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FOR THE WOMAN WHO WORKS

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FEEDING THE IMMIGRANTS AT ELLIS ISLAND

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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FROM ELLIS ISLAND TO COUNTY JAIL.

J. C. K.

They come over in the steerage. There they are herded like cattle and treated like brutes. Their passage money pays the ship, but they get the dregs, the wormy food, the inconveniences, the oaths and inhuman treatment, while the first and second-class passengers receive all the good things, though they pay, compared with the actual cost of service, even less than the immigrants pay for transportation. In other words, were it not for the profits made from the transportation of immigrants, the others could not get the splendid service they do, at the prices they pay. That is why it is said that the immigrant "pays the ship." When he arrives with his family at Ellis Island he is still treated more like an animal than a human being, and is tagged and carted about like so much stock, until disposed of.

And after he is disposed of? Are all things right with him then? What are his chances in the land of wealth and of promise along with the "better classes"? Is he given as good as they get—or does he still pay the ship?

In ninety-nine and nine-tenths cases out of a hundred, he remains the hoard, the mass. he is overworked at poor wages; he is fed on slops and adulterated and wormy foods; he buys shoddy clothing at an enormous profit to the manufacturer, he lives in filthy holes at a high rent. He is, indeed, just what he was on board ship—the exploited, the profit-maker for the concern; for the United States government and the men who own it. He still pays the ship.

But not without some cost and trouble on the part of the ship management—this time, the Ship of State. His low wages, his filthy food, his ugly, crowded home, are not conducive to creating within him the highest powers of moral judgment, and he not infrequently follows the line of least resistance—and breaks a law. Then the wise law-makers retaliate by shutting him up, at the expense of the rest of his kind—and a few others.—And the few others have objected to carrying even this much of him on their hands, to the extent that they are forcing institutions where he must work out his own criminal expense—and a neat little profit for the state beside. In this way he is sure of carrying the whole burden, not only of himself, and his kind, but of the rest of society as well.

Down in the county jail here in Girard some women of the erstwhile immigrant class are carefully stored away for the crime of selling liquor in a "dry" state. I was told that during a recent coal strike in this county a good many wives of miners resorted to this method of putting pennies in their purses, and incidently keeping the wolf from the door. It was an interesting story and I went over to look at the women. They had all been let out but two. One of these was busy at work upstairs—helping to pay the ship, I suppose. The other one told me all about it.

She was forty years old, her husband had been sickly for a long time, her 17-year-old daughter had been out of work, and, "as the other women were doing it, I thought I would try my hand," she said. "We didn't have any money, and I had to make some payments on our stoves, and other things, and I thought I'd just sell it long enough to get a little ahead. They told me I'd get caught the first

thing. I sold for a few days, but I got scared and intended to quit after Saturday night. But Saturday night they caught me. I had just \$3, and I reckon that is all gone now. Yes, I reckon my folks are worryin' about me. My mother is 60 years old and sick, and I guess she is pretty worried. This is the first time I ever got into any trouble and I bet it will be the last time. . . . But I've always had such a hard time, and I just thought if I could get a little ahead until the girl or my husband could get something to do, it would help some." Repeatedly during our conversation she sighed heavily, and said she was "awfully worried."

She expects to have to pay a fine at the end of her term, and as she hasn't the wherewithal to do it with, she is afraid they will keep her indefinitely. They won't. It costs money to feed her even the fried potatoes, bucket of coffee and two slices of bread her mate brought down before I left. They will turn her out to more starvation and more temptation. The more liquor she sells the more valuable she is to the powers that be, under present conditions.

In the meantime, I am told that the county officials are "making a lot of money out of all these arrests." All of which perhaps is merely a side issue and not applicable to the case in hand, except that somebody is paying the ship here, too.

From Ellis Island—and almost as often, from our own farms and towns and cities—to the county jail, the penitentiary and the gallows is a hard, weary road, sometimes short, sometimes long; and it is traveled by the workingman and the workingwoman, the underpaid, the down-trodden, the timid, the exploited, in the vast majority of cases.

Very truly can we say, workingmen and women of the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have everything else to gain.

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There is an enormous physical deterioration as well of the children and young persons as of the women, whom machinery subjects to the exploitation of capital. There is a tremendous mortality, during the first few years of their life, of the children of the operatives. As was shown by an official medical inquiry, the high death rates are principally due to the employment of the mothers away from their homes, and to the neglect and maltreatment consequent on her absence, such as insufficient nourishment, unsuitable food and dosing with opiates; besides this there arises an unnatural estrangement between mother and child, and as a consequence intentional starving and poisoning of children.

By the excessive addition of women and children to the ranks of the workers, machinery at last breaks down the resistance which the male operatives in the manufacturing period continued to oppose the despotism of capital.—Karl Marx in Capital.

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UNCLE REUB ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

J. C. K.



IN my day wimmin wuz all satisfied. They kept still. They kept their place as wuz their duty, and learned uv us men. Today they ain't no wimmin satisfied. Every gol-darned one uv 'em is a-fussin' about sunthin'. They simply kaint keep still. And as fer learnen' uv us men—ye might es well expect a man to sit down meek like, and lern uv a woman, as fer the modern wimmin to listen to the wisdom uv us monarchs uv the race.

Uv coarse, they kaint nothin' else come uv it, but the bustin' up uv the home. Fer how can a home be a home, when the wimmin won't stay to home and take keer of it? Look at all of these females makin' a rush fer the factory, an' dry-goods store, an' cotton mills. The anshunt Marathon weren't in it along side of them. They're goin' by the millions, and purty soon it'll be by the trillions an' quadrillions, an' bimeby we'll have to invent some more illions, jest to measure the stacks of wimmen as air leavin' their happy homes fer outside amusements, such as the afore menshuned.

The trouble of it all is—What air we MEN a-goin' to do? We would be perfectly helpless. We kaint cook. It strains our saintly pashuns to the limit already jest to build the kitchen fires. An' Ill be gol-darned ef we're a-goin' to soil our manly hands by contact with common dish water. Not yer Uncle Reuben, by Heck!

Then there's the childurn. What man ever knowd how to carry a squallin' kid? Down-side up, er up-side down—it's all th' same ter him when the measly brat's a howlin' fer pure devilment. It's too hard on his delicate nerves. Only a woman can decipher this enigma of infant's moods. It's her speer. An' I'm willin' to admit, ef the worst comes to the worst, I'm willin' to enforce the law that'll keep her in her speer—ef I have to use a club. God never give us men superior physical powers fer nothin'. I reckon he knowd what was a-comin'.

No siree, none uv yore "woman's sufferage" fer mine. My old woman died long before this here melee about sufferage wimmin come up—an' I'll bet she's mighty ding glad uv it. She'd a knowd better'n to hev opened her mouth, enny way. An' es fer Soshulism—every authority lovin' man from the North Pole to the torrid zone ought to jine in a solid falanx an' fight this monster-friend of woman's emancipashun. Soshulism is woman's best friend, therefore it must be man's worst enemy. Any man that wants to rule the roost can see that with one half uv a bad eye.

I'm a stand-patter, when it comes to law an' order, an' the enforcement uv the good old way. I'm fer shovin' the whole blamed brood uv females back to the hen roost, an' fer that reason I'm agin sufferage an' Soshulism an' all the rest of the blame things that's agin the persunal interests of man, and is disconcertin' to his sense of dignity.

All them that's with me hold up yore hands. All that ain't, please keep still—you might make too much noise.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM

MARY L. GEFFS

Special Investigator for the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Ohio, 1893

Origin of Title.

It is not definitely known what gave the system its title, but it is safe to hazard a guess that it was the sheer aptness of the word "sweating" to describe the condition. For many of the shops and tenements where the work is carried on are veritable bake ovens. They are often found in attic rooms where the summer sun beats down unmercifully upon the roof but a few feet above the toilers' heads, where the heat of charcoal stoves and the steam and heat of irons needed in pressing, together with a total lack of proper ventilation render anything less than sweating impossible. It may, therefore, be to the overdoing of the command said to have been given to the First Pair, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," that this title is due; but it might with equal fitness express the orthodox idea of the abode of the lost, for, in all the range of woman employing industries, not only are there few so hot, but fewer still so hard, so unremunerative, so slavish, nor whose baneful effects are so wide-spread and far-reaching as that known by the title of "The Sweating System."

What It is and How It Operates.

This system is that by which garments are cut in the big factories and given out to be made in the shops or homes of the workers. The work is paid for by the piece or by weekly wages based on the piece, and prices are reckoned according to the iron law of wages. That is, as near as possible to the life limit; the lowest point at which the workers can live and continue to produce. They are so low that long hours must be put in every day in order that the workers may eke out a bare existence.

The Good That is Claimed for It.

The good that is claimed for this system is that it enables mothers of young children, or with invalids under their care, to earn a living at home while at the same time caring for the helpless ones in their charge. Also, that it enables poor men to enter the business world, and, with very little capital to begin on, to build up a comfortable fortune.

Both claims are true; but at what cost?

Two typical cases, actually visited, will illustrate:

How the Good Points Appear When Investigated.

First, let us go to the home of the mother of a family. It is in one of the big tenement houses of Cincinnati, a class of human hive which abounds in all big cities of the state. It is on the third floor and is, therefore a degree better in point of heat than the attic above. It consists of two small rooms. The room where the sewing is done is kitchen, sewing room and bed room for part of the family. Its one small window opens out onto a narrow porch beyond which is the high wall of another building; and it is shaded by another porch belonging to the floor above. There is but a narrow slit of light by which to work, and ventilation is unworthy the name. The other hole in the wall, by courtesy called a room, is almost wholly dark, its one window opening on to a dingy courtway where the sun penetrates only at noonday.

The family consists of crippled husband, wife and three small children. The wife makes the living for the family, and here

we will find the "good" features of the system in full force. She takes care of her children and sick husband and still earns a living for her family. What a boon to her must be the sweating system. But let us inquire how she gets on. Listen; she's telling us:

She makes luster coats at eighteen cents each. She gets the work ready cut from the contractor and returns the garments finished. She bears the expense of transporting the work both ways; that is, she would bear the expense if she could afford it, but she can't, so she makes the trip herself to and from the factory, carrying the heavy bundle both ways. The loss of time alone is no small item, often equalling the price of a coat or more.

The business of the contractor is so systemized that each worker has a certain day in the week on which to bring back finished garments and take out new work. Necessarily a good many have the same day; so when our worker gets there all she can do is to await her turn. She may wait half an hour; she may wait half a day. She may grow restless thinking of the helpless ones at home or the precious moments wasting; but it matters not; she would not be received on any other day than the one allotted, so there is nothing to do but wait.

At last her turn arrives; her work passes under the eye of the inspector, and she waits with bated breath and many forebodings while the search for faults goes on. Whether or not faults are found often depends more upon the humor of the inspector than upon the condition of the work. Inspectors may be soured by the system, by coming into daily contact with those for whom they need cultivate no respect, or, they may be over zealous to please their employers; but be the cause what it may, the fact remains that about ninety-nine out of every hundred are crabbed and unkind and never seem so happy as when finding fault. Real faults there doubtless are sometimes, but even when these faults are no more than the tacking of a button hole or the better sewing on of a button, jobs that would take but a moment's time, the work is thrown back on the hands of the worker—or into her face, as actually happened—and she is ordered to take the work home and do it over and return it the following week. This means twice more carrying it over the road, and waiting for her money another whole week. But there is no appeal; the inspector is an absolute autocrat in his realm, and she dare not quarrel with him for fear of losing her work altogether.

Two coats per day are as many as she can hope to finish with her other duties. Thirty-six cents per day. All but the barest necessities must be cut out. The children know not the taste of sugar. The crippled husband indulges in no hope of medical assistance other than the experimentation of charity doctors. The mother hopes for nothing except that work will not fall off. Life has no sunbeams; it has only the grayness of want, despair and suffering. And so the beneficent features of the system fade away at the closer touch, leaving revealed only some of the saddest tragedies in the lives of earth's lowly toilers.

How the Sub-Contractor Gets Rich.

Come, next, to a shop in Cleveland where

the other claim, that a poor man may enter business and get rich, is verified.

This shop is conducted by a man who, according to his statement, began a few years ago with barely enough saved from his earnings to pay a month's rent on a shop; now he has a neat and constantly growing bank account and looks forward with confidence to the time when he will become a manufacturer. He is a sub-contractor; an employing employe. In relation to the big manufacturer from whom he gets his work he is an employe; and in relation to those under him who do the work he is an employer. Some day he will buy up a stock of goods, cut the garments in his own shop and be an employer only; a manufacturer; a captain of industry; then the whole profit will be his, and his road to fortune will be straight. He is in business for what there is in it, and lays no hypocritical claims to philanthropical motives. He might call in other men as poor as himself and together they might share the profits, but that would not be good business. He applies strict business principles to the enterprise; he plays the game according to the rules; and the result is that his shop is filled with girls who must make a living.

Ostensibly he pays weekly wages, but the sum paid, which seldom reaches above \$2.50, is based upon the following calculation: The class of work on which he is engaged is ladies' coats for which the manufacturer pays him sixty cents each. A girl, to be worth \$2.50 per week to him, must make at least two coats per day, \$1.20. In two days she has virtually earned all she is to get for the whole week, and the other four days are absolutely clear profit to her employer. Or, in other words, for the opportunity of earning \$2.50 for herself she must pay \$4.70 to the man who gives her the opportunity. (i. e., two coats per day, \$1.20, six days in the week, \$7.20, \$2.50 due her in wages, leaves \$4.70 to the employer.) She would not receive \$2.50 if she produced less than \$4.70 in profits to her employer. So after all her weekly wage is only seeming; she really gets, leaving off fractions, twenty cents for making a heavy coat, while her employer gets forty cents for allowing her to make it.

Yes, the claim is absolutely well founded that a shrewd and energetic business man may enter the business and soon get rich.

An incident that actually occurred a few days prior to the visit of the investigator to this particular shop will show under what high pressure a \$2.50 a week girl, tasked with the production of two coats per day, must work:

The sewing machines were run by foot power; the hours of labor were from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. with half an hour at noon for lunch; the stove, covered with hot irons used in pressing, was kept going at full blast all day; it was in mid-summer and mercury marked high among the nineties; the shop was intensely hot. The "boss" noticed one of the girls lagging and called out to her above the din of the machinery.

"Go ahead there; what are you stopping for? You can make your legs go faster; faster, do you hear?"

The girl heard and went "faster," and the next moment lay in a dead faint on the

Continued on page 11

WHILE CHICAGO SLEEPS

THE TRUE STORY OF ONE WHITE SLAVE, TOLD BY ONE ACQUAINTED
WITH ALL ITS HIDEOUS DETAILS

EVA OSLER NICHOLS

"I Accuse"---Zola.

Here is an account of a tragedy which offers the widest field of speculation to the psychologist, the sociologist, the criminologist and the philosopher.

The New World.

Agnes Barrette kept a little box-like lace store, yet she is not such an humble individual, but she had a good strong political pull, which once enabled her to land in New York with thirty-five trunks, which had not been open for custom inspection.

To a young immigrant girl, Ella Gingles, Agnes Barrette appeared as an angel when she first gave her work. Ella had won all the prizes at contests of expert lace makers in the Orangeman's district of Ireland, but she had had many disheartening failures in her quest of a market for her laces in America. For the first time since landing she was very happy while doing the work she loved in the store of Miss Barrette, who was always praising and caressing her. The lace store keeper and her friend, Mrs. Cecelia Kenyon, impressed Ella very much with their handsome dresses and also by their rich acquaintances, gentlemen who took them out in cabs to exclusive cafes.

Sometimes these men would come in the store and regard the young lassie from the Irish fields, with sun-tinted hair waving enticingly over her dainty work, with greedy eyes.

Then the two women would tell the young lacemaker of a life of ease, luxury and pleasures she might enjoy by living with some nice gentleman. But the farmer's daughter was still more familiar with the Westminster Confession of Faith than with the ways of vice, "I am not ready to get married yet," she objected with a loving glance at the grapevine collar she was finishing. "Pooh! We don't mean that," laughed her tempters. "Each one would only want you to live with him a little while."

The insulted girl shrank from such offers. In the post-holiday season, when she was only given an occasional piece of work to do at home she avoided her employer as much as possible.

Entrapped.

Then one evening Agnes Barrette, or Madam Barrette, as she is sometimes called, and Mrs. Kenyon made a raid on the room of Ella Gingles, ostensibly searching for missing stock. They gathered up all of Miss Gingle's laces, her watch, beads and some of her other belongings, placing them all in a parcel. When Ella protested against this robbery the two women conciliated her by inviting her to go with them to Madam Barrette's apartment where the ownership of some disputed articles would be decided.

So the three entered an apartment on the second floor of the Wellington Hotel, which was then supposed to be a respectable house. The door was locked and the two women proceeded to forcibly undress the entrapped emigrant. Then a man wearing a black velvet mask appeared, and a hideous orgy, with many unprintable details, took place. The man handed Madam Barrette a roll of bills for capturing the white slave. When he had gone the victim of his lust begged Madam

to restore the stolen goods but the procuress replied that she would return them the next evening, if Ella would come again to her room.

It was nearly midnight when the enslaved girl was permitted to go home, her hair disheveled, bleeding and suffering. As her captors had taken all her money from her wrist-bag she was obliged to walk to her room, a distance of nearly three miles, in the rain.

The next day Ella, who was so ill that she remained in bed, was obliged to depend upon her landlady's charity for food. Partly through shame, and partly because her enslaver had threatened to kill her, she told nobody about the outrage, but as soon as she was able to go out she reported the robbery at the police station. Madam Barrette was sent for and she restored most of Ella's laces but kept the other articles.

The friendless girl determined to sue for them, but she was astounded that very evening by being served with a warrant charging her with the theft of lace from Madam Barrette. Every day she was more deeply immersed in a web of Barrette laces. So Ella was taken, at eleven o'clock at night, to one of the filthiest police stations in the United States. The next day the captain, having good reason to suspect an intrigue, obtained bail for the persecuted girl, engaged an attorney, P. H. O'Donnel to defend her, then took her to his own home and provided her with a much needed meal.

The little lace maker knew that the charge against her would be dropped and that the procuress would restore her money, watch and the strand of beads which her dear mother had given her if she would only consent to be Madam Barrette's slave. But with the sturdiness of the Ulsterman race she refused, and she spent the days awaiting the trial in anguished weeping over the attack by the masked man.

The Bathroom Tragedy.

There was a Miss Arnold at the Wellington Hotel who had long owed Ella Gingles some money for lace making; one evening she decided to call and try to collect it. She walked up to the fifth floor, avoiding the elevator because she dreaded meeting Madam Barrette. When she had knocked upon the door it was opened by a strange man who informed her that Miss Arnold was in the bathroom, brushing her clothes. The young girl, having been admitted into the room, walked toward the bathroom and the man, slipping up behind her, threw a handkerchief over her face, saturated with something cold, yet burning. Then she knew no more.

Miss Arnold had moved from the hotel; Madam Barrette now occupied her room. Ella Gingles was entrapped again.

When the wretched girl came to, she found that she had been stripped of all her clothing, and that she was alone with the man, who silenced her when she screamed, with threats and blows. Later the procuress returned from a midnight carousal accompanied by a strange woman. There was some haggling between Madam Barrette and her patron over the value of the "chicken" as they called their victim, and it ended by the Madam receiving

fifty dollars. Then they put a night gown upon the white slave and took her outside to a general hotel bathroom.

There a bottle of liquor was opened and they drank freely, forcing the helpless girl to drink some of its contents mixed with laudanum. Then they gagged and bound her, and between drinks they stabbed her again and again.

When this orgy was ended Madam Barrette withdrew from the scene with the other woman, cautioning her accomplice to lock the door on the inside. He promised to go and waken them at five o'clock so they could remove and conceal her before the house woke up. The little sufferer upon the marble floor, before lapsing into unconsciousness, saw her despoiler climb through the transom.

But he failed to keep his word to awaken her, and Madam glided blissfully into a tipplers paradise. In short, she overslept. But what an awakening!

That day the city of Chicago was startled by the news, heralded in flaming headlines, that "a girl was found in a bathroom in the Wellington Hotel, unconscious and gagged, her hands tied above her head to a leg of the bathtub, one foot tied to the washstand. She wore a night gown, saturated with blood from a dozen wounds, which was marked 'A. Barrette.' Taken to a hospital." There was evidence enough to condemn the culprits, even before the meek victim opened her eyes.

Exposure and ruin seemed imminent to the entire Barrette clik, But a woman who could defy custom house officials would not be daunted by such a situation. So suddenly, as if by magic, the police investigations, which were making some alarming discoveries, were halted. Then some of her colleagues proceeded, by the power of mammon, to muzzle the editors and the result was one of the most atrocious journalistic crimes in the history of the world.

The next issue of the papers gave the posterous announcement that Ella Gingles had gagged and bound herself, that the deep gashes upon her body was the work of her own hands! Marvelous as it may seem the public swallowed the dose. It was assured that this Irish emigrant of eighteen did all of this and then accused Agnes Barrette in order to escape the penalty of stealing, for which she was under arrest.

Now one would suppose that the Barretts would drop the charge against the injured girl so as to avoid further publicity; but they did nothing of the kind. Why?

A common device of panderers is to obtain a young girl's release from prison by paying her fine and then taking her into their toils. This custom suggests a theory for the procedure of the gilded clik. Agnes' escaped "chicken", if recaptured, would be a greater asset than ever, on account of the general interest now taken in her. Charitable folks would want to send her back to Ireland as soon as she recovered from her injuries; the white-slavers could only detain the fugitive victim in the city by keeping her under arrest. Intoxicated with their power over the

The Hardships of a Housekeeper

HARRIET P. MORSE

Next door to me live three young ladies. One plays the piano beautifully; one plays the flute well; and one keeps house excellently. Two of them are young, pretty and attractive. One is young, but not pretty, and has a forlorn, dejected look pitiful to behold.

Guess, now, which one is the housekeeper? There I knew it. Why do you laugh? Really, now, when you come to analyze it, is it a laughing matter? I hear one young woman say with some asperity, "I don't see why you should answer, 'why the forlorn, dejected one of course!' All housekeepers are not forlorn, and dejected."

And you may know from that defense of her sister that she belongs to one of the two classes: Either she has not been in the housekeeping realm very long, or else she belongs there by nature. In either case, her answer is justifiable. Age and experience always excuse youth and inexperience on the ground that it knows not what it says. And people in their own realms have a right to defend it against all comers, and all apparently unseemly remarks as well.

The housekeeper goes through several stages in the course of her evolution. First comes the "queen on the throne" period, which does not last very long. She does not know of many queens who work for their board and clothes, cook their own "board", and make their own clothes, or go without. By the end of the first year the "throne" is tottering to its fall.

Then comes the second stage of her development. About the time she begins to say to herself, while doing her morning work, "It might be worse—but not often" some one graciously comes along with the "cheer-up" fix-it-up philosophy which consists, as some one has well said, in "believing what ain't so." Things are what they do not seem. Black is white. Blue is bright pink. All is gold that does not glitter. These and other such soothing aphorisms help quite a bit for quite a bit.

Three years later, perhaps, she is persuaded to attend a woman's meeting, and listen to an able address by Mrs. Kathryn Nyce Standstill, on the "Dignity of Labor." The speaker's hands show that she never did more than two consecutive hours labor in her whole life, but she is certainly good at talking about the dignity of it, and her impressive words have a most desirable effect upon our tired housekeeper. They serve to straighten up her round shoulders, and thrust in her abdomen for—a fortnight or so.

Again when she feels her spirits flagging a little, comes the talk on duty from her mother and her mother-in-law and the Rev. Josiah Never Wakeup, who can always be depended upon to do his duty by preaching duty to others—especially to women.

The "duty" prop is a strong and lasting one with a conscientious woman. She will go almost as far for duty's sake as she will for love's sake; and the husbands and preachers never forget to remind her of it, if there is any lagging on her part.

Old Mrs. Soundsleep offers her word of "motherly" advice also. She has had ten children, four of which are dead. She can tell you how to make ginger-bread, cut out shirtwaists, and "put-up" fruit. She can suggest anywhere from one to six remedies of questionable value if one of the children happen to be ill. And she never tires of

talking about the proper sphere of a woman—a wife and mother, and "if she ain't she ought to be"—being the "home," by which she means the house in which she happens to live. It has never dawned on her that when we are stopping in another city from the one in which we live, and return to our own we say we are going home; nor that when we are in England we say we are going home when we return to America. Home to her is a very circumscribed affair, commensurable with her brains. Yet she thinks she has served and is still serving her country well, and she is too,—poor creature—as an object lesson. We are like kindergarten children, and we need many object lessons to help us grasp ideas that would otherwise be too abstract for us. Mrs. Soundsleep and her kind make more "suffragettes" and "new women" than all the speakers and advocates combined.

Finally comes the musing, questioning period in the life of our housekeeper; and then some of the household duties are apt to suffer. The dinner which has hitherto had undivided attention, sometimes gets so hot that it burns. She asks "why do I work this way for my board and clothes. Even a wage earner who gets barely a living is considered independent, while I work anywhere from eight to sixteen hours a day, never have a cent that I can call my own, and am considered dependent.

"Am I not told sometimes that I have not earned as much as a postage stamp? And don't men talk about supporting their wives? "Why, oh why, should this be so?" she cries.

Sometimes she is satisfied with the will of God answer. Sometimes she goes back to the "cheer up" philosophy, and willfully, steadfastly stultifies and stupifies herself. She swallows her mental opiate and is satisfied.

Sometimes, she says, "never mind, this bellious woman, not contented in her 'sphere', and she prays to become a better woman which means a more submissive one. She does not stop to think that she is the one to say what her sphere should be—not man, or the preacher, or the old women of the last generation.

Sometimes, she says, "never mind, this is a funny world anyway"—by which she means that it is anything but "funny." And sometimes she says, "I will find out about this. Something is wrong. I will know what it is." And she reads Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "Women and Economics" and Bebel's "Woman," and socialistic literature, and learns that she must be independent economically before she can ever be free.

The Ruler of the Universe has always made it uncomfortable for slaves, so that they will change their condition, and he always will. It is a law. So she learns, at last, that when her work becomes a vocation, instead of an unpaid occupation, she will be treated with some respect and dignity.

"And how does that help us now?" say the housekeepers. It is not a well-paid, dignified position now, and will not be in our time, and we don't believe in reincarnation. It must be admitted the reincarnation idea is not very comforting. We are not especially interested in what we will do, say in the year 3010. We will let 3010 take care of itself, but we would like to help along in the way we think it should go in the year

1910. Well we are a part of the race. Even the old fashioned, out-of-date anti-suffragist will admit that. We must move along as fast as evolution takes us, and no faster. All we can do is to lend a helping hand occasionally—no, not occasionally, but all the time. And if you want comfort, think of your housekeeping sister of the future who will work short hours for good pay, and will say, with dignified assurance: "My work is necessary; hence it should be well paid. It is hard; hence the hours should be short."

And will all the women be housekeepers then—or the great majority of them? No more than all the men now are caterers, or merchants, or lawyers, or electricians, or civil engineers, or artists, or authors, or composers, or bricklayers or plasterers, or hod-carriers, or gardeners, or garbage collectors, or street-cleaners, or section hands, or farmers, and so on down the long line. Our line will be just as long and just as varied. And under the regime then in operation, we will find out what we are good for, and then do it. In other words, we will make a study of both boys and girls from their earliest years, learn what their natural gifts are, and capacities are and develop them.

Commencement exercises then will mean that we are ready to *commence* life—not merely that we know a little of chemistry, a little of algebra, and a very little of several other text-books. When that time arrives it will not be necessary to talk of the "dignity of labor," because it will be a fact. It will no longer need a prop—a please-help-me-along philosophy to make it appear respectable. It will *be* respectable. It will be service in the true sense—proficient, able service by which we shall minister to our own needs, and those of the community; and by means of which life will become a joy. Toil, drudgery, is not a joy, and all the old-time religions, or all the "new thought" cannot make it so, and *ought* not to make it so. But well paid work, for which we are fitted by nature—there is nothing more engrossing. When women are enfranchised we will install a more sensible, orderly system of industry. We have not been good managing housekeepers so long for nothing.

So take heart, sisters, those of you who are discontented. There's a good time coming. Some of you will not be housekeepers in the future because that is not your natural work. And those of you who are satisfied—which means that you are fitted into—the niche for which you were intended—will be paid for your work, and appreciated, as you are not now.

An if this good time comes not in your day, then "To the future in the distance give thyself."

Lesson Outlines In the Economic Interpretation of History. by Lida Parce, 25c.

Have you read "War—What For"? A comrade whose letter I have just opened, says it is the greatest book of the century. Price, \$1.20.

Don't buy lard—buy Nutol. See ad. elsewhere. Prmel and Nutol are essential to your winter breakfast. Read about them in ad. Don't overlook the New Girard Mfg. Co.'s ad. in this issue.

A boy, reading the line: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones," startled his adult hearers by his surprising rendition: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thorns."—Selected.

Women and the Loan Association

DORA FOSTER

Did you ever have any dealing with a loan association? No? Then if you are a working man or woman, be thankful that you have had sufficient employment to keep out of the clutches of the loan sharks.

A loan association is formed primarily for the purpose of making loans upon the furniture of those unfortunates who are compelled, generally speaking, by dire necessity to resort to this method of obtaining food for themselves or family. The loan association is allowed by law (in the state of New York) to charge 2 per cent per month, 24 per cent per annum, think of it! For every \$100 loaned they collect \$24, payable monthly. How long before the interest paid will amount to more than the original loan which remains unpaid?

In addition the borrower must pay \$1 application fee for examination of property and \$1 for drawing and filing necessary papers. If for any reason a loan is not made, these two dollars are retained by the association. The first months interest is deducted out of the original loan, so that if one borrows \$50 he only gets \$47, and continues to pay interest on \$50.

And the questions one must answer: Name, husband's or wife's residence, present, and for the past five years, relatives and their addresses, your business, what you earn, does all the property belong to you, any incumbrances on it, is it insured, will you assign insurance to us, how much do you owe? etc. To those people who so

greatly fear that the introduction of some other form of industrial conditions will so far overturn society as to "break up the home," I respectfully submit the above questions and ask how much further will present conditions extend and leave a home to be broken up? Think of the feelings of a good wife and mother when an agent of a loan association invades her home to examine her furniture to ascertain if it is worth a loan! In this, as in many other things, when hardships must be endured or disgrace falls, it falls most heavily upon the woman. During the last panic I had occasion to observe the unfortunates who patronized a loan association. Nine-tenths of them were women. I have seen them sitting in the outer office waiting their turn, resignation or despair written upon every countenance, little children clinging to their skirts, or babies asleep in their arms, unconscious of a calamity about to befall them. Sometimes they were left in an old carriage in the hallway and occasionally the father waited outside while the wife negotiated the loan. Too much of a moral coward was he to do the dirty work, it fell upon the wife and mother. He signed the necessary papers and he took the money after she got it and sometimes went off and got drunk, too, leaving the wife and children as they were before, plus the loan.

I once heard a man more courageous than the others, telling the manager to come and get the furniture. I looked at him and saw

a tall, strong, manly man. No signs of dissipation on his face, nothing to indicate that he had wasted his earnings. He said: "I have been out of regular employment so many months, I have exhausted my credit, I have secured a loan on my insurance policy, and this one on my furniture. I can no longer pay the interest; my family is in need—we give it all up." Oh! the pathos of a strong man helpless, and the mother and wife in the miserable place called home. What must her feeling be? Is it a wonder that so many mothers lose their reason and destroy their children and themselves?

The monthly interest is paid usually by the mother, and quite often by little children tip-toeing silently in, feeling instinctively that all is not right, and apparently hoping not to be seen. What an education, what training for the young boy or girl. Would you like it for your own child? No! Then do something to lift another's child and mother out of these conditions. The only remedy is permanent employment for the man of the family at wages sufficiently large to enable him to maintain the family and with a workday short enough for the parents to have leisure to properly train and educate the children. This can only be done when the drones and idlers at both ends of the social system are made to do their share of the work—only under the best form of co-operative industry—which is Socialism.

Pensions for Mothers

Elizabeth Thomas in Social Democratic Herald

She was just a pale little woman dressed in cheap mourning. She carried a pale little baby and two pale little children clung to her skirts.

"Is this the place where the mothers get pensions?" she asked timidly.

The fat lawyer scowled, because he saw by her clothes that not very much money could be got from her. But he knew by experience that some profit can be made even from poor widows. So he took the cigar from his mouth and asked shortly, "Was your husband a soldier?"

"No," said the small woman. "Oh no! He was just a brakeman, killed in a railway smashup."

"Then why do you want a pension?" said the lawyer sternly.

"Because I haven't any coal, and Joey and Kitty need shoes and warm clothes, and I can't get them enough to eat, and the baby is always sick.

"And last night, when I was coming home from the house where I do washing, there was a man talking on the street corner. And he said that it was ridiculous to give pensions to soldiers and not to mothers. And he said that the mother's noble work was to bring human beings into the world, and the soldier's mean work was to shoot holes in them. And he said that every mother risked her life more than all the soldiers in our Cuban war, who were not in any great danger from the poor, scared Spaniards. And the only risk our heroes ran was from the embalmed beef which the government and the meat trust fed to them.

"And he said, the most precious wealth of

any country is its children. That when we defend them from disease and early death, we are defending our nation a great deal more sensibly than when we sail away with rifles and bayonets to kill a few Filipinos or Spaniards who never came within a hundred miles of our country.

"Then he said that since the work of the mothers is to defend and care for our young citizens, they deserve to be rewarded by the government. And that every mother, especially every widowed mother, ought to draw a pension that would enable her to feed, clothe and house her little ones properly.

"So I thought I'd come to you and see if you could do anything about it. I need a pension so bad. Oh, you don't know how hard it is to hear the children cry and have no bread to give them!"

The lawyer stared in amazement.

"Do you think we live under a Socialist government?" he yelled at her. "That man on the street corner was a Socialist! That is the sort of people who destroy the foundations of society! I would just like to put them all behind the bars! Pension you? I guess not! Don't you know that society is maintained by the survival of the fittest? If your husband was killed in a railway accident, that proves that you and your children are not fit to survive. Pensions for mothers, indeed! Socialist rot!"

He leaned back and laughed until his red face was two shades redder. And when he went out to lunch on turkey and oysters and cocktails, he told the story to a reporter who met him in the street on a hunt for humorous anecdotes. And the reporter

wrote it up in a delightfully comical way, making so much fun of the Socialists that everybody laughed next morning when they read the account in a capitalist newspaper.

But the pale little woman did not laugh as she dragged her little brood back to her fireless lodging.

And little Joey said, "Mother, I'm cold" And little Kitty said, "Muvver, I'm hungry!"

And the pale baby wailed with a dying child's low, long, pitiful wailing.

Eugene V. Debs—An Introduction.

Comrade Walter Hurt, author and journalist, well-known and well-beloved, has issued a booklet entitled "Eugene V. Debs: An Introduction," it being a tribute from a master-mind who thoroughly appreciates the largeness of another.

Walter Hurt is the warm personal friend of the man he "introduces," and his genius of expression has been allowed its full brilliant scintillation. Strangers to Debs will, upon meeting him, immediately recognize all that Comrade Hurt has said of the man.

The "mute, inglorious," proletariat has need of pen and tongue, and for none may it be more grateful than for Walter Hurt when he expresses for it something of what 'Gene Debs, Big Brother, is to it and to the world.

WANTED—TO FIND A GOOD HOME IN A Socialist family for a boy aged nine and a girl aged six. For further information address John T. Johnson, Odon, Ind.

The woman who works in your factory, shop or mill, will read this copy of The P. W. if you will hand it to her.

Order from our advertisers. Mention The P. W.

The Workers in American History

ELSA UNTERMANN

The time is here when the unlimited praise of the "fathers of our country" and the vapid verbosity of Fourth of July orators about our "glorious" constitution, are met by the workers with indifference, laughter or doubt. In these days when stand-pat republican sophistry fails to disclose the lauded prosperity of the Taft administration, when striking workers are assaulted by hired thugs and shot down by armed soldiers—when they are even forcibly driven to work by hirelings with pistols—certain "inalienable rights of man" which they were told the constitution guaranteed them two hundred years ago, are proved to be a mere delusion. Suppression of labor papers and constant maulings and arrests for public expression of principles reveals the emptiness of the term "freedom of speech and press." The open atrocities of the present rulers create grave doubts as to the virtues and highmindedness of those who went before.

A pamphlet, recently issued, "The Workers in American History,"* portrays in clear-cut language the relation the working class has always borne to the boasted liberty the Revolution is supposed to have vouchsafed mankind. Beginning with the causes and the shocking extent of white slavery in the Colonies, the author lays bare the inhuman treatment accorded the indentured servants and redemptioners. We will let him speak for himself.

"The only difference between these white slaves, sold in American ports, and the blacks was that the slavery of the whites was limited and the blacks were slaves for life. The white slaves were sold in all the colonies, though New England's supply was smaller than the middle and southern colonies. It may be said with truth that both white and black slaves formed the basis of the landed aristocracy of the colonies before and long after the Revolution. Yet this fact is suppressed by most historians in order that a few historic figures, who witnessed the auction of white laborers without protest, and some whom were interested in the traffic, might be glorified. It was a modified form of chattel slavery and admirably adapted to the purposes of the classes who confiscated the land or inherited it from those who did. With the resources of life in their hands and whites and blacks held in servitude the ruling classes had all the advantages that the masters of any age might wish."

Further down the author quotes from Geiser's "Redemptioners and Indentured Servants in Pennsylvania."

"The class of indentured servants was not recruited from immigrants alone. The courts of this period (1684) and for many years after, frequently sentenced freemen to be sold into servitude, for a period of years, in order to liquidate fines and other debts; . . . orphan children were brought to the court to be adjudged; there being on one occasion, in the Chester county court, in 1697, thirty-three whose terms of service were fixed by the court."

To return to the author's own words:

"The fact that white servitude was not as general in New England as in the colonies to the south, does not necessarily mean that "free labor" was allowed to reap the reward of high wages that usually comes of a scarcity of labor. *The Puritan aristocracy met this*

scarcity by fixing wages by law. As early as 1633 Massachusetts Bay colony adopted a statute commanding that carpenters, lawyers, masons, bricklayers, tilers, joiners, wheel-rights, mowers, and other workmen were not to receive more than two shillings per day each paying his own board, or if furnished with living they might receive fourteen pence per day. . . . An employer who paid more than the legal rates, as he would be tempted using a brisk demand for labor, or the workman who accepted wages higher than the legal rate, were both subject to penalties for violating the law. Lest these regulations might provoke the workers to refuse to work at all the "virtues" of thrift and industry were encouraged by providing that there should be no idleness, and the workman who indulged in this peculiar privilege of the aristocracy was subjected to a penalty fixed by law.

"There is abundant evidence to show that the life of the indentured servants was hard and cruel. In fact, some of the legislation applying to them recalls the bloody legislation against the poor in the old world. . . . The fact that today glowing accounts are sent by ship agents and capitalist firms to European countries advertising alleged opportunities in America, indicates that the modern sweaters are merely following the example of the Puritan slavers of two centuries ago.

"The laws directed against disobedience and misdemeanors of white slaves were rigorous. Those calling for the severest punishments were generally offenses against property—the God of capitalist civilization. In Virginia, in 1610, pilfering on the part of launderers, laundresses, bakers, cooks, and dressers of fish is punished with whipping and imprisonment; for purloining flour and meal given out for baking purposes, *offenders have their ears sliced off*; for the second offense a year imprisonment and for the third offense, three years.

"It may not be amiss here to state that many men who were prominent in the Revolution profited from this system of servile white labor. For example, George Washington, in 1774, wrote a ship captain expressing his desire for a supply of servants to place on his Ohio lands. He writes of his desire to import them at his expense, 'where they are unable to transport themselves, into the Potomac river, and from hence to the Ohio; to have them, in the first case, engaged to me under indenture, in the second, by some other contract equally valid, to become tenants on the terms hereafter mentioned.* *The terms suggested are that the slaves jointly bind themselves to reimburse Washington for any losses he might sustain by deaths or accidents.*"

This all refers to the period immediately preceding the Revolution; but the author gives proof that similar abuses existed for many years after the separation from England had taken place. According to Geiser's "Redemptioners" the last servant was bound as late as 1831, more than fifty years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Most interesting and rather disparaging to the "fathers of our country" is the evidence given in the pamphlet, of the detestable unblushing manner in which these estimable

gentlemen play a double role—were both Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Hyde. In the "Federalist" Madison and Hamilton indulged in ringing phrases anent self government by the masses, etc., but at the Constitutional Convention only a single man made a plea for popular suffrage, and that man was Benjamin Franklin. Hamilton, according to Madison's "Journal of the Constitutional Convention," expresses himself as follows:

"Let one branch of the legislature hold their places for life, or at least during good behavior. Let the executive also be for life."

Workers, you who are aware of the perfidy of the present ruling class, I urge you to acquaint yourselves at the first opportunity with the bloody foundation—the lives of your brothers and sisters, the stifled childhood and abused bodies of their little ones—upon which rests the oligarchy which today sweats you and drains your strength to the last dregs.

Women, you who are by law deprived of control over your own children, who are compelled to accept for the same labor less wages than your male competitors, who have no voice in the government that taxes you, judges you, punishes you, familiarize yourselves with the events that subjected you to the old English Common law, a relic of the barbarous middle ages. Knowledge of the manner in which your predecessors were bulldozed, beaten, defrauded and defeated in their struggles to secure the "inalienable rights of man" will remove from your mind the last vestige of awe or hero worship you may accord the despoilers of two centuries ago and will guide you over dangerous pitfalls in your struggle.

Musical Romances



A book of four romances by Aimee Wood of New York, a woman of ardent temperament, a skilled pianist and in love with the soul of music. The style is elevated, out of the ordinary, their author is a New Thoughter, well known.

The book is in paper, 142 pages. Price, 50c. I have a limited number which I will sell at only 20c, as long as they last. Fine gift. Send today. C. J. Barton, Sta. E., Kansas City, Mo.

A little over half the employes in cotton mills throughout the country are men, about 38 per cent of whom come into competition with women. 43.3 per cent of the northern employes are women and only 5.2 per cent children under sixteen years, as against 27 per cent women in the south and 20 per cent—one fifth of all employes—children.

The legal working age for children in the south is 12 years. For children in the north in cotton industries, is 14 years.

Humanity.

It's the bad that's in the best of us
Makes the saint so like the rest of us!
It's the good in the darkest-curst of us
Redeems and saves the worst of us!
It's the muddle of good and badness,
It's the tangle of tears and gladness,
It's the lunacy linked with sanity,
That make and mock humanity!

—Arthur Stringer.

*Author and publisher, James O Neal, 831 North Third street, Terre Haute, Ind., price 25 cents.

*Hart "American History Told by Contemporaries," Vol. II.

Send for 16 sub cards (to be paid for when sold) and become a member of the Four-Four club.

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THE WOMAN WHO WORKS.

I doubt if there is a reader of The Progressive Woman who is not a "woman who works." Maybe she is not what is known as a wage earner, but if she stays at home and cooks the meals, and cares for the baby, and dresses the children for school and darns her husband's socks and washes the clothes and irons them, and does the family sewing and a few other incidentals that come up through the course of the day, I am inclined to the opinion that she works, even though she does not receive a salary. There may be those who differ on this proposition, but my personal opinion was always that the home woman worked and it gives no sign of changing.

Every issue of The Progressive Woman, then, is for the woman who works; but in this number we are trying to emphasize this feature a trifle more than usual. The article on "The Sweating System" gives a fair resume of the work of women in unorganized industries—and the great majority of woman workers, we must remember, are unorganized. "The Trials of Housekeeper" will strike home with thousands of patient—and impatient—women who know all about the trials therein mentioned. The article on "Loan Associations" will also appeal to many city readers who know what it means. "For Sale or For Rent" by one of our young men comrades gives a glimpse of the seamy side of our industrial society, where women are forced to make a living at the cost of everything that is dear in life. "While Chicago Sleeps" gives in its shocking detail the process through which many of our self-supporting girls are put, before they can be forced to earn their living in this unfortunate way. "The Workers in American History" tells how the workers, both men and women, were enslaved with the very inception of our nation, and so on, through article and poem and paragraph.

And now the question is: What is all this about? What is it all for? And the answer is: It is about the abnormal and unnecessary conditions under which men and women live and work, and it is for the purpose of arousing our readers against these conditions; for the purpose of telling them that they CAN change them, and make them over, so that all the workers

and all men and women can live under a more rational, more humane system.

Just a few of us cannot bring about this new system, but MANY of us CAN, and I hope our readers will hand this copy of The Progressive Woman to every working woman he or she knows, and ask them to read it. In this way we broaden our ranks, and through this educational work of the individual we reach the mass, and finally the goal is ours.

The Tacoma Times is conducting a campaign of publicity against Tacoma's dives. The October issue of the Progressive Woman gave an account of the white slave traffic in Tacoma. It is frightful, and should be broken up, if possible. We are learning more and more, however, that these nests of vice and crime are never really broken up—the best that is done with them is to drive them from place to place to take root and fester in new quarters. So long as the profit system makes them a valuable asset to the money getter, they will live and flourish.

PECULIAR "JUSTICE."

The state treasury of Minnesota is so full that no state taxes need be levied this year, says an exchange. Inquiry into this happy state of affairs shows that the state treasury is full at the expense of the wives and children of prisoners. For the state employs its convicts so profitably at making binder twine, that even the trust is frozen out in Minnesota. A profit of \$189.69 is made on each prisoner employed in the twine works, and with the opening of a proposed farm implement plant the net profit to the state will run up to \$300,000 a year.

Meantime, the wives of these prisoners are breaking their backs over wash boards, trying to hold their families together; boys and girls of these prisoners so profitably employed by the state, are running good chances of following in their fathers' footsteps.

In Chicago once I heard of a man who had been sent to the Bridewell for stealing a pair of shoes for his little daughter. He had been a decent workingman, but times had gone hard with him, and he took things through sheer desperation. He was sent to jail—and there by the irony of fate, taught to make shoes; and he did make shoes, but for the benefit of the city of Chicago. Meanwhile his family starved and went without shoes.

It is a peculiar way of meting "justice" to the inoffensive. If a man has broken the laws of a state, his family, at least should not be punished by having their support taken from them. If a prisoner must pay his way while in jail, the surplus that he makes should go to those dependent upon him outside. This is the only just way.

But who ever thinks of justice in connection with the women and children of the working class?

SALVATION FOR WOMEN— THROUGH INDUSTRY.

Prof. Simon von der Aa, of Holland, attended the International Prison Congress in this country, when asked what they do with their women prisoners in Holland, said "We prevent them." In all Holland, he said, there were less than 200 women in prison, and three prisons for women had been closed entirely, for want of inmates. In accounting for this scarcity in women criminals, Prof. Aa gives two leading reasons—the movement of organized societies for the uplift of womanhood generally, and the fact that "women are al-

lowed to work, and support themselves honorably, instead of being starved into doing it dishonorably." He is convinced, he says, that industrial freedom of women is what is keeping them out of prisons. "There is a strong woman's suffrage party among us," he says further "but I would not say that that is a reason for the few crimes of women. It is rather another glorious result of allowing woman to work. Before that she was perhaps unfit to vote. But the broadening influence of work not only has the result of making her refrain from active lawbreaking, but also it gives her the positive impulse to assist in wise lawmaking."

It is the contention of Socialists that women should have the ballot because of the great numbers who are engaged in industrial pursuits. It is a claim based upon practical measures, rather than upon a sentimental basis. When Prof. Aa speaks of the "broadening influence of work," in connection with the suffrage, he is supporting our claim. He might also have added that the working woman needs the ballot as a protection, even as the working man needs it. The "broadening influence" comes from her knowledge of this need. Socialists also recognize that capitalism has been a boon to woman in that it has taken her out of the narrow home sphere, and placed her in the social and productive activity of the world. But capitalism has its limitations in regard to woman, as it has in every other social relation. It gives her but a partial industrial and economic freedom. All women who need work cannot find it; all of those who do work do not get sufficient pay to sustain themselves in decency. Whatever may be the case in Holland, we have among our working girls in this country large numbers of law breakers, from the fact that though they are willing to work, they receive too little pay for their labor, and are starved into seeking other channels of revenue. This is what Socialism will prevent. It will continue the possibility of the broadening influence of industrial participation, but it will eliminate the necessity of "eking out" a living wage, by illegal methods.

Read "Diary of a Shirt Waist Striker," by Theresa Malkiel. Price, 25c.

Societies seeking to combat prostitution in Russia have gathered statistics from all parts of the country regarding this evil. Appalling figures bring to light wide spread immorality in the kingdom of the czar. In St. Petersburg, a city of 1,000,000 there are 50,000 prostitutes. Investigation in factory districts disclose the fact that thousands of working girls are forced to lives of shame, through insufficient pay for honest labor. "Prostitution in Russia has its roots in the helpless economic and social conditions of the country," said one of the liberals in speaking on this subject. What is true of Russia is also true of the United States, and every other civilized country. "This is the proposition that all honest seekers for better moral conditions must face sooner or later. Poverty is the cause. Remove poverty, and the effect is gone. When will the voting majority be brave enough to face this issue?"

Hand this copy of The P. W. to your neighbor. Call her attention to the special articles, and she will read it from cover to cover.

The president of the University of Arkansas said in a recent speech: "I had rather Arkansas University would produce one modest Christian woman than 1,000 suffragists." Let's all move to Arkansas!

THE EXAMINER'S GLASS

LIDA PARCE

In ancient Greece, where the laws made a married woman a slave, and where the Hetairia or free women became noted for their culture and intellectual charm, marriage became unpopular and many women became Hetairia for the purpose of gaining their freedom. In Rome, a few centuries later, it was necessary to pass a law forbidding patrician women from enrolling themselves on the list of prostitutes, so greatly did they value their freedom, which vanished when they married. Today, a woman can earn a living in industry, business or professional life and thus maintain her freedom. No wonder that the numbers of those women increase who prefer freedom without marriage to slavery with marriage.

The time is past for the average woman to get her living out of wifehood and motherhood. Not long ago the wife and children were valuable for their industry. Their labor contributed greatly to the fortune of the husband and father. Children no longer have a commercial value to the average man. A man does not receive sufficient wages to support a large family in comfort, hence motherhood, instead of being a piece of good fortune to the father and the source of profit to him, is an unrelieved burden. A woman's motherhood was formerly a reason why she should be protected, loved and even "respected". Now it is often a cause of resentment, and hatred. It seems as if women will have to learn to separate work from love. Our grandmothers worked long hours, they worked with all the intelligence and devotion that they were capable of, and that was much. We will have to learn again to apply as much energy and intelligence to our work in the new relations that society has opened to us as our grandmothers exercised in the old domestic relations. Then we shall succeed as well as they, and to us success will spell freedom, not slavery.

In bringing children into the world women perform a valuable service for the state. It is surely as great a service as "fighting for one's country". And it is a service that the state needs all the time. If women were to cease bearing children the state would cease to exist. A woman can live a fairly happy life without children, a man an entirely happy one. Then why should a man bear unaided the burden of supporting future citizens and why should a woman bear the burden of motherhood without reward. The state pays its soldiers, why should it not pay its mothers.

When nature first invented the male animal, his only occupation in life and reason for being was competition for the female. The brute is competitive in his nature "from the foundations of the world". The business of the female was first to support herself, and then to reproduce her kind and care for her young. Mother and child formed the first social group. The child stimulates the mother by depending upon her for the supplying his needs. The mother responds by meeting the needs. Stimulation and response, action and reaction; that is the social process. It is the only one there is. By this process society carries on all its operations. It is still and always will be the process of the female. Competition is the distinctive process of the male. Women have learned to look out for themselves, more or less, in a competitive world.

Men have been obliged to adopt something of the social process. But still the woman-child plays social games, the man-child plays competitive games, each expressing in infancy his elemental nature. The economic reason, from the standpoint of a Socialist, why women should have political power is not only, nor even mainly that as disfranchised workers they keep down the wages of men, but it is because they are social and non-competitive in their elemental tendencies. And it is the social commonwealth which we are trying to establish.

The Woman's Trade Union League of Chicago is establishing a loan bank where its members can borrow money without interest in time of need. They are trying to help each other, not to make money out of each other.

The Boy Scouts are to receive military training, under military leaders, for the sole and only purpose of giving them physical stamina and discipline. The girls are only to be mothers, so they don't need any of this physical development. But they are to receive training as nurses in connection with the Boy Scout business, so that they will know how to gather up and patch up the pieces after the boys have got shot to flinders in the pursuit of their perfectly peaceable occupations. Women would do well to begin to take a hand in affairs so that they can have a share in any benefits that are to accrue, so that there will be fewer pieces to pick up, and so that they can quit their traditional occupation of picking up the pieces and begin to live a little.

The readers of The Glass will remember that I wrote of the "Victim of the Vampire" in the September issue of The Progressive Woman asking for assistance for her in paying her way into the American Woman's League through their subscription agency. I am very sorry to say that only a few replies came in. The following letter recently received will show the need of this woman for immediate financial help:

"Dear Friend: Why don't you write? I'm too worried and troubled to live. I can't endure this any longer. Today my husband choked me, shook me, kicked and kicked me, dragged me over the floor, out of doors across the porch, cursing and kicking me. I can't stand any more. He's terrible. Something has got to be done quick. I have got to get out of here before December, or die, or go raving mad. But with no money what can I do? I'm wild, frantic, desperate! . . . I wrote to the county seat, to—a lawyer, and asked him to take my case, telling him I had no money and did not know when I could pay him, and he wrote he would take it, but said I'd have to come down first. But I can't get out of here—I must have money to get clothes before I can start. . . ."

You will remember that this woman lives on a claim," in a tumbled-down shack, many miles from a railroad. She is an unfortunate victim of capitalism, and of man-made laws, and is in need of immediate financial aid. We cannot wait until we have Socialism to relieve all the unfortunates who come to our notice. Donations sent to the writer at 1514 West Garfield Boulevard, Chicago (I have recently changed my address from Drexel ave.) or to the editor of The Progressive Woman, will be forwarded at once to this woman.

Books for Socialists and Students.

The Ancient Lowly; A History of the Ancient Working People, from the Earliest Known Period to the Adoption of Christianity by Constantine. By C. Osborne Ward. Cloth, two large volumes, \$4.00. Either volume sold separately at \$2.00.

The class struggle between those who live by working and those who live by owning is as old as written history. But history has from the first been written by the retainers of the owning class and it is a task of the utmost difficulty to discover the real facts of the class struggle in ancient times. This task has been attempted and has been carried out in a really wonderful manner by C. Osborne Ward.

Ancient Society; or Researches in the Lines of Human Progress; From Savagery Through Barbarism to Civilization. By Lewis H. Morgan, LL. D. Cloth, 586 pages, \$1.50.

The first edition of this great work was published in 1877. It has been recognized by the scholars of Europe and America as the highest authority on the subject of which it treats, and its conclusions are of the utmost value to Socialists, since it proves that the system of private property, based on some form of chattel or wage slavery, is not eternal but comparatively recent.

The Universal Kinship. By J. Howard Moore. Cloth, 275 pages, \$1.00.

"The Universal Kinship" has furnished me several days of deep pleasure and satisfaction. It has compelled my gratitude at the same time, since it saves me the labor of stating my own long-cherished opinions, reflections and resentments by doing it lucidly and fervently for me."—Mark Twain.

Love's-Coming-of-Age. By Edward Carpenter. Cloth, 162 pages, \$1.00.

Only one who unites in himself the qualities of poet and scientist, as Carpenter does, can write understandingly of the sex relation. "Love's-Coming-of-Age" is a work that will help men to understand women and women to understand men, and will help both to solve the new problems which changed economic conditions have introduced and will introduce into the relations of men and women to each other.

Looking Forward: A Treatise of the Status of Woman and the Origin and Growth of the Family and the State. By Phillip Rappaport. Cloth, 234 pages, \$1.00.

Mr. Rappaport bases his entire work on the theory of historical materialism and illustrates it with a wealth of facts from both ancient and modern sources. According to the Louisville Courier-Journal it is at once a history and a criticism.

The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State. By Frederick Engels. Cloth, 217 pages, 50c.

For the busy reader this book offers in convenient form the most important of the facts which are detailed in Morgan's "Ancient Society." Frederick Engels, who next to Marx is the greatest of Socialist writers, has worked over Morgan's material into popular and readable form, showing how mankind lived for hundreds of thousands of years without capitalists, and raising the question of whether they may not soon begin living without them again.

Socialism for Students. By Joseph E. Cohen. Cloth, 156 pages, 50c.

The book is one that should be widely known. In showing the sources from which the socialistic idea emerged, the whole field of modern human thought is traversed. Necessarily, only the high spots are touched in so hastily a journey, but science, philosophy and history are laid under heavy contributions in order to make the grasp upon Socialism a fully intelligent one. It is entirely safe to say that any reader who has assimilated thoroughly the information contained in this book will have a more intelligent grasp upon the actual status of the world at this moment than nine-tenths of the graduates of universities whose studies have not been essentially sociological.—Chicago Daily News.

The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Seek to Accomplish. By John Spargo. Cloth, 147 pages, 50c.

Scientific yet reliable and easy; written in a style that the man in the street will understand and the man in the university will admire. Just the book to start a new reader.

New Leaflets.

New leaflets just off the press are: Child Labor Series—1st—Boys in the Mines; 2d—Children in Textile Industries; 3d—Underfed School Children. Socialism vs. Alcoholism; Enemies of the Liquor Traffic; Woman Suffrage—What Prominent Socialists Say About It. These leaflets are 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000. Other leaflets are: A Word to Working Women; Woman—Comrade and Equal, by Debs; Frances Willard on Socialism; 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000. Boytown Railroad, by Fred D. Warren; The Man and the Woman; Where Is Your Wife? Cheap Motherhood in America; Housekeeping Under Socialism; 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

The Progressive Woman is 2c a copy in bundles of four or more. Back numbers, 1c a copy in bundles.

Notes From the Woman's Department--National Headquarters

Iowa, Illinois, Washington, and Arkansas have secured a Woman's State Correspondent. Oklahoma, at its last convention, elected a Woman's State Committee. State Secretary Branstetter has sent us a copy of a letter in which he calls upon this committee to elect its State Correspondent, also assuring them that she shall have every assistance from the state office in the way of stationery, stamps, list of locals, etc.

What's the matter with Kansas and all the other states in which no action has been taken?

An encouraging letter has been received from Comrade Garbutt of California. She says: "We have a state paper and shall be pleased to use it in publishing any matter you may recommend. Please send us copies of your Plan for Work, also samples of literature for women."

Comrade Jennie Arnott of Palo Alto, California, sends in for several thousand leaflets for campaign distribution among the women.

Comrade Anna Maley, our National Woman's Organizer, has been doing excellent work for the woman's movement during the last eighteen months.

The men organizers, also, are dropping into line. Comrade Work reports successful organization of several woman's committees, and a good sale of Progressive Woman sub cards.

The Woman's National Committee is preparing for steady, systematic work in the way of monthly distribution of picked literature, and the preparation of printed programs to be given monthly. For further information address Caroline A. Lowe, General Correspondent, 180 Washington St., Chicago.

National Organization.

Dear Comrade Kaneko—The enclosed letters will show something of what we are doing in our organization work among women. If you care to publish them it might be well, as others will be interested in knowing our plans and method of procedure. The Woman, I am sure is our very best medium for reaching women.—Your Comrade, Caroline A. Lowe, Correspondent Woman's National Committee.

Dear Comrade Lowe—In reply to your kind letter in regard to Mrs. Ellen Megow, would say it is in the hands of the organizer, A. G. Cherry, who will write to you. Joseph Warnock of Harbor Springs is engaged for Sunday, October 9th, and the organizer will engage Mrs. Megow for Sunday, 16th. I wish we could have a woman speaker at least once a month and when our woman's committee gets together it will settle on one Sunday each month for equal suffrage Sunday (and I think the last Sunday in the month should be that Sunday, International Woman's Day being the last Sunday in February.)

I brought the matter of a woman's committee before the local a few weeks ago and a committee was elected. I have not succeeded in getting them together yet, but expect to quite soon, as our Sunday meetings have commenced and I will be better able to reach them and try to make an impression on them. You can depend on me as I am interested in woman's emancipation.

I will write again soon and let you know about our woman's committee and send in a report. Please accept my thanks for leaflets and your very kind instruction and advice. I think I understand the program and plan of work for the woman's committee pretty well, but will write you about any points I am not familiar with. I am beginning to feel quite encouraged for when we can get the women interested in their own emancipation things will move at a more rapid pace.

I am very much interested in the success of The Progressive Woman and am getting what subscriptions I can for it. I am so thankful for The Progressive Woman and for the Woman's National, State and Local Committees. I will be glad to hear from and receive advice from you at any time. Your comrade, Mary Purcell, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Comrade Lowe—Yours of Sept. 26th received with thanks. We started our Socialist School Sunday, October 2d, with thirty-two children and twenty adults. We will be very glad of suggestions and lessons—in regard to women in the

local and a woman's committee. We have such a committee which meets every other week, our next meeting being October 12th. Our object is to create funds for the local.

Educate women in Socialism and get them to join the party.

The central branch has the most women members.

Two years ago we started "Modern Socialism" by Chas. H. Vall and last year we had soap box drills when each woman was expected to get up on the box and make a short extemporaneous speech on Socialism. We also had debates and it was really surprising how well the women did. We have just started in with this year's work and expect to hold a fair on November 5th and 6th in Shoemaker's hall, No. 10 Elm St., for the benefit of the propaganda fund. There are many good suggestions in the "Plan for Work in Socialist Locals" that you sent that we will discuss in our next meeting.

There seems to be great enthusiasm all along the line and as Comrade Streb, candidate for lieutenant governor of New York, said, organization seems to be the watchword.

Our secretary is Kate Chappell; treasurer, Mary A. Hamon. But as we have an election of officers at our next meeting they may be changed. Fraternal yours, Mary A. Hamon, Rochester, N. Y.

Anent the Woman's Work.

(The following letter and answer will be interesting to our readers because of the nature of their contents. Every earnest Socialist wants to know about the work among women, how it can be best carried on, and so on. Comrade Duncan is the state secretary of Montana, and Comrade Lowe is the general correspondent of the Woman's National Committee. What they have to say on work among women is of interest to all of us.—Ed.)

Caroline A. Lowe, Chicago, Ill.:

Dear Comrade—Your several letters and circulars have all been received. Attention to other departments of the work in this state have precluded an earlier reply.

I have studied the papers you have sent with much interest. It has long been my conviction that the women are needed in the Socialist movement about as much as anything else that could be mentioned, and you may count on my co-operation in methods looking to this end. Few of the locals in this state have women members. Those that do have are all alive and prospering. The women add a social feature to the life of a local that tends to maintain the vital interest of the members. The trouble seems to be that so few of the women members of families represented by our male Socialists are at all interested in Socialism. Perhaps it would be different if we had woman suffrage in Montana. But many years of experience have led me to believe that the apathy of women to the Socialist movement springs out of the false training that most women have received hitherto, and to the false social values that women as a class, and many men, have adopted. Women like what is called social recognition. To get this they have to conform to certain social conventions. A Socialist woman is, or at any rate is regarded as, a non-conformist. As such she is more apt to be regarded as socially impossible than socially desirable. Few women are yet able to choose to be non-conformists for principle, when such non-conformity means more or less social ostracism. If it is not society that is the deterrent, then it is the church. To wean and educate women from these faulty and arbitrary standards of desirability is one of the most important tasks confronting emancipated women.

Personally, I think the women in our party could accomplish much more by joining and taking part with the men in the local organization than by flocking by themselves in an auxiliary of some sort. The men need the feminine influence and the feminine point of view fully as much as the women need those of the masculine type. As far as possible the two sexes should work and suffer together.

But one of the most difficult things a male Socialist has to face is the open or covert opposition of the women of his own household. Many of us would like to be taught how to overcome this obstacle. How shall we be able, against all the other forces of capitalistic society with its bourgeois standards, to bring our wives, sisters and sweethearts to look upon principles of justice and freedom or even common humanity as of greater importance than social favor of the well-to-do, homes in fashionable or semi-fashionable neighborhoods, clothing of a certain quality and style and all the other outer signs by which one's social station is subtly determined by the female arbiters of social station and degree? Here is a good question for feminine debate.

I am trying to get some of the women with Socialist convictions interested in and connected with our local organization in Butte. Your plans for dealing with them after once in the organization commend themselves to my judgment, but then I am only a man; only God can tell whether the women would follow the plans, or would insist on striking out on lines of their own choosing.

I will submit your documents to the executive committee of the state organization and recommend action along the lines you have indicated.

The locals outside of the Finnish organizations, (all of which include women) that have women members in this state are those at Froidley, Great Falls, Helena, Laurel and Lewistown. If there are any other of the English speaking locals with women members, I have not been informed of it.

I enclose a directory of the local secretaries in this state, and have crossed out the Finnish locals. I would suggest that you send your literature to the others. It might serve to awaken interest in the subject.—Yours comradely, Lewis J. Duncan, State Secretary.

Lewis J. Duncan, Butte, Mont.:

Dear Comrade—Your most interesting letter of the 18th was duly received and appreciated. I shall act upon your suggestion and shall send the literature to the local, Finnish included.

I wonder if you quite understand the plan. Do you understand that the women are to be organized in a separate organization from the men? For that is not the case. They must first join the local. Then they are organized into a committee of the local, just as you have a program committee to prepare a program, a literature committee to attend to the literature, so you should have a woman's committee to interest and educate the women.

Socialist women's organizations OUTSIDE THE PARTY are good. But a Socialist woman's organization INSIDE THE PARTY is under PARTY CONTROL and must, therefore, comply with party regulations. To do this each active member must be a party member.

But, perhaps, you already understood. I explain more fully because I find there are some who do not so understand it.

I can but admit, Comrade Duncan, that in the main you are right in regard to the attitude of the majority of women, not only toward Socialism, but toward all advanced movements. And I must confess that those of us in the minority are still to a very great extent hampered by the bonds of custom. Inbred conventionalism, prepared and administered always by the ruling class, is a hard taskmaster, and flogs to the point of social death those who attempt to escape from under his control. There are but few, either men or women, who court death in any manner, are there not?

It is only when a man or woman is brave enough to lose his life that he or she finds this dread task-master to be no reality, merely a chimeric. There's a wide world of truth in the saying, "He who would save his life shall lose it; but he who would lose his life for my sake, the same shall save it."

And as I see into life more clearly, I maintain that all of the foregoing applies equally to man and woman, the only difference being that the conventional master of man is clothed in a garb somewhat unlike that of woman. And to his master, man, as a rule is equally as subservient as is woman to hers. Man, because of his business relationships outside the home is more readily brought to an understanding of the economic problems that affect him AS A CLASS. When we consider that for only one generation have women been permitted to escape the narrow confines of the home, and enter upon the larger life of the outside world with its broadening influences, don't you think her progress of marvelous growth and deserving of every encouragement?

Have you read Olive Schreiner's Dreams? Do you remember the "Awakening of Woman"? A beautiful conception portraying the struggle of woman to throw off the burden the ages have placed upon her, to stand erect and with her brother, man, side by side pass on to the green oasis.

I want to thank you for your kindly assistance. We shall feel confident of your every assistance in the future. I know that you will not object when I tell you that I am sending your letter to The Progressive Woman, and asking Comrade Kaneko to print just the part that will do us the most good. I'll mark what I want printed.—With sincerest good wishes, I am, Caroline A. Lowe.

Chicago Women Active.

From the large attendance and splendid interest and enthusiasm shown at its monthly business meeting Wednesday evening, Oct. 12th at 180 Washington street, much can be expected from the Chicago Socialist Women's Agitation committee this coming winter.

The reports of propaganda activity by the various branch committees were most encouraging. Especially the reports from the Twenty-seventh and Thirty-fifth wards, where several new members were brought into the branch organization.

The plan of having special afternoon or evening meetings in some home inviting members' wives not yet members, friends and neighbors, to hear a talk on Socialism, join in the discussion and partake of light refreshments, is meeting with good results.

Though them women are being brought into the branches and the strength of the woman's agitation work is increased not only through increased membership, but also by awakened activity on the part of many old members.

The matter of having a circulating library of books dealing with the woman question and of having the branches act as distributing stations was brought up. Action on it was deferred until it could be learned to what extent financially and otherwise the branches would co-operate with the central committee.

Physical Culture Magazine is \$1 a year. With Progressive Woman, the same price, if ordered of us.

Boytown Railroad leaflets, by Fred D. Warren, is a hummer; 20c per 100; \$1.25 per 1,000.

Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker

BY THERESA MALKIEL

This is a new book, giving, as nothing else does, an insight into the lives of girls who work for a living. The writer, who was once a factory girl herself, was all through the thick of this struggle of the brave little strikers, and talks from facts. Indeed, she makes the facts peculiarly interesting by having them recorded in diary form, by one of the supposed strikers.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS BOOK.

GIVE IT A BIG CIRCULATION. IT SHOWS WHAT WOMEN CAN DO, AND ARE DOING, IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

Cloth, 50c. Paper, 25c. Order from The P. W. Publishing Co., Girard, Kan.

FOR SALE AND FOR RENT.

GEORGE N. COHEN.

It is not my wont to parade along a city's main street, but recently I was compelled to make a round of the department stores and the aforesaid main street. It happened to be around the time of day when both the stores and the streets contained mostly women.

I was surprised at the number that had "For Sale" and "For Rent" written on them, in various ways. Some had it painted on their faces, others had it fitted to their bodies. Some on their ankles and feet, some their head and hair, others their mouths and teeth. No matter what other part of their bodies they used they invariably also used their faces.

Paint, powder, clothes, jewelry, hats, "rats", heels, stockings were all made to advertise the fact that they were "For Sale" or "For Rent."

Some were behind the counters, others walked the floors and streets, some made a pretext at buying while others did spend money to increase their "charms."

Most of them were willing to sell themselves for life for their board and lodgings, some wanted to rent themselves for as long a period as possible, while others wanted to rent themselves as often as possible. In other words some wanted to be bought wives, others "kept women" and others prostitutes.

When I looked at them, no matter how low they appeared to me I didn't blame any one of them. To me they were the victims of circumstance. They had been brought into a world where everything is sold and they found that their "charms" were commodities upon the market.

If they were not clean mentally and physically it was not because they didn't want to be, but because it didn't pay to be.

When I viewed them all it occurred to me that hardly one was living a real life, every one was making believe. Although on the surface they were clean, to me they all looked filthy because I couldn't see their true skins or their natural forms. I couldn't see their real selves. I also knew they were "fixed up" mentally just as they were physically.

I was wishing they could get a good washing, the kind of a washing that would remove their paint and powder and pads and other trimmings and would leave them clean. A washing that would leave them clean in body and mind. Clean and free. Free to live their own lives. Free to dress for comfort. Free to be themselves. Free to be human beings. Free to cultivate the mind for its own sake. Free to be real human beings, not dependent on any one for their food, clothing and enjoyment.

Socialism to me was the washing that these women needed and needed badly. Not that men needed it any the less. We all need that washing. We all need to be clean and free.

Read our ads. and see if you can't order something from the advertisers.

Miss Anna Epstein reported the strike of the garment workers in the Hart, Schaffner & Marx shops. It was unanimously voted to appoint a committee of three to work with the Women's Trade Union League in every possible way to assist the strikers. The committee consists of Anna Epstein, Mrs. Ellen Megow and Emma Ischel.

At future business meetings of the central committee this winter, from 7.30 to 8 o'clock, will be devoted to studying parliamentary rules. Surely this is a welcome announcement. Women, accustomed to act in organized bodies, are timid in taking active parts simply because they are unfamiliar with parliamentary usages.

Here is an opportunity for Chicago Socialist women. It is hoped they will take advantage of this chance. The first lesson will be given at the Nov. 9th business meeting of the central committee.

Miss Caroline Lowe, general correspondent of the National Women's Executive Committee, will be in charge of these parliamentary drills.

The program committee did not report, because of the lateness of the hour. But it announced that Miner McEachern as the speaker for the next monthly public meeting, Saturday, Oct. 22d, at 7 p. m., at 180 Washington street.

The Fighting Editor, or Warren and the Appeal. By George D. Brewer. Cloth, 50c.

A word picture of the Appeal to Reason office. A biography of Fred D. Warren. History of events leading up to his sentence to serve six months in prison and pay a fine of \$1,500. His speeches before the Federal Court at Fort Scott, Kansas and the Appellate Court at St. Paul, Minnesota. Personal and press comments, etc. Second edition, revised and enlarged.

floor. Her shopmates looked on in pity but dared not leave their machines nor say a word. The "boss" was annoyed, for now some one's valuable time must be wasted in getting the girl out of the way; but there was no help for it, so he called a man and together they dragged her to a corner of the room and dropped her upon a pile of scraps and unfinished garments. No further attention was paid to her, but after a while the swoon passed off and in about an hour she dragged herself back to her machine and went to work. But—at the end of the week when her check came to her she found that she had been docked for the hour's time lost while lying unconscious.

The Fining System.

The system of fining, or docking, which however is not confined to the sweat shops but is found in other industries as well, is a most prolific source of revenue to the bosses, but often entails great hardships upon the girls. Fines for being late in the mornings sometimes run as high as one cent per minute, yet if a rush of business occurs and the girls are obliged to stay over time in the evenings no extra pay is allowed them. Fines are imposed for faults in the work, yet those responsible for the faults are compelled to make them good as well as submitting to a fine. Girls have been interviewed whose wages, through fines, have been reduced as low as fifty cents per week.

The Sweating System

Continued from page 3.

Spread of Disease Under the Sweating System.

The sweating system is a constant menace to the health of the people, and is, without doubt, responsible for the spread of many diseases, chief among which is tuberculosis. Particularly is this true of work done under tenement conditions. Why?

Because in most cases where women take work into their homes it is because either they themselves are too far spent with disease to stand the heavy tasking that would be put upon them in the shops, or some member of their family is too sick to be left alone. The contractor who gives out the work asks no questions as to the health or sanitation of the place into which it is to go, and the workers could hardly be expected to volunteer information that might possibly rob them of their only chance to ward off starvation. Hence, it is no unusual occurrence for unfinished garments to lay for days and nights on the foot of a bed occupied by a tubercular patient. Children pass through scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria and even small pox in the same room and the same bed with garments that are to go out and enter, unfumigated, into the arteries of trade.

Nor is this all. Away back of this, disease may be traced. The cloth used in the grade of clothing usually made up under the sweating system is made in large part from what is known as "shoddy." The material

for this is gathered promiscuously by the rag pickers in the streets and consists largely of odds and ends of old clothing, bedding, mattresses, bandages from old sores, etc., nothing so rotten, so dirty, so disease laden but can be utilized. This conglomerate mass is hauled to the factory and dumped into a flaying machine and the dry dirt beaten out of it, or into it, as the case may be. Then it is passed into another machine that picks it into pieces so small that not one fiber is left attached to another. Then it is carded, spun, dyed, woven into cloth and sent out to the dealer, thence to the manufacturer who cuts it into garments and passes it on to the sub-contractor who, as already shown, sends it back to the disease ridden tenement house for its final inoculation. *And nowhere, from start to finish, is there a process of purification.*

And disease spreads, and the sleeping health authorities wonder why.

For home work among the cotton mills of the north the average income is 48 cents a day, or \$175 per year; in the south it is 34 cents a day, and \$125 a year.

The December number of The Progressive Woman will be a children's number, and will be a good one.

Send 10c for a picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard Socialist children, on tinted paper, and five copies The P. W.

WORK FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

AGNES H. DOWNING.

How about the circulation?

How many are going to join the Club?

"Are you?" I asked a cheery little woman. She had much to do already I knew, for she was the mother of six.

"Yes," she answered, "I have already sent in my first dollar. I may not have time to sell all the cards, but if I don't I will donate them and 'twill help the party fund. I always make little contributions whenever I can, and I am glad to help the woman's side in making them."

"How do you ever find time for it?" someone asked.

"I must find time," she replied. "My children will some day be going out into the world, and I must make conditions better for them."

I gazed with silent admiration. I knew I was marching with a comrade with whom it was worth while to keep step.

"Are you going to join the Club?" I asked a sweet faced woman nearly of middle age. She was alone in the world and had her own way to make. She may well seek excuse, I thought, for her wage was small, and this is work that does not pay.

"Indeed I am," she returned. "And I know of others that I will get to help. There will be a local club of us; we will call it the *Four-Four Club*, and no one can get in except those who make real sacrifices to the work."

As she spoke her fine face glowed with broad human sympathy. She did not look at all lonely or pitiable; she looked as if all the world was hers to love and save.

"You see," she said, "I have no children of my own, but I must make conditions better for all children."

This is indeed the problem for Socialist women, to make better society for the children who will be the citizens of tomorrow. It is of small use that we know that Socialism is the remedy, if we do not spread the word and convince others. It is not enough that we read the P. W. We must widen its circulation and put it in other hands!

It is said that recently Upton Sinclair answered an anti-Socialist argument which appeared in the *Outlook*. In sending his article to Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of the *Outlook*, Sinclair said, "If you refuse to publish this in the *Outlook*, I shall have it published in the *Appeal to Reason*." The *Outlook* published it. Dr. Abbott feared the 450,000 circulation of the little *Appeal*.

What we have done for the *Appeal* we can do for *The Progressive Woman*. We must make of it a power that will be feared, a weapon fighting the injustice against women and children. We all see the need of this. We see the special burdens which they have to bear, and the measure of our sincerity is not what we think or wish, but what we are ready to do. It will mean work; it will mean little rebuffs; it will mean great fatigues, but the Socialist women of this country are going to do it. It must be done. The comrades quoted above are typical. There are thousands who see the importance and the far reaching effect of this work.

It is an opportunity. The only question is who will be the first?

And when the busy mothers, the overworked girls, the lonely women of today shall have done their greatest work; when they shall have made their greatest sacrifices; when their passion and their labor for humanity shall have done its work, and a bet-



Debs Wants You

to hear what he has to say in his latest proclamation, "Hal to the Revolution!" It is a greeting, a message, and a call to arms. It is of special interest to every woman. It is a backward hall to every sister-comrade who has met or heard him during his present or preceding tour. You must be sure to read this vital address by this most valiant champion of the rights of your sex. Every line is a live wire. There is a hand-clasp and a heart-throb in every sentence. This is Debs' masterpiece—and it's written for YOU. It makes a magnificent campaign document. No greater propaganda literature ever was printed. Two new and remarkable portraits of Debs by Comrades Ryan Walker and Edward Scholl. The striking cover design also is by Scholl, and is in three colors. In addition there is a brilliant portrayal of Debs by Walter Hurt that gives intimate revelations of his character. Among countless other things never before told, there is a full exposition of his religious beliefs, which settles that ancient controversy. Don't fail to get this new Debs Book—it's IMPORTANT. Price, 12 cents; two for 25 cents.

PROGRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Box 305, Williamsburg, Ohio

ter system prevails—when they walk along the shaded ways of life and receive the gratitude of a happier generation, the best thing that will be said of them will be "They worked for *The Progressive Woman*."

While Chicago Sleeps

Continued from page 4

police and press, they believed they could extend it to the courts. Ella Gingles would be sentenced to the Bridewell for larceny, and, when the affair was nearly forgotten, one of the nabobs, posing as a philanthropist, would obtain a pardon for her. Then she would be whisked into a cab and never seen again outside of the police-protected levy, the red light district of Chicago.

They may have had other motives, but anyhow Ella was again placed in a prison cell in spite of her bond. Shortly afterwards, Cecelia Kenyon was found dead under suspicious circumstances, the dailies pronouncing the affair "mysterious." With the usual inconsistency of the capitalist press they stated that the dead woman had threatened to betray her accomplices in the Gingles affair, thus admitting that Ella's story was not a fabrication. No arrests were made and the putative murder was not investigated.

A Forensic Farce.

The Gingles case was one of the most remarkable ever heard in an American court. It reads like a page of Medieval history, like the trial of Rebecca in "Ivanhoe," this proceeding in which \$38,000—some say \$100,000—of the people's money was spent in the effort to convict a guiltless tortured child of stealing a few dollars worth of lace, and her own lace at that. It was made by her, a pattern unknown in this country.

The white robed figure on the witness stand was eyed by hundreds of men as she told the story of her debauchery. She was even compelled to give all the details of the two orgies, again and again, her cheeks flushing with maidenly shame and tears in her innocent blue eyes. Another wretched object sat, pallid and writhing, in the seat of the prosecuting witness. Agnes Barrette saw her mask of respectability torn off by baby hands and her appalling depravity exposed while she sat the target of all eyes.

What an anomalous situation! The lime-light suddenly flashed upon the horrors of the underworld in an American metropolis, the medium being the pure lips of a foreign

rustic maiden of eighteen! Though she was subjected to the most grilling cross-examination, even the Barretted papers admitted that the "Gingle girl," as they contemptuously called her, never once contradicted herself, ascribing her success to a "woman's cunning." She was treated so brutally by the prosecuting attorney, Benedict Short, that the spectators often restrained themselves with difficulty. He would hurl questions at her in savage tones as if maddened by his failure to shake this fortress of truth, and frantic over his impending defeat.

Rigorous though his fruitless cross examination of the defendant was, he would prevent the defense from cross examining the state witnesses, by his "I object," which rang out a hundred times during each session. Never was an attorney so handicapped by a judge's "objection sustained" as P. H. O'Donnell.

A witness named Hale took the stand for the state and Mr. O'Donnell's young client whispered to him, "that is the woman who tied me." The gist of her examination was as follows:

"Where were you the night of February 16? (the date of the bath room affair.)

"I went to the theater with Miss Barrette. I can prove it by showing the coupons. Then I went to her room and spent the night with her and we did not arrive at the hotel until nearly one o'clock."

"Where were you in the meantime, after the theater closed?"

"We were at Greenbaum's flat on Twenty-second street."

"What did you do there?"

"I don't know."

"What happened after you and Miss Barrette arrived at the Wellington Hotel?"

"I don't know."

"Did you go to bed at once?"

"I don't know."

What did this mean if it was not a thinly veiled confession of guilt made by a repentant woman? Yet the papers, with cunning hypocrisy, garbled the account of this testimony, so as to make it appear that Miss Hale proved an alibi for Madam Barrette!

The prosecution evidently considered the theory that the young girl's frightful wounds were self-inflicted and that she had tied her hands to a secured rope above her head after taking an opiate, as too preposterous to exploit in court. So Benedict Short claimed that she was not tied with heavy bell cord but with baby ribbon! Suborned

nesses were summoned who testified that the injured girl was not unconscious when and, that she was not cut, only scratched. When the squirming medical witness was shown the scars upon Ella's fair arms he asserted that the wounds had been re-med!

Stupendous efforts were made, through sworn witnesses, to defame the defendant's character, but they all fell flat. Nearly all took the stand in behalf of the lace maker really aided the lace maker, for they were all badly coached, telling contradictory lies.

Miss Gingle's case was strengthened during the trial—she was again out on bail—by a dramatic scene which took place in an Irish Presbyterian church. Ella was called up to the pulpit, beside the Rev. R. Keene Ryan, and in a voice choking with emotion he denounced the prosecution as part of a conspiracy to sell her into a life of misery, using the most rancorous epithets in the English language. Women wept and prayed, men grasped the fugitive slave by the hand and gave money for her defense, virtually purchasing her freedom.

VI.—Not Guilty.

In spite of her one-sided trial Ella Gingles was acquitted and bedlam broke loose in a wild demonstration of joy in the court room, for all who had heard her story believed it. Perhaps the conspirators regarded the verdict with relief, for public opinion was taking a dangerous turn. Then the young woman whom the city of Chicago had so relentlessly persecuted for eight months became honored, petted, loaded with gifts and medals. The escaped white slave wanted to remain in this country and bring her foes before the bar of justice in order that her own name might be cleared. But the Ancient Order of Orangemen would otherwise not send their little countrywoman back to come under ceremonious escort. But charity is a miserable substitute for justice.

The July grand jury tried to indict Agnes Barrette, but States Attorney Wayman was her faithful henchman, and intruding in the jury room, he unlawfully prevented the indictment. Thus the carnival of crime, initiated by the masked man, ended, and Wayman was the last actor.

Arthur Burrage Farwell, president of the Law and Order league, and many other prominent citizens made strenuous efforts to bring the Barrette click before the bar. But their opposition was too strong. It was aided by the Wellington hotel owners, whose interests were involved, by corrupted police and editors, coroners, city hall and court officials and purjurers, all so concatenated that to expose one would result in the unlinking of the entire conspiratorial chain.

The history of Ella Gingles, beginning with the lace winning prizes of her childhood and ending with the last lie that was written about her as she sailed away from America, would fill a large and interesting book, a story of glaring contrast, deep with plot and sub plot, rich with dramatic action and thrilling incidents, heartrending in its pathos.

Her story shows us that white slavery is not only protected by the police but it is upheld by the press and may even form an alliance with the courts. It seems to be so loosely connected with capitalism that the title sufferer, bound and bleeding upon the athroom floor is fairly typical of womanhood under the present order.

Do you need a dandy new typewriter? Read our typewriter ad. in this issue.

YOU'D be pretty safe in judging of what a man can do by what he has done; past performance; record. This determines his place in the world.

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SACRED MOTHERHOOD.

You may have noticed in the passing a sordid news story concerning a baby born in a New York city alley. The mother, who had no food in many days, dropped fainting, and while she was thus mercifully numbed by nature the child was born. It is an item the Advocate thinks is news not fit to print. It is hideous and immoral.

But not for the woman. She did the best she could. She tried to increase the species. She carried the unborn infant and struggled along as best she could. But society, not nature, was against her. Nature is never immoral. It is simply inexorable. At the proper time the child was born. But society decreed it should not be born in the proper place or in the proper surroundings. As a result the mother died, murdered by society. The child yet lives. But society will probably find a way to murder it. The woman was a criminal, from society's standpoint. Her husband was out of work and had deserted her. She had never stolen, nor was she known to the police. If she had been she would have been taken in and cared for in a gross brutal sort of a way. But evidently she was merely a good, natural woman, simply as far as her understanding of "our complicated social system" is concerned and absolutely heroic in trying to bear her natural burden. She did not know where

to go or where to turn, and her child was born in an alley and fortunately she did not live to suffer all the penalties of her crime.

Good people may preach and moralizers may moralize about sacred duties of motherhood. But the fact remains that it is penalized. Here is a woman driven to starvation and death by it. The fault was not due her but to society. What she was many more may be, and what happened to her may happen to many others in various forms.—The Advocate, Evansville, Ind.

The Missouri Socialist state convention adopted a resolution calling upon the Socialists of Missouri "to fix upon a date for a general demonstration in behalf of woman suffrage in all localities throughout the state." The platform declares for "woman to have the same political and civic rights as men have."

At the Chicago Federation of Labor's recent election, Elizabeth Maloney, of the Waitresses' Union, received more votes than any other person for a member of the Finance Committee; Margaret Haley, of the Teachers' Federation, more votes than any other person for the Legislative Committee, and Mrs. Raymond Robins more votes than any other candidate for the Executive Board. Anna Willard was chosen a delegate to the convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor.

From the Neepawa (Manitoba) Register.

WANTED, AT ONCE—Two fluent and well-learned persons, male or female, to answer the questions of a little girl of three and a boy of four; each to take four hours per day and rest the parents of said children. Apply at the Register office.

The Progressive Woman is the only paper my husband tries to get a look at first.—Jennie Hecht, San Francisco, Calif.

FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

Laughing Jimmy.

The gayest chap in all the town,
So all folks say, is Jimmy Brown.
His face is smiling every day;
And I have heard his mother say
That even in his sleep he'll smile,
For he is happy all the while.

At baseball if he cannot bat,
Why, do you think that even that
Can make him scowl or darkly frown?
Well, no, indeed, not Jimmy Brown!
He says that laughter keeps him strong—
Makes him feel splendid all day long.

So, smiling, goes he on his way,
Be he at work or at his play.
The sunniest chap in all the town,
Good-natured, laughing Jimmy Brown!
—Selected.

All Day.

All day, all day the shuttles fly
Across the noisy loom;
All day, all day the maidens sigh
Adown the busy room.
All day, all day the big machines
And belted pulleys play;
All day, all day the same old scenes,
All day, all day.

All day, all day the foreman's eyes
Sweep o'er the hum-drum place.
All day, all day a grim expression lies
Upon his changeless face.
All day, all day a thousand feet
Tread through the weavy way;
All day, all day to labor's beat,
All day, all day.

All day, all day the bent souls yearn
For freedom from the toil;
All day, all day the pulleys turn,
Begrimed with dust and oil.
All day, all day the toiler's fate
'Tis drudge or never pay;
All day, all day the endless gatt,
All day, all day.

—New York Sun.

THE WHY OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

E. V.

Is there need of training in order that people may work together? Well, I guess yes.

In the boys' base ball nine, each lad has his place and must do his part. The girls' basket ball team is also put under discipline for team play as well as individual play. In a chorus, each set of voices is given certain drill in order that the practice as a whole will be better executed. We have had a public school system in our land which for years has been so very common that even the most remote part of the country has its schools. The theory of public schools is that boys and girls may be trained to be better men and women, better citizens of the republic. And it does help, up to the place where they begin to "work for a livin'"; when, behold, a lack of the knowledge of team work. Instead of working together each one in his place, unfair means, condemned in school study and in school play is used to undermine the other fellows.

The system we call capitalism in its early days said, "every fellow for himself and the devil get the hindmost." The lame or halt or discouraged in the race for "getting his livin'" used to and sometimes does yet assist the devil to "get the hindmost," by clouding his mind with intoxicating drinks or drugs, taken to "make him feel better." As the every-fellow-for-himself race became more hotly contested, the more efficient—the far-sighted—began to see it was not a true method in the long-run. They said "We'll get a better living for ourselves and families if we pull together." As for instance, when a man dying bequeathed his business interests to his sons. No doubt those sons saw that a business, compact, established, would be better than to divide it into several parts, or even to sell it and

each take his share of the money. So we get a firm—a partnership, though partners are not necessarily blood kin. Next "partnerships" enlarged to become "companies." Companies, large and strong, began to buy out smaller concerns, oftentimes where the smaller company was doing a business profitable enough for a good living and did not wish to sell—the large company would lay deliberate plans to wreck it.

Our present Standard Oil Rockefeller founded his immense fortune on such business methods. Then "companies" became "trusts"—each trust controlling some necessity of life. There is the sugar trust, the coffee trust, the steel trust, the rubber trust, etc. The trust finally became a game of getting money instead of "gettin' a livin'"—a game intensely interesting to the players to win or lose, and to others for its dealings with human welfare. The trust has learned team play. This constant combination brought so much more than a good living that it brought on the disease of money-getting. It brought so much to the wisacres at the head of combinations that it keeps them busy trying to keep their incomes invested. After needs and luxuries have been provided for, still it rolls in. The mad scramble to spend is over them. It is money madness. When it has reached the insane stage we have it turned into channels of oppression. The workers who have been heedlessly laboring to "get a livin'" have at the same time created these vast fortunes for others. The managing heads decide how much profit they want, then decide on what will be given out in wages; it will be the very least the worker will take, depend on that. Craft-unions have protected only in a degree.

The trust presents a lesson in team-play in America—played by exploiters. The co-operative societies of the old world better illustrates what working people may do collectively. Socialism wishes to embrace all societies, all crafts in a harmonious whole.

The human body is often used to typify society under Socialism. Each system in the body is complete; the nervous system, the muscular system, the system of blood circulation, the digestive system, each for its function is perfect, when all work together under the intelligent direction of the man whose functions they are.

Humanity is "the man", social production and distribution for the support of life are his functions. He cannot have these functions harmoniously till he learns to pull with all the rest for credit of "the team."

Blanche and Harry, aged five and six, respectively, were very fond of maple sugar.

Blanche, being of an inquisitive turn of mind, asked an older brother how it was made.

The brother explained how maple trees were tapped and the sugar made from the sap.

The explanation was not convincing to Blanche, however, and she asked Harry if he believed it. Harry replied: "Why, of course; you tap maple trees and get maple sugar just the same as you tap an oak tree and get tapioca."—The Liberator.

What is the difference between (1) a gardner (2), a billiard player (3), a gentleman, and (4), a sexton? Answer: The first minds his peas, the second minds his cues, the third minds his ps and q's, the fourth minds his keys and pews.

THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE—The only magazine in the land published for Socialist children. You need it in your home. Send 50c for one year's subscription to 15 Spruce street, New York, N. Y.

SOCIALIST TOTS.

Royce, seven years old, was asked, "What makes your hair so curly? He of the sober mind, wrinkled his forehead as he answered, "Oh I don't know, unless it's because I scratch my head so much."

We have been in the city a short time. Our 7-year-old boy, through curiosity, spends a good portion of his spare time at Fireman Headquarters a short distance away. Recently, while he was there the fire boys were discussing church organizations. Finally one of them asked the boy, "Aren't your parents catholics?" "No," was the prompt reply, "they're Socialists."

Verdon, aged six, and Velda, aged four, after hearing their father say that "Seidelberg was a new one" were playing along the edge of the pond and saw a frog jump into the water, the first frog they had seen. Velda said, "O, Verdon, did you see that pretty toad?" But Verdon, who had misunderstood his father, said, "You little goosie, that wasn't a toad, that's one of them new 'sidle bugs.'"

The history class was reciting and the teacher asked the class who discovered America. Up went Willie's hand, who, by the way was a "Red."

Teacher: Who was it Willie?

Willie: Eugene V. Debs.

Teacher: Why, Willie, what are you talking about?

Willie: Well, I don't know nothing about it, but papa told mamma that Debs was the first man in America.

"Diary of A Shirt Waist Striker" is just the thing for your working sister. 25c a copy.

Children's Number for December.

The next issue of The Progressive Woman will be the December number, and will be devoted entirely to children, and about children. You know this is when the great holiday for children comes. We want letters from the little folks, also little stories and sketches, for this issue. For the very best story or sketch, we will give a copy of John Spargo's "Socialist Readings for Children." This is a beautiful book, printed in large type, with pictures and a cloth binding. Whoever gets it will surely be proud of it. For the next best we will give a copy of Nicholas Klein's "Socialist Primer," which is a nice little book in a red paper cover, with easy lessons in Socialism and lots of pictures. The third premium will be a bunch of colored post cards of Girard scenery, including one of the Appeal building, and of the Appeal mail at the 'Frisco depot.

Now let the little folks send in their contributions. Little stories from life giving real experiences of the working class children will be the best. Let us make this Children's Number one of the greatest ever published.

Teacher—Now, Willie, which would you rather have, two-sixths of a pie or one-third?

Willie—One-third, Miss.

Teacher—You would, eh? And why so?

Willie—"Cause if you cut it into sixths I'd lose more of the juice.—Exchange.

What Prominent Socialists Say on Suffrage leaflets, 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000.

All the seats were taken when a neatly-dressed young girl, evidently a lady's maid, entered the car. The tall young rose with a polite bow and offered her his seat.

"I hate to deprive you, sir," she said, as she took it.

"Don't mention it, miss," replied the young Chesterfield; "it's no depravity."—Exchange.

Picture of Debs and Girard children, on tinted paper, with five copies of The P. W. for 10c.

THE REAL SERVANT MIND.

E. V.

In one of the Bernard Shaw plays, a servants girl sees the fawning, cringing bearing of one of the upper men-servants so manifest, he tells him—"You have only the soul of a servant." This servant is one who can be of aid in money. He is a different being from the person who renders a human service regardless of returns to himself. This latter exemplifies a saying, "Bread cast upon the waters, shall return after many days". For even under the reign of capitalism there is enough human virtue to appreciate and make of a mutual service. The servant soul then rendering a deed of helpfulness has a string on the "bread" he casts forth. He is a fisher for something for himself. It is the co-operative commonwealth would need to train in order to bring him from the servant-stratum of money-worship, to the foreground of free manhood.

Money is a "false god" worshiped alike by rich and poor. Because they have it not, the poor grant power to the wealthy; because they have it not, they bow the neck of servitude, and because they are allowed to do so by the majority, possessors of wealth assume power to which they are not justly entitled. While the mutual attitude of the majority begs to be loaded heavily and often, can't you see there will always be the malicious temptation on the part of the exploiter to "pile it on"?

To begin now as boys and girls and know the right value of money—under the present system, it was meant to be only a medium in the exchange of service. We may not need it at all when we know how to work together for the good of all.

The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the proper time he was given a cookie. He ate it in short order, and asked for another. The hostess said: "I'll give you another if you will sing for us."

"Can't sing," was his reply, "but I know something I can say."

"That will do all right," the lady answered, expecting to hear "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or some other nursery classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday-school fashion and said his piece:

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

The lady gave him the cookie and the whole company seemed to be very cheerful about it.—Harper's Magazine.

We are going to have some very substantial prizes to offer the members of the Four-Four club as soon as we get well organized. Join today, by ordering 16 sub cards to be sold within the month.

Do you use safety pins? Read our safety pin ad.—then order. Samples will be sent free.

"Diary of a Shirt Waist Striker." 25c.

The Sterns Visible Typewriter

Embodies every vital convenience heretofore known in the use of writing machines, together with many important features exclusively its own.

It is the only Visible Typewriter practical for billing.

It is two machines in one. It uses a two-color ribbon. It sells for \$100 cash, and is worth it.

If you want a first-class, up-to-date, easy running, long-wearing machine,

BUY A STERNS

Order from us.

THE POLITICIANS.

H. EMELINE WILLIAMS.

Ida—Oh Ada, I am so glad to see you this morning. I am electioneering for Mr. Smith for the legislature, and several have already promised me they would vote for him.

Ada—Is that so. I thought last week you were getting votes for Mr. Brown, the republican candidate. Have you decided the democratic platform comes nearer to the standing for the principles you want?

Ida—Platform? What's that? There was a dandy one for us to dance on at the picnic at Anaconda last week, and as for principle our principal in school the other day said we should be ashamed to get such low marks as the rhetoric class received last month. But I don't care, I am spending my time in politics, and its just fine.

Ida—But I am wondering why you have changed, when last week you were working for the republicans and now you are working for the democrats?

Ada—Well, if you must know I will tell you. As to republicans or democrats, what's the difference? But, last night, Mr. Smith's son, Edward, gave me the nicest box of chocolates, much larger than Sam Brown gave me last week, and I told him I would get all the votes for his father I could. Besides, he is a nice man, any one will say that. But you are so particular.

Ida—So it is a box of chocolates, is it? Neither a box of chocolates nor a "nice man" has ever done anything for the working class. But I am working for a party, one that stands for, and represents the working class, one that in all respects puts women on an equality with men, one that says men are worth more than dollars, and that the mines and shops shall be made safe and sanitary. Only the other day I went to a funeral, a man had died from tuberculosis, as nearly every one working in the mines is sure to do sooner or later, because of the bad air. This man has left his wife and some half dozen or so small children, and when it came time to put the lid on the coffin the children all screamed, "Oh, don't do that to my papa." I would say it was the most distressing scene I ever witnessed, if I had not seen so many similar ones. I wanted to say to those children—and all the others there, It is this capitalist system that has done this to your papa, and is doing it right along to thousands of other little boys' and girls' papas. Let us study these matters and then we will not be asking people to vote for the father of the young man who gives us the largest box of candy.

Ada—Why, Ida Knowles, how you talk. I never heard anything like that. I did not know there was anything like that. But what party is there that has anything to do with these things? I never heard of it.

Ida—It is the Socialist party, and if you will come to my house this evening you will hear more about it. The Young Peoples' Socialist League meets there, and I will be glad to have you come.

Ada—I will come. Somehow that box of candy doesn't seem half so nice as it did.

An ingenious Australian machine washes clothes by means of suction caused by steam and a vacuum. It attracted much attention at recent exhibitions in Melbourne. It is said that the machine not only leaves the clothes snow white, but saves rough handling and the resulting damage to delicate fabrics.

Don't fail to read the great new book by George Kirkpatrick—"War—What For?" It is \$1.20.

Physical Culture Magazine and The Progressive Woman one year, \$1.

CAPSHEAF The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

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



Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses. JUDSON PIN CO., M'rs. Rochester, New York

THE "FOUR-FOR-FOUR" CLUB.

We haven't got quite 2000 members yet in the Four-Subs-a-Week-for-Four-Weeks Club, but a lot of folks are joining, and more are coming in every day.

If you haven't already joined we are still waiting for you. This is the idea. We want 2,000 boosters for the Woman, 2,000 who will send in four subs for four weeks, or sixteen cards for the month. You can get your sixteen cards all at one time, and pay for them when you order them, or after they are all sold; or, you may order four a week, and pay for them before or after selling them. When you have done this, you receive a small button or pin with the words: "I am a Progressive Woman Hustler, Are You?" on it.

You want to help push the P. W. This is one of the ways. You can easily get rid of sixteen cards in a month. Try it. Here is the way one woman is going to do it: "I shall attend the New York State Woman Suffrage Convention at Niagara Falls, next week, send me the sixteen cards. I will try to have them all mailed back to you from the Falls.—Ella M. Sherwin." Everbody can't go to Niagara Falls, but here is another way: "If you will send me sixteen cards I will dispose of them here in our local.—T. E. Hinton, Vienna, La." Now, anybody can try that method. Another says: "I would hate to see them shut up the P. W. so if you will please send me the sixteen cards I will join the 'Four-a-Week-for-Four-Week's club,' and signs herself Katherine Chappell, Rochester, N. Y. She will try in manifold ways to sell her cards, and help make the Woman a great paper.

Now we shall expect you to come in and be one of us, because you are working with us. Let us hear from you.

When you write us, say in each letter that you are working in the Four-Four Club. Otherwise we will not know.

Remember, sixteen sub cards for \$4 to be paid for before or after they are sold.

Four sub cards for The P. W. for \$1.

Little Sister of the Poor, 10c.

From Our Letters

I think our paper fine, and don't want to miss any more numbers—Myra Jones, Kansas.

I think The Progressive Woman is a great paper. Everybody ought to read it.—A. D. Ladd, Alabama.

The articles that have so shocked the modesty of our "American Citizen" are just the kind that are needed.—Lotta Rhode, Cleveland, Ohio.

Let me congratulate you on your excellent paper for women. Stand to your guns as you have in this October issue and the victory will be ours.—Frank Frost, New Mexico.

Women Work Long Hours.

Comrade Anna Maley did good work for your magazine when she was here and several subscriptions were sent in through her influence. It is hot weather down here, but we are all doing much else besides trying to keep cool. I think I never was in a place where women work so hard and such long hours as they do here in this fruit country from early spring to late in the fall; sixteen hours a day is common, either in the gardens cultivating, or in the orchards helping to prune and spray, then irrigating, the harvest, canning, driving and preserving, packing and boxing fruit and selling it. Everybody works, not even excepting father and the bosses; but I want them to read The P. W. and will send for my sister and myself today and will see some of the other women soon. I do not want to see The P. W. go under, by any means.—Lizzie M. Holmes, Farmington, New Mexico.

In regard to the anonymous letter in the September number of The P. W. I wish to say that I consider it our duty to make public the evils of our society, so that we may know what is going on, and stop them. Hoping that you will still continue to tell the truth and the plain truth, I am, fraternally, Emily Klentz, St. Louis, Mo.

I have become very much interested in your little paper and think the women are doing a noble work, so I have come to join the Four-Four club, and want sixteen sub cards sent by return mail. I am not only yours for woman suffrage, but for all suffering humanity.—Mrs. B. F. Maddux, Texas.

I have been on your subscription list about two years and every number of The P. W. is read "from kiver to kiver" by my husband and myself. As mothers we should rise in behalf of The P. W. Its publicity of such pitfalls as the white slave traffic saves our daughters and helps us all toward freedom.—Yours for the revolution, Mrs. Frank Rogers, Texas.

A Letter from Tacoma.

Dear Madam—I am in receipt of the October number of The Progressive Woman, and I want to congratulate you on the splendid magazine you are turning out. The approaching election in this state in which the proposed amendment to the constitution granting woman suffrage will be voted on, has stimulated a wide interest in the "woman" question and I am sorry that the State Suffrage Association has not given The Progressive Woman a wide circulation in the state. I presume, however, that its political affiliations are responsible in a measure for this apparent indifference toward so able a champion of their sex. It would doubtless be of interest to these good ladies to know that in view of the apathy of the ordinary male voter, it will be the eighteen or twenty thousand Socialist votes of the state that will make the amendment carry. If it does carry, this fact should be brought home to them.

I was greatly surprised to read your account of the conditions prevailing in Tacoma. Your correspondent has stated the facts as they existed at that time and as they exist today, for there has been no change. The vice syndicate of Tacoma has herded hundreds of fallen women into their great establishment at 14th and A street

The Forerunner

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,
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CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

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		Foreign 1.25

This magazine carries Mrs. Gilman's best and newest work; her social philosophy, verse, satire, fiction, ethical teaching, humor and comment.

It stands for Human-ness in Women, and in Men: for better methods of Child-culture: for the New Ethics, the New Economics, the New World we are to make . . . are making.

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START THE SEASON RIGHT

When you want Pancakes you want Pancakes that are right. That's why you want and must have PRIMEL before you start making.

When you want Doughnuts, you want *good* doughnuts—crispy, not all soaked full of fat to give you a run of heartburn if you eat more than one. And that's why you want NUTOL, Odorless Cooking Oil.

Lard is advancing in price again. Orders for Nutol are heavier this fall than ever before. Out of fifteen thousand gallons we have shipped in the past few months not one customer has reported dissatisfaction or that it does not make good in every particular we claim for it. IT NEVER GOES RANCID is only one small reason for its popularity. The big reason is—a dollar for Nutol goes as far as two dollars for lard.

Try This Lot by Freight:

One-half barrel (100 pounds) Primel; five gallon can Nutol, and a five pound pail of our rich, delightful Peanut Butter; all for \$9.85. Would cost you, bought retail, \$16.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.

Girard, Kansas

Girard papers report first premiums at Farmers' Institute Fair were awarded to Nutol doughnuts and Primel cookies.

Letter to The Editor

Dear Josephine—The Progressive Woman readers who answered our ads. during the past season are the best repeaters we have from any source. Many who started with orders for \$1.35 to \$10 have constantly been back in amounts of \$15 to \$65. It proved two things: First, that you have a list of earnest, class-conscious readers, and, second (beg pardon), a class who know good things to eat. That's the class we are inviting to send for a copy of our Message price list which will give more complete descriptions than is possible within the compass of an advertisement. Sincerely,

THE NEW GIRARD MFG. CO.
BY H. VINCENT, MGR.

Burned Out, But Not Discouraged.

The New Girard Manufacturing Company's plant was completely destroyed by fire the morning of October 27. But while the ash heaps are still hot and smouldering, all our thoughts and energies are centered on rebuilding and resuming business with as little delay and inconvenience as possible to our customers.

Orders will receive as prompt attention as though nothing had happened, with the exception of Primel and Nutreto, for which new machinery will have to be installed. So just now it is impossible for us to state when shipments of Primel and Nutreto can be made.

But send your orders right along for other goods, such as Nutol, Peanut Butter, Dictionaries, Groceries, Cutlery, etc., etc.

New Girard Manufacturing Co., Girard, Kan.

powerful we would sweep everything. Vorwaerts, the Socialist paper of Berlin, pays \$25,000 to the Social Democrats every year.

I am studying French and when I learn enough I shall try to carry on some work among the women here. I have started an interview in "Humanite". I criticised them for not sending a woman to the International Congress. I heard from Mrs. Lewis that you are liable to serve a term in jail for printing things that displease the virtuous capitalists. Too bad.

Wish you could have met the women at the congress. Madame Hilda Parsimmon a member of the Finnish Diet, Clara Zetkin, Rosa Luxembourg Alexandra Kollantai of Russia were particularly interesting. It was a wonder to hear Clara Zetkin translate from one language to another, especially from French to English and then to German. She is a connoisseur of art as well as being a brilliant writer and speaker.

I am going to visit her in November. Write and tell the news. Much love, Luella.

Little Sister of the Poor, 10c.

and this great profit machine is poisoning the blood of the whole community. I sometimes wonder that physicians do not rise up in sheer horror and cry out against this venereal peril, but they, together with the ministers of the city maintain a criminal silence while this stench in the nostrils of decency continues unmolested in our midst.

Your magazine has taken the right stand on this as well as other questions and it should find a permanent place in the literature of the day. I am inclosing 25c. for which you may forward me a few copies of the October number for circulation among my W. C. T. U. and suffrage friends. Wishing you the success you richly merit. I am, sincerely yours, Homer T. Bone, Tacoma, Wash.

Child Labor leaflets, 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000.

Luella Twining in Paris.

Comrade Luella Twining, one of our delegates to the International Socialist Congress at Copenhagen, sends the following brief, but interesting letter from Paris:

Dear Josephine: We came down to Paris about a week ago. We have had many funny experiences as we cannot make ourselves understood. The people gather around us as though we came from the wilds of Africa. Yesterday the attendant in the subway was showing us where we were to go on the map. When we turned round we were surrounded by a curious crowd which quickly dispersed. The French people are very polite and the evidently thought it a good chance to take a good look while our backs were turned. We stayed a week in the Latin Quarter, the oldest part of Paris. All day one sees women and children hitched up with horses and dogs drawing heavy loads. Sometimes the children shirk and get into the wagon, making the load much heavier of course for the mother. Poor little things, they give out after tramping many miles and think only of their own sore feet and backs. The mother pulls till she gives out and then demands that the little ones come down from their seat and be hitched up again. I saw much of this in the country districts of Germany, but Paris is far worse. Here it is very common and grows more so as one goes South I am told.

Berlin is a lesson in Socialism for there are no slums in Berlin. This is owing to the activities of the Socialists in providing Old Age Pensions, work for the unemployed, etc. If the workers every where could see the benefits gained when the Socialists are

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