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KATE RICHARDS O'HARE
Candidate for Congress

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

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KATE RICHARDS O'HARE— CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

Every reader of *The Progressive Woman* knows "Kate." She has lectured all over the east and through the middle west, and has written a little book that has had an immense circulation. She is coming to us in a new phase, however, and the following from the *Kansas City Post* tells all about it:

Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, 2016 Stewart avenue, Kansas City, Kan., successful author and lecturer, expects to be the next congressman—beg pardon, congresswoman—from the Second district of Kansas.

A thrilling, a unique, campaign is ahead. Mrs. O'Hare, assured a unanimous nomination from the forces of Socialism, will make an aggressive campaign. She will stump the district, making all the larger centers. And she will wind up the Second district race with a whirlwind tour in October.

"The lady from Kansas." Could old Joe Cannon slip the words through that cigar plugged mouth of his?

"The lady from Kansas will address the house." If she ever does, she will stir them up as they haven't been stirred these many years.

"The lady from Kansas." It depends on the chivalry of the men of the Second Kansas district.

Not much more than old enough to be eligible to congress. Mrs. O'Hare has already had a career calculated to inspire a novelist.

What kind of a woman is this Socialist campaigner? Tall and slender and not a bit masculine. Mother of four little children, she makes all their clothes. Her biscuits—can you believe it?—have a reputation in Chelsea park. Gossipy enough to be human, but with an intellectual keenness usually ascribed to men. The late Mark Hanna thought her one of the brightest women he had ever met.

But Mrs. O'Hare can ride a broncho as well as she can make biscuits. She can shoot a rifle as straight as she can talk from the lecture platform. Born on a Kansas ranch in Ottawa county, she became a girl school teacher in a sod school-house.

From being teacher she became pupil, and in a Nebraska university had as an instructor the then comparatively obscure William Jennings Bryan. Is Bryan to blame for these socialistic ideas? Mrs. O'Hare says not.

If she cares to, Mrs. O'Hare can appeal to the labor vote as a union "man." A number of years ago she learned the machinist's trade while working in the office of a small factory in Kansas City owned by her father. An apprentice for the requisite number of years, she gained admission to the local union on the national authorities of the International Association of Machinists deciding that a woman could be a "union man."

From a Florence Crittenton worker in Kansas City she became a Socialist. So in 1901 she went to Girard, Kan., to become a Socialist missionary through a term in Walter Thomas Mills' school there. Through a school romance she became not only a Socialist missionary, but also Mrs. Frank P. O'Hare.

In the O'Hare home are four healthy little Socialists: Dick, aged 6; Kathleen, aged 3, and twins, Gene and Victor, aged 2.

If Mrs. O'Hare goes to Washington she will take the four little O'Hares. Nor could Mr. O'Hare help becoming known in Washington as "the husband of the congressman from the Second Kansas district."

"I long for domestic life home and children with every fiber of my being." Mrs. O'Hare said, when she admitted that she was to become a congressional candidate. "Nothing is of less interest to me than practical politics and public speaking has lost its novelty. I always start on a trip with a feeling of depression. But there is the call of Socialism. The home is becoming archaic. Socialism is needed to restore the home. I agree to run for congress to advertise Socialism. If the voters will become Socialists I will agree to become a candidate for nothing different than what the average woman's life should be. But now I am running for congress."

Is Mrs. O'Hare a suffragette? Only incidentally. Primarily she is a Socialist.

O'Hare does not expect to take part in his wife's campaign. But he will vote to send her to Washington.

Mrs. Spring, who recently celebrated her 99th birthday, said at that celebration: "I stood beside my father one day as the stage coach between Worcester and Boston had stopped for a change of horses, and heard Daniel Webster, from a seat on the coach, say to him: 'The day will never come, Arnold, when the distance between these two cities can be covered in less than four hours.' What would Webster say to-day to see it covered in less than an hour? I remember the first matches, and the awful dread in which they were held by the ignorant, who looked upon them as some invention from the infernal regions." What a pity that progress has always been blocked by ignorance and superstition. These are our greatest enemies today, even as of old.

Send 10c to Suffrage Headquarters, 505 Fifth avenue, New York City, for leaflets concerning woman suffrage.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN MOVEMENT IN RUSSIA.

A. KOLLONTAY.

Can one name another land, beside Russia, where the women, especially the proletarian women, take such an active part in the great struggle of the laboring class for better social conditions, for political freedom?

One could give a long list of heroic women characters, that, from the beginning of the social and revolutionary movement in Russia in the '70s, bravely gave up their youth, half their very life for the social ideals they struggle for. Imprisonment, horrors of Siberia, banishment—these were the prices for their hard trial, the recompense for their enthusiastic self-giving. Women showed their activity in all the great political events of the last revolutionary years in Russia. It was proletarian women who marched in the first columns on "Bloody Sunday," 1905, to the czar's palace at the outbreak of the revolution, who bade the men drop their work and take up the cry of the general strike during the decisive days of October-November, 1905, who helped to build the first barricades and bravely held their breasts against the guns of the czar's soldiers.

And still it must be consented that a Socialist woman movement, this undeniable part of the great emancipation struggle of the whole working class, has only in the latter days begun to take definite form. If the proletarian woman's movement of other lands has achieved quite important dimensions, so in Russia it is still making its first modest steps. The doors of the Social-Democratic party and of the unions always stood open in Russia before the women but they, less enlightened than the men, forced by their social conditions to do double work—as professionals and wives, mothers and housekeepers, were often the first to hurry to the battle field, but more often still the first, too, to drop the organization. It is only during the last two years since the Social-Democracy tries to bring forth a special agitation amidst the proletarian women, that the movement has been brought to life. The first Socialist proletarian club was organized in St. Petersburg in 1907; agitation committees have been formed by the textile, printers, and other trade unions; special articles about labor conditions of the women have been published.

At the first woman congress in Russia (December, 1908) forty-five Socialists, most of whom were representatives of the trade unions, openly and distinctly showed the difference between the women movement of the upper classes and the Socialist movement including both sexes.

The political conditions in Russia, the two mighty enemies—czar government and capitalism—against which the Russian proletarian must struggle, makes it doubly hard to bring forward the proletarian woman movement. But notwithstanding all these difficulties, once come to life, this movement will, and must, give good results, even in Russia. Working hand in hand with their men comrades for their own emancipation, as well as for the emancipation of their class, the Russian women at the same time help their foreign comrades and sisters to deliver themselves from the chains of capitalism and bring the whole international Socialist movement nearer to its great and glorious cause.

No Occupation.

(Suggested by the census blanks, which place housewives under the classification of "No Occupation.")

From the census blanks we learn,
That the one who runs the churn,
And that patches up our breeches,
In our shirts takes a few stitches,
And the one who bakes the bread,
And each day makes up the bed,
Milks the cows feeds the hens,
Nails the pickets on the fence,
Skims the milk and feeds the calves,
Makes cough syrups and good salves;
Does the cooking, sets our tables,
Sings us songs and tells us fables,
Makes her dresses, darns the socks,
Does the washing, winds the clocks,
Spanks the children, rocks the baby,
(Knitting at the same time, maybe.)
Haying time will help at mowing,
And at County fairs is showing
Just as proud as you can please,
Samples of her homemade cheese,
Who will gather up the eggs,
Brace the wobbly table legs,
Sweep and dust and scrub the floors,
Nail the hinges on the doors,
Dig, and hoe, and weed the garden,
Of the pantry acts as warden,
Work the mottos on the wall,
Put the fruit up for us all,
Plant and water all the flowers,
Tie up vines in shady bowers,
See that nothing pines and wilts,
Carpets makes and crazy quilts,
Puts the mothballs in our clothes,
Dresses up some new scarecrows,
From the store keeps all the tags,
Scours kettles, mends the bags,
Irons out our Sunday shirt,
Ne'er lets the little chicks get hurt,
And keeps all of them a-living,
Raises turkeys for Thanksgiving,
And in sewing circles sews
Clothes the heathens wear as beaux,
Carries slop down to the pig
And makes laprobes for our rig,
Propping up the fence posts leaning,
Never misses spring housecleaning,
Cuts the grass from off the lawn,
Keeps it green, puts water on,
Washes windows, fills the lamps,
Cures us of our colds and cramps,
Sets the traps to catch the mouse,
Whitewashes the chickenhouse,
Kills the bugs by poison-vapors,
Catches flies on "stick-um" papers,
In the morning builds the fire,
Ties the rake up with a wire,
Carries water from the well,
(Half the things I cannot tell),
And delights in thrifty shopping
When in town awhile she's stopping,
Where she surely without fail,
Attends every bargain sale,
When she tries to get a vote
(From the census blanks I quote)
All the housewives of our nation,
Simply have—"No Occupation."

—Gustave Edlund.

The Voices of Women.

BY IDA CROUCH-HASLETT.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or godlike; bound or free."

There are voices that call from the mountain,
And voices that cry from the plain;
That rise from the valleys of sorrow,
As the prayer of the desert for rain;
That sob through the gloom of the midnight,
And wake with the earliest dawn—
The heart-breaking voices of women
With hope and with happiness gone.

They are crushed by the arm of oppression,
And cursed by the weight of the years;
Their young babes are torn from their bosoms;
Their eyes are dim with their tears.
They stretch empty arms to the twilight
For the clasp of a little, soft hand;
And the cry from their myriad voices
Breaks forth from all over the land.

"Oh, give us our children, our children!
To hold them once more to our heart,
Oh, give us the homes you have ravaged
And sold in the world's wicked mart.
Oh, let us come forth from the shadow
And dwell in the sunshine of life,
Oh, give us the power to honor
The dear name of mother and wife.

And out from the heart of the nation,
From the midst of a vast, busy throng,
Comes an army of strong, earnest women
Who battle to vanquish the wrong.
They say, "We are coming, our sisters,
The day of deliverance draws near.
No more shall the famished affections
Make the mother's heart tremble with fear.

No more shall the black night of terror
Throw over the future its blight
For what is the world's shall be ours
And justice shall gird us with might,
And women, when freed from their bondage
To custom and nation and king,
Shall lift from their slave-chains their lovers:
And nature and freedom shall sing.

The Traffic in Girl Slaves

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

It is probably no exaggeration to say that if men can be devised of stripping the PROFITS from it the (white slave) traffic will cease.—Senate Document 196.

In many cases it appears as if the police made little effort to assist the girls (white slaves).—Senate Document 196.

She (the white slave) must deny her importance, must lie regarding her residence, her address, and the time she has been in this country. She tries to leave her man, she is threatened with arrest. If she resists she finds all the men out her leagued against her; she may be beaten; some cases when she has betrayed her buyer she has been murdered.—Senate Document 196.

The average life of the prostitute is five years. Of the 230,000 prostitutes in the United States one-fourth of them are snared and trapped, caught and sold.—Mrs. Charlton Edholm, "Advocate."

In the last issue of *The Progressive Woman* we gave concrete examples of young girls who had been decoyed, stolen and forced into lives of shame worse than death. If there are any who still persist in believing that such a thing as white slavery is a myth, and that women lead lives of prostitution because they are inherently bad, and for no other reason, I would insist that these instances be brought to their notice, or if this be not sufficient that they write to Clifford G. Roe, 1411-421 South Clark street, Chicago, for further information on the subject. Mr. Roe is the attorney who is constantly prosecuting the men who steal and sell these young women into servitude, and probably is as well informed about the matter as anyone in the country.

The White Slave's Chances for Escape.

"But there are thousands of girls in this life who could run away from it, and don't" a number of persons have said to me, since reading the July installment of these articles. "Isn't that the best sign that they are there because they like it, and don't want to be elsewhere?"

A great many white slaves do run away. A good many girls who become entangled in the life in other ways, quit it, and go to work, or even marry. Those who remain, often, perhaps always, will tell their customers that they are there through preference. The reason for this is very evident, and will be brought out in what follows. Prostitution being a business for the purpose of making money, it is not likely that many of the girls who are in it are going to fall down on the game. They know that they do what awaits them. Many times it is death outright. It is their business to entertain, to give pleasure. If they bring mournful faces and sad tales to their customers they are not doing what the bosses require of them. The house of prostitution must be a house of mirth, not a house of mourning. And there is a grim force behind the scene, that sees to it that it is a house of mirth, at least, outwardly.

The greatest force, however, that holds women in the breaking of the will power in the beginning of such a life. I once witnessed the case of five little girls between nine and twelve years of age, in the juvenile court of Chicago, who had been decoyed into immoral practice by grown men. And as I looked at their faces I knew that nothing under heaven but a miracle could save those girls from a life of shame. The iron had been taken out of their blood; they were as spineless, and as helpless against the evils with which their lives were likely to be encompassed—for they were children of poverty—as a ball of cotton. They had been robbed, in fact, of that which makes

men and women human in the full sense of the term. The cadet, or pander, or pimp, is intensely wise to this fact, and he would no more try to sell a girl into a disorderly house who had not first been "broken in" than a horse trader would try to sell an unbroken colt for family driving. He knows she is safer with her spirit broken, her will power weakened. And there is no quicker and surer way than the one he employs. The law of life is so sure in this one respect that not only the delicate woman, but the man himself finally goes to his ruin through sexual excess. And not only the man, but entire nations have gone to decay from this cause. A young Pole once told me that the Russian government not only permitted, but encouraged courtesans upon the streets of Polish cities that the youths of Poland might through their influence render themselves mentally and physically unfit for rebellion against Russian tyranny.

So with the individual white slave; she has been robbed of something which makes for strength and rebellion, and thus incapacitated they often dull their senses with drugs or drink themselves to death, to be rid of their torment. But we must remember that before entering upon this life they are our daughters, our sisters, and our children, potential mothers, and builders of our nation, and it is our duty, and our business, to preserve them in their integrity and make impossible their downfall.

And to make impossible their downfall, there must be wise and careful instruction both in personal habits and needs, and in the broader social and political needs and possibilities of the nation. The profit system must be abolished, thus removing the net work of panders, police, property owners, politicians great and small, and all other persons and forces that thrive on the misfortunes of women, and render escape difficult.

Why She Didn't Run Away.

Elizabeth Goodnow, believing that the prostitute was, originally, at least, human like other women, with the soul and desires of other women, became interested in knowing why she led her life of shame, and in order to solve the problem to her own satisfaction, took up her residence for a time in the red light district of New York city, and became friends with the girls of the street. She tells the following story of a girl, which illustrates very well the peculiar bondage under which these girls are held, and which may shed some light upon the minds of those who think they are in the life principally because they prefer it:

"She was only a girl—a girl that should be in about her first year of college—studying a little, flirting more, and living in general the happy-go-lucky life of the well-cared-for American girl. Yet she paid her fine with a laugh and left the night court with her head in the air. She came direct to me, as she must pour out her woes and say what she thought of the "fly cop" without danger of that same officer hearing all about it; and more, it is tiring and exciting to be run in even if it is a weekly occurrence, and she wanted a place to rest and be quiet before starting again on the still hunt.

"Her pretty sullen mouth was drawn into

hard straight lines, and her eyes, that were generally full of fun and good humor, were bitter and desperate. She slouched down into her chair, hardly noticing the hot tea and bread I handed her. But, finally, as I knew she would, she broke loose.

"They've got no right, I tell you; it aint on the square. Here, I've had to give up my night's work, and now I can't go home till I get it again. "Ten dollars for loiterin'." Of course I was loiterin'. Of course, I "accosted a man in the street," Aint that my business? I done it quietly. He smiled at me first. I don't never speak to them till I see it in their eyes they want me. I don't have to—not yet. But that fly cop just wants to be funny, and show that he can do business."

"After a while of brooding, she put down her cup and saucer and said

"Gee, I aint good company tonight Miss Smith, but I'm all in, and I'm sore when I think of that ten to be made all over again."

"She picked up the crumbs carefully from her lap and rose to go. I put her quietly back in the chair and said, 'Don't go, Molly. Tell me why you must have ten dollars tonight. Where does your money go, dear, tell me all about it.'

"She sat quietly for a while, then folding her hands behind her head, leaned back in the big easy chair and told me why she could not go to what she called home without money.

"Of course, you know, Miss Smith, where all my money goes. Do you think that, if I had the money I make, I would dress like this? Look at my hat—four dollars; my suit—fourteen dollars at Siegel's; my shoes—two ninety-eight; and my underclothes as dead common. I ain't got a hundred dollars' worth of clothes or nothin' else in the world. Yet, I make two or three hundred a month, sometimes more. No, I don't booze, not with my money. If a man wants to buy me a drink, why, I let him, 'cause no matter what you say, a little booze does make things easier; and I don't go to theaters nor nuthin'. Every cent goes to Fred.

"He don't wear no two ninety-eight shoes, not he. Nor does his clothes come from Sixth avenue. And he boozes, even buys champagne for his lady friends—and it's all my money—that I tramp up and down the street for—that I run the chance of gettin' my face beat in, when I take a drunken man to my room. And when I earn it dollar by dollar, man by man, what do I get for it?

"Do you remember the other night when I came to you and asked you to take me in, even if I had to sleep on the floor—when I couldn't go on the street 'cause my face was so swoll' from cryin' that no man in his senses would want me?

"Well, I went home that night about two o'clock. Business was poor and I was tired and wet and unhappy. The door was locked, and I had a hard time wakin' Fred up. When he finally heard me he said, "How much you got?"

"I said: "Twelve dollars."

"He said: "Throw it over the transom."

"I did, and then he said: "'Tain't enough, you get out and hustle," and he wouldn't let me in.

"I just couldn't hustle any more that

night, and I sat on the stairs and cried until he got tired and hollered to me, "I've had enough of that. Now, you git."

"But, Molly, do you *have* to give it to him?"

"Of course I have to give it to him. Do you suppose I give up my dough for fun? I tried everything at first, tried nigg'n' on him, but he found it out, and then there was hell to pay, so I gave in."

"Why don't you leave him, dear, go away from him? He can't hurt you, and if he followed you the police will protect you."

"She sat for a while and looked at me in a pitying manner, as if she realized the weakened condition of my intellect, but still liked me; then, in a bored voice and stretching her arms above her painted face in such a tired, weary way, that went to my heart, said:

"The police! Well, I won't say what I'd like to, as you don't like cussin.' Leave him! Leave him! Aint I left him? Aint we all left our man at first? And don't we have to come back? Don't you worry, 'cause he don't. He knows as long as I can make a dollar and don't get sick, he will be able to live off me, and then when I'm up against it, he will get a new one."

"How will he get a new one, Molly?"

"Search me. Perhaps he is putting a little aside each month to buy a fresh girl when she comes over, or he will get some green, little country girl like me, and promise all kinds of things to her, and finally land her in a joint where he has a stand in, and after that he owns her unless she has friends who will help her, and he takes mighty good care to find that out before he wastes any time with her. He don't want no girl who has any friends."

"Well, good-bye. I'm off. I do feel better to get that off my chest. No, I can't stay, that ten must be made. No, no, dear, not tonight. Some day, perhaps, I'll have the nerve to say "To hell with the pope," and then he'll beat the life out of me, or do me some other dirty trick, and then you'll *have* to take me in. But as it is, I'm out on the street to "loiter," but I'll try to be mighty careful in my "loitering." No more night courts for me for a few days. Goodbye. Gee, it's cold and nasty."

White Slaves Lead the Hardest Kind of Lives.

For those who are simple enough to believe that white slaves stay with their occupation simply for the pleasure there is in it, I want to give them a glimpse behind the scenes.

Two years ago in Denver, Colo., one Billy Wheeler, a pander, or procurer of girls, was tried in the city courts. Speaking editorially of the affair the Rocky Mountain News said:

"It is doubtful if the average citizen comprehends the full meaning of the conditions revealed in Billy Wheeler's testimony. The average man, or even a man whose morals are considerably below the average must make a distinct effort to sense the infamy of the calling of the macquereau. Here are a group of men who are nothing less than slave holders. *These slaves are not black but white; not men but women.* Many of them have been literally kidnaped into slavery. All of them are compelled by their masters, the macquereaux, to hold their bodies at the disposal of all comers who will pay, not the woman's, but the mac's price. Jack Maynard, one of these reptiles has a cash register in his place, and collects the fees

from his customers as they come in. The women get nothing but their keep. They are compelled to live a life not only unspeakably degrading, but so deadly to health that few endure it five years.

"It is the business of the macquereau to hold these women in slavery. The News submits that no language can exaggerate the degradation of such a calling. . . . The offense of the macquereau is so foul that the law never thought to provide a penalty for it; and vagrancy is the worst charge that can commonly be maintained against these scoundrels. And yet *they have been plying their trade in Denver under police protection for years*, and today nearly 300 macquereau are listed and registered at police headquarters. . . . Why do not these white slaves rebel? Why do not they appeal to the law of the land? For many reasons. In the first place, very few of them have any knowledge of either the laws or the language of the land; and the account of these laws which they get from their masters is not calculated to encourage an appeal. In the second place, suppose a woman in one of those cribs decides to strike for freedom, to whom would she appeal? To the officer on the beat, of course, *and he would turn her over to her master, the mac, who would probably proceed to beat her half to death.* Why not? He is killing her by inches, anyway; why should he shrink from hastening the process? He does not hesitate, his slaves know that he will not hesitate, and so—*they endure.* What else is left them to do?"

This editorial from the Rocky Mountain News coincides too well with the remarks of Molly in the story just told, regarding the police, and the chances of a girl to get away, to need any comment. One came from New York, the other from Denver. A like condition holds wherever the white slave is found.

Jeanne Turner Zimmerman, president of the Chicago Rescue Mission and White Cross and League Center gives the following incident, which is but one of thousands which might be used to illustrate the misery undergone by white slaves:

"One evening some time ago I was looking up a case down in the Twenty-second street red light district, and visited and inspected, looking for immigrant girls held illegally, a certain house of the lower class in that neighborhood. While there I noticed a young woman lying very ill in the last stages of pneumonia, and in a semi-conscious condition. And to my horror, upon inquiry, I learned that in the rush hours of business this helpless, painracked young woman was *open to all comers*, holding an accredited check."

"It is because they have never taken the trouble to inquire into the real lives of their unfortunate sisters, that many well-meaning women are cruel enough to say: "I doubt if these women are ever forced into a life of shame, or imposed upon while there."

There never was slavery more certain, more deadly, more fraught with menace to all society, than this slavery of our women.

Mothers and fathers of the working class how do you know that *your* little girl is safe from this frightful scourge? If you had seen even one case, as I saw it once, you would never feel quite at peace until you had driven this thing out of your land. A pretty blonde girl, innocent of face and as fair as any of your daughters, was brought before the court for running away

from home with a pander. The young fellow had searched her out *in her home, in a country town*, made love to her, promised to marry her later on, and had brought her to Chicago evidently to put her on the street to make money for him. Mean while, he was gambling on the races, and still promised to marry her. The judge told her he never would marry her; she quietly, but stubbornly refused to believe the judge. Her mother, a woman about thirty-seven, and closely resembled by the daughter, stood by, her eyes red with weeping, hoping that the daughter would give up her mad infatuation and go home with her. It was useless. The young girl, believing in her pretended lover, and no dreaming of what lay before her, hung her head and refused to give the man up. She was sentenced to the reform school; the mother hid her face in her handkerchief and the little group marched sadly out of the court room.

Often when I see the daughters of poverty in our country towns, trying to extract a little happiness from their meagre existences the vision of the little white slave who thought she was entering at last into the fullness of life, comes back to me. And I wonder how long it was before she found herself an inmate of one of Chicago's dens of vice, subject to all the horrors that exist there. And I wonder where the other little girl came from, who was stolen to take her place. For the average life of the prostitute is but five years, and the great army must be made up often from new material gathered from fresh fields.

(To Be Continued.)

THE ROCKEFELLER VERDICT.

AGNES H. DOWNING.

A classical example of how capitalist officials deal with the white slave trade is found in the recent investigations in New York.

White slavery had been made an issue in the municipal campaign. The usually slumbering conscience of the people was, for the time, stung by the charges. Especially strong and important because of wide circulation, were the accusations made by McClure's Magazine. That this evil was flagrant, its victims many and that the offenders, far from being punished, were immune from punishment and under special protection from officials.

For the time the upper world, the good Christian world, was brought face to face with the under world. And it saw, instead of vile women, captive girls. Young girls, from thirteen to eighteen mostly, but wretched, betrayed, sold, degraded, dissipated, diseased—yet held for the profit, not alone of the wretches who are their immediate keepers but also of the sleek business men, officials and landlords who indirectly profited by their slavery.

Something must be done by the community that had unconsciously permitted such outrages.

There was also an outcry from the politicians—not so much that the infamy cease, as that "the fair name of the great city be not tarnished," or that at least, the tarnish be concealed.

To secure the evidence against the slavers and to restore the "fair name" of the city, a special grand jury was called. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., was made foreman. This had two advantages, the well known name would advertise the findings and the heavy

The Work of Madam Curie

Madam Curie, called the most wonderful woman in the world, has, since her husband's death discovered so many things of scientific value, that there is no longer any doubt left as to her participation with her husband in the discovery of radium. The following from one of the Sunday dailies gives us an interesting account of this remarkable woman and her work:

That marvellous woman, Mme. Curie, is still making discoveries which are placing the world on a new basis.

Mme. Curie, with her husband, discovered radium, the most remarkable scientific discovery of our generation. It was supposed that M. Curie was the creative genius in the researches and that his wife was only a patient laboratory worker.

But since his death she has made many new discoveries even more remarkable than those which the two had made together.

If Mme. Curie had lived a century ago she would have been regarded as a witch. Her discoveries have been more destructive of the laws of modern science than Galileo's theory that the earth revolved to the orthodox views of his time. She has upset the laws of gravitation and the conservation of energy.

She has unveiled the processes of creation. She has discovered the disintegration of the atom.

Mme. Curie was a Pole by birth, her name being Marie Sklodowska. She and her family suffered from the cruel oppression that the Russian government has inflicted on the Poles.

She studied science as a baby. Her nursery was a laboratory, and instead of dolls she played with test tubes, retorts and crucibles.

She came to Paris as a girl of seventeen and lived and carried on her studies on an income of \$10 a month. She captured every prize for which she tried, although her competitors had every possible advantage of wealth and costly tuition.

At twenty she met Pierre Curie, a French professor of chemistry. They found that they were pursuing exactly the same line of scientific research—the radio-active substances. They married—it was probably the most perfectly harmonious marriage that ever happened.

They lived in a severely simple little house, with a nice garden, in a quarter of Paris noted for its murderous and criminal characters, near the outer fortifications of Paris. It was a haunt of the Apaches. The professor and his wife dressed so plainly that the ruffians of the neighborhood never disturbed them. They went back and forth every day between their house and the college, a long distance, on bicycles.

They kept only one servant, and Mme. Curie, the great scientist, did her own marketing and most of her own housework. At the back of their little house, so inconspicuously situated, they had a charming little orchard, and here their two little girls found health and happiness.

This ideal union was cruelly shattered one day when Professor Curie, walking along, absorbed in scientific speculations, was run over by an omnibus in the street and killed. One would have expected Mme. Curie to be prostrated by such an irreparable loss, but the day after her husband's funeral she was busily pursuing her researches into the newly discovered emanations of radium.

She has been accustomed to suffering from her childhood. She has the saddest face conceivable, so sad that no fresh emotion of sadness can ever disturb it.

She has declined nearly every honor offered her. She declined the decoration of the Legion of Honor offered her by the French government. But she accepted the position of professor of chemistry at the Sorbonne, the highest academic position in France, formerly held by her husband. She is now carrying on the duties of this appointment, the first woman who has ever done so.

Mme. Curie has declined to associate herself with any of the women's suffrage societies, but what attitude she takes on the great question of the vote cannot be ascertained. She is too busy with her scientific work to discuss it.

In spite of the fame she has won, she lives as simply, almost penuriously, as ever. This woman who has discovered a substance that is worth \$40,000,000 a pound scarcely bothers her head about its commercial possibilities, but devotes all her time to studying its scientific characteristics.

Her philosophic calm is wonderful and never deserts her. One day her young servant ran into her laboratory, screaming loudly:

"Madame, I have swallowed a pin."
"There, there, don't cry," said Madame soothingly, "here is another you may have."

It is interesting to know Mme. Curie's opinion on the two most obscure points in the study of radium.

"I think radium is an unstable element composed of atoms which undergo spontaneous transformation, and that helium is one of the products of this transformation," she said to your correspondent.

"Radium is a distinct chemical element in the sense attached to the word by chemists."

One of Mme. Curie's recent achievements has been to explain the true nature of polonium, a strange metal which she discovered years ago.

Polonium is about 5,000 times more rare than radium, and it is doubted whether there is more than a pound of pure radium in the whole world. Polonium loses weight and disappears in 140 days,

while radium will take thousands of years to be exhausted. Polonium is an active germicide and destroys certain types of ulcers.

Polonium would work miracles if there were enough of it. A grain of polonium would heat 100,000,000 gallons of water two degrees. An ounce would tow a battle ship two and a half million miles. The same quantity would drive a 56-horsepower automobile four hundred times around the world at a rate of thirty miles an hour.

Madame Curie kept her polonium in a vial of pure quartz, the toughest substance known, but soon found it cracked and split. The bombardment of the rays had broken the vessel. But polonium can be kept in glass, because the rays pass between the molecules of the vessel, in other words, through the invisible holes in the glass.

Madame Curie has made a vast mass of new observations concerning radium. We have as yet only an imperfect conception of the nature of this amazing substance and it will probably require many years before we understand much of its uses.

Experiments indicate that polonium may be used to cure blindness in cases where it is due to failure of the optic nerve. Its heat and power of penetration appear to pass through the eyeball and stimulate the weakened nerve. Radium has already been used in certain cases of cataract to decide whether an operation will be useful in restoring sight.

A piece of radium held behind a man's head even will produce the sensation of light in the eyes.

Madame Curie has given the scientific world its first knowledge of the nature of an atom. She has shown that the atom is an extremely complex system, instead of the simple pellet chemists supposed it to be.

She proved that the alpha rays of radium were particles of matter about the size of a hydrogen atom, traveling with a velocity of about 40,000 miles per second. The gamma rays have been practically identified with the X-rays, and finally the beta rays are nothing more than the cathode rays of Crookes and Roentgen. They are particles of matter about one-thousandth the size of the atom of hydrogen. They travel with velocities as high as 160,000 miles per second or nine-tenths the velocity of light.

Radium has made it possible to show that we can knock electrons out of any atom and that electrons are the same, no matter whether they are derived from oxygen, hydrogen or any other element.

This leads to the conclusion that all atoms contain identical electrons, which in turn points to the conclusion that all matter is originally one element.

Madame Curie is now absorbed in calculating the size of an elektron.

All the elements are believed to be only different aggregations of the one and only primordial matter—the elektron. This is one of the problems upon which Mme. Curie is engaged, and she has done more than any scientist alive to solve it.

My Creed.

CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

My creed is only to be kind
And simply true and good,
My only citizenship to bind
The world in brotherhood.

And I believe something divine
Is in the vilest found;
None can distill the healing wine
To pour in every wound.

Each spot is holy that we tread,
And where one lifts his eyes,
Around, beneath or overhead,
There lieth Paradise.

I find the wise are oft unknown,
The great are often poor;
The fool is often on the throne,
And in the school the boor.

The cant, pretence and luxury
And ignorance of man,
And prejudice, make all that we
Consider nature's ban.

But I believe, still, in mankind,
And all that's true and good;
My hope, to give all hope, and bind
The world in brotherhood.

Miss Jane Addams is soon to issue her reminiscences in book form, with the title, "Twenty Years at Hull House." This is a story principally of experience among the lowliest workers in society, and many points of value are brought out for the student of sociology and Socialism.

Are you pulling together and working, or are you pulling apart and resting on your oars? How do you expect to get Socialism? Remember, he who keeps on sawing wood, even though hailstones fall, finally builds his house.

Last year during the encampments large lists of subscriptions were sent us. They are expiring now, and it is up to YOU to see that these are renewed. Don't let our list fall below normal.

Tell the woman who works hard all day long, that there is a word of cheer for her in the Progressive Woman.

Don't fail to advertise our leaflets in your local.

financial responsibility would assure in advance that the findings would be "sane."

The jury, through its agents, followed the work from Juneau, Alaska, to Seattle, and through to New York. In the last city the agents found brokers in the business who bought and sold girl slaves. They maintained stockades where girls were held waiting orders to be shipped to any part of the country. To clinch the point the agents actually bought four girls, mere children, who knew not wither they were going and some of them wept for their toys. A fifth child that they bargained for was seven years old. Other cases were unearthed and some prosecutions followed.

But the jury brought in a final report that there was no incorporated organization for this purpose; and that there was no organized traffic in women for immoral purposes." But the jury did find, and so reported "that trafficking in the bodies of women does exist and is carried on by individuals . . . and that these persons are known to each other and are more or less informally associated."

There is a fine distinction there. No organized traffic, yet a traffic by associated persons. No incorporated organization, yet an interurban business with stockades for the prisoners awaiting shipment. No "organized traffic" yet procurers who entice, brokers who sell, and keepers who buy were found working together.

Is it of matter what form the trade takes when it is found dealing in human lives?

Will the loss of the little girls be less if it be known that their despoilers are *informally* rather than *formally* associated? Nor is it material that the jury believed none of the reports of the slave trade exaggerated, or that some of the girl slaves consent to their own imprisonment. The girls are usually under age and even if they were not, liberty of the person is by the constitution an inalienable right. But the constitution has been used against the rights of working men so often of late that the jury may have forgotten that it could never be invoked to maintain the rights of the poor.

Small wonder that the better part even of the capitalist press call this jury report "inconsistent, contradictory and unsatisfactory." But the ordinary administration organs rejoice. "This exonerates," they say, "not alone New York, but all large cities." Yet the jury did not say a word to disprove the charge of official protection. It is very easy to exonerate some classes.

To the politicians of New York the report was a balm. The Tammany judges and Tammany organs praised exultantly the jury that found them protecting, not full-fledged corporations in the vice trade, but only associated individuals.

Many good people expected something better from the devoted bible student who was the jury's foreman; but it is well to remember that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. is part of the system. And as his father before him has succeeded in gaining the whole world and *saving* his own soul, so this worthy son has succeeded in proving the white slave trade, and still saving New York.

Hope, the new Socialist comic monthly, grows better with each issue. It is the Puck of Socialist publications. It will make men and women laugh—and think. Send in your subscription, and then order some extra copies for your friends. Price ten cents a copy, \$1 a year. Published monthly at 5110 West Madison street, Chicago.

Ghosts

HERESA MALKIEL

Of all the numerous dramas written by Ibsen, "Ghosts" is the one that should be read by every intelligent man and woman. In no other play does Ibsen give us such a direct and clear picture of the dark, hidden skeletons existing in our modern family life.

His great master mind did not only comprehend the terrible corruption and degeneration that is steadily undermining our society, but, looking back into the bygone years, he recognized amidst the thick vapors of the surrounding atmosphere the ghosts of those who have passed away before us.

In the life tragedy of Mrs. Alving he tells us ably how she was pursued by the ghost of her dead husband, pointing out to us that the harm the latter had wrought to his wife was not eradicated by his death. In reading this drama we can't help realizing the truth of the assertion that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

In this like in many other of his works Ibsen draws for us the picture of one single woman, but if we read the contents carefully we are bound to recognize the fact that the suffering, hidden humiliation and sorrow experienced by Mrs. Alving are the lot of thousands of other women.

Mrs. Alving while a young, beautiful and innocent girl is married to a man much older than herself—a man who had tasted all that was exciting and forbidden in decent society. The unfortunate wife realized from the first month of their married life that she had made a grave mistake in marrying him—she found out that her husband was too much given over to his former pleasures to curtail them for the sake of the young bride. The awakening was terrible and after a year of torture and humiliation the woman fled, only to come back to him at the insistence of her priest.

Upon her return she bore and suffered in silence for almost two decades. Ten years after his death, when she was about to dedicate an orphanage to his memory and thus silence her own conscience, while the same priest was invited to bless the institution she dared to make a confession to him concerning the misery of her wedded life, and this not without a provocation from the priest. It is the gist of that conversation which will give the reader an idea of the whole situation.

Upon discussing the orphanage the priest said to Mrs. Alving: "Yes, Mrs. Alving—you fled, fled and refused to return to him, however, he begged and prayed for you."

Mrs. Alving—Have you forgotten how infinitely miserable I was in that first year?

The Priest—What right have we human beings for happiness? No, we have to do our duty! And your duty was to hold firmly to the man you had once chosen and to whom you were bound by holy ties.

Mrs. Alving—You know well what sort of a life Alving was then leading—what excess he was guilty of.

The Priest—But a wife is not to be her husband's judge. It was your duty to bear with humility the cross which a Higher Power had, for your own good, laid upon you. Yes, you may thank God that it was vouchsafed to me to lead you back to the path of duty and home to your lawful husband.

Mrs. Alving—Yes, Pastor, it was certainly your work! And now I will tell you the truth—after nineteen years of marriage my husband died as much a profligate—as he was before you married us.

The Priest—Your words make me dizzy—all

your married life—the seeming union of all these years was nothing more than a hidden abyss?

Mrs. Alving—Nothing more.—My whole life has been one ceaseless struggle. After my son's birth I had to struggle twice as hard, fighting for life and death, so that nobody should know what sort of a man my child's father was. I had borne a great deal in this house—I had my little son to bear it for. But when he was only in his seventh year he was beginning to observe and ask questions as children do—this was more than I could stand—I thought that the child must be poisoned by merely breathing the air in this polluted home.

How many thousand of unfortunate beings like Mrs. Alving are chained to a life of misery? And for no other reason, than this gravely mistaken sense of duty. They are the victims of old superstition and conventional morality which makes a chattel of the woman from the moment she takes the nuptial vow.

It is to be deplored greatly that these victims are at the time, too frightened and heart broken to tear asunder the ties of an unholy union. The church and the priest—woman's hope and consolation in the hour of need—were never of much help to her. In the eyes of the church the marriage ties are never to be broken—the priest always manages to exonerate the man and silence the woman.

There is nothing new in Mrs. Alving's confession—generation after generation of women have fought, felt and lived the sorrows that she knew. It was ever considered woman's lot to bear her burden patiently, to suffer in silence that the world might not know what sort of a man her children's father was.

It took the pen of a master hand to give these wrongs their proper expression—Ibsen and the priest, they are both woman's spiritual advisers. One driving her deeper into the abyss, the other exerting his wonderful power to bring her message of hope, a timely warning. Nobody who ever read "Ghosts" could deny that Mrs. Alving committed a grave mistake by returning to the man she abhorred.

If we were to discuss the sanctity of marriage in these lines we would have to acknowledge that it is more criminal for a woman to continue to live with a man whom she knows to be a brute and profligate, than to leave him. For she becomes in time a participant in his crime by bringing innocent sufferers into this world.

It is to save the very children for whom every mother is willing to suffer, it is to save them from the poison Mrs. Alving is speaking about that every abused wife should sever the ties before it is too late. For the very children's sake she must make an effort to take their existence out of such men's hands.

What kind of men and women can we expect to grow up amidst surroundings of abuse and dissension? What sort of character will the child, that hears nothing but quarrels and sighs, develop? What can we hope for where spite-work is the slogan, where one parent tries to set the children against the other?

"Why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners?" may well be asked of every woman who realizes that she had taken a wrong step, but who clings, nevertheless, to the ship without a rudder—true enough, in this as in any other phase of life at present the economic question, or the struggle for existence, plays a great role—the majority of women are still tradeless and professionless. The care of the children takes away a great deal of their time,

health and energy. The mothers love the little ones who are the flesh of their flesh, the blood of their blood, and therefore fear to deprive them of shelter and food—what wonder that so many of our good women lead a life of shame and legal prostitution—it is a sacrifice for the sake of the children they have brought into life.

But these unfortunate women should not fail to consider the fact that it is not their blood alone that flows in the veins of the children—the traits of the father are more marked in the sons than those of the mother.

Mrs. Alving went back to her husband in order to avoid public gossip. Her child came and she suffered and bore her sorrow in silence for the sake of her babe, never fully realizing her terrible mistake during the years of her endurance. Only when she sees the same babe grown into manhood make love to the servant maid, his own illegitimate half sister, she understands for the first time the full tragedy by her own action and the first word to escape her throat is "Ghosts." She sees the ghosts of those who have passed away. The priest makes an effort to convince her that she at least is not to blame for anything, that her own marriage was performed in accordance with law and order.

"Oh, that law and order!" exclaimed the unfortunate woman. "I often think it is that which does all the mischief in the world. I ought never to have concealed the facts of Alving's life—but I was such a coward! When I heard Regina and Oswald in there—it was as though I saw ghosts before me. But I almost think we are all ghosts. It is not only what we inherit in our fathers and mothers that "walks" within us. It is all sorts of dead ideas and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us and we can't get rid of them." Mrs. Alving finally realizes the sin and folly of it all—but much too late to be of any benefit.

Ibsen closes the curtain by leaving the unfortunate woman standing before her only son—her hope, her very life. The young man had become incurably insane—the result of the father's profligate life before the child's birth. No further exposition is necessary to express the amount of misery which falls to the mother's lot. And the horror of it is that she is only one of many sufferers who are doomed to similar, and at times even worse sorrows. It is only occasionally, when a work like "Ghosts" appears on the scene, that the average person can have a glimpse at the amount of trouble that womankind bears, because of narrow traditions and economic necessity.

Ibsen never gives his readers a solution to the problems he is discussing. He simply places the situation and facts before the readers and leaves them to draw their own morals. His mission in life was that of a bugler.—He wanted to awaken the people from their long slumber, give them a glimpse of life as he saw it, and then let them work out their own salvation.

It is perhaps a safe way, and yet it is terrible to think how many millions will have to suffer and perish if we should leave them to await the time when enlightenment will at last place men and women on an equal basis independent of each other and of want in general.

We must by all means teach the suffering woman how to ease her burden today and tomorrow, and every day of her life.

The July number of the Little Socialist Magazine ought to be placed into the hands of every boy and girl in the country, to offset the patriotic rush drilled into the juvenile mind at this season. This handsomely illustrated juvenile organ is published by the Socialist Literature Co., 15 Spruce st., N. Y. C. Price 50c a year.

Summer in the Country

JOSEPH E. COHEN

Nature is showing green. The trees are all out of blossom; the harvests are ripening. The woods are gay with the song of birds that begins in a chorus at sunrise.

The sun is blazing fiercely and the sweat is pouring from the tiller of the soil. You can see the broad brimmed sun bonnets and straw hats bobbing in and out behind a horse or stack of hay. Down near the creek the kine are munching lazily. There is the sign of rain in the sky.

The country is the place for summer. The change from the country to the city is so abrupt, so sudden, that the workers of the city are almost completely estranged from the love of nature. Even great herds of immigrants, with centuries of pastoral and agricultural life behind them, come to a commercial country and, almost without exception, fall into the ways of the factory and tenement. Of a Sunday in the summer they seek the public parks. When they are not too tired, on warm nights, they doze on the benches or squat on the green of the public squares and playgrounds. Or, perhaps, they lounge around the wharf and watch the excursion boats come and go.

But more often you find them strewn along the front stoop or fondling their youngsters on the fire escapes.

Now, the country is not so far from the city. It is really at its elbow. But the barrier between the two has been made so sharp, that one is to the other quite an undiscovered land. To the factory operative, the milk and greens of his daily meal seem to come from far beyond, from some field in a valley hidden by mountains from some strange, different kind of people.

It is sad to think that the daily greetings from the country to the city bring no reminiscent touch, even though it be melancholic, to the woman who sits before the loom or the man whose hand is guiding a dozen levers.

So that sometimes the thought comes that if only the millions of working people in the city, who are doing little else than groping among the weeds of existence, could be swung out of their fetid atmosphere long enough to fill their lungs with the air and sunshine of the country, they would return to the bench and battery determined that the present social scheme of things cannot be ended too soon.

The hope of the city is not a return to the country. The farms do not need laborers nearly so badly as they need to be free of the men who control the political machine and the state legislature. The country has its law of population, just as does the city, and to shift the unemployed, to divide the surplus of out-of-works, will not materially mend affairs.

And it is child's play to plant a stalk of corn in the back yard or to become enthusiastic over cultivating vacant lots. It is not by trimming the odds and ends of the tree of civilization that we kill the pest knawing at the root.

Yet it is mechanical to say that city and country must blend together. Each in its own way so controls its destiny, the farmer his soil and the worker his machine, that it would reasonably be supposed they must remain hostile to each other and that con-

promises will ever smack of the armed neutrality between them.

So it will be while the present feeling of exploiting our fellow man is the keynote of our activity: City and country will seek only for an advantage over the other.

But neither the over-crowded alley, nor the barbed wire fence-enclosed patch, nor the ash heap between the two, is the end. Our present commercialism, run rampant and wild with the spirit of gain at the expense of the producer, will be plowed under and enrich the civilization of the morrow. And the city will likely point the way.

A Socialist administration in a city will wipe out the slums. It will remold the city. It will make a garden of the river and lake front. It will scatter the congestion of dwellings and let nature play her fountains of green and red and gold before the houses. And it will do this while multiplying the output of the city many fold. It will not be a utopia reared out of the fancy of one who dreams of the splendors of the past. It will be the fruitage of the social consciousness, the synthetic mingling of class consciousness and individual genius.

It will be born of the atmosphere of social-democracy.

Still, in other respects, the country will set the pace. The country has remained nearer to nature, to that which we call natural as apart from what is largely man-made, or artificial. And when the workers come into their own, perhaps they will let the ground obscured by landscape gardening grow rank for a year or two. Perhaps they will turn the city's smoke and heavy air away from the sunset.

* * * * *

The day is hot and the road is dusty. A man from the city is wending his way over the hills in search of work. He pauses at a gate, shows a membership card of the union of his craft, and asks for food and shelter. As he sits down with the family, they talk of the hard times. . . . How long will it be before they will everywhere address each other as "Comrade?"

In Honor of Fred Warren.

KING KELLEY.

I know the price of Liberty.
Yet I falter not nor stay;
For the upward cry of mothers,
Speaks through me day by day.

And the burden of that strain
Is: "On to a better time.
We have breathed into you the Excelsior;
You are one for the upward climb."

So hearing the cry of the ages—
The cry of the race to be free,
Coming down through the heart-aches of mothers,
I take up the weapons for thee.

With the pen I will charge the bold legions
Of might, but not right, in their raid;
And with Truth for a shield I will scatter,
The ghouls of this system of trade.

And Love then shall bloom all untrammelled,
By human serpent's slime;
And the mother-prayer then shall be answered,
By the birth of a better time.

Little Sister of the Poor and Sorrows of
Cupid, both twenty-five cents.

Send today for Mills of Mammon, and let
your neighbor read it. Price \$1.

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Are you helping in the literature campaign?

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A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOCIALISM.

MEMO.

If the city can own the water works, the gas plants, the street railways, why can't the people own the city, and all the fullness thereof?

Socialism will grant suffrage to women, free schools, nurseries, play grounds and medical treatment to children, and full product of their toil to all men and women who are producing for the common good.

Socialism means the ownership by the people of the mills, mines, factories, railroads, telegraphs, telephones, and all other great industries and monopolies. If you think it is impossible for the people to own what they create and build and manage, remember the day when the highways were privately owned; when there were no public schools, libraries or parks.

There is hardly a railroad in this country that has not been paid for six times over, by the government and the people, and yet we must pay exorbitant prices to the "owners" of these roads, in order to ride over them. The same is true of most of the great industries. The working man is constantly paying out of his depleted purse for that which is already rightfully his. And in the meantime his wife and children suffer. The patience of the toiler is sometimes beyond ordinary comprehension.

You say you don't believe in Socialism because Socialism means "dividing up". Is that the only reason? Then you ought to stop believing in capitalism, because capitalism believes in dividing up, too. The difference between Socialism and capitalism is that Socialism would have the products of toil divided fairly among those who earn it, while capitalism takes it nearly all away from those who earn it, and divides it in big lumps among those who do not earn it. Truly, the dividing up of Socialism is the kind the people need very much just now.

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.

"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.

WHERE IS YOUR WIFE? Kikchi 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.

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Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneke



SPEAKING of physical strength, it has been remarked that woman is inferior to man because of physical inferiority. We would infer, then, owing to the recent Nevada victory, that Jack Johnson's name leads all the rest in the matter of human superiority.

JULY THE FOURTH, last, was a sane day in some few out-of-the-way places. Just what it was in Reno, Nevada, where Jack Johnson, an enormous negro beat the face of Jim Jeffries, a white man of some strength, into a pulp, the papers haven't yet announced.

"The great game of war is all up," cries the New York American in commenting upon the aeroplanes, and other flying machines that are skitting through the air with wonderful frequency these days. It is said that the cost of the two Dreadnaughts we are to build would buy 10,000 aeroplanes. With one aeroplane a good airline pilot could dart into the sky, hover an instant over one of these expensive Dreadnaughts, and drop a bit of explosive that would rend it to bits. When such things occur, war becomes too costly even for an expensive age like ours, and must be passed up. Truly, science and invention are wonderful aids to human civilization.

If the home is the cornerstone of the nation, this country has some mighty rotten material in its cornerstone. No wonder our foundation is growing wobbly. One of the first undertakings of the Socialist nation would be the perfection of the home, and the home life. In Milwaukee even now the Socialist administration of that city is working on a plan for municipal homes for working people. This plan includes a system of parkways, the conservation of the river front for use and in the

sanitary interests of the public, as well as for beautifying reasons, the introduction of the zone system in vogue in the best European cities, and above all the creation of municipally-owned homes for the workers. Four thousand acres on the west side of the city arc being laid out by engineers for these "homes of the people."

THE French Government—composed of men—has introduced into parliament a series of measures designed to stimulate the birth rate. Bachelors will be required to remain in the army longer than married men; state employes of twenty-five or over, must marry or lose their jobs, and extra salaries and pensions will be allowed those who have more than three children. It will be noticed that mothers, potential and actual, have no word in this measure. But we suspect that French women, and our own as well, will not become very enthusiastic over babies, so long as the cost of living soars skyward, and little ones die by tens of thousands of preventable diseases. Let the mothers become partners in the world's wealth, and the question of population will take care of itself.

POWER OF ORGANIZATION.

To those who are impatient over our lack of discipline and solidarity, the following from Germany is refreshing: "Germany is laughing over a funny story invented by a Munich humorist, a grim and significant story in its way," writes Hamilton Davis in the Boston Transcript:

"Kaiser Wilhelm," runs the tale, "reviewed his well-drilled legions on Tempelhof Field, and exhorted them to be true to their oaths and shoot at sight all foes of social order and public peace. As he finished this exhortation a stoutheaded black procession defiled down an adjacent road. It was uniformless and unarmed, but it tramped forward steadily with more than martial discipline; and at a single cry of command changed formation, deployed and in serried masses advanced as if to attack.

His majesty's soldier eye fixed the magnificently drilled host. "Who are these splendid fellows?" he asked. "Your majesty's faithful Socialists," said an aide de camp, "on their way to a meeting of protest." "With such well-drilled men I could conquer the world," said the kaiser. "Why have I no such army?"

And Hamilton Davis says "This parable was written to illustrate the fact that the best drilled force in Europe today is no longer the overpraised German army, but the long despised German social democracy." This splendid organization is shown not alone in military drills, but in every phase of work or propaganda the social democrats of Germany undertake. Let us learn to do likewise.

Our September issue will be a special suffrage number. Remember there are two states, Washington and Oklahoma, in which suffrage bills are pending. If you want to help along the campaign in those states, you had better get a lot of the suffrage issue of The P. W. in them. You who live in other sections can have bundles sent to Washington and Oklahoma, and we will see that they are properly distributed. Let us hear from you. This issue will be 2c a copy, \$2 per 100, \$15 per 1,000.

In the Woman's Journal of July 16th, Jessie Ashley, treasurer of the N. A. W. S. A., sends out a call from suffrage headquarters in New York for funds with which to help on the cause of woman suffrage, and their national organ, the Woman's Journal. This call in itself sounds very like some we have seen in Socialist papers, and its like never before appeared in the dignified Journal. Miss Ashley says: "We must have money. . . . It sounds sordid; it is sordid, but under our system of capitalist rule, we can do nothing for the cause without money." We would be the last person in the world to call any one a Socialist who was not one; but the writer of this plea is either a Socialist, or she is very recklessly stealing from our vocabulary when she speaks of "capitalist rule." Truly, straws show which way the wind blows.

When we glance into the windows of a milliner shop and see a slender maiden sewing posies on a broad brimmed hat we regard it as a very harmonious and proper arrangement. She appeals to us as a very womanly woman, doing "woman's" work. And we also regard the "creation" when finished as a reflection of the frivolous mind of women. But all things change; in this day of change, and men become milliners and women iron moulders, bronco busters and so on. The following from the St. Louis Post gives a glimpse of the advent of the man milliner:

If women even suspected how little they have to do with choosing their own headgear they would soon put a stop to all these merry gulps at their expense on the part of would-be facetious masculinity.

Tuesday a Post woman reporter attended a session of the Millinery Traveling Men's National Association at the Sinton. That is, a lone woman had to sit and hear men talk about women's hats. hear them absolutely settle the whole business, from bandeau to willow plume, without being able to utter a single word.

And they did settle it. Do you women know that in future you may not be able to even change the color of the butterfly on your own hat? It's true. This organization will probably adopt the "national color card" mentioned in their convention paper as adopted at the millinery jobbers' recent convention, which disposes of the whole matter.

"Be it resolved, That the sale of sailiors previous to a certain date is an evil to the trade and that we use our united efforts to reduce to a minimum this evil."

All I say is that if we women were to go into the men's hat business and tell men they couldn't have imitation Panamas until the Fourth of July, we would soon hear what they thought of such tyranny.

Send 5c for leaflets on California laws relating to women, to Committee on Literature, Palo Alto, Cal.

New Books for Sale.

The Progressive Woman has received a number of new books, in which we feel our readers will take special interest, and for whose convenience we make a price list. Any of these may be ordered through this paper:

The Wage-Earning Woman, by Annie Marlon MacLean. Ph. D. \$1.25; the Contents of this book give an idea of its purpose and value to the student of sociology; Scope and purpose of Study; Women Workers in New England; The New York Worker; The Chicago Worker; Women in New Jersey Towns; Women Tollers in the Middle West; Hop Picking in Oregon; The Fruit Industries of California; Women in the Coal Fields of Pennsylvania; Uplifting Forces; Suggestions for Improvement.

Motherhood, by Hudson D. Bishop, M. D., Visiting Obstetrician to the Maternity Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio.

A Manual on the Management of Pregnancy, the preparations for and conduct of labor and the care of mother and child after labor and the principles and methods of infant feeding up to the third year of the child's life.

Letters of A Physician to His Daughters, by F. A. Rupp, M. D. Price 50c.

These letters give information in a clean manner upon a subject, the ignorance of which has caused untold suffering and even death to countless women.

The Market For Souls, by Elizabeth Goodnow. Price \$1.25.

This book is published in the interest of the social evil investigation. It contains some vividly told stories making clearer the characters and separate tragedies of those who live upon the wages of moral death.

Robert Blatchford, The Sketch of a Personality, by Neil Lyons. Price 75c net. Postage 10c.

Robert Blatchford, the editor of the London Socialist paper, the "Clarion," author of "God and My Neighbor," and "Merrie England," is not only a leading English Socialist, but one of the brilliant newspaper men of the "tight little island." This personal sketch of him will come with more than usual interest to our readers. Handsomely gotten up, with photo illustrations.

The Biology of Sex, by Gideon Dietrich. Price 50 cents.

This is a study of the sex problem according to the latest facts disclosed by biology and evolution. A refreshing change, to say the least, from the old sentimental method of trying to stumble onto the reasons for the variations in the sexes, and their relation to each other and to society.

Socialist Primer, by Nicholas Klein, is what you want for your boy and girl. 15c.

The P. W., 50c a year. Clubs of four or more, 25c in the U. S., 40c in foreign countries.

Send your sub today for The Progressive Woman.

The Marriage Contract

LIDA PARCE

(Continued from last issue.)

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

It is plain that it is not only white slaves that ought to be rescued from their tormentors, but that women have to be rescued from sexual degradation and disease, as well in the marriage relation as outside it. In some respects, the married woman is shown less consideration than the prostitute. For the prostitute is supposed to have regular medical attention, and she does not become the mother of children. Whereas, many married women are exposed constantly to disease, and they have to escape from it. Medical attention usually comes, if at all, only after the disease has made considerable progress, and in her suffering and debilitated state she must give birth to children who inherit the disease which she has contracted from their father. It is said by physicians that in the last decades the quality of the children that are born has visibly deteriorated, from venereal infection. And scientists have learned that many of the diseases of which people die, that have not been regarded as venereal diseases at all, are really due to syphilitic poison in the blood.

We have secured "morality," if you will; at least, we will concede that we have for the sake of argument. And at the same time we have become physically diseased and degenerate, under the present marriage laws. And the most moral class, consisting of married women and legitimate children, share this disease in even a larger proportion than those we have classed as the most immoral, namely; the prostitutes. And this not through any act of their own. It is men who carry the disease, and men who make the laws that make women immoral—as we are told.

You have doubtless heard it said that marriage is the only protection that women have." Has it really "protected," after all? But the question is not: Shall we have marriages, but: *What kind of marriage shall we have?* Shall we continue to submit to a kind of marriage that exposes us to degradation, disease and death; and that results in the degeneracy of the race? If not, then, how shall we go about it to effect a change? What part of the old laws shall we keep, and what shall be the terms of the new marriage contract?

What do we consider to be the important and valuable things about the marriage relation? Is it that men shall get the "whip hand" of women and their children? No? But the marriage laws say nothing about anything else. Sometimes a vague reference is made to a certain moral obligation that a man owes to his wife and "his" children. But these moral obligations are, very thoughtfully, not given any legal standing or enforcement. We are forced to believe that when these laws were made the most important thing about marriage, to men, was that they got a woman completely at their mercy, both sexually and industrially. Since that is all they provided for, that is probably all they wanted. But society has partly outgrown that stage. The provisions of the law no longer reflect public sentiment in regard to marriage. We expect that a man will support his family, and that his wife will do the

household labor and wait on her husband personally, but though this makes the husband master and the wife an unpaid servant, we steadfastly refuse to see it in that light. We insist that they are "partners." We do this because we want to think that they are partners. I have heard pious souls maintain with fervor that a wife is not a servant but a "helpmeet;" thinking that that was in some way an improvement. Helpmeet probably means helper. This may be better than to be a servant, but it seems to me the advantage is very slight. It still keeps the wife in a position subordinate to the husband, doing tasks for him, under his control. No awakened woman, having a sense of dignity and power could feel that such a position was ideal.

The more advanced among us claim, sometimes with giddy sense of daring, that woman is not only a "partner" but she is an *equal partner* with man in marriage. This is, of course, getting clear away from both the letter and the spirit of the law. A contract by which people should enter into such an *equal* partnership would not consider that the wife's identity was suspended, nor that the husband was the owner of his wife's body or of her children. He would not have any right to her services or wages or the wages of her children. The children would belong equally to both of them and they would both be equally responsible for the welfare of the children. All property would be held in common, and neither one could dispose of it without the co-operation of the other. Such a contract as this would certainly be vastly more "moral" than that prescribed by the present law. Such a marriage as this is practicable even now.

But the most advanced of us, those who can see into the future state of society with an eye undimmed by the fogs of tradition, see a time when every woman will have a chance to work and to support herself, so that she will be free in every sense. Then society will recognize its duty toward the child and the mother of the child, so that she need not become a dependent as the price of motherhood. Then woman will not be a partner nor yet an equal; but she will be an independent individual in marriage, just as she will out of marriage. For after all an equal submits to being judged by the standard of some one else; and why be measured by someone else? And there will be no more partnership between individuals, but everyone will be a partner of the state. The woman, married or unmarried will receive wages for her work, directly from the state, and she will spend her money as she thinks fit and proper. Marriage would then cease to be an economic arrangement altogether. Then it would be a purely social and ideal relation. Think of it! How glorious!

As matters stand now, imagine the case of John and Mary. John receives wages that he can just barely live on, and has no better prospect for the future. Mary works indifferently or casually, thinking that some day she will marry and then she won't have to work. John perhaps gives up all thought of marriage and goes in for chance, irregular sex adventures with a levity and frivolity that are brutalizing. Or he and Mary meet and fall in love. They marry and Mary expects him to support her,

though the poor man hasn't any earthly means of doing so. But, however unable he is to support her, they both feel, notwithstanding, that she is his servant and sex-slave. It is her "duty" to bring any children that may chance to happen into the world though they have no way of taking care of them. It is certain that there will be resentment, reproaches and bitterness between John and Mary. He will become more or less of a vampire and she an unwilling victim.

But suppose the new day has come, and society owns all the industries, and operates them for the benefit of the workers. Every one can make enough to live on by working a part of the day. Mary is working for society for wages. She supports herself easily, and expects to continue doing so as long as she lives, or until she gets too old to work. John also is making enough to live on, and they fall in love with each other. What will marriage mean to them? It will not mean getting "supported" on the one hand, nor getting an unpaid servant on the other. Mary has her living in payment for her work, and John, not having to support Mary, is able to hire any personal service he requires. They are not "partners," since each works for society for an individual support. They are simply comrades and lovers; and they marry for comradeship and love. They want each other's society; and they want to help each other—not to get something, but to be their best. They have passed the stage of wanting to control each other; and each now wants to help the other to be true to himself or herself. Now this may sound too good to come true in this world, but it is not. When the present degrading and insulting strife over getting a living is wiped out, by changing the system of production; and when people have had time to come to and shake themselves together, I believe they will want to help each other, and that this mutual helpfulness will be one of the deliberate motives in marriage. It will be recognized that the main obligation of married people is to try to stimulate the best there is in each other, and to help each other to live truly, tranquilly and bravely.

In their contract they will promise to be loyal to each other, sustain each other in sickness and sorrow, and share all their pleasures and joys. They will agree to contribute equally to the care of children. But there will not be an unlimited number of incidental children, and society will make provision for helping in their care and education. And both the husband and wife will retain all the contractual powers, and all the rights as citizens that they had before marriage.

CUPID PINCHED



—Courtesy of "Hope"

Our Women Delegates to the International



May Wood Simons.

Have you ever asked yourself who have entered into the modern opportunities for women most fully? I have, and my thought always turns to our Comrade May.

She has enjoyed the best the schools could give her, having done the work not only for a first degree, but for a doctor of philosophy at Chicago university. That she has kept in the scholarly habit was proven last year by the remarkable feat of winning the Harrison prize for an essay in economics over many men competitors and judged by the heads of the department of economics in five great western universities.

But many women have done admirable work in scholarship. Mrs Simons has been able to use hers steadily in practical service in the greatest cause of the age. She has worked for Socialism as teacher, lecturer or writer constantly, for the past twelve years or more. At present and since the establishment of the Daily Socialist she has been associate editor of that paper. Her husband, A. M. Simons is editor-in-chief. Already her activities and influence are world-wide and after this summer her place in the international movement will be still more pronounced and effective.

But no women, or normal man, for that matter, is content with world service alone. Fortunately indeed, is one for whom home life and life work are inextricably blended. It is interesting to note that the woman who seems to me to have reaped the fullest harvest from the new ideals and possibilities of our time both in public and private life happens also to be the most devoted mother of my acquaintance.

The genuine good of old standards need never be lost in gaining the genuine good of new freedom and opportunity. It is a satisfaction to have this demonstrated in the self-effaced beautiful little woman who will help to represent American Socialists in the greatest organization the world has known.

MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

Luella Twining.

Comrade Luella Twining was barely old enough to join the party when she and her mother became standbys in the Denver local. For nearly two years she studied under my husband and I and later worked hard in other forms of training.

In preparation for what? She did not know then. She only knew the movement needed the best that was in each one and she worked as faithfully as if her life depended upon her knowledge and her ability to express her thought.

Singularly free from personal ambition or pleasure in the glare of footlights, she might have remained a *Jennie Higgins* to the end of time, had not the imprisonment of the Western Federation of Miners' officials brought the occasion for far-reaching service. Even then, other conditions took her East, but filled as she was with horror at the fate which would meet those men if aid was not forthcoming, she quickly found herself in the thick of the fight. The work she did is well known. The Federation officials, finding her services so valuable, insisted that she work for them directly. Through her efforts an enormous amount was raised to fight the battle. It was through her also, largely, that the phenomenal May Day Protest meetings were held in 1906—demonstrations most effective in informing the public that,



"If Moyer and Haywood die,
Twenty million working men
Will know the reason why."

Comrade Luella's later work has been less dramatic but no less important. In the Mexican Refugee work, the Warren case and in the Philadelphia strike, she has given invaluable service.

Wherever the fight of the workers is thickest, wherever the cause of freedom can best be served, there you will find this ardent worker for one common cause.

MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

Lena Morrow Lewis.

During my acquaintance with Lena Morrow Lewis, I have learned a few personal things about her: That she is the daughter of a minister—of a whole line of ministers, I believe—that she began her public life in the sort of work that women can do in the church organization; that she developed early into a temperance worker, taking the platform for the national movement; that from that she evolved into the suffrage movement, and became one of the national speakers of that organization; that she was sent into the unions to speak on suffrage for women, and thus became interested in the industrial phase of modern society. Gradually, feeling her way step by step, she came into our ranks, a full-fledged Socialist.

Some where, prior to all this, Comrade



Lewis had a good college education. That is, good, as college educations go. I believe she doesn't bank much on that today.

What she does bank on, is the knowledge gained through long and close contact with the people, the working classes the producing and disinherited folk, and the scientific and Socialist literature of the age. For Lena Morrow Lewis knows the life of the miner and lumbermen of the western coast; she knows the shriveled existence of the southern "cracker," and the pinched poverty of the eastern mill hand.

From actual life to book life is not an easy transition for some people, and many never attempt to correlate the two. But Comrade Lewis keeps at hand always her books on biology, on sociology, on political science, on Socialism, and she constantly applies what she finds in them, to common every-day life—the life of the lumberman, the miner, the cracker, the mill hand, the millionaire.

And also to the woman in her relation to man and society, and to man's relation to woman and to society. For Comrade Lewis believes that men and women are the most important factors in the universe, and that the study of men and women, in their various social relations is absolutely essential to human progress.

Whatever Lena Morrow Lewis does, is done with a conscientious thoroughness which is bound to spell success for any man or woman. She is one of the best sellers of literature in the Socialist movement, because she has made a study of the work. She is one of the most convincing and polished among our speakers because she has sought carefully for the right thought and the right words with which to express it. She serves well on the national executive committee—and she is the first woman to serve in that capacity—because she has at her finger's ends knowledge of the party's affairs sufficient to render her a good servant in that capacity. She is a national organizer because she is painstaking, efficient and careful as to details and results.

In short, Lena Morrow Lewis is a worker. She has hammered herself into shape for competent service in the Socialist movement, and she is giving it. The comrades in thirty out of forty-four states who voted for her as one of the eight delegates to represent them at the International Congress believed in her efficiency—and they will not be disappointed.

A. COMRADE.

What are you going to push the Woman?

THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT AND POLITICAL PARTIES

A Reply by Abigail Scott Dunaway, President of the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association to Theresa Malkiel in June Progressive Woman.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNAWAY

Again I am favored with copies of The Progressive Woman, and again, as is my usual habit, on the hour of its monthly arrival, I have dropped all else to read every line of its well filled pages, advertisements and all.

To my good friend, Theresa Malkiel, whose "Vampire" articles inspired this friendly controversy, proving that women have learned the art of differing from one another in a kindly spirit in regard to methods, though agreeing as to fundamental principles, I wish to present some facts to clear from her vigorous mind a few misconceptions of aims and objects of the equal rights movement in the Pacific northwest, under which she is evidently laboring.

We all know that "the man voter of today is still (in large majority) far from being economically independent. We also know that every woman ought to be "completely free from the necessity of seeking man's support," except as a right, and that, "under no other conditions can we hope for the ideal relation between husband and wife."

But my friend is entirely mistaken in her belief that "suffragists forget that woman has a double task of liberation." etc., etc. She is in error as to our methods to secure success; since long experience has taught us that we can only secure liberation for women by taking, or attempting to take one step at a time! and we cannot take this step except by and through the votes of a majority of men. The women of Washington received their enfranchisement in the year 1883 by legislative enactment. That was in the state's territorial state, and the movement had been carried forward through thirteen previous years under my personal leadership.

The W. C. T. U. was at that time a crowing infant in the Pacific northwest, beginning, as it thought, to achieve wonderful political proportions. It had never affiliated with the suffrage movement, but had actively opposed it almost everywhere and had never, prior to that time, raised a voice or a finger to secure the ballot; but, as soon as it had been gained (in spite of white ribbon opposition) it marched into the Washington legislature and secured, through the same sort of political trick that afterward caused congress to pass the anti-canteen law, a local option referendum in which every woman who could be caught in a political trap, was made a prohibition party agitator in every precinct. It was all in vain that experienced suffragists sounded a warning. We said, "Wait. Washington is on the eve of statehood. Make sure of your permanent ballot before you thrust the leaven we have created into the red-hot oven of political strife, where it will be roasted to death." But political tricksters and emotional preachers urged emotional women, who were inexperienced in the "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" for which the trained politician "is peculiar," to use their newly gained ballots for prohibition.

Women obeyed their pseudo advisers, or enough of them did, to give these same political tricksters an excuse for depriving women of statehood suffrage. And so

whiskey recovered from the fight, 'twas woman's vote that died.

Just so, in my opinion, will women's alliance with any political party, while they remain an unfranchised class, give excuse for men in power to clamp their chains the tighter, at all times of crucial tests at the ballot box. In answer to my friend's question as to "how the ballot is to give freedom to women unless they are economically independent of husbands," I wish to answer that we do not want to seek independence from husbands, but equality with them before the laws through which, alone can the people of the United States be equipped with means to reach the economic ends that enlightened men and women are now seeking in vain with half the people's votes in manacles."

Nothing hitherto achieved has been accomplished without successive steps—railroads, farms, bridges, mines, cities, docks, etc., are builded step by step. But all must first have a beginning. Suffragists, in states where women now vote, have made a beginning; but leading women in those states, seeing the peril to other states if they are over-aggressive, caution over-zealous would-be agitators around them against the danger to other states of enfranchised women so alarm the ballot entrenched men of disfranchised states that they will combine, through the power of capital and votes as they have done in Kansas, California and Washington, Oregon and elsewhere, to defeat our hard laid plans for obtaining the freedom we seek, not from men, but for ourselves and them.

We are not seeking a "woman-made world," Such a world would be worse than the world as it is now; for women have not had men's experience at a world power and never ought to have. Women in Oregon have never failed to join hands with their men. But we do protest, as a result of long experience, against the mistakes of women who imagine that they can ever gain economic freedom through a political party, by methods that alarm the capitalist, and the voter and cause them to beat us back with the implements of the monopoly they hold, every time we make a legal plea for equal rights which we have no ballots to enforce.

In conclusion, please allow me to say that Oregon women, in seeking to secure tax paying suffrage as a step toward full equality of rights before the laws are hoping thereby to get one foot on solid ground, and thus secure a place for our fulcrum to extract the other foot, and not "the foot," as your types had it. We have learned that the majority of our women are small tax payers, all of whom are suffragists, who will gladly help us to get full suffrage when they get the power. Our women opponents are a few wealthy legatees, who see with alarm that our success in entering the domain of the monopolists of mammon with the thin edge of our wedge will have proven the forerunner of equal rights for all the people which will surely follow.

I cannot close without another tribute to the rightly named Progressive Woman. Its editor, publisher and contributors are worthy forerunners of a good time yet to

be. But I know we'll never make a practical beginning with the voters till doomsday if we wait till any one political party can get strong enough to bestow it upon us, through a majority vote. Hence, these friendly warnings. A famous recipe for rabbit pudding begins with "first catch your hare."

THE FUTURE DISHWASHER.

There is hardly a woman in the world who likes to wash the dishes after she has served a meal to her family. And it looks as if she would not have to do it very much longer, since, with the flying machine and other up-to-date inventions comes the announcement that a bona fide dish-washing apparatus has been perfected and put into operation.

A report says: "With a minimum charge of 20 cents a day for a small family, a service company has been formed to wash the dishes of the tenants of apartment houses. Modern dish washing machines have already been installed in the basements of several large apartment houses and the company will begin operations in a few days.

"The company will provide each family with two boxes, one for china and silverware and one for pots and pans. The boxes will bear the number of apartment and will fit the dumbwaiter. Polite employes, in uniform, will call for the dishes after each meal, send them down the dumbwaiter, wash and return them in a few minutes. An interesting feature of this plan is that the company agrees to pay for all breakage. The employes are paid a bonus of \$2 a week if they do not break or lose a dish and are docked if they do, unfortunately."

Now with men invading woman's former field of activity, spinning and weaving, where our grandmothers spun and wove, making our dresses and our hats, furnishing bread to our families, doing our laundry, sweeping and dusting our houses with pneumatic cleaners, and a dozen other things, where, I am forced to ask, will gentle woman spend her energies in the future? Forced out of her agelong sphere through inventions and the pressure of industrial conditions, what is to become of her?

It would be interesting to have this question answered by the persons who contend that women have no place in public life, and especially not in politics. This new dishwasher alone takes two hours and a half from the woman's work day. And when all women can have their dishes washed by machinery think what an immense amount of time, all told, will go to waste, unless it can be utilized in other ways. And the question is: In what way shall it be used? A MERE MAN.

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.

Order a sample card of Capsheaf Safety Pins. Sent upon application.

Are you pushing The Progressive Woman in your local?

Read the Capsheaf Safety Pin ad on another page.

THE WOMAN AT THE HEAD OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

LEANORA PEASE

It is a far cry from August 3, 1853, the State Teachers' Convention, with Susan B. Anthony arising, to the shame of her sisters and the protests of her men colleagues, to speak in public as a woman, for women; and Boston, 1910, the National Educational convention, the women teachers elevating one of their number against the bitter opposition of the men's "ring," to the presidency of the association.

The election of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young to the presidency of the National Educational association would seem to have a significance worth while for women.

After forty-eight years of docility, humility and obedience to masculine rule, the women teachers of the country defied the constituted nominating committee, ignored precedent, carried the fight for their candidate to the floor of the convention, and lifted one of their distinguished numbers to the head of the National Educational association.

After forty-eight years the humble feminine majority arose and reduced dominating masculine minority to naught. For forty-eight years, longer than the children of Israel were in the wilderness, that patient audience of self-distrusting women, for the most part devoted grade and country teachers, have sat filling their time-honored role, listening to pompous platitudes from expansive white shirt bosoms which filled the rostrum. The directors, sometimes called the "ring," sometimes mentioned as the "machine," consisting of university professors, city school superintendents, normal principles and (it has been whispered) book trust representatives—as was consistent in a democratic organization—made "men programs," wrote safe-and-sane resolutions, nominated, elected, took a nap and went home.

To one writing in conventional and polite form, the N. E. A. is an august and reverend assemblage of educators; but to an insider, ambitious merely to express the truth, the descriptive language used need not be awesome. It is true some of the less conservative women have run their eyes over the program seeking in vain a woman's name among the principle speakers; it is a fact some have asked irreverently. "Where are we? Are there no women teachers in the United States?" It is indeed so that some have wanted to know why all the important offices were filled with men; it is not disputed that the majority have for some years not thronged the conventions, and the patient audience has become more devout than numerous; and it is known that one fearless little woman, Margaret Haley of the Chicago Teachers' Federation stirred the dry bones so merrily at the previous Boston session that she was placed on the next program at St. Louis, with the main speakers, and spoke, to the horror of some of the educators, on the unionizing of teachers.

The morning news headlines for July 8th, made revolutionary reading; also refreshing and delicious.

While it was known that the women had sufficient strength to elect their candidate despite the men, it was believed that they would be prevented from doing so by the fear of disruption. It had perhaps not occurred to the opposition that the women teachers constituted the N. E. A., and that a few college presidents, superintendents and principals would never be missed. Such fact may have been perceived, after forty-eight years, by wo-

men teachers and the fair minded men who were supporting them. For they walked right through the disruption as one might step over a parallel of latitude. While "the ring" which had all along controlled the elections was handing Mrs. Young the sop of second vice president, bitterly fighting her for first place, the women were not speeding, as customary, off to the seaside resorts, letting the men attend to dividing the honors among themselves. They were there voting, sweeping the floor of the convention for their choice by a vote of nearly two to one; they were smashing precedents as only women know how to do; they were coming into their own.

When Mrs. Young was elected a year ago to the superintendency of the Chicago schools, the first time a position of such importance had been held by a woman, the pride and satisfaction of women was not confined to the teaching force, nor to the women of Chicago, but was shared by the women of the nation. Verily, sex-solidarity is one of the great facts and forces of the day. The teachers of the city demonstrated their indorsement of an able woman as their superintendent at a notable reception given in Mrs. Young's honor the third of June, when the out-pouring of the teachers overflowed in an unprecedented attendance at any social function ever held in the city.

It is possible that the large and admirable organization of grade teachers in Chicago, known as the Teachers' Federation, which has aroused the civic and public spirit and incalculably increased the mental breadth and radical thought of thousands of teachers, has had much to do with the appreciative reception of a competent woman at the head of the city's educational affairs, and of the struggle and triumph of the women in placing this woman to the fore in the National Educational association.

The Red Flag.

Tune: Maryland, My Maryland.
The people's flag is deepest red;
It shrouded off our martyred dead,
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold
Their heart's blood dyed its every fold.

Chorus.

Then raise the scarlet standard high!
Within its shade we'll live and die,
Though cowards flinch and traitors sneer,
We'll keep the Red Flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze;
The sturdy German chants its praise;
In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung:
Chicago swells the surging throng.—Chorus.

It waved above our infant might
When all ahead seemed dark as night:
It witnessed many a deed and vow—
We must not change its color now.—Chorus.

It well recalls the triumphs past;
It gives the hope of peace at last.
The banner bright, the symbol plain
Of human right and human gain.—Chorus.

It suits today the weak and base
Whose minds are fixed on self and place.
To cringe before the rich man's frown
And haul the sacred emblem down.—Chorus.

With heads uncovered swear we all
To bear it onward till we fall.
Come dungeon dark, or gallows grim
This song shall be our parting hymn.—Chorus.

Sorrows of Cupid,

By Kate Richards O'Hare, has had an immense circulation. It is a series of life experiences in the poorer districts of great eastern cities, which show why marriage is decreasing, and why it is so often a failure. This is a great educational story. A limited number of copies at 15c each.

CAPSHEAF

The Safety Pin Without a Coil

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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.



The New Ten-Hour Law for Illinois Working Women.

"Section 1. Be It Enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly: That no female shall be employed in any *mechanical establishment or factory or laundry* in this state, more than ten hours during any one day. The hours of work may be so arranged as to permit the employment of females at any time so that they shall not work more than ten hours during the twenty-four hours of any day.

"Sec. 2. Any employer who shall require any female to work in any of the places mentioned in Section One of this act, more than the number of hours provided for in this act, during any day of twenty-four hours, or who shall fail, neglect or refuse so to arrange the work of females in his employ that they shall not work more than the number of hours provided for in this act, during any one day, or who shall permit or suffer any overseer, superintendent or other agent of any such employer to violate any of the provisions of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined for each offense in a sum of not less than \$25 or more than \$100.

"Sec. 3. The State Department of Factory Inspection shall be charged with the duty of enforcing the provisions of this act and prosecuting all violations thereof.

"Sec. 4. All acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed."—Approved June 15, 1909; in force July 1, 1909. (Laws of 1909, p. 212.)

Miss Felicia Keiver, of Paterson, N. J. was elected a delegate to the state committee by Local Fascia county, at its recent general meeting. Comrade Keiver is the first woman ever elected to that committee.

Don't forget to take at least four subs to The Progressive Woman this month.

A Little Sister of the Poor, two copies, twenty-five cents.

ANDREA VILLARREAL.

L. GUTIERREZ DE LARA.



When Antonio Villarreal joined the revolutionary party of Mexico about ten years ago, his sister Andrea took a very active part in the movement writing for the different revolutionary newspapers of Mexico. One day Antonio was attacked by a paid assassin and in defending himself he killed his assailant. He went to jail, but his sister took his place in the movement.

When Antonio was released they understood that they could no longer live in Mexico. All the members of the revolutionary junta were compelled to come to the states, establishing their headquarters in St. Louis, Mo.

In the meantime Andrea was the very soul of the junta. She, with her sister, Teresa, went to the university to study sociology for a very short time. Meanwhile the members of the junta were hounded, kidnaped, incarcerated, their printing establishment looted, and in all these hard times Teresa, taking advantage of the fact that she was a woman, was able to be the main supporter of the movement while the others were dispersed, waiting for the time to get together again.

Finally the persecution was so strong that they had to leave St. Louis and go to Canada. They then went to El Paso and finally to Los Angeles where they were arrested. Teresa was in St. Louis, but one day when she was out of the house on her return she found that everything was looted.

The men were then in the jail in Los Angeles and the powerful agents of Diaz in the United States completely paralyzed the movement, but Teresa traveled from place to place with complete faith in the success of the cause.

Seeing the Mexicans scattered all over the United States gave courage to them to struggle for the defeated cause. About a year ago she was able to meet her brother Antonio while he was being taken from Yuma, Ariz., to Florence. Her first words were: "We have not lost everything and our souls and our courage are stronger than ever."

She bid goodbye to her brother, and then went to Arizona and Texas for the cause of the workers.

TO LABOR

BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

Shall you complain who feed the world?
Who clothe the world?
Who house the world?
Shall you complain who are the world.
Of what the world may do?
As from this hour
You are your power
The world must follow you.

The world's life hangs on your right hand!
Your strong right hand!
Your skilled right hand!
You hold the whole world in your hand.
See to it what you do!
Or dark or light,
Or wrong or right,
The world is made by you!

Then rise as you ne'er rose before!
Nor hoped before!
Nor dared before!
And show as ne'er was shown before!
The power that lies in you!
Stand all as one!
See justice done!
Believe! and Dare! and Do!

Baby Belle was crying one day when her uncle came in and asked what the trouble was. and was told by the small maid that there was nothing. "I's dis got a fussy, cry, bawly, pell on me."

WHAT are you going to do about the education of your son and daughter? Where will they study this fall?

Their education is the most important business to which you can give your attention. Time spent in investigating the matter is well spent, because so much depends on the right start; you can't afford to make a mistake.

It takes just as long to receive bad instruction as it does good, and it costs the same. There's no excuse for accepting poor instruction and paying the price of good. Make sure that your boy and girl have the best by employing the best teachers.

The faculty of this University is represented by the most eminent men and women in the world, their salaries amount to over one hundred thousand dollars each year. If you were to employ them to teach your children, it would cost you four hundred thousand dollars, as a college course extends over a period of four years.

The American Woman's League has endowed The Peoples University, and every member of the League is entitled to instruction free, for life. This privilege is not limited to members, but extends to minor children—all of them—of members. Every woman of the white race is eligible to membership; the cost is small, and the benefits are great.

A book containing a full explanation of the League and its work, together with the names of the faculty of this University, will be sent free upon receipt of your request. Fill out coupon and mail at once.

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If You Want to Take Advantage of a Good Proposition

Write at once for particulars concerning a limited number of shares of Gold Mining Stock a comrade has placed at our disposal for sale. The mine in which this stock is held is recommended by the mine inspector of Colorado. Bankers and merchants also declare it a paying proposition. By selling the stock THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN will come into possession of a portion of it, which is as good as gold. For further particulars, references, etc., address THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Girard, Kansas, Dept. A.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Mother Goose Revised.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner.
Eating some cake and pie;
'Twas bad stuff to eat but he couldn't have meat
Because the price was so high.

Little Miss Muffet sat on a tuffet.
Eating of curds and whey;
Poor child, she was achin' for liver and bacon.
But the price was too heavy to pay.

To market, to market to buy a fat pig.
Home again, home again, jiggety jig.
With nothing but turnips, potatoes and meal—
The price was too high for pig, mutton or veal.

There was an old woman, and what do you think?
She lived upon nothing but victuals and drink;
Garden stuff made up the whole of her diet;
She'd have liked a good steak, but was too poor
to buy it.

—Lance. Toronto, Canada.

WHY NOT HAVE BOY SCOUTS OF OUR OWN?

ANNA MALEY.

Yes, and put them to work *now in this campaign*.

Let us organize distributing squads in every town. Boys and girls of from twelve to fifteen years of age will enjoy the work of helping to lay the foundation for their own free future.

Elect a sympathetic and capable organizer to put these boys and girls on their task. Our movement can command magnificent young enthusiasm which is craving for effective activity.

Comrades, our press is limited and we cannot reach the people through the usual avenues of circulation. We must build our own distributing machines.

We have our dailies, weeklies, and monthlies. These publications issue good leaflets from time to time. The national office, 180, Washington street, Chicago, Ill., is now issuing a series of good leaflets. You can get them at a cost of fifty cents per thousand. Think of it! A rate of five cents per hundred. This price places them within the reach of every local and every individual.

So let us get busy and get our young folks busy. Let us meet Rooseveltism with Socialism. While our masters of the bread seek to turn the pliant impulses of our youth into the channels of blood-lust and destruction, we must do what in us lies to direct our nation's coming citizens on the road of brotherhood and construction. There is just one way to beat the game of capitalism and that is to build the Socialist structure. Can we not make our young people the keystone of the arch?

Boy scouts and girl scouts moving on every house in their town with Socialist literature!

Socialist scouts! and why not?

"We thank thee (capitalist) for teaching us that word!"

FROM AN EIGHTH GRADER.

At the expiration of this last term, we (the eighth grade) had to write a final essay. This one on Woman Suffrage is mine. If it is of any use to you, you may print it. I am sending it to prove that you older heads are not the only Socialists. Your comrade—Agnes Eynon, Saginaw, Mich.

"Woman Suffrage.

"One of the most important problems before the world today is that of woman suffrage. Thousands of women are crying for a vote and the privilege of having a voice in making the laws that govern them.

But the question is, are these women right or wrong?

"By nature, man being not complete within himself without the companionship of woman, it follows, in order to have a complete and well-balanced government, science or art, woman must take her place as man's equal, and where she is not held in high esteem, or near man's equal, governments are backward, or in an aboriginal state. There is not a natural law that applies to man but which applies to woman, also. There are no means of reasoning by which a woman can be relegated to an inferior position, only which she creates herself, or is created by man for his own selfish conveniences, and wherever she has had the opportunity, she has proved her ability in every sense.

"Those who are opponents to woman suffrage reason from a false position, in which they have placed themselves, and the position they have compelled woman to occupy, which in this or all other questions, prevents true or correct reasoning. Through not giving woman an opportunity to develop as man's equal, they point to the inequalities they themselves have caused. The law of development is controlled by opportunities and environments, consequently, as the opportunities have occurred woman has developed man's equal. Man, where the opportunities and environments were not favorable, has been found to degenerate far below the ordinary standard of manhood, both in morality and ability.

"These truths being evident as nations advance, woman is gradually taking her place as man's equal. The old logic that slaves are not entitled to their freedom until their minds develop to that condition where they demand their liberty, applies alike to woman. We think woman has reached that condition, as there is now a world wide movement for equal suffrage to all. The Socialist political party, which is an international party, has a declaration in its platform which demands the full equality of rights for woman, while other political parties in certain sections have been forced to recognize woman's rights."

BOYTOWN RAILROAD.

FRED D. WARREN.

"Hi! Tommy, come and ride on my steam car," cried young Bill Short, as his boon companion passed the garden gate. Tom came over and inspected the "steam car." It consisted of a platform about three by five feet, mounted on the running-gear of an abandoned hand-car. A track made of old scantlings, boards, etc., was carefully laid out for a distance of 100 feet or so.

"Ain't it a daisy?" said Bill, as he viewed his work with admiration. "Get on, and I'll give you a free ride." Tom mounted the car, and Bill started the thing going by pushing it along.

"Golly, but that's nice," exclaimed Tom, as the end of the journey was reached. "Lemme ride back."

"All right," said Bill, "if you buy a ticket."

"Eh? A ticket? How much?" inquired Tom, in surprise.

"What's you got?" asked Bill shrewdly,

with the air of a financier. Tom emptied his pockets and took an inventory. It disclosed the usual assortment of articles. Bill looked the collection over with a critical eye, and said:

"That will buy four tickets."

After considerable haggling the trade was made.

By this time rumors of the new railroad project had spread throughout the village and boys of all sizes and descriptions appeared on the scene. Bill was soon doing a land-office business. His exchequer disclosed the fact that he was getting wealthy. Soon he became weary of pushing the car and decided to hire a couple of boys to do the propelling act. This he did, and soon the improvised train was going at a merry clip. Bill found this much more to his liking, and he made as much "money" as before.

In a few days Bill had every marble, every pin, every ball and ball-bat in town, besides a miscellaneous assortment of kittens, dogs, cats, etc. But, notwithstanding he distributed his favors in the way of labor to the different boys, there was a falling off in business. He couldn't understand it. The boys were there and wanted to ride, the train was ready to start, and there were plenty of willing hands to do the pushing. Finally he hit upon the plan of offering reduced rates. This stimulated business a little, but after a short spurt the business fell off again.

"I've heard dad talk about panics; maybe we're havin' one. Still, I've got plenty."

Bill, who was a shrewd financier, set about to relieve the distress. Bill had noticed that the "legal tender" which he paid to the boys to push the car flowed back into his hands rapidly and easily.

"Now, I'll just have these boys do a lot of things for me, and get some more money in circulation, then my business will be good again."

So, accordingly, Bill made it known that he wanted laborers to build a depot. The applications for places were numerous. He selected his gang, and then made it known that he would buy boxes, boards, nails, etc. Soon the back yard of Bill's parents was the scene of active industry. Boxes, boards and fence palings were surreptitiously hooked and brought to the scene and exchanged by the boys for the very articles they had given for tickets on Bill's railroad.

It was a busy scene, and activity in every department was stimulated. The railroad resumed operations on a larger scale, and the depot was rapidly nearing completion. The work was finished and the miniature town had plenty of funds and the railroad still ran lively. In a few days, however, the railroad business dropped off and came to a standstill. Bill took an inventory and found that he had accumulated a large amount of wealth, besides having his buildings up and paid for.

"Must be another panic," he soliloquized, as, with hands deep in his pockets, he gazed out through the little windows of his depot at the anxious-looking faces of the boys without. "I guess I'll have to do something to stimulate business again."

His fertile brain conceived numerous ways of giving employment to the boys, who were anxious to ride. The yard was cleaned and the fences and trees white-washed, the garden was weeded, for all of which he paid liberally, knowing full well the "money" would come back. Business was good for a while, but was followed by

e usual stagnation when the money was me.
 This time there was muttering among e boys. Tom, the first passenger, appeared to be unusually demonstrative. He w that Bill was accumulating all the ealth of Boytown without the least efrt on his part, and he began to cast out in his own mind for a means to cumvent the youthful railroad magnate. e first concluded to build a road of his n, but he abandoned this idea, for he alized that the boys would have nothing th which to buy a ride.
 At last he conceived an idea. He called meeting in Jerry Simpson's barn, just ross the alley from Bill's railroad project. ll viewed the meeting with some misgiv gs. He did not altogether like it. He nt his bosom friend and lieutenant, anny Jones, over to report the progress the meeting.
 Tom called the meeting to order and mmeneced:
 "Now, feller citizens, it won't be any use r me to explain the situation. Youse know already. We fellers want to ride, but we n't got nuthin' to ride with, notwithstand- ' the fact that we've worked hard. Of urse, there air times when we've plenty marbles, pins, chalk, and sich, but as ill's got it all, we can only get it when : has something for us to do, an' then e'uns go an' spend it with him over gain, an' he soon has the money an' the roduct of our labor." At this point he as interrupted by thunderous applause.
 "Now, feller citizens, I have a plan that think'll work whereby we can have all e rides we want."
 "What is it?" shouted half a dozen eager ices.
 "It's this way; we'll build a road of our wn."
 "Can't be did," shouted a voice in the ear.
 "Oh, yes, we can," replied the speaker. We'll issue a notice to all the boys of is 'ere town an' tell them that if they ants to help they can have all the rides hey want."
 Contributions of material, etc., were called or, and by evening an assortment of wheels oards and timbers were gathered together. n a few days the Boytown Co-Operative ailway was well under way. Little slips t paper were prepared, on which was crawled the number of hours each boy abored. When the road was completed ts were cast to see who would be the first ssengers. After that, the boys pushed nd rode in turn.
 Bill, the capitalist, was nonplussed. As e looked across the way and noticed the usiness the other road was doing he beame envious. He viewed with alarm his ow rusty car.
 "I'll go over and see the blamed thing." e said to himself, as he closed the door of he little depot and went out. He was greeted cordially by his former passengers, who took pleasure and delight in explaining o him just how the thing operated.
 "I see that," replied Bill, "but where oes the profit come—who's makin' any money outen it?"
 There ain't any profit, an' no one's a-makin' any money. We're all ridin' an' pushin', an' every feller gets about six rides to one push. When we'se workin' on your road we hao to push twice to get enough to ride once. Oh, I tell yer' it's a great scheme!"
 "Believe I'll ride," said Bill, as he stepped

upon the car. He tendered the conductor some of the collateral that was good on his road, but that functionary refused it disdainfully.
 "Dat don't go on this line. If dat's all you've got, you'll have to get off an' walk. See?"
 "Well, that's all I've got. How'm I to get what you fellers have got?" he anxiously inquired.
 "Get off an' push de car, an' den you can ride on this line. Labor talks here."
Second International Conference of Socialist Women.
 The representatives of the organized Socialist Women of different countries, having given their assent, the undersigned convokes by their order,
The Second International Conference of Socialist Women in Copenhagen on the 26th and 27th of August next. The sittings will be held in the *Arbejdernes Forsamlingsbygning, Jagtvej 69* and be opened *Friday, August 26th at 9 o'clock* in the morning.
 The provisional agenda of the conference is:
 1. Opening
 2. Measures for securing more regular relations between the organized Socialist women of all countries.
 3. Practical work in favor of universal woman suffrage, viz. adult suffrage.
 4. Social protection and provision for motherhood and infants.
 All the organized Socialist women—without difference of the group or party they belong to—as well as all the societies and unions of women workers, recognizing the fact of class war, are earnestly asked to send their delegates—women or men—to this conference.
 The organizations of each country are autonomous to decide the rules of sending delegates to the conference. The number of delegates is not restricted for any organization.
 The Socialist women in the various countries are kindly asked to forward proposals

to the undersigned in order that those proposals can be translated and communicated to the national correspondents in time. The names of the *delegates and the reports on the state and work of organizations* Socialist women are concerned in, must be sent not later than the 1st of August. The reports are to be published in the three languages of the conference—German, English and French. If received in time, they will be distributed before the opening of the conference.
 The women comrades of all countries are heartily requested to do their best that many delegates will attend the conference, so that the second international gathering of Socialist women will successfully continue the theoretical and practical work taken up successfully in a strong community of the Socialist ideal by the First International Conference of Socialist Women at Stuttgart, Fraternally yours,
CLARA ZETKIN.
 International Secretary of the Socialist Women, Wilhelmshohe, Post Degerloch bei Stuttgart, Germany.
The Mills of Mammon,
 By James W. Brower, is a white slave story that will make your hair stand on end. Not only that, the curse of the capitalist system in its every department, is shown up in such a manner as to sicken and disgust the most enthusiastic supporter of the present order. Get a copy of this book for your library, and lend it to all your neighbors and friends—they will read it. Price. \$1. The P. W. Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.
 Get your secretary to order sub cards for The Progressive Woman and start some readers in your vicinity.
 Socialism and the Home, by May Walden, 20 copies for 60c.
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WHAT WOMEN CAN DO. X

J. C. K.

It is so often asked "What can women do in the Socialist movement?" It actually has become a momentous question; more and more people are asking it; more and more men, and more and more women want seriously to know what women can do in the Socialist movement.

And, after all, it is such a simple question. What do women do any where? What do they do in the home, in the church, in the club, in the sewing circle, in the towns and cities and nation?

Why, they talk, surely they talk. And so far even men haven't found anything much better than just talking, in the Socialist movement. It takes a lot of talking, in fact; it is a place where talk is at a premium: it is guilt edged stock, in our party. I have often seen the founder of the greatest Socialist paper in the world standing on the street corner of his home town, talking to beat the band. Talking as if his life depended on it—just to simple country bumpkins, on the street corners. Talking Socialism, of course. Women can talk about Socialism. In the kitchens, in the parlors, over the back fence, in the clubs, when they go shopping—when is it that a woman can't talk? And women in the Socialist movement can use this great natural gift to wonderful advantage. Let them try it.

After talking comes the distribution of literature. People want to know what it is you are talking about so much. This is a good chance to give them something to read. Women can use the quantity of Socialist literature that comes into the home in a way that will make it do double service. And if that is not enough, order more, and carry it around to the homes of the people. Any man will take a piece of literature from a woman, and no woman will say her nay. This process repeated over and over, is bound to make the recipients think, and if they don't read at once, they will later. Continual pressure will make them read in spite of themselves. Every Socialist local should have a corps of women organized for the express purpose of distributing literature to men on the streets and to women in the homes. The street cars are good places for this most valuable work. A bunch of papers or leaflets distributed on the street car, are sure to be read.

Then there is the financial end of the situation. Every Socialist local needs a group of women in it to raise money for the good of the cause. Men aren't any good at raising money. They know how to go down in their own jeans and hand out a dollar or two, if the case is pressingly urgent; but they don't know how to raise a lot in nickles and dimes and quarters, small amounts that aren't felt by the individuals, and yet which are sufficient to meet all the bills, and make possible new ones, and somehow have a little left over for the treasury, as a nest egg. This is what women can do, and are doing every day of their lives, everywhere except in the Socialist movement. Why not do it here? The need is urgent enough.

Then there is teaching. Think of the women teachers in capitalist society. The mothers in the home, school teachers, Sunday school teachers—in every avenue of child life, the woman is the teacher. We need women to teach Socialism in our movement. Every Socialist local needs at least one woman who will take a class of children once a week and teach them in easy terms the principles of our philosophy. It is something that *ought to be done*. Men haven't time for it. They aren't

as fit for it as are women. Surely women can be teachers in the Socialist movement.

And as for our social life—we haven't any in the Socialist movement, where there are no women interested. Social life is necessary to any organization. Women make it possible. We need women to give entertainments, socials, dances, suppers, children's parties, and a score of other diversions that constantly fill life in human society.

What can women do in the Socialist movement? Rather ask what *can't* they do? Some folks have the idea that every woman who comes into our movement should be a great speaker, and shine as such at our local meetings. Nay, vary. Let her rather be a good talker, and shine as such among her neighbors. Also, they think she must be a great student, knowing all the things from the foundation of the world. It is not necessary. She may know the evils that exist today, their cause and cure, and this will fit her for a good Socialist. If she wants to go into history and biology, why, let her. It will help her, but if she hasn't time, she can be a good, influential Socialist anyway. The same holds true of men. Workingmen haven't time to become scholars. If they had they wouldn't need Socialism.

So to the men and the women I would say, go after the women for your organization. You need them. They need you. Talk to them; overcome them with literature, papers and leaflets, and pamphlets that appeal to them, and they can understand. Then when you get them, regard them as a precious adjunct, and hold them by giving them some simple, essential thing to do. They won't stick unless you keep them busy; and once they are started they will keep themselves busy. And keep you busy, too. And goodness knows, you are not overly active by yourselves.

What can women do? Many *very, very necessary things*. Go after them and see.

FROM OUR READERS.

The last issue is great—Lena Morrow Lewis, enroute.

There are good words for The Progressive Woman everywhere.—Anna A. Maley, enroute.

Your magazine gets right close to the heart of all women comrades—Fred Stone, Arkansas City, Kan.

I enjoy my paper so much I want some of my neighbors to do the same—Mrs. T. H. McDonald, Los Angeles, Cal.

Your articles in The P. W. are splendid, and you are doing noble work.—Harriet P. Morse, Los Angeles, Cal.

May your efforts never end until woman is politically, socially and sexually free.—W. E. N. Wright, Colorado.

The Progressive Woman is such a splendid magazine that I do not wish to miss a single number.—Inez Alexander, Missouri.

Send last issue of The P. W. to me here. Can't get along without the best little paper on earth.—Matilda Hodges, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

We held a little afternoon social in a quiet way and the ten-cent collection amounted to \$1.50, which I enclose for a bundle of the July number with the white

slave exposure. We hope to do better next month. This was only a beginning.—Agn H. Downing, Los Angeles, Cal.

Find money order for five subs. I expect to send in more as soon as I am better acquainted in this town. I want to do all I can for this wonderful woman's magazine.—Mrs. Ralph Sassaman, New Jersey

Enclosed find money order for \$2.00 which send leaflets and sub cards as per enclosed list. I think The Progressive Woman is the best paper ever published (Would like to except the Appeal, but can't, honestly). I felt like shouting when I read the "Marriage Contract" in the July issue.—Mrs. Kate Stiles, Oklahoma.

The Progressive Woman, the best journal of its kind published, ought to receive the support of each and every woman, as well as every broad-minded man. Its noble purpose to educate, must be financially strengthened. This little torpedo must accomplish its work, which will not be destructive, but constructive. Please send me twenty new subscribers, all from Washington, D. C., to your list. Wish I could send you 1,000. Yours for the better education of humanity.—Julia M. Brood Washington, D. C.

WE EAT AT HOME

We eat at home; we do not care
Of what insanitary fare;
So long as mother makes the pie,
Content we live, content we die,
And proudly our dyspepsia bear.

Straight from our furred forefather's lair
The instinct comes of feeding there;
And still unmoved by progress high
We eat at home.

In wasteful ignorance we buy
Alone; alone our food we fry;
What though a tenfold cost we bear,
The doctor's bill, the dentist's chair?
Still without ever asking why
We eat at home.

—The Forerunner.

Maynard had been naughty, and his father after showing him his fault, had sent him up his room to ask God to forgive him for being bad boy.

Three-year-old Harold was present, but seemed to take no notice of the conversation. It was his turn, however, before many days to receive punishment, and his father took him across his knee "Oh, don't, papa," he said. "I would rather go upstairs and pray."

Stevie and Robbie were cousins, and, although very fond of each other, did not always agree. One day Robbie's mother entered the room where the little ones were playing, and was immediately appealed to by her son. "Mama, may I Stevie tell me my faults?" "What do you want Stevie to tell your faults for?" asked Robbie's mother in astonishment. "So that I can tell Stevie his," was the unexpected reply.

There was a circus in town, and Roy greatly longed to go and see the clowns and all the clever animals, but his father objected, on the ground that good little boys never went to the circus. "But you always say I'm not a good boy," said Roy, dejectedly, "and besides, papa," he added brightening up, "hadn't I better go while I'm big enough to enjoy it?"

Donald, aged five, from the city, was visiting his aunts in the country. At milking time he wanted to help and was given a pail. He soon returned to the house crying. His aunts asked him what was the matter. He sobbed, "I pulled the cow's stems and she spanked me with her tail."

Socialist women's clubs and committees are being organized in many towns and cities. They will need literature with which to carry on the propaganda. Tell them about The Progressive Woman and our leaflets. They can't find anything better for their purposes.

Little George, three years old, was kneeling at his mother's knee repeating the Lord's Prayer sentence by sentence. He looked up when it came to the part "Give us this day our daily bread" and said, "And kuger on it mama, kuger on it."

Socialism and The Home is a pamphlet by Max Waldon that you need in your propaganda work. Sixty copies of this booklet for \$1.

Two copies of Ben Hanford's "Fight for Your Life, one of the very best propaganda books, 25c