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ELLA REEVE BLOOR
Candidate for State Secretary of Connecticut.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

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ELLA REEVE BLOOR.

Mrs. Ella Reeve Bloor, of Waterbury, Conn., has been named by the Socialist party for secretary of state. Mrs. Bloor's nomination is the first one for a woman for state office in Connecticut.

Mrs. Bloor has been actively at work in the Socialist party for fourteen years, and is one of our most efficient speakers and organizers. She is also deeply interested in votes for women, and took an aggressive stand at the last National Congress for the party's co-operating with the suffragists in their fight for the ballot, so long as it did not require compromise on our part. On this subject she said:

The modern Socialist movement began its political career with a demand for equal political rights for all adults, without distinction of class or sex, and the platform of our own party contains a specific pledge that the Socialists of America would engage in an active campaign for unrestricted and equal suffrage for men and women. This pledge was made in good faith, and must be redeemed unequivocally and whole heartedly. Our propaganda for the enfranchisement of women must not be carried on spasmodically and perfunctorily, but steadily and enthusiastically. We must allow no opportunity for such propaganda to escape. Whether it be a legislative hearing, a public demonstration or discussion, the Socialists should range themselves on all occasions with the advocate of woman suffrage.

In this country there is practically no movement for qualified suffrage. The American woman suffrage movement as a whole stands for full political rights for women, regardless of class and property qualifications. There is, therefore, less reason for us to conduct a separate campaign upon this issue than there is for our comrade in Europe, where the suffrage movement is to some extent conducted on class lines. While the Socialist party should never merge its identity in any other movement, we should not place ourselves in a voluntary position of isolation, where the principles and aims of our party fully coincide with those of other organizations. We should heartily support the general movement of the women of America for their enfranchisement. In this case, as in many similar cases, Socialism must break through the narrow circle of our own organization and must penetrate into the masses of the people as a living and vivifying social force."

Whether Connecticut will take the position that New Hampshire took in regard to the candidacy of Marilla Ricker, for governor, and refuse to permit Mrs. Bloor's name on the state ticket because of her sex, remains to be seen.

ARISE! BRAVE WOMAN!

NANNIE PARKER.

Sung to the tune of the Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Arise! Arise! Brave Woman! There is work for you to do;
Show the world that love is wisdom and Love's promises are true;
Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you
And we'll go marching on.

Chorus.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! As we go marching on.

Do you need a sound to rouse you? Hear the little children cry;
Do you need a sight to stir you? See the old who hopeless die.
Shall they call to you in misery while you stand heedless by?
No, We'll go marching on.

Chorus.

Man too long has fought unaided with the evil of the world;
But together we shall conquer, all our strength against it hurled;
And united march to victory, our banners bright unfurled.
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

We will give the world fair daughters and those daughters shall be free;
They shall stand beside their brothers on the ground of Liberty
And the cause of right shall prosper on the land and on the sea
As we go marching on.

Chorus.

Then Arise! Arise Brave woman! There is work for you to do;
Show the world that love is wisdom and Love's promises are true;
Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you
And we'll go marching on.

"OUT WITH THE TIDE"

ETHEL WHITEHEAD.

Little Mary stood by the kitchen sink washing dishes. It was a dreary enough place, being the basement of a third rate apartment house, and Mary was the little drudge who washed dishes, blackened shoes, and scrubbed floors from morning till night. She was only thirteen, but her face was worn and old. She had no happy childhood to look back upon, as long as she could remember there had always been work to do. When her mother was alive, there had been endless buttons to sew on, or bastings to pull, and then when she died Mrs. Flint had taken her.

Of all the tasks that she had to perform, Mary found in the washing of dishes her only pleasure. It brought to her mind the one happy day in her life, the day when the "charity folks" had taken her and others to the beach. The swash of the water round the dishes, reminded her of the swash of the waves on the shore, she delighted to plunge a pitcher in and hear the gurgle of the water, it sounded like the gurgle of the waves as they surged round the rocks. But today, somehow the gurgle and the swash did not seem the same. Day after day she had been growing more tired, and now as the milk pitcher sank beneath the soapy waves, there was no responsive echo in Mary's tired little brain.

She raised the pither, and plunged it once more into the water, so that the "waves" flew over the side of the bowl, and had it poised in her hand for one more splash, that might perhaps sound as of old, when a sharp voice broke on her ears, and a heavy hand coffered her sharply, as the voice cried "Now yer lazy good for nothing, wot yer wastin' yer time for?"

The pitcher fell to the floor, and was broken into a myriad pieces. The sharp voice rose higher, and the hand was raised again, when a gentle voice interposed, and the arm of a Sister of Mercy, was thrust between the child and the blow.

"Lor Sister" said Mrs. Flint, "I didn't go for to—"

"Never mind that Mrs. Flint. What has the child done?"

"I—I was j—jest playing at tides, that's all," sobbed Mary.

"Playing at tides! That child is crazy," snorted Mrs. Flint.

"What do you mean dear" asked the sister.

The frail form quivered, and the child's voice shook, as she replied, "Why, onct wen I was orful little, I went to a place where there were lots of water, an' I sat an' watched it, an' it kep' getting nearer an' nearer. An' then a man come an' picked me up, an' he sez it was the tide, an' God put his hand in an' spilled it over. An' an' wen I wash dishes, I play it's the tide."

"Why you little hussy you—"

"Hush!" said the Sister. "Go on Mary."

"I like to wash dishes better 'n anythin' else, cos it makes me think of the tide. I often wish the tide had taken me out, like the man sez it might er done if he hadn't a come. Seems to me like—I'd like to have-gone-out-with the tide—"

The child's voice faltered, the slight form swayed, and was caught in the Sister's arms. The eyelids fluttered, and with a sigh, little Mary "went out with the tide."

The Sister shed a tear, Mrs. Flint said, it was a "nuisance" and she couldn't see why the "ungrateful little minx wanted to die", but no one cared. There are so many like Mary, and they die so often.

A PERSONAL WORD.

J. C. K.



Comrades and all interested readers of The Progressive Woman, I want a personal word with you for a few moments. Over on the editorial page we have a rather unusual letter, from a rather severe critic in Boston. I don't know whether this individual can harm The Progressive Woman in the least, or whether he will even try to or not. But anyway, he has shown us the standpoint of an element of ignorant, narrow, prejudiced American citizens in regard to "things as they are." He is one of that species who would rather our womanhood would fester in the filth and degradation of poverty, ignorance and unenlightenment, than to have his ear disturbed or his eye distressed by reference to this frightful condition into which too large a portion of our society is forced.

Nevertheless, as intelligence grows, a demand for a purer, higher life expression grows, and this demand is bound to root out and cast off the unnecessary ills from which we are today suffering.

But, in order that intelligence may spread, and the social demand be raised, we who are already awakened have a great work yet before us. "American Citizen" is proof of the necessity of this work—which is the spreading of enlightenment in dark places. If you feel as I do, after reading this threat, you will wish to answer it by doubling and quadrupling the circulation of The Progressive Woman. Massachusetts especially is in need of a big monthly edition.

How many of you will do this? How many will go out at once, and gather at least four new names for our sublist? Many of you can get twenty—yes, easily 20, at 25c each. And practically all of you can get four at that price. Won't you do it?—Today?

You have never yet fallen down on The Progressive Woman. But the time has come when more than ever your interest, your work, your untiring efforts in behalf of this paper are needed. Never in the history of the race has its womanhood become so nearly awakening as it is becoming today. Now is a splendid time, a critical time, and it is a time for you to help direct this awakening conscience into the right channel. Will you do it?

When you write your letters regarding the threat on our editorial page, you cannot do better than to reinforce it with four subscriptions—or twenty, as you see fit. Let us hear from you.

Another thing, this special suffrage edition should be placed in every community in the land. Washington, Oklahoma, and South Dakota are especially fertile fields in which to sow this issue. Our suffrage editions are always sold in large numbers, but we want to make this the **Biggest Of All**—There is a reason.

In bundles of five or more, the P. W. is 2c each; \$15 per 1000. Club rates on subscriptions, 25c a year; in clubs of four or more. Subscription cards, four for \$1. Single yearly subscriptions, 50c.

WOMAN'S PORTION

FRANKLIN WENTWORTH

[The following is an address recently delivered in New York.]

As we regard the ready sympathy of woman; as we read countless tales of self-denial and sacrifices of mother love; as we detect in the rare gift of intuition with which she is so generously endowed a new and wondrous spiritual faculty whose possibilities are beyond our ken, as we regard these ineffable gifts, we are lost in wonder that they have not long since changed the brutal aspect of the world, and ushered in a reign of peace and love.

Why have not these tendencies and superiorities, which we all acknowledge to be good, before which we all must bow in admiration—why have they not long since dominated our social life and redeemed us from barbarity? How is it possible that one child in all the world can utter an unheeded cry, while a single mother heart beats anywhere? How is it possible that beardless boys will stand with woman's kiss upon their lips in soldier ranks to kill their brothers whom they do not know, while any woman lives whose hands have clenched at a man-child's birth? Ah, fatal error!

It is because around every woman's life there has been raised an invisible wall of mental tyranny that has turned her noblest attributes to selfish ends and met with harsh resentment every effort she has made at higher living.

* * *

Behind this barrier woman has been locked in what is called her 'sphere'; a region vast in pettiness and futility, until the slow mental grinding of the centuries has dwarfed her mind, enfeebled her body and shrouded her soul in webs of superstition.

* * *

Thus we see what woman's 'sphere' has made of women. Stifled in this fog of pettiness, her province marked out for her by others than herself, the upper class woman becomes a fashion plate, the middle class woman an upper servant, and the working class woman the slave companion of her slave husband.

As with men, so with women; the bulk of human misery is achieved by the married woman of the working class; for added to the unassisted care of their families are often bitter poverty and periods of haunting fear.

From the time man got upon his hind feet and swung his hickory club over a bit of land he called his own, woman has crouched at his feet and done his bidding. Every fetich, every superstition, every cowering fear that has sent him quaking before an image in his brain, has found in her an intense and quivering echo. Every enslaving idea that has spun a web about the chambers of his mind has double locked her more receptive brain.

* * *

Woman's enslavement and degradation began when private property began. Mine and thine were the words which sealed her fate in centuries of servitude; the words which shut her out from the warm, palpitating, universal life and love of the world and chained her as the chattel of a being vastly inferior to herself save in the instincts and the powers of the brute. Within the wigwam door was shut her tender light,

and brother fought with brother in the outside darkness where they could not see.

Only by the fitful flame of social cataclysm, when the institution of private property has been shaken by enraged mankind, have we had hints of the power of woman in the state.

It is in France, when the patriots of the revolution have confiscated the lands of the church, and no form of privilege remains unchallenged, that we see the brilliant minds of Mme. Roland and Mme. De Stael flashing amid the ebb and flow of events like lustrous diamonds in a scarlet crown.

I am not one of those who believe that there is in a disqualifying sense any sex in intellect. Already in architecture, in medicine, in art, in the many occupations or professions in which woman has forced a foothold, she rises easily the intellectual peer of her masculine rival. And this new force and influence is coming to be recognized as of vital significance to the established social order.

* * *

With the coming of economic opportunity comes a woman who rises to her full height, and does not sell herself for board and clothes. To gain the free woman as a mate it will require something more than the ability to buy her; man will have at last to deserve her. He will have to deserve her to win her—he will have to deserve her to hold her. The free woman will laugh at the laws he has made to restrain her as at tales to scare a child.

Through the confusion tangle of our present social order this truth is beginning slowly to force its way, and all those persons who are too small in spirit to accept its evolutionary significance are thrown into a panic at the thought.

'The free woman! What a fearful image lurks behind the phrase!

We are noting today on every hand a marvelous public solicitude for the preservation of the family.

Beautiful, idyllic pictures are painted of the family groups within the sacred walls of home around the shaded library lamp in the atmosphere of art and music—and the Socialist is bitterly censured as the iconoclast who would ruthlessly shatter all this idealism.

But we who are working for Socialism know that the vast majority of the workers have never known such a home in all their history. We know that the home of the worker is a barren place in which every refining influence is purchased at a sacrifice.

The working class home is too often only four walls; only a sordid shelter afforded to collective discomfort.

* * *

When the retainers of capitalism, therefore, cry out from the platforms and pulpits for the preservation of the family, we may perhaps be justified in inquiring: "Whose family?" They surely do not mean the family of the working class, for they have proved their indifference to this by centuries of careless neglect.

Now in their hearts the privileged classes know well that it is not because the Socialist does not desire to preserve the home

that sets them quaking with concern; it is because at last he does.

For the first time in history the workers of the world are now evincing a determination to preserve their own families—to preserve them from exploitation. And when the worker actually begins to preserve his own family, and demands for their consumption the product of his labor, the idler knows he will have at last to bestir himself to preserve his.

Indeed, who cannot see that as the family of the working man rises at last out of its collective misery, the idle, the parasitic family, so long secure in its unproductive uselessness, must cease to fatten at the cost of the family of the poor?

* * *

It is not strange that the Socialist criticism of the parasitic family should be distorted by the enemies of progress into an alleged attack upon the honest relations of man and woman. It is so easy to push the truth over the precipice, where it takes on the aspect of a lie. The oldest and most effective weapon of established privilege, used whenever bald force becomes inadequate, is the trick of confusing the issue.

We naturally, therefore, now find privilege engaged in a cunning effort to cover up its economic plundering by turning the cannons of middle class prejudices upon the Socialists.

For if the economic proposition were fairly and honestly met, they know that unclouded reason would quickly see and define the moral leprosy of their own position as spenders of the life substance which they do not help to produce.

* * *

It is the middle class which is now being industriously set going in alarm for the welfare of the family—for it is in the middle class that all that is most feudal in the family still survives.

The middle class woman, shut within four walls with her household cares for company, has developed a psychology hateful and unnatural to the large and sympathetic nature of woman.

Her sympathy, which should be as wide as the world, finds expression outside the family only in works of petty charity. Her mother love is degraded into sublimated selfishness; she loves her children as a tigress her cubs—because they are her own.

All her natural, universal sympathies are drawn into a petty private circle and her children, reflecting her own mind, look out upon the world as the feudal spirit always does, as a field for plundering for selfish ends. She teaches them to look upon woman as she herself looks upon herself, a chattel, and her sons go forth, strong in the will, to perpetuate her serfdom in other, younger women.

If we wish to realize how wholly woman has been effaced to a cipher, we have only to look at the political constitutions under which the government of so-called civilized nations is administered.

In none is she recognized as a human being. The middle class founders of the American republic never even thought of her. The only political constitution ever promulgated by man in which woman is recognized as other than a chattel is the constitution of the Socialist party.

It may be a long time before we arrive, and womankind may weep oceans of bitter tears before the journey's end is reached, but Freedom lies somewhere in the Future, and the race is headed that way.

THE TRAFFIC IN GIRL SLAVES

THE MENACE TO THE MORALS AND HEALTH OF SOCIETY IN THE
WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

That girls and women are bought and sold as surely as slaves were brought to the auction block in ante bellum days, in every state and city in this country, into a life infinitely more hideous than the average black slave knew, is a fact that is known by most people who read current literature. The actual menace of this slavery to the public, however, is not yet common knowledge. If it were, the white slave traffic could not flourish as it does today.

The test of an evil is not in its effect upon isolated individuals—but in its effect upon society in general. Leprosy is a horrible disease, but so long as it is confined to a few unfortunates upon isolated islands, we seldom give it a thought. But let it ravage our own states, and the very air will be permeated with a hue and cry against it. Every device known to human ingenuity will be brought forward to exterminate it.

And also, so long as those diseases known as "social diseases" are thought to be confined to a comparatively few, degraded persons, we say little about them. But once let us inform ourselves that they are more malignant, more contagious, more insidious than tuberculosis or typhoid, and we will not hesitate about beginning their extermination, as we have begun the extermination of these latter diseases.

And such is the case. From "War on the White Slave Trade" we quote the following: "Dr. William Osler, formerly of John Hopkins Medical School, Baltimore, now of the University of Oxford, in an article describing the diseases which are the greatest scourges of the human race, such as cholera, yellow fever, smallpox, consumption, pneumonia and leprosy, wrote of the group of vice diseases:

"These are in one respect the worst of all we have to mention, for they are the only ones transmitted in full virulence to innocent children to fill their lives with suffering, and which involve equally innocent wives in the misery and shame."

Dr. Rupp, in his "Letters of A Physician to His Daughters" estimates that over sixty per cent of the adult male population of this county contract gonorrhoea and that twelve per cent contract syphilis. That means that out of 770 000 boys who reach maturity each year, more than 450,000 enroll themselves in the great army of the diseased. Eighty per cent of the blindness in the new born is caused by gonorrhoeal affection, and it is computed that 20,000 infants are killed by syphilis in France each year. We have not in this country as yet statistics on this important subject.

Not only are there no official statistics regarding the effects of social diseases, but information exposing their victims is carefully cloaked by the attitude of physicians, who, through what they call a code of honor, will under no circumstances reveal the disease of one of their patients thus afflicted. When the inmate of a home is attacked with scarlet fever, the law forces the other members to put out a sign to such effect, that all may be warned of the danger within. But a physician may not warn the daughter of his dearest friend against marrying a young man whom he knows to be syphilitic. The story is told of a physician who found himself in just

such a position. When one of his patients announced to him that he was to marry a certain young woman, a friend of the doctor, the latter, after vainly remonstrating with him, showing him the danger of such a step, as a last resort, said: "You are taking advantage of our sense of honor, which does not permit me to reveal your physical condition; but, as sure as I am alive, if you marry that young woman, I will be at the wedding, and before I will permit the words which make you man and wife to be said, I will rise out of my place and strike you in the face with my hand, so that all present may see my action." The young man reconsidered, and did not marry the girl. This physician, however, is but one in thousands.

I met once at the home of a mental science healer a young couple who had been married but a few months.

was seized with violent pain in the lower part of the abdomen and had a temperature of 105 degrees Fahrenheit and a pulse of 140. . . . The peritonitic infection continued to spread. . . . Finally she died.

The brilliant blind girl, Helen Keller, in a full-page article in The Ladies' Home Journal for January, 1909, wrote under the heading "I Must Speak":

The common cause of blindness is ophthalmia of the new-born. One pupil in every three at the institution for the blind in New York City was blinded in infancy by this disease.

What is the cause of ophthalmia neonatorum? It is a specific germ communicated by the mother to the child at birth. Previous to the child's birth she has unconsciously received it through infection from her husband. He has contracted the infection in licentious relations before or since marriage. "The cruelest link in the chain of consequences," says Dr. Prince Morrow, "is the mother's innocent agency. She is made a passive, unconscious medium of instilling into the eyes of her new-born babe a virulent poison which extinguishes its sight."

It is part of the bitter harvest of the wild oats he has sown.

This specific disease germ is carried from



From "War on the White Slave Trade."
IN THE HOSPITAL---Sins of the fathers visited on the children.

The wife was being treated for a disease, the nature of which she was in total ignorance, and which she had caught from her husband. He had himself been treated by a physician before marriage, and believed himself thoroughly cured. That he was in mental torment over the situation is but expressing it mildly. He loved his wife, did not want to lose her—and yet his own folly threatened her destruction.

He was one who learned that the young man who sows his wild oats does not reap the harvest alone.

The following from Dr. Morrow quoted in "War on the White Slave Trade" says:

I knew a girl in perfect health, of great beauty, of Junoesque proportions, combining muscular strength with regularity of features and graceful movements, possessing a most amiable disposition—in brief, a paragon of a wife to make a husband happy. She married a nice young man in a good business. It was marriage based upon mutual affection and held out every prospect of a long and happy union. A week after her marriage she came to me with an abscess in one of Bartholin's glands and a profuse discharge. . . . She was under treatment for months. . . . She

the red light districts of our great cities to many towns and villages, where no red light districts are known. It is a well-known fact that thousands of visitors to the cities flock to the tenderloin as one of the "sights" of the city. Cattlemen from the west, various orders holding conventions, and individual visitors, visit these places, many of them only sight-seeing, and many carrying to their homes the germs of blindness, ill health, death. "There is money in vice, so long as the public conscience sleeps and officials are chloroformed with bribes, or otherwise persuaded to make it easy for lawbreakers," says "War on the White Slave Trade," and so long as there is money in it, what do these dealers in crime care for the lives of innocent women and children?

The idea that "medical inspection" reduces the possibilities of infection to a minimum, even in the highest priced resorts, is a misleading one, and no doubt causes many a man to venture who would



From "War on the White Slave Trade."
Daisy at Seventeen--"Young and so Fair."

FACTS STRONGER THAN THEORY.

CATHERINE WAUGH McCULLOUGH.
(Published by National American Suffrage Association.)

Wife's earnings and personal property, not received from husband, in her sole control. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Spouse's interest equal in each other's real estate. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Equal pay for equal work, regardless of sex. Wyoming, Utah. (By custom in Colorado and Idaho.)

Professions and all public offices open to women. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Jury service open to women. Utah, Idaho. (No prohibition in Wyoming and Colorado and women there act as jurors.)

Equality in inheritance for both sexes. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Divorce for same causes to husband and to wife, though wife can also secure separate maintenance or divorce for non-support. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Wife and minor children entitled to homestead and to a certain allowance out of husband's estate, which has priority over ordinary debts. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Women privileged to make a will at eighteen years of age. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Free schools from primary grade through state university open to women. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Free text books in public schools. Wyoming, Utah. (If district so vote, in Colorado and Idaho.)

Free kindergartens. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

American flag on school houses. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Compulsory education for children under sixteen years of age, with instruction in physiology and hygiene. Wyoming, Utah. (Colorado, Idaho, under 14.)

Alcoholic drinks forbidden to minors. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Tobacco forbidden to children under eighteen. Wyoming, Utah. (Idaho, twenty-one; Colorado, sixteen.)

No children under fourteen to work in mines. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

No woman to work in mines. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah. (Not customary in Idaho.)

Eight hours' work maximum labor day for women. Colorado, Idaho.

No factory work for children under fourteen. Colorado, Idaho. (Practically none in Utah and Wyoming.)

Dependent children in family homes. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Juvenile courts and probation officers for delinquent children. Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Women physicians or matrons in certain institutions having women or children in custody. Wyoming, Colorado. (Customary in Utah and Idaho.)

Indecent exhibitions, pictures, or exposure and the sale or gift of indecent literature forbidden. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Gambling and prostitution forbidden. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Age of consent eighteen or twenty-one years. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

Prostitutes and other lewd persons forbidden to register or vote. Idaho.

Father and mother share in guardianship of children. Survivor the sole guardian. Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho.

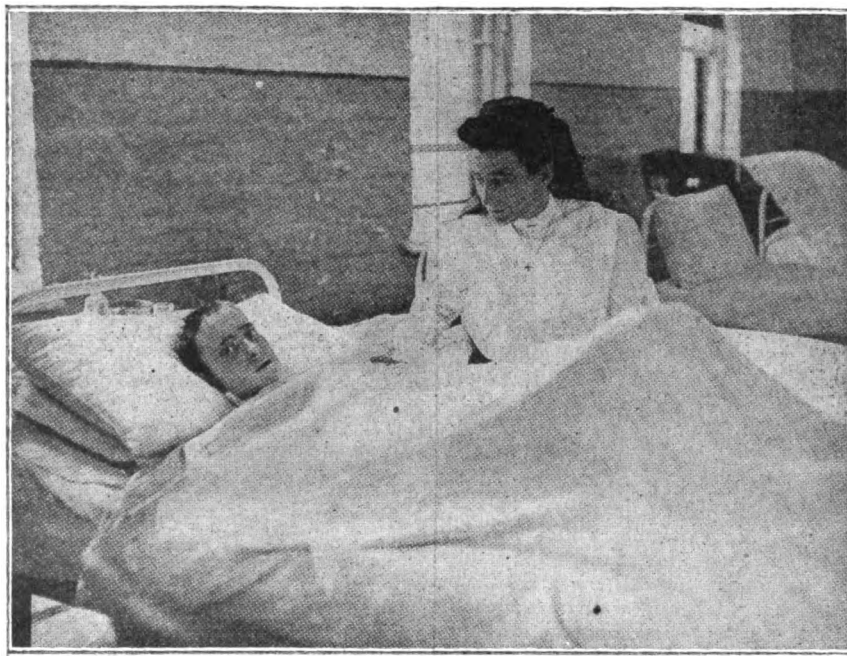
I challenge the discovery of four man-suffrage states or countries where women or children are equally protected.

are cattle to the slaughter. The author of "War—What For?" says "The great British government within recent years provided prostitutes for her soldiers in India. Circular memoranda were sent to all the cantonments of India by Quartermaster General Chapman, in the name of the commander-in-chief of the army of India (Lord Roberts)." And he quotes from a commanding officer:

Please send young and attractive women as laid down in the quartermaster general's circular No. 21a. . . . There are not women enough; they are not attractive enough. More and younger women are required. . . . I have ordered the number of prostitutes to be increased. . . . And have given special instructions as to additional women being young and of attractive appearance.

And this: "The total number of admissions to hospital of cases of venereal diseases amongst troops in India rose in 1895 to 522 per 1,000."

(Continued.)



From "War on the White Slave Trade."
Daisy, Under Twenty, Dying in the Poor House.

not do so otherwise. Writers on this subject are pretty well agreed that so-called "medical inspection" is a farce, and that practically all prostitutes sooner or later are afflicted with incurable diseases. That the average life of these girls is four years, is proof in itself that disease preys upon them early and unmercifully.

The picture of "Daisy" given here, and taken from "War on the White Slave Trade," show the rapidity with which a vice disease may work. "Daisy" was an orphan, who at seventeen was betrayed by a business man for whom she worked. Desiring to be rid of her, he took her to a house in the red light district of Chicago, and left her to whatever fate might await her. Ignorant, homeless, helpless, she started in to live the life. In less than two years she was found by Miss Buzzell, a worker in the slums and prisons of the city, in the venereal ward at Cook County Hospital. One eye was sightless, one hand crippled, her lower limbs were paralyzed, and she was dying of the loathsome, putrifying disease of the life of shame. How many men, and through them how many women and children, had become infected before "Daisy" had finally given up, no one will ever know. She was willing that her story should go out as a warning to other girls—and to many men—and she said, "Tell the girls always for me to confide in and obey their mothers."

This admonition would be more valuable were mothers themselves always wise in the guidance of their children.

Another means of spreading the "social diseases" more harmful than our simple "patriotic" souls ever dreamed of is through the army. In his book on "War—What For?" George R. Kirkpatrick gives instances and statistics regarding this evil in army life, which are startling in their nature and prevalence.

Mr. Kirkpatrick quotes William H. Taft, as secretary of war, who said (Annual Report of the Secretary of War, 1907 p. 17):

Venereal diseases were again by far the most important diseases affecting the efficiency of the army during the year. There were constantly on sick report for this class of affection 739 men, equal to the loss for the entire year of the service of about eleven full companies of infantry. . . . As a cause for discharge venereal diseases were second.

One of the best known publicists in the world, Mr. William T. Stead, says Mr. Kirkpatrick, puts the matter thus:

Four out of five of all English soldiers who serve two years or more are tainted with venereal diseases.

The following is quoted from an officer in the department of war, Col. John Van Rensselaer:

Every soldier excused from duty on account of sickness of any kind has a record made of his case. By reason of this fact, I believe I may safely say that military vital statistics, including venereal diseases, are the most complete extant.

The authorities observing that there has been in recent years a progressive increase of these diseases in the army, until the non-efficiency from them with us now exceeds that of any other army.

Army posts are rich fields for the white slavers, and girls are shipped to foreign posts from their home countries even as

Women's Votes and After

JOS. E. COHEN

It is pretty hard to take seriously the opposition to having women vote.

It is quite understandable why there should be opposition. Most people we meet might, if challenged, deny that they are living in the twentieth century. Their habits are chiefly those of a century or two ago. Some, if not many, are wondering if we did not make a fatal mistake in ever leaving the stone age.

To take such people as seriously as they take themselves would be about as reasonable as to accept the Tasmanian standard of morals. The only hope for such as these is that they will not long delay to die and replenish the earth.

For few really believe that women will not, ultimately, secure the franchise. And even those who are dwelling in a mental stone age environment will concede that it is not unlikely that women will be voting before the present century has run its course.

Hard it is to explain the notion, anthropomorphic and purely egotistic, that there will be little further change in our political, economic and social relations. For it seems almost impossible that in a universe where rest is unthinkable, where the lowly atoms are in a condition of perpetual attraction and repulsion and where the human brain is the most restless of all, that one could contemplate the notion that any of our institutions are final.

It is purely the egotism, the self-sufficiency that private property may be not a little responsible for, that instills the idea of social stability. Just as some deluded capitalists believe that they are self-made men and that they make our civilization possible, so the average individual flatters himself with the feeling that things were always about as they are today, now that he is here, and will never be altered materially.

But we know, if we know anything, that just the reverse is true.

And we know, if we know anything, that we are trudging along to higher forms of social relations.

And it is generally supposed, with the greatest burden of evidence, that we are surging on to a democracy of ampler proportions. That's why it is quite certain that women will participate in the suffrage, no less than men, and very soon.

But it is not likely that women will get the vote day after tomorrow.

And it is not likely that they will all get it together.

Society is something of an organism. We are not all eyes, or all fingers. Even as unit cells of the social body there is only a passing resemblance between one race and another. And we are not all of one mind.

We differ from one another in most particulars. Especially do we differ in points of view. In that respect we are varied to the highest degree.

Some of our good friends who are in favor of Socialism (or the phrases they subscribe to as Socialism, rather) are of the conviction that to grant woman the vote might bring in a period of reaction and thereby retard the realization of Socialism.

And, if Socialism be what these good people think it is, no doubt it will. But

Socialism isn't; neither is woman suffrage.

Socialism is not coming day after tomorrow, either.

We will sort o' have to grow into Socialism. And, as part of the growth we will have to grow into woman suffrage and a few other things. We will have to grow into them and beyond them. They are part of the process.

There is no doubt about our growing. And however some of us may be crabbed mentally at one time or another or at all times, we are not going back to the stone age.

Father Time directs us the other way.

Part of the growth is the acute stage when one realizes that he has come by an opinion that he never had before—or that contradicts what he before believed to be indisputable. That is nothing short of a revolution.

The antics of the English government in trying to ward off the woman suffrage tendency would leave us to suppose that the powers that be there may go under in a convulsion of fear that the world is coming to an end. But it is not nearly so bad as that. It is only a glimmer or two of the social revolution.

Woman's indulgence in the right to vote is part of the social revolution.

So far as the Socialist is concerned, it is high time the average person accustomed himself to several patent facts.

One is that women have the same frailties, shortcomings, and queer notions as have men. If women had the vote, and men did not, no doubt women would dig up reasons enough to withhold the vote from men.

And women's reasons are generally as sensible as men's. Especially on the woman or man question.

So we shall have to, purely for the sake of amusement, listen to those opposed to woman suffrage disport themselves in the light of their own irredescence. We may be sure they are no less complacent than were the aborigines who wielded the stone ax and ostracised the man who dug up a piece of material and fashioned it into a spear.

And we shall accept woman suffrage in order to pass on to something more.

DEBS.

KING KELLEY.

His mind is a forest orchard green,
Through which the rills of wit are seen
Where the light of joy falls soft and sheen

Between the shades of sadness.
And many there are who wander there
When crushed by loads they can not bear:
To drink from pools that quench despair:
Returning in hope and gladness.

The mellow fruit of this great brain,
Falls in the storm and wind and rain
Of life's hard struggle with social pain.

Into the lap of his brothers,
And eagerly do they grasp and keep.
This wealth of thought from the forest deep.
To keep life up when the social sleep
Like snow weighs down all others.

Oh! muses drift from your elfin dell
And weave about me the poet's spell.
Arrange me phrases describing well,
This mighty man among us.
The muse draws down and whispers low.
"He was wrought from the eons of human woe;
This is the Christ that men would know—
This mighty man among you."

Socialism says we should have more honest women neatly dressed, and less foolish parasites overdressed.

Where There Is Everything.

HARRY WEIR BOLAND.

In a dark cavern beside the sea many years ago there dwelt a captive, alone and forgotten of men. By night and by day he could hear the waves as they broke in foamy freedom against the walls of his prison house, like the marvelous music which is drawn from some huge viol.

For years he had lain there, subsisting upon such rude fare as the place afforded—dreaming his dream.

The song of the waves, unheeded at first, merry enough during the day, but at night in *adagio* lamentoso, grew at length to be the one thing for which he cared, for, merry or sad, forever they sang and their song was of Freedom.

And thus he lived on there, until, by all forgot, himself grew to forget whom he was and how he came to be immured there—but sweeter and more sweet grew the song which the waves sang.

Winter came; birds departed; earth froze; the heart of the prisoner was sad indeed in his lonely cell by the sea. Then he had only to listen to the waves as they broke in fearless freedom against the walls of his cell and his spirit was cheered within him. Spring ripened into summer. Back came birds and bees and flowers, and life held forth once more her honey promises, but sweeter far was the music of the waves, like bows drawn across great viols, as they sang to him of Freedom.

One day, as the sun was casting down its torrid shafts upon him, he was startled by a rustle in the grass above him and a shadow falling athwart his cavern. He looked up and beheld the figure of a man dressed in the garb of a rich Oriental merchant and a tremor of joy passed through every fiber of his being at thus beholding a fellow creature after all these years of solitude, and when at last he had found his voice, he said:

"My friend what brings you here? If, haply, my barren abode afforded you rest and shelter, enter and abide, but know that for your safe departure hence I may not vouch, since my home is also my prison." But the stranger replied:

"All that I need I have and your every wish I can gratify. For that reason came I hither for the day of your deliverance is at hand."

The prisoner was silent. This day, to which he had long looked forward, now that it had at length arrived, lost for him some of its charm, for he knew that release meant the loss of the song which the waves sang.

The stranger did not notice his silence and continued: "The great world outside, which you forget and which has forgotten you, provides many things which all men crave. Three things must one have to be happy: Money, place, power, and these and release I have come today to offer you."

"Deep—sea deep is Truth and wide—sea wide is Freedom," said the prisoner, "and these I can know only in my prison by the sea. Man lives in spite of money, and power is for him who uses it. It is written: 'Let him who would be exalted amongst men become as one who serves mankind.' What you offer me I esteem no treasure."

"To these three things I will add a fourth which none may have and remain poor: Love—in which all things begin and end." Thus speaking the stranger drew from his bosom the likeness of a beautiful woman. "She shall be your mate forever if you will but leave this place."

At this the prisoner grew very sad, for, through all the years of his living sepulture, he had longed for human companionship—the touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still. Once, with such a companion, his prison would have been a paradise, release to such love a youth's wild dream, but now...

The waves, while he pandered, struck a wistful note and in their dulcet tones he could hear the song of Freedom. He turned to the stranger with face illumined.

"In my goal I have learned that Freedom sweetens all things. Love is not love which offers love a chain. He, who would rule others, must perish by the rule. Better the body bound with iron bands and the spirit free than the spirit bound in a craven body. Here I will remain knowing my limitations rather than dwell amongst men sharing their illusions."

The stranger drew himself up and departed and the prisoner was left alone.

... Like great bows drawn across huge viols was the song of the waves as they sang to him of Freedom.

Mothers, do you owe anything to your children? You're responsible for their being and it seems to me that you owe everything to them. You cannot hope to remain with them throughout the length of their lives and if you desire to pay the debt you owe the only way I can see in which you can do this is to work for a system of government that will insure every man and woman and child a home, and when I say home I mean it in the fullest sense of the word—not a house.

We have heard enough about "the days of long ago and the land that Never Was"; what we want to hear about now is "the days to come and the land that is to be."

The Equal Suffrage Struggle in Oklahoma

MRS. MARVIN BROWN

At the great homestead opening of Oklahoma in 1889, the first claim was staked by a woman, since which time Oklahoma has taken her place in the front rank with the older and more metropolitan states of the union. The development of the new state is unparalleled in the history of the nation, and

the history of her rapid development is the history of the struggle for equal suffrage, and since the homesteads and business interests have been more or less shared by women from the first, it is fitting indeed that Oklahoma should stand out pre-eminent in the universal struggle now waging.

The booming cannon of opening days meant equality for men and women. Equality in hardship, in toil, privation and sorrow, and all the uncertainties of pioneer days were shared alike. Side by side in the fields, during the spring sowing and autumn garnering the women of territorial days did their share of grinding labor with the men of the family. Aspirations and social yearnings were doomed in the dreary shacks and sod houses of the prairies. Yet the women struggled bravely in those early times, never doubting that they would share in the recompense accorded their brethren. In fact they were allowed at that time to participate in municipal elections, but somewhere within the confines of this new country there matured in the minds of certain individuals the idea that women were not citizens and that they should be excluded from matters politic.

The real struggle dates from the time Mrs. Alice Williams was given a hearing before the first legislature held in the new territory in 1890, where she made a strong plea for woman suffrage. This was reinforced by a proposed proposition to extend the franchise to "every citizen of the age of twenty-one" instead of "every male citizen," etc. This was lost by three votes in the house, and killed in the committee of the council, and only school suffrage was granted.

Seven years later, Mrs. Margaret Ross, president of the territorial association, prepared a bill asking that Oklahoma women be given the franchise on equal terms with men. This measure carried in the house by a majority of four votes but was not acted upon by the council.

In 1898 an active campaign was instituted. Miss Laura Gregg was installed in headquarters as secretary and at the opening of the legislative session of 1899 Mrs. Carrie Catt lent her efforts to secure the passage of an equal suffrage bill. This bill passed the house by a vote of 19 to 14 but was lost in the council by the treachery of a man who for thirty years had been a supporter of woman suffrage. He had been active in the cause with Susan B. Anthony, but at the crucial moment he bartered his vote and influence for cash in hand paid.

Meanwhile men were beginning to yearn for fuller rights and freedom from federal restrictions. Government appointed officials seemed an infringement upon individual prerogatives guaranteed by the consti-

tution. Woman's yoke of patronage was intolerable for men, and statehood was demanded.

A constitutional convention was called in 1906-1907, and again the women presented their claims for recognition in the new bill of rights to be drafted. Assisting the state association were officers and representatives of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association. Miss Laura Clay, of Kentucky, Mrs. Mary C. Bradford, of Colorado, Miss Laura Gregg, of Kansas, Dr. Frances Wood, of South Dakota and Ida Porter Boyer, of Pennsylvania, were among those who came to the aid of the local women. Headquarters were maintained at Guthrie during the session under the direction of state president, Mrs. Kate H. Biggers.

The woman suffrage measure caused the most heated debate of the convention. On motion for discussion the voted stood 42 to 41. Surprise was evidenced, gag rule applied and prearranged plans to close the discussion as soon as the opposition had exploited itself were brought into play, but the delegates favoring woman suffrage secured the floor and it became a brilliant parliamentary battle against the forces of machine control. The vote was lost by 50 to 37.

Statehood was achieved—a new era dawned for men. Women were to have no expression in the coming government; her responsibilities remained; the care of her children and their education, her duties to her home and its surroundings still were with her, but she had no voice to effect their interests.

In 1909 the women sought a referendum submitting the question to a direct vote of the people from the legislature, but lost in both the senate and house. At this juncture Ida Porter Boyer took the lead in a vigorous state wide campaign, and the result of her energy and ingenuity is success, as they have secured 38,586 signers to an initiative petition by which the present pending constitutional amendment providing for unrestricted equal suffrage for men and women will be submitted to a vote of the people November next. Dr. Ruth A. Gay assumed the clerical work and was zealously assisted by Mrs. Adelia Stevens, Mrs. J. A. Burt, Mrs. Anna Laskey, Mrs. Julia Woodworth, Mrs. Addie Wilcox, Mrs. Elizabeth Redfield, Dr. Edith Barber and many other loyal workers in securing the signatures, and the petition was promptly filed with the secretary of state.

The Socialists of Oklahoma have been untiring in their aid in pushing the suffrage petitions, and in every possible manner are they heart and soul with the women in their quest for the ballot.

Altogether the outlook is favorable, and we are hoping to have Oklahoma in the ranks of the suffrage states ere long.

The feminine population of Washington, D. C., outnumbers the masculine by 16,000. This is because so many women are employed under the civil service doing the clerical work of this nation. Does it sound unreasonable to say that these women should have a voice in the making of a government which they help in such a large measure to enforce?

"War on the White Slave Trade" gives valuable information of a vital subject. Price, \$1.50.

WOMEN FOR OFFICE IN CALIFORNIA.

Mary E. Garbutt.

The Socialist candidate for Superintendent of Public Schools in Los Angeles county, is a woman.

Mrs. Mary E. Garbutt is a woman of long experience in public work, and for some years has been active in the Socialist movement of the West. She has been chairman of important committees, has presided with dignity and tact over large meetings, is successful in raising funds for party work. She has long been a prominent worker in, and is one of the state officers of the W. C. T. U.

Her especial qualifications for Superintendent of Schools lies in her long and successful career in school work. She has taught in the public schools of Illinois, Denver, and Los Angeles, and was at one time principal of a school in the latter city.

When she received her appointment as teacher in the Los Angeles schools, it was at the urgent and unsolicited recommendation of the County Superintendent of Schools, who recognized her excellent work in the school room, in an adjoining district.

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

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

Agnes H. Downing.

Agnes H. Downing is the Socialist candidate for State Superintendent of Public Instruction of California.

Mrs. Downing has studied law, and was the first woman admitted to practice in the state of Minnesota by taking the bar examination. Since going to California, she has been admitted to the bar in that state.

Mrs. Downing is at present president of the Parent-Teacher Association of the East Vernon School, and has always taken a vital interest in the public schools. She is an advocate of economy in public affairs, and believes it is the very best economy to provide ample facilities for the best development of every child.

She is one of the most earnest workers in the Socialist movement speaking and writing for this cause, and will no doubt give satisfaction to the party and to the public in general, in whatever official capacity to which she may be elected.

Both Mrs. Garbutt and Mrs. Downing ran on the Socialist ticket for members of the school board last fall, and received 9000 votes. They had a campaign fund of \$200, and came out with \$15. Their opponents had a campaign fund of \$20,000, and came out in debt. It is safe to say that any public money will be carefully and successfully used when intrusted to these women.

Any one knows there is a difference between a "house" and a "home." Capitalism doesn't even provide a "house" for all, but Socialism promises a "home" for all.



The Progressive Woman

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Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneko

Boston, Mass., Aug. 4, 1910.

To Editor of Progressive Woman Publishing Co.,
Girard, Kan.:

Dear Sir—In your volume No. 4 of August, 1910, a copy of which I hold for possible future purposes, I call your especial attention to articles contained therein under sub-heads—Josephine Conger-Kaneko, Theresa Malkiel, The Marriage Contract, etc.

As an American citizen I protest most vehemently and with all the power of soul and body I place myself on record as bitterly opposed to the circulation of such obscene and insidious trash, and further please note that I will invoke the assistance of the law in every state in the union coupled with the governmental power which prohibits the carriage and delivery of obscene literature through the United States mail, unless you retract or qualify articles referred to and cease to mail in the future to any address in this state any publication whatsoever from your pen.

"A word to the wise is enough."
Full address of the writer will be affixed to future correspondence if your attitude so demand.

The above is not signed. The writer refers to itself as "an American citizen." Even yet we are undecided whether it is a bona fide American voting king, or simply a female member of "The Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women," who somehow imagines herself "an American citizen." It is embarrassing for well-mannered persons, however, to refer to a human being as "it," so as an escape from our confusion, we shall adopt the rule usually applied to the sex of infants; when in doubt call it "he."

"American Citizen" protests "most vehemently" to the circulation of such "obscene and insidious trash" as is found within the covers of the August issue of The Progressive Woman. And, furthermore, he will set the law upon us, if we don't behave ourselves.

We do not know whether "American Citizen" enjoys the distinction of peculiarity or not, but he sets himself apart in decrying the August issue of The Progressive Woman. Indeed, that especial number has not only been in demand, but even now every copy is gone, and it has been necessary to ask for a new edition to fill awaiting orders—and this is but the 15th of the month!

The objectionable items to which "American Citizen" calls our "especial attention" are as follows: an article on the white slave traffic, showing its evils and roundly denouncing it, by Josephine Conger-Kaneko; one by Theresa Malkiel on "Ibsen's Ghosts," in which the unfortunate lot of the woman whose "loyalty" to a debauched and despised husband is shown to result in more harm than good; one of a series of articles by Lida Parce which points out the glaringly unfair laws that govern our married women. (We are printing some examples of

these laws from the states of California, New York and Texas in this issue. If they cency, we shall mention that they also offend ours, and we would be glad of his offend "American Citizen's" sense of de-co-operation in having them annulled.)

Perhaps it is in the order of things that our critic comes from Massachusetts, the land of the ducking stool and the scarlet letter—for women—and of the "Association Opposed to the Extension of Suffrage to Women." Also, he is from Boston. Attorney Clifford G. Roe has a chapter in "War on the White Slave Trade" which he calls the "Boston Hypocrisy." "They have not learned," he says, "that false modesty is a thing of the past, and the time has come when we must know the social evil problem as it is and meet it face to face." And again, "An idea of the volume of the vice business in Boston may be estimated from one day in June when an observer counted 130 men who entered a resort on Corning street between the hours of seven and twelve in the evening."

"American Citizen" evidently thinks that things are "obscene and insidious" only as they are talked about in print. No matter how intelligently talked about, nor with what high and serious intent. Only one thing remains—they mustn't be discussed in print. According to the Boston idea Mr. Roe should not have told about the 130 men and the resort on Corning street with its vicious influence. According to them the printers should not have put it into type. And the "governmental power which prohibits the carriage and delivery of obscene literature through the United States mail" should be invoked against this bold young attorney. But what if it were? Others realizing the crime of silence would speak out, would write about it. Many who are wise and enlightened would protest against it.

And so must The Progressive Woman. And so WILL The Progressive Woman. Wherever women are abused, whether in the capacity of illy-defended wives, as white slaves, or as wage slaves, The Progressive Woman must and will speak out.

That is our mission. That is what our readers desire of us. That is what oppressed womankind everywhere must have—A VOICE THAT WILL GIVE EXPRESSION OF THEIR OWN WOES TO THE WORLD. If The Progressive Woman is defeated in this mission, if it is suppressed or killed, even so, its work will go on. Others, somehow, somewhere, will speak out the truth. And more and more will do it, until, thoroughly awakened, society will raise its hands in protest against the crimes committed against womankind and the race will go on in a better, wiser, way.

We do not believe that "American Citizen" will do the things he threatens to do to The Progressive Woman. We do not believe there are any laws, which, justly administered, can interfere with the continued circulation of this paper—in Massachusetts, or elsewhere. We have no fear in our hearts about this matter.

And yet, we DO know that all of this is possible. You, readers of this magazine, know it is possible. You know that we stand for the abolition of the crimes against womankind through the inauguration of Socialism. . . . And that is where the sting lies. That is why we know that what is hardly probable is still possible.

So the editor of The Progressive Woman asks you to wake up, and keep your eyes

wide open to future developments. Also I want the loyal readers and supporters of this paper to send us word regarding their attitude on this matter—IS THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN RIGHT IN ITS STAND FOR WOMEN? AND THROUGH THEM FOR THE RACE, OR SHOULD IT HIDE ITS HEAD IN THE SAND, MEEKLY FOLD ITS HANDS, AND ASSUME WHAT ATTORNEY ROE CALLS "THE BOSTON HYPOCRISY"?

Do let us hear from EVERY INTERESTED READER REGARDING THIS MATTER. IT IS REALLY IMPORTANT at this time.

And we sincerely hope that "future correspondence" will reveal the name of "American Citizen." Cowardice and hypocrisy are a mighty "ornery"—beg pardon, but nothing else expresses it—combination to deal with.

Also, will "American Citizen" please note that he is entirely out of order when he begins a letter to the editor of The Progressive Woman with "Dear Sir."

FROM OUR READERS AND WORKERS

Your magazine is certainly worth continuing. It is getting better every issue and that is saying a great deal.—Marletta Fournier, Minneapolis, Minn.

Find enclosed \$1.25 for cards. I hope your list is climbing for the P. W. has a field practically to itself and is much needed.—Clifford Cox, Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find \$2 for which send me eight P. W. sub cards. Our local just sent in a list of nine to P. W. We can't do without it in the field. It's just what the women need.—Caroline Griebling, Lancaster, Pa.

I consider The Progressive Woman one of the best edited paper in the movement and I am sure it is doing work of usefulness second to none. Only through a free womanhood can we hope for a free manhood. Enclosed find \$5 for cards.—J. F. Mable, Mont

I like The Progressive Woman. I like so many things about it that I can't begin the enumeration. I like the title the new name, and hope it allows more women to read the paper. I feel a personal gratitude to the editor, as her job is not an easy one.—Alice L. Park, Palo, Alto, Cal.

It would be a crime for our women to allow the P. W. to "famlsh" when you are doing such fine work. Our men and women will surely rally to your help so gloriously that your energy and effort may be given to the editorial work of the magazine without financial annoyance. I send \$2 for eight cards.—Margaret Moore Goebel, Newark, N. J.

I wish that a copy of the last issue could be placed in every home in the land. The ignorance and error which prevails, in regard to white slavery is appalling. Speed the day when Socialism shall usher in a new order and women shall be free both politically and economically. Then shall the horrors which now endure, be done away with. Yours for the revolution and success of The Progressive Woman.—Vernie V. Oakford, Assistant Editor "Prosecutor," Garden City, Kans.

I have thought and lived a lot since the little "eye opener." The Progressive Woman, has come into my home. I commenced to be a "booster" for The P. W. after reading the first copy—passing it to neighbors and mailing it to friends. Long live the editor, and contributors. We had a treat July 3d in Miss Anna Maley's lecture "New Truth"—yet old. She looked slightly weary, but when engaged in her theme her countenance shone forth reverberating kindly sympathy for oppressed humanity. The "Marriage Contract" by Lida Parce reminds me of the "Call of the Wild," or rather opens avenues of our pent-up selves that will never be smothered with dumb quietness again. May the glorious day hasten when these wrongs will be made right—when crimes and misdemeanors will be considered "crimes" in the marriage contract and not sail under the "form" of "legal protection." Enclosed find six subs.—Sarah I. Shinley, Kimberly, Idaho.

"The Boytown Railroad," by Fred D. Warren, is one of the best and simplest arguments ever put up against private ownership of the necessities of life. It will make Socialists. In leaflet form, 1,000 for \$1.25; 100, 20c.

"Why You Should Be a Socialist" in leaflet form, by Theresa Malkiel, 20c per 100; \$1.25 per 1,000.

THE EXAMINER'S GLASS

LIDA PARCE

In France they are considering a law to force all men in the civil service to marry so that they will become fathers. It is a serious thing that in discussions about the birth rate, race suicide, and such subjects women are seldom mentioned. Or if they are, it is only to be told that it is their "duty" to have children. It is assumed that the women are so completely subject to the individual man that it is only necessary to deal with him; he will soon bring her to time with a good round turn if she tries to rebel. Even in a matter of such importance to her as motherhood she is supposed to have nothing to say whatever. And of course, she hasn't. The law makes it so of that. If any argument were needed to show the horrible position in which women are placed in our so-called "Christian civilization" this ignoring of the rights and individuality of woman in motherhood would supply the need.

However, there are some flaws in the scheme of woman's subjection which become more apparent every day, as time goes on. One is that it becomes more possible every day for a woman to live without marriage. Another is that the appeal to men to have children, on the ground of "duty" is and is destined to be absurdly ineffective. When a man owned the tools with which he and his family worked, and the product of their toil belonged to him, it was most accessible to the appeal of duty to replenish the earth. Now that he no longer owns the tools of production and children are not a source of income, but, on the contrary, a burden of expense, "duty" is a word that moves him not.

But why is it the duty of any man or woman to produce offspring? Who says it is their duty; and how does he know? Why, it is the statesman (j. p.). And he sees that if the population dwindles the state will lose in power. Then if the state needs the children, why doesn't the state recognize and pay for the service of producing them. The state pays for every other service it receives; is maternity the only thing on earth that isn't worth anything? And as it is the women who bear the children why doesn't the state appeal to the women instead of the men? Answer: The state is in the business (Big Business) of holding women in subjection for the individual man; and the state needs all the money to pay its soldiers and to keep grafting politicians in power.

It is announced that civil service examinations for stenographers to be employed by the government will be open to men only in future. They don't want any more women. The women, wretched creatures, are "insubordinate." Men are more amenable to discipline; therefore, they will have all the jobs in future. It has been repeatedly noted that in industrial strikes the women are the best fighters. Question: How long can the "insubordinate" sex be kept in subjection to the subordinate sex?

In a work by Robert Reid Rentoul, M. D., entitled "Race Culture or Race Suicide," under the head of "Some Causes of National Deterioration," on pages 112-113, you will find the following: "The committee of seven, a committee appointed in New York to inquire into the prevalence and effect of venereal diseases, stated that

nearly 30 per cent of all venereal infections in women treated in private practice in New York City were communicated by their husbands. . . . Morrow states that in New York 70 per cent of all women who come to the New York hospital for treatment were respectable married women who had been infected by their husbands."

Meanwhile, do not forget that this is a man's world. Jack-pot legislation is a distinctly masculine product. Bathroom financing is a purely masculine phenomenon. The 70 to 90 per cent of venereal infection of the whole male population occurs in the male state. Nearly the same per cent of women are afflicted with the deadly diseases in a state where women are governed by men.

Do you hear any men protesting that they are doing human work in a human way? Certainly not! The male egotism has hypnotized the whole world into agreeing that man's work and his way of doing it are the sum of perfection. Whatever it is, however bad it is, it is not ridiculed, belittled or disparaged; but is accepted with a respect that is often ridiculous, in view of its quality. But you do hear women constantly protesting that they are doing human work in a human way. Sometimes one is heard to boast wildly that she can do work "just as good as a man's." When you hear a woman making these claims, whether in the S. P. or outside it, you may know that she is conscious that her work is likely to be treated with contempt because she is a woman.

But why, in the name of common sense, is woman's work thus slurred? When you view the work that the two sexes have done in the course of history, with the constructive tasks on the one side and all the warfare and competition on the other, which division of labor would you, my woman friend, rather claim for your sex?

If the economic interest is the important one, then woman's work has always been the important work. The loom and the hand mill were strictly feminine implements, so long as their product was used only to supply the wants of the people. Only when the products of the loom and the mill became useful in competition did man take them up; and then for purposes of exploitation. For thousands of years man has devastated the earth and drenched it in blood to further that exploitation. Now he is beginning to find out that, after all the only safe and proper use that can be made of goods is in supplying the needs of the people. Man has not yet begun to learn humility, but he will learn it.

Isn't it time for women to begin to defend their work and their way of doing it? And to make a sober and critical estimate of the part that man has played in history. I think that women may well take pride in doing their work in a woman's way.

I wrote to the Victim of the Vampire, whose letter, signed "Heartache," appeared in the July number of The P. W., to see if something could not be done to help her. Her situation does not admit of immediate rescue for she has four children, has no way of making her living, and her health is broken down, owing to the aggressions of the Vampire. There is one thing that

can be done to help her, however. Before writing this letter she had begun to pay her way into the American Woman's League with a view of taking a correspondence course in some practical work by which she could earn her living. In order to "pay her way in" she must get subscribers to magazines, on which her commission will amount to \$52. She must be all paid in before she can begin to study. But she is in a very remote spot in the mountains, thirty miles from a railway, and she has no means of getting around to reach people to ask for their subscriptions. She has made a good start, however, by writing to people and asking for their subs. But naturally, the number she can get in this way will be limited, and it will take time to get them. So any one who wants to subscribe to any magazine can help her by letting her have the commission on it. A renewal counts the same as an original subscription.

The A. W. L. gives correspondence courses in a number of practical lines of work, and as this woman is a person of intelligence and energy, there is every reason to feel that assistance given her in this way would be well directed and worth while. There is no reason apparently why she could not recover her health if she could get away from the Vampire. And as he is corrupting her children as well as killing her, there is double reason why every one who can do so should help her.

(Since, for obvious reasons, it is impossible to publish "Heartache's" name and address—though it will be supplied to individual inquiry addressed to us, or to Mrs. Lida Parce, 5825 Drexel avenue, Chicago, Ill.—we have made arrangements with Mrs. Parce to handle any subscriptions that may be sent in for magazines to the American Woman's League, to be accredited to "Heartache's" scholarship in that organization. Subscriptions to The Progressive Woman at 50c each, count on this contest. When forwarding these to Mrs. Parce, put on the letter "For Heartache." Mrs. Parce will send them on to the league. Do not send any subscriptions for "Heartache" to us, as we are not prepared to handle them. Mrs. Parce has kindly consented to do this, so please send them directly to her.—Ed. P. W.)

COMRADES.

NANNIE PARKER.

I'd like to be a clinging vine
And twine around some sturdy oak;
No leaves should be so green as mine
Nor tendrils cling with softer stroke.

But if no sturdy oak were near
I'd have to creep and crawl around;
And then some cruel foot I fear
Might press my green leaves in the ground.

So I'll just lift my head up high
And be a pretty tree so straight,
Forever reaching toward the sky
I'll brave the winds of any fate.

Who knows! Perhaps when I'm grown tall
And am a lovely, graceful tree,
The sturdy oak beyond the wall
May reach his brawny arms to me,
And we'll shake hands, my comrade tree.

Legal opinion handed down in New Hampshire decides that "he" doesn't mean "she" in the state constitution, and, therefore, Marilla M. Ricker, of Dover, cannot have her name upon the official ballot for governor of the state, in the coming election. When the capitalists want to head off the progress of women, they can usually find a "reason."

I picked up a paper yesterday and read: "The number of women in industry in this country is increasing faster than the birth rate." I thought perhaps that had something to do with the decreasing of the birth rate.

Mr. Quackness: "Am yo' son happily mar'd, Brother Sagg?" Mr. Sagg: "He sho' is! Bless goodness, he's done got a wife dat's skeered to death of him!"

WOMAN'S INEQUALITY

HOW THE LAW STANDS ON THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN IN CALIFORNIA, NEW YORK AND TEXAS.

California Laws.

(Compiled by Alice Park, and read in manuscript by two lawyers, and statements found correct.)

A girl's minority ends at eighteen, while a boy is a minor until he is twenty-one. This is unfair to the girl. The age of minority is a protection. It is no favor to remove this legal protection from girls three years earlier than it is ended for boys. The age of majority should be the same for both sexes.

A woman may make any legal contract a man may make. The courts have decided she is a person and a citizen, though not a voter.

A woman who is unmarried suffers no injustice as to property rights. She may hold property, engage in business, and will property as freely as a man.

An unmarried woman has the same right that a man has, married or unmarried, of relinquishing citizenship in the country of her birth, or of her one legal parent, and enrolling as a citizen in the country of her choice.

Marriage gives to a woman the citizenship of her husband. An American girl who marries a Frenchman, becomes a foreigner.

Marriage has no effect upon a man's citizenship. He is counted as a separate individual always. She is not so counted. Charlotte Perkins Gilman calls her "a sub-citizen."

Marriage takes away even a woman's name. This is a distinct loss. If a man lost his name by marriage, he would be able to see his loss. Precedent has blinded both men and women on this point.

The growing custom of using a name like "Mrs. Mary Brown" rather than "Mrs. John Brown" is significant of an awakening of identity.

A wife may hold separate property. All that she had before marriage (provided care is taken to separate it in the beginning and to keep it separate) all that she may receive as gift or inheritance, is separate property. This may be kept in her name alone, and is wholly under her control. A husband may hold separate property under similar conditions.

A homestead may be declared by either husband or wife, its value being limited to \$5,000. The furniture of the home, and the clothing of wife and children are community property, but may not be sold without consent of the wife.

Joint property is that owned in partnership.

All earnings of husband and wife are community property. If this were really held in common, it would belong to both partners. But community property is under control of the husband alone. Calling it community or common, is small comfort, since the husband controls it just as long as he may live.

The only restrictions placed upon the husband are that he shall not give such property away, and cannot will it all away. He can will away half of it.

But the wife cannot will away the other half. "Fur frummit." The half he cannot will away she can have if she outlives him. If she dies first, she loses the shadow of title she had alive. While he lives, she cannot control a dollar of community property,

even though it is a dollar she earned. If she dies first, she cannot will any part of community property to anybody. Her death removes all restrictions, and gives it all to him absolutely.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the wife is required to sign deeds when the husband sells property. Many people wrongly believe that this signature is necessary, and that it implies a degree of control by the wife, even a half interest in the property. These conclusions are false.

If she did not sign the deed, there would be a possibility of a suit over the title, in order to prove that the property was sold for a valuable consideration, the only conveyance the husband is forbidden to make. To prevent a possible suit with cost and delay, the lawyer and buyer require the wife's signature. But the action is only a precaution. Wives have tried in vain to recover a share in community property sold without their knowledge. These are facts, even though people often refuse to believe them.

A husband is bound to support his wife. A wife is bound to support her husband when he cannot support himself. Her separate property is liable for certain community debts.

Divorce may be granted for any of the following causes: adultery, extreme cruelty, wilful desertion, wilful neglect, habitual intemperance, or conviction of felony.

A wife may work for years in or out of the home, economizing heroically, planning to use her savings for her children's education. But her death without the possibility of willing the money to her own children, may be followed by the husband's remarriage, and by the squandering of all her accumulations by the second wife, while the children of the first marriage are taken from school and put at once to work.

One California woman, a 49'er, mother of a crippled son, spent many years of deep anxiety as she grew old, because she knew the law prevented her from willing a dollar of community property to this son. She had the added fear that her husband would manage to divert the community property so as to leave her penniless in her old age. She could not protect her son or herself from poverty. Other wives are as helpless whether they know it or not.

A married woman may become a sole trader by certain legal steps, at some expense, and with humiliation. As such she may control her earnings and business as an independent individual.

Women are admitted on the same terms as men to all departments of the state university. Women of courage forced their way into the university years ago, and left the doors open.

Women are eligible to school office throughout the state. Half the county superintendents of schools are women. Women serve as school trustees. Women occasionally fill high educational positions, but usually the high-salaried places are given to men, who are promoted over the heads of experienced and able women.

Women are lawyers, doctors, and ministers in churches of all denominations except three. No law prevents their serving as jurors, but custom has so far prevented their service.

Women do not receive equal pay for

equal work either as teachers or in other positions. Women receive less pay for identical or better work.

Women are taxpayers. Taxation without representation is tyranny now as it was in 1776.

"The age of consent" is sixteen years. A girl cannot legally sell any property at sixteen, but she can consent to the loss of her virtue. Girls are often stolen or seduced, but convictions are extremely rare. The codes protect clams and lobsters and fish and birds, but they fail to protect girls sufficiently, or to punish those who trade in girls as sex slaves.

Women offenders against any law are arrested by men, imprisoned with men (police matrons are not found in all jails), tried in a court by men lawyers, jurors, an judge, according to man-made laws. Half the jurors should be women, at least, in cases relating to crimes by women, and against women.

Women have not even school suffrage in California. They are not allowed to vote partial suffrage in twenty-nine states. Three for school district trustee. Women have of these are tax-paying suffrage; three at school and tax-paying suffrage. Eighteen states have some form of school suffrage. One state has municipal suffrage. Four states have votes for men and women on equal terms.

The women of California may vote after both branches of the legislature have given a two-thirds vote in favor of an amendment, without signature of governor, and after the men of California have given a majority vote in favor of votes for women.

Women who are suffering injustice in their homes or in the courts are seldom able to take a public stand against present laws. Women whose husbands are better than the laws, and women who are not in subjection, are free to take an active part in the movement for equality and freedom.

New York Laws.

[Published by the State Suffrage Association of New York.]

The services of the wife in and about the household belong to the husband. This includes taking boarders, nursing the sick, etc.

A wife cannot make a binding contract with her husband to pay her for services within or without the household.

The joint earnings of husband and wife belong to the husband.

The husband may recover for services performed by him for his wife, under agreement.

The wife is entitled to dower, i. e., the use for life of but one-third of the husband's real property, though she may have helped to accumulate it.

The husband is entitled to courtesy in the wife's real property, i. e., the use of the whole for life, if a child has been born alive.

The wife's real estate descends to the husband when she dies leaving no heirs of her blood.

The husband's real estate never under any circumstances descends to the wife, even though she may have helped to accumulate it. In default of heirs of his blood his realty escheats to the state.

Under the statute of distribution the wife is entitled to one-half of the personal property of the husband when he dies intestate and without descendants.

The husband is entitled to all of the personal property of the wife when she dies intestate and without descendants.

Furniture, household effects, etc., that

not be shown to belong absolutely to the wife, belong to the husband.

In case of a divorce dissolving the marriage contract for the misconduct of the husband, the wife will not inherit any of his personal property, though she may have helped to accumulate it. She is not entitled to dower in realty thereafter acquired.

In case of a divorce dissolving the marriage contract for the misconduct of the wife, she forfeits dower and the benefit of any ante-nuptial contract.

A will executed by an unmarried woman is deemed revoked by her subsequent marriage.

A will executed by an unmarried man is revoked by his subsequent marriage, unless a child is born.

The father's right to the custody of the child is paramount.

The guardianship of the property of the children belongs, first, to the father. If there be no father, then to the mother.

The father is entitled to the services of the children.

The mother inherits no part of the property of the child, if the father be living—unless the property came to the child through her.

The father is the sole heir and next of kin of the child, and entitled to all of the property of the child.

If there be no father, the mother inherits the use of the real estate for life, and the personal property is divided between the mother and brothers and sisters.

The mother is guardian of the property of the child and is the heir and next of kin of illegitimate children only, if the father be living.

The mother is not entitled to damages for negligence resulting in the death of her child, if the father be living. The father alone is entitled to such damage.

When the father dies immediately after the death of the child, the mother still has the right of action. The measure of recovery for the father's estate is limited to such damage as the father actually suffered at the time of his death.

One act of immorality on the part of the mother takes from her her child, while the father may continue such conduct without being seriously considered unfit to have the custody.

Texas Laws.

[A paper read before the Twentieth Century Club by Francis J. Kearful. Published for free distribution among the women of Texas with the compliments of Miss Brackenridge.]

A discussion of the legal status of women in Texas does not call for very extended consideration of the criminal laws. With very few exceptions (founded upon the peculiar liability to be offended against on account of her sex) the legal status of a woman in respect of the criminal laws is not essentially different from man. Generally speaking, the law recognizes her capacity to commit an offense equally with a man, and the same punishments are provided.

The law takes no account of the fact that women are much more law-abiding, because much less disposed to commit offenses, than men. Perhaps if they were less law-abiding they would be considered as more fit to participate in the enactment of laws.

Under the civil laws, relating to property and contract rights, the legal status of women in Texas is distinctly different from that of men. The distinction has its foundation in the marriage relation. An unmarried woman (except for the right to vote and hold office) stands before the civil laws on an equality with man, married or un-

married. At the age of twenty-one years she has all the legal rights and is subject to the legal obligations, with respect to her property and her contracts, that the law gives to and imposes upon her brother. If she has property, real or personal, she can then manage or dispose of it at will, according to the dictates of her own judgment or fancy. The pecuniary reward of her labor, skill or genius are her own, to spend or conserve as she alone may determine, and she is held to the performance of her every contract just as if she were a man.

The power to make contracts or manage or dispose of her property ends with the marriage ceremony. No contract that she makes without the consent of her husband is binding, unless it is to obtain the necessaries of life, and not then unless it be first shown that her husband has neglected to provide them for her. Any property that she may have at the time of her marriage or that she may receive by inheritance or gift during marriage, is called her "separate property." But it is "separate" in little more than name. She cannot manage or dispose of it except through her husband and with his consent. The law gives him the sole and exclusive management of all her separate property. If it consists of personal property, that is, anything other than real estate, he may manage it at will without consulting her. If she has money in the bank, earned or inherited or given to her during marriage, her husband can draw it out on his individual check without her knowledge or consent. The courts of Texas have held that a bank cannot lawfully decline to honor his check on her bank account, though he be a drunkard and a gambler and may even have deserted her; the bank is powerless to prevent her separate money from being squandered. The courts have also held that if a banker pays a married woman's check drawn against her own separate account, but without her husband's consent, the banker is bound to pay it again upon demand of the husband. The same thing is true of a promissory note payable to the wife. The marriage ipso facto makes it payable to him, and he alone has the right to collect or transfer it. Should a note be paid to her or upon order to another, without the husband's consent, the payor is bound to pay it again to him. If the wife's separate property consists of real estate, the only restriction upon his power over it is that, if he undertakes to sell it, she must join him in the deed. The price received may be managed (that is, invested or spent) by him according to his own sole judgment.

Any money or property that a woman may acquire by the exercise of her faculties or otherwise during marriage, except by gift or inheritance, as well as all income derived from her separate property, however it may be invested, is said to be "community property," that is, it is said to belong to the husband and wife in common. But the idea that community property belongs to the wife in any respect is a delusion, unless the husband dies before she does. In that event she is entitled to one-half, should there be children who are entitled to the other half, and if there be no children she is entitled to the whole, provided he does not will his half to somebody else. While the husband lives, the wife's interest in community property is nothing more than a sort of honorary interest. She is said to be an equal partner in the community of which he is the active member.

However, it is the right to be active in the management and disposition of property that constitutes ownership. She may be ever so active in earning money or acquiring property, but her activity stops just short of handling or disposing of it, or of having any authority about the handling or disposal of it. If she works for wages, her husband is entitled to collect the amount and to spend it. While it is called community property, it belongs practically to the husband. It is liable for his debts; he can spend it or save it, as best pleases him; and he can even give it away, so long as the wife and family are supplied with the necessaries of life. There is but one exception, he cannot convey the family homestead, though it be community property, and not even if it be his own separate property, unless she joins in the deed.

The absurd results which flow from the law of married women in Texas is well illustrated by a recent decision of one of the courts of civil appeals, that a woman over twenty-one years of age who marries a minor cannot convey her separate real estate except by deed signed by her minor husband, notwithstanding his own real estate could not be conveyed by him except through a guardian. By marriage, the actually capable woman becomes the legally incapable wife; and the actually incapable man becomes the legally capable husband—legally capable to manage and convey the property of his wife, while remaining both actually and legally incapable to manage or convey his own. Under the laws of no other state of the union—not even under the old common law of England as it existed before the settlement of America—is the individual legal status of married women so little recognized as it is today under the Texas laws.

Shortly stated, a married woman in Texas, so far as concerns her property and contract rights, is practically without any individual legal status at all. It is about as infinitesimal as a legal status can be imagined to be without disappearing altogether.

The most obvious means of accomplishing radical reforms with respect to the legal status of married women, as well as most other far reaching social reforms, lies in a just regulation of the suffrage. As a stream cannot rise above its source, so a legislature cannot well rise above the moral standard of its constituency. Therefore, I would favor a constitutional provision conferring the right to vote upon all adult persons, regardless of race or sex, who measure up to a prescribed standard of intelligence and education.

Not many weeks ago I saw ten little boys, not one of whom was yet twelve years old, playing a poker machine in a joint for checks redeemable in drinks, and some of them were drunk and staggering, and the thought came to me then that a father could vote his son infinitely farther along the road to hell in one minute than the mother could overcome with her prayers in a lifetime, because the vote is the potent thing. The ballot takes hold of conditions, and so long as the men do all of the voting while the women do the greater part of the praying, we may not expect to see much change in conditions.

LEAFLETS FOR MOTHERS AND HOUSE-KEEPERS—Cheap Motherhood in America, and Housekeeping Under Socialism, by Josephine Conger-Kaneko. Each, 20c per 100; \$1.25 per 1,000.

Aunt Catherine's Story

MARY E. BURNETT

Aunt Catherine brought the big rocking chair from the sitting-room, and having seen Delight comfortably settled therein, returned to her place by the stove. There she stood, watching the boiling of the preserves in the big kettle and listening to the girl's story.

"Another year to wait? Well, it is hard." There was real sympathy in voice and eyes. "Yet, you can fill that year with good things, Delight, and be that much better prepared when the time does come."

"But, Aunt Catherine, what worries me is that Rob is not likely to be any better able to marry next year than this. Last month wages were cut at the Grafton car shops, and in three months the shops may close altogether. Then where will Rob go? There is nothing in this town for him."

"Aye, where will he go?" echoed Aunt Catherine. "In other towns shops are closing, too. Every one of 'em turns a horde of human creatures out to look for work. And every day the horde is larger and the work scarcer."

"But why must a man who is able and anxious to work, be made to suffer so? I used to think that it was because people were lazy and shiftless that they were poor—but Rob tries so hard, and he just can't get ahead."

"No, Rob's not to blame for being poor," Aunt Catherine answered slowly. "The same is true of millions of others. Some individuals may be shiftless and lazy,—but find me, will you, a lazier, more shiftless man than Philip Grafton! He never earned a dollar in his life, and wasteful; Whew! He can waste more in a week than it would take to keep you and Rob for a year. Yet he is rich. Faster than he can spend it an income is pouring into his hands, and that income is produced by the toil of men like your Rob. When old George Grafton died his son became owner of the car shops. That is, he became the master who could say to the poor fellows who asked for work: 'You may work here on one condition: that you turn over to me eighty-five cents out of every dollar of value you produce, and keep only fifteen cents for yourself.' Oh, I know he don't say it in those words; that'd give the snap away, but that's what he does, just the same, no matter what words he cloaks it in. That's how he and his kind get rich. See? Uplifting and moral, aint it? A thousand men in the Grafton shops, all working to the same end—to earn a pittance for themselves and their families and a fortune to give to Philip Grafton."

"But," Delight objected, "we can't get along without rich men! They give employment to the workers, and so they are a benefit to the community."

"Fiddlesticks! Is it a benefit to the people to continue supporting a robber like that? Suppose the people of this town were to take up a collection and present me with ten or twenty thousand dollars. Then bow to me because I owned that money, and come and hire themselves to me at starvation wages, and praise me as a benefactor of the community? Wouldn't you think they were a lot of lunatics? The way the rich are regarded is not a whit more sensible. They got their start by cunning and exploitation, that's all the difference.

"No, child, instead of being a blessing to

the community, the employers are a burden and a hindrance. They stand between the worker and his work; they are grafting, using their ownership of tools and materials as a means of forcing the workers to support them. If the nation owned the industries and the natural resources of the country, couldn't it employ its members at pleasant and useful occupations, and pay them the full social value of their labor? Wouldn't that mean peace and plenty and happiness for all? There'd be a sudden end to this thing of the great majority living in poverty to support a few in luxury. Delight, do you begin to see now why you and Rob can not afford to marry, after years of hard work?"

"I see one thing," laughed Delight, "and that is that you are talking Socialism to me, and I don't allow even Rob to do that. I think women ought to let politics alone. We have the men to look after those things."

"Yes," flashed Aunt Catherine, "and the men have a few leaders to look after those things. As a result of this passing responsibility onto someone else, we find ourselves in a state of slavery, and if we ever get out it will be by thinking and acting for ourselves." She stirred the contents of the preserving kettle with considerable vigor for a minute, then turned sharply toward Delight. "Do you take any interest in religion?" she demanded.

"Why, certainly. It concerns the life hereafter."

"And politics concerns the life here, today. Aint you interested in it? If this life is a preparation for one to follow, wouldn't you like to live it under the best possible conditions? Or, if this life ends all, don't you want to get the most out of it while you're here? Then study the science of government, and see how conditions can be improved. You'll see, too, that there's a responsibility resting upon you that you cannot shift to another's shoulders. Don't be mentally lazy; that is as much a shame to a healthy person as physical laziness. And don't excuse yourself because you have no vote. You'll have one some day, and you want to know how to use it.

"Another thing, dearie, if Rob wants to talk Socialism to you, let him talk, and do your best to understand. You'll come, before long, to appreciate his high ideals, and cling to them as he does. So you will be a real 'Delight' to him, but not otherwise. When one becomes a Socialist, he gets new views of life; he looks on his neighbors, and his country, and the stranger within its gates, in a different light. He sees the evils disguised as right, and he sees the remedy. He is filled with enthusiasm, and he turns first to those he loves to share his treasure—this pearl of great price that he would give up everything else to gain. But if those dear to him scoff and jeer, or listen indifferently, don't you know it hurts? It makes one miserable. I'll tell you, Delight, if you refuse to listen to Rob, if you are scornful or indifferent when he holds out a new ideal of living, you will make the greatest mistake of your life. I know of only one greater: the mistake Rob will make if he marries you while you are prejudiced and unsympathetic. There, child, I didn't mean to hurt you, but I know—"

Aunt Catherine's arms closed around the girl, and in her eyes was a shadow, deep than in Delight's.

A footstep at the inner door startled them, but no one appeared. "It must have been Uncle Billy", Delight murmured, as Aunt Catherine nodded, wondering if she had overheard. When the girl had gone she went in search of him, and down near the pasture she met him, driving the cow to be milked. He stood still and laid his hand on her shoulder. "Does it really mean so much to you, Catherine?"

"Yes, it does, Billy. It means more than I can tell you."

"Then you'll be glad of this," and he drew a well-worn pamphlet from his pocket. "There's more of 'em down at the bar," he said, smiling at her surprise. "I'm getting the hang of it, now, and I want to see you've been right all along, Catherine, and I'm proud of you."

It was a veritable feast to which they sat down that evening, and Harvey, the hired man, looked inquiringly from Aunt Catherine to the loaded table, and back again.

"I'm celebrating," she announced with a smile.

"Celebrating what?" he asked.

"A Socialist victory," Uncle Billy answered for her. "She's been waiting for the opportunity for a long time."

Sympathy for "Heartache."

Dear Mrs. Kaneko—Our club, The Progressive Woman's Club of Cincinnati, has asked me to write to extend our sympathy to the writer of the letter signed "Heartache."

After reading the letter one experiences a dreadful feeling, and still we know that such cases are all around us. Recently in my own city, there was a woman in the same position. I would not have believed it could be possible had I not heard the details. She was a refined, well educated little woman, a fine housewife and a good mother. Luckily she had parents and mother and sister out west to whom she has gone at last with her little girl. The father demanded their boy, and the agreement upon separation was that she was to have the boy six months out of every year. The father has left with the boy for parts unknown and now the mother is breaking her heart grieving for her child. The father cares nothing for the girl, so she will probably never see the baby again.

Is it not time for women to demand justice and to stand up for their rights? We, who bring the future men into the world are treated by men like servants and slaves.

As to "Heartache," we would suggest that she have someone stay with her (for she surely needs help) until the witness has enough evidence against the husband. Then it seems that an judge would grant a divorce and the custody of the children. Even judges are human and very often merciful to a woman. Even should she not be sure of being granted the custody of all the children should she sacrifice her life and rear her children in so depressing an atmosphere and with such an example before them? Can she expect them to become noble men and women? They would be far better in some other home.

The club would suggest that Mrs. Kaneko give the address of the writer to some good comrades in her town or near by, who might be better able to advise her than those who are far away. However, if we can do anything within our power we shall gladly comply. Let us all determine to use our influence everywhere in protesting against laws which are unjust to our sex. We can at least show we are awake and using our brains a little.—The Progressive Woman's Club, Newport, Ky., per Pearl Alene Lanfersick.

(No doubt The P. W.'s club will be interested in the suggestion and offer made by Mrs. Parcy on another page. This is one of the substantial ways in which "Heartache" can be helped.)

HOLD ON!

Don't send to the city that order for fall supplies yet a few days. Our new Message price list will be right along. All our customers will be mailed a copy. Made a new record last twelve months. You will enjoy taking part making a far greater record this year. PRIMEL will do this of itself. \$5.00 for a 100-lb. barrel and half gal jar of Nulol. Then you're fixed for flapjacks, and enough cooking oil to cure the lard habit. The Message will tell you a lot of interesting facts in an interesting manner. Be sure to get it.

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TWO BOOKS OF GREAT EDUCATIONAL VALUE.

J. C. K.

"War—What For?" is the title of a brand new book by George R. Kirkpatrick, the man who whipped Henry Clews, the noted New York banker, so unmercifully in detail. The title of this book alone, is a question, which, if answered intelligently by a majority of the American people will be wrought such defeat to the future ambition of the war-thirsty masters, as to have accomplished an actual and most desirable revolution in human relationships. And none can read the subject matter of this 344 page treatise, without intelligently answering the question the title asks. This is the value of the book. Sharp, clear, and cut in its delineations of the relation of the working class to the master class, in statistics, its arguments—it is indeed one of the most convincing refutations of the "glories" of war, and the "beauties" of the patriotism of the old school, that one could imagine.

Today when our public schools are training young boys in military practice, and instilling their young minds with the idea of official murder, such a book as Kirkpatrick's is a God-send to a needy nation.

I would be glad to know that every man reader of The Progressive Woman would some time soon have the great privilege of reading at least one chapter of "War—What For?" the chapter entitled "Mother, Boys and Girls." After reading this no woman with a mother's conscience could permit any one to instill the dream of wholesale butchery into the mind of her innocent boy child.

In Chapter One, the writer says to his class Brother—"I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my fists in the folds of my flag." This is a sentiment that every child should learn. Read it again and again, and catch the world of meaning in it. "I refuse to assassinate you and then hide my fists in the folds of ANY flag."

But get the book and read every line of it—you won't stop till you have read every page.

We have made arrangements with the publisher to furnish it to you at \$1.20 a copy. Send your orders to us.

"War on the White Slave Trade," edited by Earnest A. Bell, with contributions from more than a dozen persons prominent in the war on white slavery, slum workers, missionaries, Salvation Army and rescue mission workers, is a book that will revolutionize the thought and attitude of the people in regard to this great public menace. Too long have we adopted the hypocritical attitude in regard to the social evil. Too long has our manhood and our womanhood been destroyed through the blindness of those who should have seen, through the irresponsibility of those who should have been responsible.

Chicago alone there are 25,000 prostitutes, according to Attorney Clifford G. Deane—and what of the number of men who support these women?

The facts are alarming. But they will never be eradicated until society has faced them, intelligently, and purposefully. "War on the White Slave Trade" is what its title implies. It is not a book for an after-

noon's amusement. It means battle. And no one can read it with out feeling battle in their veins. Indignation, resentment, fear, even remorse for our long silence, is the emotions it brings to the reader.

Every parent of daughters, and of sons, should have a copy of this "War On the White Slave Trade." Let the good men and women of this country do all in their power to assist in rooting out this evil. To be sure the real solution of the problem is not given in this book—but the problem is so well stated that every Socialist who reads it will at once recognize the solution.

You may order from The Progressive Woman, and the book sells at \$1.50.

Speaking of the sentimentalists and reformers, Vida D. Scudder in the June Atlantic Monthly, says: "Tolstol, Ruskin, and the others are on the wrong track, except in so far as being men of their own times, they have half unconsciously been forced to think in terms of reality. Close the books of these gentlemen! Open your Engels, your Jaures, you Bebel; and realize with refreshment and repose that here at last we are in the presence of mind free from sentimentality, and at grip with the actual facts of social progress."

SARY'S STRIKE.

WARNER WILLIS FRIES.

The clock struck twelve with an ominous ring,
And dinner was late—an unusual thing;
Oh, why was it thus belated?
The farmer looked over the unswept floor
To the unset table; while by the door
The famishing farm hands waited.

But the farmer's wife in the best room sat,
With her weary feet on a braided mat,
Her rocking-chair gently swaying,
And a new light shone in her faded eyes
As she looked from the window toward the skies;
And her lips moved—was she praying?

"W'y, Sary! What in the deuce is ter pay,
That ye set here rockin', this time o' day?"
Called the farmer, full of ire,
She smilingly looked in his angry face,
And spoke with a touch of unwonted grace:
"I am on a strike, Josiah."

"Now, don't git excited! Here, take this chair.
Let me tell you about it, fair an' square,
Or your dinner'll wait forever;
As I've waited ter git a chance ter speak—
When you would listen—for more than a week,
You will hear me now, o' never."

The farmer instinctively closed the door.
He'd never seen Sary this way before.
There was no time for debating,
Perhaps she was overcome by the heat;
But he felt anxious for something to eat,
And his hired men were waiting.

"When you married me, thirty years ago,
I thought you loved me—you told me so—
And I loved you, very dearly;
But this was a part of your marriage vow:
'With all my worldly goods I thee endow.'
You've done the endowin' queerly."

"Before we were married I made good pay,
And had laid a hundred dollars away;
Father made it a hundred more,
I gave all I had in the world ter you,
As it seemed ter me then but right ter do—
When I knew not what lay before."

"I bore my part of the family yoke,
There was no time fer me ter read an' smoke
When the long day's toil was ended,
I must always work the whole evenin' through;
With dishes to wash, an' mendin' ter do,
Or the babies ter be tended."

"You ain't stinted yourself, by any means;
You've bought yourself labor-savin' machines;
But you've always been stintin' me;
Though, of course, I've had a plenty ter eat,
An' jest barely clothes enough ter keep neat,
You've been stingy as you could be."

"You've never cared to make my work light,
Nor tried ter help me the least little mite;
Not even gratitude given;
Never mindin' how much I had ter do,
Acceptin' it all as by right your due;
Almost begrudin' my livin'."

"There's been no work-savin' fixin's fer me;
And instead of a little luxury,
Jest toiling, moolin', an' slavin',
I have borne your children, an' kept your house,
An' been as quiet an' meek as a mouse,
With never no end of savin'."

"An' you say, 'my children, 'my house,' 'my farm,'
'My orchard,' 'my sugar-place,' an' 'my barn,'
'My taxes,' an' 'my expenses';
But as ter the cares, sorrows an' losses,
The endless economies an' crosses—
There's where my portion commences."

"But sence our daughter has married a man
Who lives his life on a different plan,
An' treats his wife like a human,
I've concluded I'll stop short of the grave
And assert myself no longer a slave,
But an' independent woman."

"Hereafter I'll work but eight hours a day,
An' the rest of the time read, write, or play,
Exactly as I may desire.
You must give me jest what I want ter use
Of the money I've earned, jest when I choose,
Or this strike will last, Josiah."

Part of my eight hours' labor shall be
Ter see that the work is done properly
By someone willin' an' able,
An' glad of a home an' moderate pay.
You must find sech a person, right away,
Shall I go an' set the table?"

Josiah's face was a study to see.
He was fairly raging internally,
But this was the situation:
If those hungry men on the portico
Should find out what had kept them waiting so,
They'd tell it to all creation.

He knew by the look upon Sary's face
That she would not save him from such disgrace—
For she was tired of savin'—
And down in his heart he fervently prayed
That the secret might never be betrayed
Of how his wife was behaving.

So Josiah sheepishly hung his head
As—with mental reservations—he said,
"Hoping not to be suspected:
"Yes, go an' set it as quick as you can."
He knew not his woman; she knew her man,
And asked: "Are my terms accepted?"

It was vain to hope she a point would yield;
It was not a case that could be appealed;
No injunction it could vary.
"What have I done," cried Josiah in rage,
That I should be henpecked in my old age?"
And the strike was won, by Sary.
—Woman's Journal.

"Five for Eight Weeks."

"Dear Comrade Kaneko—Please permit me to be one of a band of 2,000 to send you five subscriptions per week for the next eight weeks. It will be a great pleasure to send in these—at least these.

You are very generous to be patient with us. Lazily and ignorantly and disloyally thousands of us sit around and speak contemptuously—at least pityingly—of the non-Socialists who don't appreciate so good a thing as Socialism, while at the same time we do not appreciate the weapon you offer us. The Progressive Woman, with which to make the battle for justice. We are so inconsistent that our case becomes pathetic. Your work is thoroughly well done. The Progressive Woman is a necessity. The magazine could EASILY—just think of it—easily be set to work in 50,000 homes, reaching 100,000 readers—could easily be made not only self-sustaining, but a revenue winner sufficient to make it one of the most powerful magazines in this country.

Frankly, I am ashamed not only of my own laziness, but of the laziness of a host of others almost as bad as I.

Enclosed is a check for forty sub cards and your prayers for absolution or whatever it is I need to wash away these sins of omission. Let me thus become a Progressive Woman soldier—five a week for eight weeks.

Believe me, I am grateful for the good strong work you do, for the strong, clear, tactful paper you give us for the movement, and for your heroic patience. Cordially, your comrade, George R. Kirkpatrick, Socialist encampment, Sayre, Okla."

Five a week for eight weeks. Five a week from 2,000 readers! Think of what that will mean to our circulation. It is a good suggestion Comrade Kirkpatrick gives, and a wise one. He knows the ammunition of the wily capitalist, both the mental and other ammunition used by them in this class war, and he knows what it will take to counteract their forces. This comrade who has been in personal conflict with some of the powerful ones of the opposition, counts The Progressive Woman a valuable asset for our side. What do you count it? Five subs a week for eight weeks, from 2,000 readers will prove your stand. What do you say? Are you with us? This also will be a reply to the letter on the editorial page that will count.

Five a week at 25c a sub. Will you join Comrade Kirkpatrick in this for the next eight weeks?

Get your secretary to order sub cards for The Progressive Woman and start some readers in your vicinity.

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



FOR THE CHILDREN

AGNES' STORY.

From Socialist readings for Children.

Once upon a time when the winter was very bitter, the animals of the forests suffered greatly from hunger and cold. The rabbits and the squirrels and other small animals were all safe and snug in their little homes deep down under the great drifts of snow. But the bigger animals were hungry and fierce. Their long fast had made them so fierce that they were always fighting.

One December morning, when the sun rose in the sky and lit up the snow crystals which covered the ground, the Lion, the King of the forest, stalked out from his den with a proud look. Raising his head, he looked with disdain at everything around him, and then gave a loud roar that was heard far away in the remote parts of the forest. It was a call to the members of his council. Now, all the animals of the forest knew the voice of the King—their King, and they could tell by his roar whether he was in a good or an evil humor. They knew that this time their King was in a good mood, and they need not be afraid. They wondered at this, for they also knew that he was hungry.

All the animals who were members of the King's council made haste to obey the call of his Majesty, King Lion. The first to appear on the scene was the Tiger. Making a few circles around the spot where King Lion stood, he bent his head very low, as if to say, "Well, Your Majesty, what can I do for you?"

Then over the crackling snow came another animal. Wagging his shy tail from side to side came Keynard, the Fox, most cunning of all the animals of the forest. Bowing low before King Lion, he humbly kissed his forepaw. Then he made a low bow to the Tiger. Close on his heels came the Dog, looking very hungry. He stopped at a distance from the rest, either because he was very modest, or because he was afraid of the Tiger. There were some other animals too, but we do not need to name them. They have nothing to do with our story.

The King Lion made a long speech to his loyal subjects. Of course he could only roar and roar and roar, but the animals understood what each roar meant. This is what he said to them:

"Friends: We are living in very bad times. Our lot is a very hard one, but we should be worse off if we should be like our cousins, the human beings, and injure each other. We must live in friendly relations with each other. You know that you cannot get a better ruler than I am; that none can strike so great a blow as your friend, the Tiger, in a fight. Our friend, the Fox is very wise and shrewd, and the Dog is also swift and wise.

"Now, we must all work together and be good friends. We have the same common interests. Our friend the Dog must make it his duty to go through the forest to search out the prey. Then when he has found it, with the aid of his sharp nose, he must tell friend Fox, who will use all his cunning to lure it into the open, where the Tiger will pounce upon it with his strong paws. Then the prey must be brought to me, and I will divide it justly, as a just king should. I ought to say that all the

animals thought King Lion was a very wise ruler. When he got through with his speech they all agreed that the plan was a very good one. Even the Fox agreed to it, but anyone could tell that he was afraid to disagree and to say what he really thought.

Then the animals set off to do what they had been told to do by King Lion. The Dog had to wade through the deep drifts of snow in search of the lairs of the small animals. He kept at it for many weary hours, the Fox and Tiger following at a distance. Next to the Dog came the Fox who had to hurry to keep in sight of the Dog. Then came the Tiger who followed the others very steadily.

Behind them all came King Lion, walking very slowly. He did not hurry, because he knew that whatever the others caught would be brought to him to be divided in shares. And he smiled as he walked, as much as to say, "I'm a very clever fellow to make them get a living for me, a very clever fellow indeed."

Suddenly the dog stopped and began to dig the snow. He gave a long, loud howl, as if to tell the others that some prey was near. Then a young wolf jumped out from behind a briar bush, as if he thought the howl was his mother's voice calling him. When he saw the Dog he was frightened and dared not move, so afraid was he. Then the cunning old Fox went up behind and said, "You sweet little fellow you need not fear while I am with you. Come, I will take you where you belong."

The poor young wolf thought the Fox a very good friend and was grateful for being saved. He was just thanking the Fox for saving him, when bang! down came the Tiger's paw, knocking him senseless. The fierce and cruel Tiger then gave the victim another blow to kill him, and ordered the Dog and the Fox to drag the corpse to King Lion.

In a very little while they came to the place where the King stood waiting. "Well done! Bravo, my good fellows!" he cried, and then he began to divide the prey. He cut off the head first, then the tail. After that he cut the body in four equal parts.

"This belongs to me, because I am King," he said, taking up one of the four pieces and putting it out of reach. "This also belongs to me," he went on taking another of the four pieces, "for it was my brain that made the plan of the hunt. I am also fairly entitled to this piece," he added, as he took up the third piece, "because I followed you to see that you did just what I told you."

By this time the Tiger thought that King Lion meant to take everything. He became very angry. His eyes shone like great balls of fire, and he gave a terrible roar which the King knew to be a threat.

"Have patience, my friend," said the King. "You are not to be left out. This is for you," saying which he gave the Tiger the last of the four quarters of the body. He added in a whisper which the Tiger did not hear, being busy over his meal. "Your blows hurt and I must avoid them if I can."

Now only the head and tail were left. Up spoke the fox: "Your Majesty," he said, "pray do not forget your humble servant whose brain has so often served you. The King of the Forest looked at the Fox for a moment with a grim smile. Then he said, "I have not forgotten thee. As thou

must depend chiefly upon thy head thou shalt have the head to feed on. We need more brains of thee." Then he flung the head of the Wolf to the Fox whom he had fooled.

All this time the poor Dog stood at a distance with his head and tail both hanging very low, not daring to raise his voice in protest. At last, by moving about, he managed to get the King to notice him.

"Humble friend," cried the King to the Dog. "I had quite forgotten you, and that you too, must have a share. I am very glad to notice how patient and respectful you are. Picking up the tail of the wolf he said, "Here, my friend, is your share. Eat and keep lean so that you can run well. Too much food would disable you and make you unfit for your position in life."

"Your majesty is very wise and know what is best for us," said the Dog humbly bowing before the King. Then he walked away to chew the tail and keep lean.

Of course, my tale is only a fable really. And like all good fables it has a moral. When the wealth which the working people produce is given over to the powerful to be divided, the powerful will always keep most of it and give the least and the worst to the workers. When the workers are strong enough and wise enough to protect their rights, like the Tiger in the story, then they get more than when they are weak and humble like the Dog.

And when the rich and powerful capitalists try to make the workers believe that both classes should unite, that they have the same interests, the workers should always think of how the Lion fooled the other animals. If they do not, they will be fooled, too, and get treated as the Fox and the Dog were treated.

Children's Letters.

Dear Progressive Woman—It seems I like to send in stories. I will send you one now called "The Humming Bird and the Butterfly."

A Humming Bird met a Butterfly, being pleased with the Butterfly's shape and the glory of its wings, she proposed that they should always be friends.

"I cannot," said the Butterfly, "as you once spurned me and called me a 'crawling do-it'."

"Impossible," said the Humming Bird. "I always had the highest respect for such beautiful creatures as you."

"You may have now," said the Butterfly, "when you insulted me I was a caterpillar. So I will give you a piece of advice: never insult a humble. They may be better than you think."

The rich men insult the Socialists now, but we'll show them that we are better than they think. Your little comrade—Effie McConne, Shelly, Idaho.

Dear Comrade—I am a Socialist because I think every man and woman should have all their labor as the Bible says "Let every one enjoy his labor for it is all he has." Then, when part of his labor is taken away from him he hasn't much left to enjoy. Papa and mama are Socialists. Papa takes the Appeal to Reason, mama takes the P. W. I am a little girl nine years old. I go to school and am in the fourth grade. Papa also takes the National Rip-Saw. My little sister, three years old, after hearing us talk about the Socialists being in power, asked, "When the Socialists get in power, will papa be in power?"—Ella Davis, Humansville, Mo., R. F. D. No. 8.

Dear Comrade—I live in Bangs, Texas. My papa and mama are Socialists. We take the Appeal to Reason, Progressive Woman, Able's Journal, Wilshire's Magazine and the National Rip-Saw. We read the Maple-Powell debate, and thought it was fine. People don't have to ask our politics. Just ask the children's names. We have three brothers named Wayland, Warren and Debs. I do not want Socialism to come for me alone, but for the children that work in factories and mines so hard, and then go hungry because they're paid such low wages, they can't buy enough to eat. My grandpa is a red hot Socialist. He is seventy-nine years old. He says he won't get the benefit of Socialism, but he works for it for the sake of others. My mama has a brother by the name of Sam Goff, last heard of seven years ago in Idaho. If any of the readers of the P. W. know him or of him, I would be glad to hear from them.—Lillian Garms, Bangs, Texas.

SOME REASONS WHY

AGNES H. DOWNING

In three states of the union, namely, South Dakota, Oklahoma and Washington, the question of granting the ballot unqualifiedly to woman, is coming before the people in the next election.

You will be asked, "Why?"

Here are some reasons:

In any of the three states mentioned a woman's right to liberty of her person is not protected. In these states a woman may be placed against her will in an evil institution and her captor receive only a nominal punishment. The statutes relating to this offense are quite similar. In Oklahoma (section 1825, Gen. Stat., 1908.) there is a maximum penalty of five years, or a fine of \$1,000. There is no minimum. A person might be convicted of the offense, receive one day's imprisonment or one dollar fine, and the law would be complied with.

In Washington (sections 187-188, Session Laws, 1909.) there is a maximum of ten years' imprisonment or a fine of not more than \$1,000, or both. If the girl be past fifteen the maximum penalty is five years and there may be a fine of not more than \$1,000. In either case there is no minimum, the punishment might be nominal.

South Dakota has a law (section 334, Revised Penal Code) which gives a punishment of "not less than five or more than twenty years," or a fine of \$1,000 or both. That minimum imprisonment of five years looks good until you come to the loophole, "or a fine of \$1,000." This makes it possible to be convicted and get off with only the fine.

An especially bad feature of these fines or alternatives is that they are favorable to men engaged in this work as a business. Rich men usually have the money, and, sad to say, they usually have the political influence that makes the fine accepted.

But another and worse clause is to be found in each of the statutes above mentioned. In both South Dakota and Oklahoma if the woman be not of "previous chaste character" the statutes do not apply at all. There is no punishment. In each of these states the trafficker in womanhood may come into court, acknowledge his guilt and only add that the girl was not "previously chaste in character." He may be the one, he often is, that is guilty of her offense. That matters not. Her offense may be a mere indiscretion, she may be young, motherless, fatherless, she usually is penniless; if she be not of "previous chaste character," she is outside of the pale of the law and the slave dealer is protected. In Washington there is a penalty, but a much lighter one, in case of previous failings of the unhappy girl.

To be sure, the Fourteenth amendment to the constitution of the United States, the fundamental law of the land, has been elaborated to make such statutes.

While it is true that men, when friendless and poor, are often dealt with unfairly, wretchedly, yet such discriminations are never made against men under forms of law. Theoretically, at least, men have sacred rights. The swaggering millionaire, cloaked with wealth and power, cannot trample down the poorest hod-carrier and defend on the ground that the man was not "previously of chaste character." Neither will the boldest land grabber in

Oklahoma plead that he took the land, but it was from bad Indians. It is only when the victims are women that such pleas are heard.

To make the matter more glaring, the men involved whether as legislators, prosecutors, judges, or fellow offenders, are usually adults mature in judgment. The girls are generally very young. But the quality of mercy has been carefully strained, and the dregs given to the unhappy girl children.

It is because of things like these that women are coming into politics.

Capitalism has about reached the end of the limit. Its days are numbered. Like a dying year it must soon pass into history and give place to a grander, more humane system of government, one in which woman shall stand forth in her real strength, where the opportunity for development and expansion will be open to her, and where she will do her share of useful work with a just compensation for the same; and when woman takes that position the human race will mount upward and soar higher than even dreamed of at this stage of the game.

In the ultimate analysis a man cannot think out the intimate problems of life for a woman. In many profound ways each is an enigma to the other. Let each have the right and the responsibility of working out her or his own peculiar problems. Let them unite, with equal powers, to solve the problems common to both.—A. W. McIntire, ex-governor of Colorado.

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

WHAT THE MONTROSE, COLO., PROGRESSIVE WOMAN'S CLUB IS DOING FOR WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

When this club was organized all but two of the charter members were subscribers to the Progressive Woman, all the members who have joined since organization, but one, were subscribers to this magazine. Since the subscription is not a requirement for joining this goes to prove the effectiveness of The Progressive Woman in educating women for organization and work for universal sisterhood, as well as brotherhood.

In the work of the M. P. W. C. our first step is to distribute copies and secure subscriptions to The Progressive Woman.

From these subs largely are recruited the members of the club, although any woman or girl interested in the betterment of mankind is qualified for membership.

The third step is to educate our members by the reading of books, sketches, clip-pings, etc.

Having chosen subjects for discussion, one member is appointed to write a short, original paper on it, and the rest discuss it orally. This develops originality, freedom of expression and self-confidence.

We are then ready to express our wishes at the ballot-box; initiate bills, and hold office, if necessary.

We realize that it is more effective to hold the balance of power to fill the offices but we earnestly declare that personal influence without the ballot is not sufficient to control or guide to any considerable extent, the social, legal, and economic conditions under which we and our children must live.

As members of this club, we do not claim perfection; but we are true to our name and expect to remain so. Thus is the M. P. W. C. training its members for the intelligent use of the suffrage.

..MRS. ESTELLA TARKOFF, President..

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

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PUBLICATION	SUBSCRIBER	ADDRESS

Various Christian endeavor societies have sent requests to Mrs. Nicholas Longworth (Alice Roosevelt), asking her to stop smoking cigarettes. It is hardly likely that Alice will stop. A writer on the Appeal to Reason recently making an investigation of the slums of Cincinnati, found that Longworth street, many of the houses of which belonged, up to recent date—and which are still believed to belong—to Nicholas Longworth, lies in the very heart of the Red Light district of that city. Now, smoking cigarettes is bad for a woman, and bad for a man. But it is not nearly so bad for either as drawing revenue from the blood money of poor, degraded, out-cast, trampled and dying women. Smok-

ing cigarettes is not so great a social crime as renting houses for brothel purposes. Nor is it quite so shockingly inhuman as shooting helpless, chattering monkeys, the little animal brothers of the human race. Yet this is what Alice's father did in Africa. It is said that water does not rise above its source, and that it always seeks its level.

This evidently is true of the daughter of Roosevelt.

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

The Forerunner

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

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