know The International, too. The splendid chorus ending "The International Party shall be the human race," is one of the most inspiring strains of music in the English language. GET THESE SONGS AND LEARN THEM. You will find all three in Chas. Kerr's Socialist Songs, and the book costs only 10c. Order from P. W. Pub. Co., Girard.

WORK FOR SOCIALISM.

Everybody who joins the Socialist party does so because he or she wants Socialism. The important question is, "What's to be done?"

Of course the answer is: WORK. The Socialist movement is the movement of the working people. Socialism will be achieved only by working for it.

And this is very important: The Socialist party is organized the year round, because the work it has to do must be done the year round.

That work is: TO CARRY THE SOCIALIST MESSAGE INTO EVERY HOME.

Everyone who joins the party should therefore, begin at once to—

Canvass the residents of the election precinct to secure:

Subscriptions to Socialist papers; sale of Socialist pamphlets and books; contributions to the party funds; attendance at meetings; new members.

Free literature should be distributed at least once a month.

Most important of all: Keep at it; week in and week out, the whole year round, and from year to year, UNTIL WE GET SOCIALISM.—Ex.

Book Review.

"LETTERS OF A PHYSICIAN TO HIS DAUGHTERS," by F. A. Rupp, M. D. Board covers 50 cent net. The Vir Publishing Co., 214 North Fifteenth st., Philadelphia, Pa.

During the past few years not only physicians and surgeons, but even ecclesiastical convention have advised the widest possible dissemination of judicious information concerning the influence which are annually sending so many innocent, unoffending and unspiculous wives to the opiate table. This booklet contains the earnest counsels of a judicious father, who is also a physician, to his daughters, and the information and counsels which it gives upon these vital subjects are couched in terms of utmost delicacy. They are heart to heart talks with young girls, seeking to safeguard them before marriage by intelligence upon the pernicious consequences of accepting without question the friendship of young men whose lives have been unrestrained by manly honor.

Woman suffrage is undoubtedly coming and I for one expect a great deal of good to result from it.—Henry W. Longfellow.

It is said that women ought not to vote because they do not fight. But she who bears soldiers does not need to bear arms.—Lady Henry Somerset, temperance leader in England.

We need the participation of woman in the ballot box. It is idle to fear that she will meet with disrespect or insult at the polls. Let her walk up firmly and modestly to deposit her vote, and if any one venture to molest her, the crowd will swallow him up as the whale swallowed up Jonah.—Henry Ward Beecher.

The Marriage Contract

LIDA PARCE

(Continued from last issue.)

As a matter of fact, we know that the common experience of marriage is on a much higher plane than that indicated by the laws. As many failures as there are; blighting and hurtful as is the position of woman in marriage, it is not usually as bad as the law would make it out. And the lot of the majority of children is not as desperate as the condition the law consigns them to.

The law does not say that a man shall live on the earnings of his wife and children, that he shall violate his wife sexually, that he shall not educate his children, that he shall "restrain" his wife while he enforces "his parental discipline," that he shall dissipate his wife's future and give her family spoons to his mistress. It merely says that he may do all these things and many more of the same kind, without fear of punishment. It is left to his free will whether he will commit these several crimes and misdemeanors or not; and public opinion and social suggestion are more or less against them all.

Nevertheless, the thousands of men who desert their families every year, the tens of thousands in the mill towns who live on the earnings of their children, the high percentage of illiterate children in some states, the untold thousands of women who live lives of anguish because of sexual and economic exploitation by their husbands, all these show that public opinion does not protect where the law specifically allows the commission of crimes and misdemeanors. And they show that it is not safe to expose individual women and children to the mercy of individual men.

Neither individually, through the power that the laws on "Persons and Domestic Relations" give them, nor collectively, through the law-making power, have men proven themselves fit to rule the race alone.

These specific acts which the law gives a man a right to commit under the terms of the marriage contract are acts which are recognized as being base and harmful to society. If committed outside that relation they are punished by law. Then why does the law legalize them within that relation? Is marriage a license to a man to commit deprivations against a woman and her children? It would seem so. And this is what is called "protection."

Of course, most men are too decent to commit all the crimes the law allows them under the marriage contract, and some are too decent to commit any of them. They are "good" and "indulgent" to their wives and children. And it is very comfortable to feel that one is "good" and "indulgent." But if those harmful acts that are committed within the family relation because they are legalized, were prevented, there would be an immense advance in civilization as a result.

The right kind of man scorns to be "good" or "indulgent" to his family. What he wants is to treat everybody fairly, just as he would if they were able to "take it out of him."

Probably few people would be willing to enter into the terms of this contract if they knew what the terms are. The only thing necessary to secure a change in them, therefore, is publicity.

How shall we procure this publicity?

When Mr. Chase, former Socialist mayor

of Haverhill, Mass., was married, he had a contract drawn up in legal form, containing such provisions as he and the lady whom he married through fit and appropriate, and they signed this contract. Henry Blackwell and Alice Stone, veteran editors of the Woman's Journal, were married in a similar way.

Such a marriage is strictly legal and "respectable." It meets all the requirements of the law. Tiffany says (P. and D. R., p. 29):

"If a statute prescribes formalities for the celebration of marriage, it is not to be construed as rendering an informal marriage invalid, unless it expressly so declares."

"The legislature has the power to confirm and make valid marriages which were before voidable." (P. 40.)

"Statutes governing marriage are to be construed, in the light of the law as it existed prior to their enactment; and unless the intention of the legislature to that effect is clear, they will not be held to avoid marriages that were valid at common law, or to otherwise change the common law." (P. 43.)

"The parties should comply with the statutory law in the celebration of marriage, but non-compliance does not necessarily render the marriage invalid. At common law no formalities are necessary; mutual consent, expressed or implied from conduct, being sufficient" (P. 45.)

From the above it is clear that marriage by voluntary contract is perfectly legal. And also, that it is within the power of the state legislatures to change the laws governing marriage. Marriages by voluntary contract would be the strongest kind of propaganda for the abolition of the old laws, and a large number of such marriages would be indisputable evidence that the laws ought to be changed.

Publicity regarding the law would be sufficient to drive people to marry by voluntary contract. All that is necessary is just to let people know what the terms of the "contract as prescribed by law" are.

Having gone over some of the principle terms of the law relating to marriage as we have, we can see why some of the authorities are inclined to regard it as a "status" instead of a "contract." Status is an abridgement of freedom. And a "contract according to the form prescribed by law" is not in every sense a free contract. The state of freedom consists in being governed by voluntary contract. There is a sort of "freedom" cult, particularly among men, in these days, in which it is regarded as an infraction of liberty to have to keep the terms of a contract entered into. And if the contract is not voluntary, there may be some justification for that attitude. But when the terms of the contract are voluntary, there can be no such justification. Freedom does not involve the violation of voluntary contract.

The old laws would still hold, doubtless, in case any one who had married by voluntary contract wished to claim the privileges of committing crimes and misdemeanors according to the law. If he wished to live on the earnings of his family he could still do so, until such time as the laws are changed; but the moral effect of having disavowed the license of the law

would be strong. Few men would be found willing to so dishonor themselves. This is one of the situations in which a new custom can grow up within the old without having to wait to formally abolish the old. And for the first time in the history of civilization women can, in this way, have a voice in forming the conditions under which they will live.

Discussion as to what those conditions shall be are now in order.

President Day thinks he has discovered why people do not marry. He says it is because they are not self-sacrificing enough. Perhaps he is right. The question then is: shall people be forced, in some way, to enter upon a marriage which is regarded as a sacrificial rite, or shall the conditions of marriage be so changed that it shall be not a sacrifice but a fulfillment. I vote for the change. And I believe you do also. How, then, shall such changes be made? in what shall they consist?

The first thing is to revoke all legalizing of crimes and misdemeanors in the domestic relations. Secondly, every "legal fiction" and judicial theory that is contrary to nature and fact should be thrown over. That is, woman's identity should not be regarded as being "dissolved" when she marries. She should not lose any rights as an individual and citizen that she had before marriage. Her identity should not be considered to be "suspended." The theory of a "union of persons in the husband and wife" should be abandoned utterly.

Thirdly, marriage should become a social instead of a competitive institution. The principle of a social institution is that the persons coming within it act and react upon each other. There is stimulation and response. Interaction is mutual. And the benefits which result are mutual. A social institution is a republic in which all are equal.

A competitive institution is one in which each individual is set over against every other individual. The advantage of one is gained at the expense of the others. The market, for instance, is a competitive institution. Marriage, as prescribed by law, is another. The wife gives up everything she possesses and is her very individuality itself for the advantage of the husband.

As a matter of fact, we know that marriage is a social institution. It is, in the main, only the legal theory that is competitive. What we want, then, is to wipe out the competitive theory embodied in the marriage laws and substitute a social theory and a social law. That would go a long way toward wiping out such actual competition as does exist in fact.

How far has our so-called "Christian marriage" departed from the spirit of the gospel of the Nazarene?

When we exclude from the marriage contract legalized crimes and misdemeanors, the legal fiction of the wife's suspended individuality, and the theory of competition we shall be in a position to establish an ethical relation between the sexes.

"Letters to a Woman's Husband"

is a little booklet that you ought to read; it tells how to do away with the kitchen-slavery to which the average wife and mother is subjected. Get it, and read it to "him."

You will find this matter an important one; do not fail to send your address today for the free literature. Send to W. D. Wattles, Elwood, Ind.

Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, the English Socialist suffragist, spoke on "Social Motherhood" at the College Equal Suffrage League in Boston, recently.

FROM A VICTIM OF "THE VAMPIRE"

The article by Theresa Malkiel in the April issue of *The Progressive Woman*, entitled "The Vampire," is such an exceedingly good article and fits my own life so well that I beg for space to say a few words on the subject myself.

California laws, like those of most states, are terrible for women. They are NOT for woman's protection or care, but to grind her most awful under the foot of man. One of the worst laws that we have is, that the children belong to the father. Oh! is not that terrible! After all that a woman goes through to get her children, the man, who has endured nothing, can take them away from her. Will there never be a turn in this horrible lane? By means of this infamous law the very worst of brutes can hold good, pure women in terrible, indescribable bondage and slavery, and raise her children for the gallows or state's prison through his evil teaching, influence and example, and mothers are powerless to help themselves or their children. Such is my life. I have no money, and I have four children living. I have been beaten and choked into submission by the man who calls me wife, have hid in the woods while he hunted me with an open knife in his hand. Have endured—but it is impossible to give even a hint of what I have endured. And you can imagine what sixteen years of such a life has done to me. When he has learned I was with child, he has abused me awfully, and made me take a certain drink that would have killed me as well as the unborn child, if I had not always managed to get outside in time to throw it up. When I have complained of physical anguish, he has ridiculed and abused me. My babies were always cross and crying, but he would never touch one of them, never help me in their care. As soon as they were old enough, he would take them on his lap, and say to them, "Bad mama. Bad mama. Mama bad mama, bad," thus raising disrespect toward me in their young minds. No mother ever had greater mother-love and this influence is torture to me.

He is fond of the opinion of people outside the home, is a good talker, and makes himself agreeable socially with others. He says if I go to court against him he will take the children from me, though he really doesn't want them. He says he will tell stories on me that will blacken my character, and many other things. But the loss of the children is what I most fear. He is not fit to have them. Oh, is there no justice in the world? It seems the only thing I can do is to lie down and die, but I dare not leave my children as long as I can help it.

To those who believe in astrology I will say I was born the 12th of March, 1873. I feel like I was one hundred years old. I could write on and on, filling many large sheets of paper, but I know I must stop now. . . . In discouragement, anguish and awful despair, I remain, Heartache, Cal.

(The writer of the above wishes her name and address concealed, but we have it on our files, and hope that something can be done to free this woman from her present situation. We know from other letters received that there are thousands who suffer as she does, in greater or less degree, and that it is the duty of Socialist men and women to keep this fact in mind, and make a vigorous fight to free woman-kind from both sex and wage slavery.—The Ed.)

A MOTHER'S RIGHT.

When the son of Senator Tillman deeded his children to his parents, ignoring the natural rights of their mother, the supreme court of South Carolina refused to recognize the transfer as binding in law. Yet this was in the face of a statute expressly granting the privilege the father exercised. Public sentiment is changing, but it must not be forgotten that in all but thirteen of the forty-six states of the union the law, even now, expressly provides that a father may will his child away from its mother and this may be done even though the child be yet unborn. Men are better than the laws they make, yet injustice always possible, too frequently is done the mothers who have no voice in the law. For fifty-five years Massachusetts' women petitioned the legislature for equal guardianship and then secured it, only after a terrible tragedy. A poor, hard-working mother supporting five children by washing was told by her drunken husband that he would give all the children away. She appealed to her neighbors who told her she was powerless, as the law gave her husband absolute control of her children. She became crazed and killed all her children and herself and then only after fifty-five years of pleading mothers in Massachusetts were given equal guardianship with fathers. And this happened as late as 1902. In Colorado, women secured equal guardianship from the very first legislature that met after they got the vote.—Votes for Women.

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS—ITS HUMAN-NESS.

BY GRACE MOORE.

The National Federation of Women's Clubs recently held in Cincinnati, Ohio, (May 10th to 19th) was to the least observing a revealer. To the student of "movements," the psychologist, sociologist, it was more than significant. The poet's dream is surely coming true—his dream of freedom and equality and a world democracy. "The dear love of comrades" is being found out. Man has found it to a considerable extent in "the lodge," woman is finding it very largely in "the clubs," and as men and women lose themselves in the Great Work—the work of attaining to harmony and "heaven" here and now—the possibilities are shown, of such comradeship as no lodge or club, church or society or any organization has any passport to. Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker, twice President of the National Federation and today its most popular leader, gave subtle expression to this idea in an amusing story told at the closing session of the Federation. It was to the effect that after some years of municipal service in the city of Denver, in constant association with a certain man who had at first opposed her entrance into the political field with him on the ground of her sex, she asked him for his frank opinion in view of the experiences he had had with her, as to the possibilities or impossibilities of a man working with a woman in politics, and received the following reply: "Madam, I consider that you have been a **perfect gentleman**;" When woman can be a "perfect gentleman" and man can be a "perfect lady," something has happened. A new relationship and adjustment, a new sphere—the sphere of both man and woman—has opened.

"The Federation isn't at all what it used to be." "The insurgents don't seem to

win," "Efficiency and achievement and human results count in this convention—whether the club makes pies or paints pictures doesn't seem to matter, so that what it does it does well." "The women's clubs will save to us whatever deserves saving of the American home and fireside"—these were some of the exclamations heard before the convention had had time to get it's breakfast.

It is in the field of household and social economics and civil service reform, rather than in the study of books of history, art and literature, that women are touching each other and each other's interests in a deeply human way. To be industrious and efficient is coming to be more fashionable than to boast by display or otherwise of an income made by husband or father or brother, in some dividend-paying corporation. "Reports" from clubs working mostly for fancy work, individual culture, as compared with reports from clubs doing active and effective work for their community, or to some human end collectively, were not many or very close together. The art and study class is good and not to be dispensed with or discouraged, but the actual present day conditions in the home, community, state and nation—"To these conditions due to partisan politics, bribery, white slavery, child labor, food adulteration and the rest, we cannot be indifferent," say the women. Prevention seemed to be the keynote of the convention—prevention of waste of human lives, especially the lives of little children condemned to labor; prevention of waste of our national resources and of all forms of extortion and inhuman greed due to the spoils system. "The Forest and the Family;" "Our National Waterways;" "Armament vs. Disarmament;" "The Death Roll of Industry;" "Rural Conditions in America;" "The Influence of Women on Legislation;" "The Theater and the People;" these were some of the subjects of committee meetings and of platform discussions by some of America's best-known students, teachers, writers; and the dignity and forcefulness with which all was done, greatly impressed the freshman delegate to this National Federation of Women's Clubs. Here, indeed, were revealed signs and forces in social evolution—forces working very slowly but surely for righteousness.

Those who doubt the efficiency and strength and permanency of the woman's club movement, especially those whose doubts are based on their fear of possible injury or destruction to the home (we are so "scared" of our "sacred homes," as if God would permit anything really "sacred" to get away from us!) should reflect that it was as wives and mothers and to make better wives and mothers that women first grouped themselves into what is now in reality the only hope of the home—not alone the National Federation of Women's Clubs, but the entire Woman Movement. "In unity is strength," and if we have a unity of wives and mothers we shall, of course, have stronger wifehood and motherhood and homes of greater strength and purity. As shown by the "Twenty Years of Retrospect" of Mrs. Joseph P. Mumford of Pennsylvania, the woman's club movement began with the desire of a few women to get together on subjects pertaining to housekeeping and home-making and incidentally to "read and study." The questions considered as of most vital importance, by the first club and federation meetings, as given by Mrs. Mumford, caused

something more than a "ripple of merriment" among the several thousand women present. Mrs. Mumford's exact wording of the subjects discussed by her club twenty years ago I do not recall, but they ran something like this: "How the Club Meeting May Be Made Profitable," "Is the Evening or the Afternoon the Best Time for a Woman's Club Meeting?" "The Best Influences Toward Sociability and Economy in the Home," "Who Is the Greatest American Author Today—Nathaniel Hawthorne or Harriet Beecher Stowe?" "Are Refreshments at Open Club Meetings Desirable or Necessary?" The humanness of Mrs. Mumford's personal reminiscences of "Yesterday" was irresistible. Her own appreciation of the tremendous intellectual and ethical space lying between the club program of yesterday and that of today, and her many quaint allusions to "Auld Lang Syne," lent color and charm to an address that was to say but little unique.

Next on the program of this concluding session of the "Tenth Biennial" was the subject of "Today, Its Spirit and Opportunity," and Mrs. J. L. Washburn, of Minnesota, both by her personality and her words, impressed the lesson of dignity and self-control, training and devotion. Silently and in her speech Mrs. Washburn emphasized the need and significance of these human qualities as gateways to new powers and larger activities for the individual woman and the club and federation. Not all comparisons are odious. Comparing Mrs. Washburn's achievement and personality with Mrs. Mumford's and then considering the address on "Tomorrow—An Outlook into the Future," and the personality of Mrs. Sarah S. Platt Decker, who presented it as "woman's last word" at the Tenth Biennial, one could not avoid the conclusion that in the personalities and attainments of these three women themselves, was beautifully symbolized the "past, present and future" of the woman movement. Each in herself, personally, intellectually, spiritually, expressed the particular subject assigned to her and each did full justice to it. Mrs. Decker, "the boss" in Colorado politics—to the extent that it is possible for a woman to become a "boss"—could scarcely begin her speech, for the thundering applause that greeted her. "An Outlook into the Future" it certainly was and such an outlook as only the speech itself could do justice to. Mrs. Decker is loved for her extraordinary convictions, and courage and tact in presenting them. Her rare intellectual force, splendid wit, deep spiritual insight and tenderly loving nature combine to make her the power that she is.

As every one knows, this was "not a suffrage convention, but a convention of suffragists"! The determination of the Federation to "keep out suffrage" has resulted in this way that suffrage because necessary to woman as her real and permanent means to the end she seeks, somehow "got in" and now the inhospitable ones who put the chain on the door find that they have disfigured their own noses and can't have their pictures "took." The president of the Federation, Mrs. Philip N. Moore, of St. Louis, when called upon for her "yes" or "no" to the question, "Are you a suffragist?" frankly said "Yes." Practically all of the officers and older members and delegates confessed to being suffragists when forced to tell the truth! And Mrs. Decker's "outlook into future"

explained it all—explained how all unconsciously woman has been marching toward the ballot box; how with slow but sure progress she has advanced from the limitations of kitchen, diningroom, bedroom and parlor to the limitless sphere of the great human world, with its millions of human interests and activities; how to complete man's sphere, woman's must be completed, and they being complete, opposite and equal, will then find their real human relationship and possibilities.

But it is seen that the subject of political equality is a much larger one than even the "rights" of woman. Perhaps it is because woman has thought and cared so little about her rights that she finds them suddenly requiring her recognition and demanding that she take and exercise them; not for her own interests, great as those are, but that the interests of humanity as a whole, may benefit by her phenomenal growth and insight and that she may give to the world all the humanness possible. At least we heard at this "convention of suffragists," not of woman's rights, but of the right of the community, state and nation to clean government, and to honesty and decency everywhere; of the right of the child to be well born, well nurtured and its childhood and play-days kept sacred and apart from the deforming and soul-destroying influences of factory and corporation; the right of the public to good food, good sewerage, safe and efficient transportation service at prices that the poorest can afford; the right of the citizen of the world to his share of the realization and enjoyment of the natural beauties and resources of the world, and his right as a human being to plenty of breathing space, to parks and playgrounds, reading rooms, libraries and schools of life as distinguished from schools of books. His right also to beauty-spots where now are wearisome bill-boards and unsightly weeds, garbage, wreckage and rubbish; the right of the family and of the world to honorable motherhood and to pure and sane and voluntary love relations of fathers and mothers. These great human rights were the "rights" so ably considered in Cincinnati. The clubs doing the most practical work and proving by their fruits their power for the advancement of truly human interests, won the attention of the Federation over those clubs not so practical and so—human.

May it not be that here is to be found the mainspring of the success of every movement—the point where it proves its humanness and its humanizing and democratizing power? True, there were times on this occasion when it seemed as if the incidental became primary. There were here and there cliques, sets, gossip; and one tired of so many "receiving lines" and of rushing from one function to another. There was too much display of gowns, jewels and fine millinery, and one thought of the many wonderful women who had not time or opportunity to come to this meeting and who, if they had been present, would have smiled at the conspicuousness of the receiving line and wafer and teacup. However, we brought from Music hall in Cincinnati an inspiring sense of woman's place and power in the new scheme of things and beyond every other realization was the realization that not men alone, nor women alone, can make the world better, but that both together hand in hand AS COMRADES shall usher in the new and glorious social order.

A PACE MAKER.

ALICE BENNETT.

When Bertha entered the factory she was a pale-faced girl of the German-American type, with a slight stoop and a forward curve to the shoulders indicating her trade of garment maker. She was strangely taciturn and rarely spoke; one girl and she sat side by side for more than a year without exchange of words. Nature had gifted her with a genius for work, brain and hand were so correlated that she could speed a machine to its fullest capacity with no lost motion and without apparent effort. The management, always on the outlook for a pace maker, soon recognized in her the necessary qualification, and used her as an unconscious lash to goad her comrades to ever increasing effort. Some bent mind and body to compete in the unequal race until broken in spirit, sapped of all vitality, they succumbed to the first disease which attacked them, and found in an early grave release from toil. Others, made hopeless by the incessant strain, grew reckless and fell easy victims to temptations which ever surround the young and comely working girl. Bertha's wage averaged nine dollars a week while the other girls received from three to five. During the dull season she was kept constantly busy, while the others considered themselves fortunate to get one-half time. There was a rule in the shop that broken needles, thread, rental of machine or repairs on it, were charged up to the employes. Bertha was the only exception. Many a time on pay day tears coursed over pale cheeks as some girl saw her hard-earned pittance reduced in this manner. Some days there were, worse than others in this human beehive, days when the boss vented his ill temper in language brutal and coarse, on some shrinking, overwrought victim, or the forewoman doubled her numerous petty tyrannies.

On one such occasion while a girl's sobs could still be heard above the whirr of the machinery Bertha suddenly left her work and approached the forewoman; her voice was low, but the words she uttered were pregnant with meaning. "What right you got to treat the girls the way you do?" she said, and (warming with her theme) "What right you got to be always at them, telling lies about them to the boss, driving them like slaves, and giving them starvation wages? You ain't got no right. You'd better read your dictionary and find out what justice means, I reckon. I hate this place, more and more every day I live, I do." Had a galvanic battery been applied to her spinal column, or had the machine Bertha operated come over and attacked her, the forewoman could not have been taken more by surprise; her head swam, some way the bottom seemed to have dropped out of things and for a brief moment she was overwhelmed. But this woman had not been a tyrant

(Continued on page 14.)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Have You Paid the Boy?

You have paid the boy for the toll you bought;
He has had the price of his weary days
When he crushed the dreams that would come
unsought.

When he heard the call of the woodland ways,
And the endless drone of the whirring wheels
Held the subtle surge of the blurred refrain
Of the mumbing bees in the grass that steals
Through the meadow fence and along the lane.

And his eyes that strained as he did his task
Felt the weight of dreams, till mirages came
And the dust grimed walls were a sullen mask
Of the far fair hills where the flowers flame.
And the cluttered floor was a thing to fade
To sweep of land with its velvet sod
And a laughing brook where a boy can wade
By the banks where drowsy blossoms nod.

You have paid the boy. Have you paid for all?
You have paid him fair for the work he gave.
But the pictures hid by the gloomy wall,
And the coaxing hands that the treetops wave,
And the country road where the wreathing dust
Marks the flying feet of a happy lad—
You have paid the boy, and your course is just:
Can you pay for the fun that he never had?

For his ways today are the ways of man
And his face is set with the lines of age
Tho' the years of his are a little span—
Was he paid for this when he got his wage
You have paid the boy—but he paid you more
Than the days of toll that he gave to you,
For he wasted all of the untold store
Of the wonder dreams that he never knew.
—W. D. N., in the Chicago Tribune.

CHILDREN'S LETTERS.

Dear Comrades—I have never written to The Progressive Woman before, but now I will try my first letter. I am twelve years old, and in the seventh grade at school. I here send a few lines of poetry, which I hope you will put in The P. W., but expect it will see the waste basket first, as it is not the best:

THE PEOPLE'S PROGRESS.

There are lots of busy people
As busy as can be,
But the busiest are the Socialists.
Who are saving our good country.
And here is a heart that is yearning
To see the last of kings,
And to all I give a warning,
To be against such things.
And every day we open the eyes
Of many who are blind.
And sometime we will be thought wise
By all of good mankind.

—John McConnell, Shelley, Idaho.

Dear Comrades—I got the Debs and Girard children's picture, and it is on my wall. I want another, so enclose 10c for it and copies of this month's P. W. I am ten years old, and I am glad my papa and mama are Socialists, aren't you?—James Mahue, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear P. W.—I like the Children's Department. I like the letters especially. I am seven and am glad school is out. I wish we had Socialist schools; I think it would be nice. Please send me a little Socialist primer.—Yours, Bonnie Hayes, Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Comrades—I am a girl twelve years old, and I want to tell you what we do. We girls and boys play Socialism, and we have play-rooms with a co-operative kitchen and dining-room, and I tell you we enjoy it. It is nice to all eat together. Then we have play-like Socialist schools, with meals provided for the children. This saves the mothers lots of work, as the noon meal is the most troublesome. I hope we can have real Socialism some day.—Your little comrade, Daisy Miller, Vancouver, B. C.

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL."

A Story for the Larger Children.

ELLEN WETHERELL.

Chapter II.

"Blessed are the merciful for they shall obtain mercy."

Deep in the heart of an old New England city a night is coming on. The effulgent "Hunter's moon," hanging a red gold globe in the darkening purple vault, is suffusing the air with a radiance as rare as it is beautiful.

From the highest pinnacle of the highest tower of the "Church of Our Savior" the bronze Angel Gabriel, catching the glow upon its gilded wings, bespeaks a new meaning, a greater glory to the hearts of the faithful few, who are longingly watch-

ing and waiting for the dawn of the promised millennial morn.

Upon the grand memorial window, gift of the children of the Sabbath school in tender memory of a beloved little one suddenly called from their midst, and illustrating the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, the Savior, the wondrous moonlight falls with a special glory, mingling with the brilliant colors of the pane, subduing and transforming until the consecrated Christ face shines with a splendor hitherto unseen by the worshippers at the sacred edifice.

It is nine o'clock by the church dial. The doors of the sanctuary are flung wide to the night. Organ harmonies sonorously vibrate upon the mellow air. Silken gowned ladies are rustling in and out through the open doors, and gentlemen in "strict evening attire," blandly smiling their satisfaction, are bustling to and fro. It is a grand festival given by the ladies of the First Church, in honor of their pastor's return from his annual trip to the Maine woods.

"An Organ Recital and Venison Supper," so reads the programme. For over a week the dailies have blazoned with an account of the coming event: tickets have been sold at premium prices, in the hands of zealous workers running up to five dollars per ticket. The children of the "juvenile school" wear dresses made for the occasion, sheer white muslin with little fawns embroidered in green silk and gold thread, joyously leaping through hoops of evergreen under a translucent moon. This feature of the programme matured from the mind of the directress of the "Infant School," was pronounced "original and sweet."

The affair had been discussed with great eclat by wide circles of Christian workers, and many societies of benevolent import had lent their support in aid of the event. "A Venison Supper," the proceeds to go to the poor heathen," said one vender of tickets.

"Ah," said her friend, "how interesting, and you say that Doctor D. actually shot the deer?"

"Assuredly," said the first speaker. "Doctor D. is a splendid huntsman; he surprised the pretty creature just about to drink in the early morning."

"How delightful," replied the friend.

"Yes, delightful," said the first speaker, "and very fortunate, for now, with this great success, we shall stand first in the city in support of foreign missions. We can send another missionary to Africa, into the interior, among the man-eaters. Rev. Mr. S. desires to go to help reclaim those cannibals from their horrible practice."

"Ah, may he have success," cried the friend. "It is a divine injunction to 'go preach the gospel to all nations.'"

"Yes," replied the first, "it is His command; but to go among those who kill and eat their kind takes much grace and courage."

"But they go," replied the other, "with the Bread of Life, and the Lord is their shield and buckler; it is much to praise Him for, that they are chosen ones to bear His blessed gospel to such distant and Godless parts, and glad am I that Doctor D. was so fortunate, and the ladies so thoughtful in projecting this festival for such a glorious purpose, and then venison is so

sweet, and the children will so enjoy their first taste of it."

In the moon's tremulous radiance the Church of Our Savior lies bathed. The sweet Indian summer air pursates upon the cheek of the thousand worshippers thronging through its open doors. Beethoven's mighty symphonies, rolling majestically forth, thunder Sinai's judgments in grand harmonious accord. Upon the memorial window, upon the face of the risen Christ, the marvelous moonbeams rest. Within the church the learned doctor and beloved pastor has spoken a word to his flock. He has told them of his visit to the beautiful forest, he has spoken charmingly of the great lakes and the cool waters of the springs, of the running sylvan brooks, and the abundant game. He has dwelt upon the event of that early morning hunt, of his success and his gratitude to the Father of all life, and while delicately carving the steaming steaks, he deplores his inability to give more than a small souvenir to each of this, the church's first venison supper. He thanks the ladies of the society for their part in the affair, praying that the Lord might bless them wonderfully for their noble efforts. The feast goes on. The music's undulating flow rises and falls in long majestic waves of harmony. I turn my eyes to the walls of the sacred temple where in letters of gold I read:

"Thou shalt not kill." Love one another." "As ye would others should do to you, do ye even so to them." "The leopard and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

Again, in letters of gold, I read:

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

"Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

"Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the Children of God."

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

The music ebbs and flows, now sweet and soft as the lap of waves on shining sands; again victoriously jubilant as a ransomed soul; now pleadingly tender as a cradle lullaby—again, free and triumphant in far-reaching surrender of self upon the altar of the divine pathos and passion, childhood and divine fatherhood, repentance and renunciation poems of hope and love and peace.

The feast goes on; the light laughter, the flow of speech, the unrestrained joy. I turn to the sacred window, to the compassionate Christ face, and behold! methinks upon the divine countenance a sorrowful smile of pity rests, within the holy eyes tears of sorrow swell, and from the pictured lips I hear these words:

"Patience, patience; in mine own good time will I draw all men unto me. Patience, patience; yet a little while, the leopard and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

And as I listen a great peace falls upon me and I go out into the night, and the peace goes with me, and when abreast of a great market where men are buying and selling, I see within a window, wreathed in the evergreen of the woods the dead body of a little suckling pig, pink as when it fell from its mother's womb; and up and down, hanging by their feet, long rows of winged creatures, shorn of their heads, their featherless necks shriveled and distorted, and upon large salvers grouped in tempting epicurean array the beautiful fish

of the lakes and rivers, their wondrous shining scales more beautiful than silver or gold. When I see all this, see huge creatures, split from snout to tail, stretched wide from wooden pegs awaiting the cleaving knife; when I see bleating lambs, sucking calves, the mild-eyed ox, disembowled, dismembered, disjointed, cleft, cut, sliced and shaven, aye! more—see tubs of pig's feet in pickle; see tongues of lambs, oxen, and even of the mother cow, to whose taste the sweet grass cud was ever sufficient, and who ever was ready to yield the fruit of her teat to the babe when its natural mother lacked; see these ghastly trophies of a ghastlier slaughter piled high, awaiting the Christiah's dinner, when I see all this, aye! more—see the entrails of a hundred hogs, heap upon heap, stuffed to completion, see the secretory organs of myriad cattle, see red liver, heart, paunch and kidney exposed in charnelion display to the equipped eye of the Christian gastronomist, aye!—when I see men and women professing holy sanctified lives, vie with each other for choice cuts from these lead carcasses of their nether kind—when I see these men and women to whose lips the fermented juice of the purple grape would be pollution, to whose ears the divine expression of dramatic art would be sacrilegious, SEEK PROMOTION OF SPIRITUAL LIFE ON THE DEATH THROES OF THEIR HELPLESS NETHER BROTHER AND SISTER; when I see all this, my heart sickeneth, my soul revolteth, and with the psalmist I cry:

"How long, Oh Lord, how long!" I close my eyes, and again, upon the walls of the "Church of Our Savior" I read:

"Thou shalt not kill."
 "Love one another as I have loved you."
 "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

And from the memorial window, the Christ face looks down, heavenly in compassion, divine in sorrow, and from the holy lips I hear:

"Patience, patience, in mine own good time will I draw all men unto me. Patience, patience. Yet a little while; the leopard and the lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them."

Again the great peace falls upon me and I go out into the night, into the marvellous moonlit night, and the peace goes with me.

The question, How shall we teach our children to become Socialists? is one which is of utmost concern to all parents socialistically inclined. The Little Socialist Magazine overcomes this difficulty with considerable cleverness. It does not reveal its tendencies with unpleasant obtrusiveness, nor preach Socialism in a manner likely to become obnoxious to children, but clothes its teachings skilfully in small stories, fables and historical sketches, so that the children imbibe the Socialist spirit and conceptions almost unconsciously.

Boys and Girls

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Realizing the great importance of concerted and co-operative movement for the creation and carrying on of Socialist Sunday schools, the recent convention in New Jersey has elected a state committee on Sunday schools to carry out the aforesaid purpose. The committee has organized and will proceed at once to work. In the meantime all comrades who can furnish the committee with suggestions, methods of lessons and other valuable information should do so. It will be greatly appreciated. Kindly forward all information to the secretary, Frank Hubschmitt, 288 Ellison street, Paterson, N. J.

The Woman's Journal, founded by Lucy Stone and Henry Blackwell, has been made the official organ of the National American Suffrage Association. This action was taken at the national convention, and has just passed into effect.

Sub cards to The P. W., four for \$1.

THE Quinn-Campbell Conservatory of Music has a home-study course that is so far ahead of any other method that there is no comparison---time, cost and results considered. A pupil goes farther, the instruction costs less, the time is shorter, the results are certain.

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THE PUBLISHER'S WORD.



In this issue of The Progressive Woman is an article "The Traffic in Girl Slaves," which I am sure every reader of The P. W. will follow carefully from beginning to end. Some of you will read it because the subject is a sensational one; others because they want to learn more about it,

and still others because they want to do something to STOP THE BUSINESS.

I wish all our readers would join the last class. There absolutely is no use in knowing about a thing like this, unless you intend to try and remedy it in some way. And I believe the majority of the wills of the American people are on the right side, and that they will abolish white slavery, once they fully understand the menace of it. That is why these articles are being published. SO THE PEOPLE WILL KNOW INTO WHAT FRIGHTFUL CONDITIONS THEIR YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN ARE LED UNDER THE PROFIT SYSTEM. And knowing, they will act.

So don't fail to get these articles before your friends. Take the matter into your locals, have them order bundles, and through them put out hundreds of thousands of this issue of The P. W., and of the issues that are to follow with white slave articles. If you are anxious to get women interested in our movement, this is one of the evils of capitalism that will bring them. The articles we are giving are not mere philosophizing sermons on the evils of a subject about which nobody knows anything. They are the actual facts as they exist, taken from the records of a man who is daily prosecuting men and women engaged in this business. They are the confessions of the victims, the experiences of those in rescue work, of actual conditions as witnessed by the editor of The P. W., and of laws, old and new, concerning the matter, the testimony of physicians, the effect upon children living in the districts, etc.

As Attorney Roe said, "this is a Socialist fight," and we want you to make it such.

Bundles will be sent to any United States address at 2c a copy, 100 copies \$2, 1,000 copies, \$15.

The cartoon on our cover page this month was made expressly for this issue by Ward Savage, the clever cartoonist of The Chicago Daily Socialist. Three years ago one of the big advertising journals listed Comrade Savage as fourth in the line of American cartoonists, ranging him with McCutcheon, Powers and Davenport, in originality of ideas, forceful expression, etc. We are sure his cartoon on our cover page, giving the root of the white slave traffic, will prove a winner in the propaganda for Socialism, and the consequent abolition of the traffic.

The ad. concerning a limited number of shares of gold mining stock in this issue of The P. W. is not a stock selling scheme. We know about this mine, know that it is

being successfully worked, know who certain well-known stockholders are, and that none of the stock is for sale, excepting the shares here offered. This is no more a "promoting" scheme than would be the offer for sale of The P. W. If you are interested in this sort of an investment, you can learn the full particulars by addressing us.

Now comrades, I want to add a last word. ARE you scattering leaflets, and putting The P. W. into every home in your locality? ARE you making the comrades in your local acquainted with our literature, and the need of it? ARE you doing any or all of these things? And if YOU are no, who do you expect will do it? It is up to YOU, comrade. Let us hear from you.

A PACE MAKER.

(Continued from page 11.)

for years to yield without a struggle; she rallied her scattered forces and ordered the excited girl back to her machine. "When I'm hankering for your ideas, Bertha Schmidt, I'll ask for them," she said. "I'd like to know what you got to kick about any way. This is what comes of being too good-hearted and soft with you. Now my advice to you (with a malicious grin) is to stick to your job and keep your mouth shut."

Dazed by the unwonted effort at expression and conquered for the moment the girl did as she was bade.

On the day following the forewoman's eyes rested meditatively at a certain impassive back bent over the machine. "Gee! I hope she won't have them spells often, or I shall have to take a rest cure. I guess I settled her though (complacently); it takes me to keep them where they belong, you bet." Everything went on as usual for another fortnight, when one noon hour Bertha joined a group of girls who were absorbed in an exciting discussion of their wrongs. "What's the use of knocking," said one girl, "every time you kick she docks you a quarter, what's the use says I." Bertha drew nearer, "What yous girls wants to do is to stand together; no one of yous can get anything alone, but yous all pull together and I'll stand with yous." Had a bomb burst in their midst the girls could not have been more startled. Here was their bete noir, the pace setter, a girl with no personal grievance and with nothing to gain, ready to join issue with her less fortunate mates prompted simply by a pure love for justice. It was incomprehensible, but comforting beyond words. Instantly they recognized in her their leader and placed themselves under her command. "What we can't stand is the forelady," said one girl, and "I move that we put on our things and walk out, every man jack of us." The suggestion sounded alluring, and they doubtless would have stampeded, one and all, had not Bertha's sense of fair play come to the rescue. She had never heard of a labor union nor did she know anything about organization, but her clear, businesslike head told her that their power must lie in a concerted and

intelligent action; that there must be thrashed out certain definite demands which in turn must be formally presented to their employer, and that their further action must depend upon his reception of these demands. So she said, "No, we must have a meeting." This sounded interesting, but, "Where when? how?" "There's an empty room downstairs, yous go in there and I'll be the cop," said Bertha.

Accordingly the girls gathered in the room indicated and following their leader's instructions appointed a committee to wait on the boss and demand the removal of the obnoxious forewoman and a raise of one dollar a week in their wages. While the meeting was still in session the boss passed the "cop" on the stairs. "Hallo! Bertha, what you up to," he exclaimed. "Oh, just standing round," she replied nonchalantly. The meeting was over and the committee was heading valiantly up the stairs encouraged by the cheers of their comrades when the boss (who had been informed of what was taking place) appeared on the landing. The committee turned tail and flew to cover with their frightened comrades who were huddling close to Bertha. The manager turned to the leader, his glance swept the group with withering scorn. "Get back to work everyone of yous in five minutes," he said, "or you'll never do another stitch of work in this place or in any other either, where I can hinder you." Bertha turned to the crowd of frightened girls. "Speak up," she said "don't be afraid, tell him what we want and don't take off your hats till we get it either. Go on Becky and Liz, tell him what we want." And she literally pushed the quaking committee toward the angry boss. The girls managed to make their request known. In response he emptied the whole volley of his wrath in language so coarse and with so many threats that these girls, so long used to being cowed, as though by common consent, made a rush for the dressing room. In vain Bertha expostulated, and tried to restore order and courage to her broken ranks. Finally seeing the fallacy of standing out alone she, too, removed her wraps and resumed her accustomed place.

At intervals during the afternoon the office sent for one girl after another and closely questioned her. At last Bertha was called. With the others the boss had found it comparatively plain sailing; a few adroit questions modified according to the type of girl he was interrogating, and he had extracted the exact information he was after. But in Bertha he found a bird of quite a different feather and for once he was distinctly puzzled. Had he not treated this girl with unremitting favor during the two years that she had been in his employ? To be sure his interest in her had been quite impersonal and purely commercial; she was an asset to his business and as such her value had been estimated to the fraction of a cent. His task now

was to find out the minimum price she had set at the back of that long head of hers still to lead the factory pace and find herself to keep the peace. He handed her a slip of paper containing a list of seven names of girls who had been active in the recent revolt. "I am old, Bertha, that your name should come first on this list, but you see (ogling her) I feel a particular interest in you and have decided to keep you only"—he got no farther, for flinging the paper at his feet Bertha stood before him blazing with righteous anger. "Add my name to that list," she said and vanished.

An hour later a pale, excited girl threw her arms around her mother's neck and sobbed, and sobbed, and sobbed and sobbed, "I know, mother, how you need every cent; it was just this morning I heard you say Johnny needed pants, and Mark needed shoes. I know how you need every cent that I can earn. Only, mother, I couldn't bear any longer. I had to do it." And her mother held her child in her arms and comforted her. "You did just right, my girl," she said. "It's a pity if we can't help you and stand by you now after all the years you have given us every cent you had. Don't you worry about the kids, I'll find some way to get what they need."

For two weeks Bertha sought work in vain; it was dull season and she had no reference. She was brave enough to offer personally, but, although she tried to conceal it, her mother's face grew drawn and anxious. And she often heard her quieting the children when they asked why they were being deprived of various comforts. Daily the poor girl sought in vain to find work. Two weeks had thus passed when a letter came from her old employer offering to give her back her old place with a raise of two dollars a week on her pay, but stating that the seven blacklisted girls had been laid off, and that under no consideration would he ever taken them back. For half an hour the girl struggled with the crucial trial of her strength. Before her lay uncertainty and suffering for those she loved best. For thirty minutes she struggled manfully; during this time she had lived as many years. Then she rose and threw the letter unanswered in the fire. On the following day she found work for three dollars and a half a week. A week later there came another letter offering her the same conditions with fourteen dollars a week. She had fought out this battle once and for all and had taken her stand for justice. Nothing could ever again tempt her to swerve, so this letter met the fate of its predecessor and this page of her history was closed.

Through a girl at the new shop she heard for the first time about a trade union. Her recent experience prepared her to appreciate its value. She is now forewoman in a "fair shop" where the girls receive a proper wage for an eight-hour-day.—Charities and the Commons.

THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.

There's a haunting horror near us,
That nothing drives away—
Fierce lamping eyes at nightfall,
A crouching shade by day;
There's a whining at the threshold,
A scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door!

The day was long, the night was short.
The bed was hard and cold.
Still weary are the little ones,
Still weary are the old.
We are weary in our cradles,
From our mother's toll untold,
We are born to hoarded weariness,
As some to hoarded gold.

We will not rise! We will not work;
Nothing the day can give
Is half so sweet as an hour of sleep;
Better to sleep than live!
What power can stir these heavy limbs.
What hope these dull hearts swell?
What fear more cold, what pain more sharp,
Than the life we know so well?

To die like a man by lead or by steel
Is nothing that we should fear;
No human death would be worse to feel
Than the life that holds us here.
But this is a fear that no heart can face—
A fate no man can dare—
To be run to the earth and die by the teeth
Of the gnawing monster there.

The slow, relentless, padding step
That never goes astray—
The rustle in the underbrush—
The shadow in the way—
The straining flight—the long pursuit—
The steady gain behind—
Death-wearied man and tireless brute,
And the struggle wild and blind!

There's a hot breath at the keyhole
And a tearing of the teeth!
Well do I know the bloodshot eyes
And the dripping jaws beneath!
There's a whining at the threshold—
There's a scratching at the floor—
To work! To work! In Heaven's name!
The wolf is at the door.

—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Socialism means the ownership by the people of the means of life—of the mines, mills, factories, etc. When the people own these things they own the food supplies of the nation, and none of them need go hungry, cold or shelterless.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young has been re-elected superintendent of schools in the city of Chicago. A great celebration was made over this election, for Mrs. Young has not only done her work well, but has made a place deep in the hearts of her co-workers.

The English suffragists marched in procession on June 18th in support of the pending suffrage bill. The parade was two miles long, and, according to the press dispatches, broke all previous records.

We will be glad to have you make use of those sub cards you have in your pocket or hand bag. If all the cards that are out were turned in as subs, it would stimulate our circulation wonderfully.

A good many of the comrades are beginning to realize the value of literature propaganda, and are ordering big lots of leaflets. We have just had a new supply printed.

Yale University has given the degree of A. M. to Miss Jane Addams. This is the first time that this university has conferred a degree upon a woman.

OUR LEAFLETS

(Don't forget that leaflet campaign.)

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON SOCIALISM; A WORD TO CLUB WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; REPLY TO ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS, by Theresa Malkiel. Any of the above, 50 for 10c; 100 for 20c; \$1.50 per 1,000. FRANCES WILLARD ON SOCIALISM, 10c per 100; \$1.00 per 1,000.

WOMAN: COMRADE AND EQUAL, by Eugene V. Debs. This article from the November Progressive Woman has been done into leaflet form for wider circulation. Prof. C. F. Dight, of the University 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 interesting them in our movement. Price, 20c per 100; \$1.50 for 1,000.

THE CRIMES OF CAPITALISM is a new leaflet which shows the failure of capitalism and the necessity of replacing it by a saner social system. 10c per 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? Kitchi Kaneko, is written to call the attention of Socialists to their attitude toward the woman question. 20c per 100.

HOUSEKEEPING UNDER SOCIALISM, Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows how real homes can be made with the improvements and culture that will be possible under a sane system of government. 20c per 100.

"THE MAN AND THE WOMAN," by Helen Untermann, 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. Price, 100 for 20c, or \$1.50 for 1,000.

A Great Combination

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. Each magazine may be sent to separate address.

CURRENT LITERATURE	\$3.00	} Special Price \$2.80	CURRENT LITERATURE	\$3.00	} Special Price \$3.50
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THE SOCIALIST WOMEN'S MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

CLARA ZETKIN.

The Socialist organizations in Germany have in general been at all times ready to grant all that was necessary to carry on the work of propaganda among the women workers. Naturally from time to time there was a certain friction in one place or another between the organized women comrades and the men. The cause was sometimes on the one side, sometimes on the other. The men comrades were at first not always sufficiently trained to recognize the historical importance and justification of the working women's movement. They feared in part that the women's righters were at the back of the movement, because at the beginning a certain number of women comrades had come to the front who had not been sufficiently trained in the theory and whose thinking was strongly influenced by the ideas of the women's righters. On the side of the women comrades also, there were mistakes made, partly out of lack of theoretic clearness, partly from lack of training in political practice. The friction between men and women comrades has for the most part disappeared as both organizations grew stronger, and the co-operation has grown closer—so that an agreement was always possible before any action was taken.

Besides a loose political organization of the women comrades there existed in many localities non-political women's educational association. These were obliged to avoid all public connection with the party, though they belonged in reality to it. In the later period before the abolition of the old absurd legal restrictions our working women's movement had grown so strong that they were able to pass over to a state where the women could join the Social-Democratic party as individual members with free contributions. The carrying out of this measure required, however, no little ingenuity on account of the attitude of the authorities. In all states where women were allowed to be politically organized the women comrades naturally made a point that they should join the general organization of the party. It was a question of equal rights of both sexes. All in all the loose organization was only a way out of a difficulty, when it was not possible for the women to become full members in the organizations. Since the new law of associations the women have joined the organizations everywhere no matter how they were organized before. They are received as fully qualified members of the party. The most of the party organizations demand a smaller contribution from the women than from the men—many give their women members the Gleichheit gratis (the German Socialist women's paper), others have special meetings for the women to help in their Socialist education. The work of the central agency for women in Berlin had increased to such an extent that an office had to be set up, where two or three assistants helped the agent. It is a department entrusted with all the matters which are of special interest for the women. Since the conference of Mainz, women's conferences take place every two years. The male comrades at first regarded the conferences with some suspicion as if they were to divide the movement. But soon their utility not only for the women's movement but for the general Socialist movement grew evident. They have consequently won more and more sympathy and importance and are to take place in future as need is felt for them. Within the Social Democratic party the women had just as much as any other comrades the right to be elected as a delegate to party congresses and to posts of trust. Besides that they had the right to elect delegates in special public women's meetings. While formerly most women delegates were elected to the general congresses in such open women's meetings, which sent



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\$15.00 will get you 10 gallons Nutol, 1 case 24 18-ounce packages Primel; 4 3-lb. cans Nutreto; 5-pound pail Peanut Butter; 10 lbs. Jap Rice; 1 oz. Sewing Silk; an Airship Top Savings Bank for each of the kids and a pair of suspenders for dad, f. o. b. Girard. (If 5 gallons preferred, make it \$10.25.)

Our \$2.00 prepaid Sample Package

One-half gallon bottle Nutol; 4 18-ounce packages Primel; 2 25-cent pkgs. Nutreto, sent prepaid to any express office east of the Rockies, \$2.00; west of Rockies, \$2.40.

women delegates in addition to the male delegates to the congress.

The new party statutes make it necessary to arrange the question of the delegation at a common meeting of men and women. This question has been dealt with by the women's conference as well as the general party congress at Nuremberg. The congress at Leipzig settled the question definitely. The new statutes of the organization which were decided on there, define very precisely the position of the women inside the movement. I give here the paragraphs of the statutes which deal with the position of the women comrades:

"4. Organizations to which women members belong must elect one of these to the executive. The women members have to carry on the propaganda among the women in harmony with the executive.

"5. The amount of subscription to be paid is to be decided by the members of the district and state organizations. The monthly minimum for male members is, however, fixed at 30 pfennig and for women at 15 pfennig.

"7. The congress is the highest court of appeal and those qualified to take part are:

"(1) The delegates of the party from the individual reichstag constituencies. The number of the delegates follows in proportion to the number of members.

Where several delegates are to be elected there must, if it is possible, be one woman comrade among them.

"14. The number of the members of the party executive is to be determined by the congress. The party executive consists of two chairmen, a treasurer, the secretaries and three assistant members of whom one must be a representative of the women.

The woman's conference at Nuremberg passed the following resolution in the question of the non-political women's study clubs: "The woman conference at Nuremberg declares that women's educational societies, can, despite the new organizations, still continue to be valuable means to the intellectual education of the women. It is consequently to be recommended that women's study clubs remain in existence where they are and that they should be supported where they were to give the women information which even if it does not directly serve the class struggle, certainly helps on the intellectual development of the proletarian women, that is, provided the leadership is in the proper hands so that no harm arises to the general labor movement

through this participation." This resolution is still in force.

The best sources for information on the organization of women Socialists are:

1. The report of the congress at Halle. There Comrade Jhrer started the question of the organization of the women.
2. The report of the congress at Gotha at which the women's question was dealt with.
3. The report of the congress and the women's conference at Mainz, 1900.
4. The report of the congress and the women's conference at Munich in 1902.
5. Report of the congress and women's conference at Bremen, 1903.
6. Report of the congress at Jena, 1905, which dealt with the general party organization.
7. The report of the congress and women's conference at Mannheim, 1906.
8. The report of the congress and women's conference at Nuremberg, 1908.
9. The report of the congress at Leipzig

Also in the Gleichheit there have appeared many articles on the questions. From the beginning women have been admitted to all party posts, according to the Social-Democratic principle of equality. This principle was put into practice for the first time when Clara Zetkin was elected in 1895 as one of the controllers. Since then every congress has renewed this election. In 1908 Comrade Zietz was elected as assistant to the executive and in 1909 she was re-elected.

The party statutes lay down as you have seen that a representative of the women must be elected to the executive. In many localities women comrades belong to the executive or fill other posts.

Cheap Motherhood in America, by Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows what a tragedy on truth our so-called "sacred" motherhood is. 20c per 100.

Elizabeth Thompson, of Kansas City, Mo., made application to the secretary of state to have her name filed as a candidate for state superintendent of public schools on the Socialist ticket, and was refused. The state constitution provides that a superintendent of public schools must be a male resident of the state not less than 25 years of age.

Boys and Girls

can make big money working for SOCIALISM. Kindly send stamp for particulars. Address B 1418, Los Angeles, Cal.

Take advantage of the white slave articles which they are running. Scatter them broadcast.