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**EUGENE V. DEBS**  
The Lover, and the Beloved, of All Children

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

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# Merry Christmas to the Children, Young and Old

ELIZABETH VINCENT

Dear Children—You all know that the tip tail-end of the year brings a great stir in our land. It is a holiday season, beginning December 25, and carrying over to January 1. In fact, a large part of the world has accepted the custom of exchanging gifts and merry-making for the Christmas time.

A great many children, and their mothers and grandmothers and aunts, begin in October, even, to "make Christmas presents." Sometimes fathers and uncles and brothers get interested. Shop windows begin after Thanksgiving to fill with toys and pretty things to tempt the desires. We all catch the contagion. If something didn't pull us back we'd get nice things for all of our beloved homefolks, our friends, and then for every one else who could and would receive from us. If we could fully yield to the joy-spirit, our feet would hardly touch the earth, we'd be so glad.

But alas, upon the men and women and children who work, is the weight of poverty!

We must measure what our Christmas can be by what we can afford to put into it, in time and money. As for instance, one's Christmas spread on one dollar can't be what it would on fifty dollars—and very few wage earners will have fifty dollars to spend for Christmas. If there is no spread at all, we are out of tune with the season. Surely, if we plod the rest of the year we should have the chance to make merry at this season, shouldn't we?

The Progressive Woman wishes YOU a merry Christmas. We want you to have all the joy-spirit within you loosed as much as possible. Be sure if the power were ours, we should, this very Christmas, choose that every child revel in peace and plenty, and good cheer.

A Christmas magazine some winters ago printed pictures photographed in homes of the city's slum dwellers. One of these was of a Christmas tree. Three children had brought a "tree"—a naked, sprigly branch—to their home. They had set it up and dressed it with pieces of broken dishes, tin cans, and the like. It was a heartbreaking picture. And yet, the fact that they still could laugh and frolic and *construct*, proved the human spark was not snuffed out. It showed how they had seized hold of an idea—an example—and had worked it out.

Dear lads and lassies—old and young—this is the kind of ground wherein the seed of Socialism will grow. It is the What's-the--use mind that drops behind rather than goes forward, and then decays and dies.

For hundreds of years people have been encouraged not to weep and wail over the conditions surrounding their lives. The suggestion has been framed in misleading words and bolstered by promises for the future, all of which have become disgusting because they couldn't prove the problem. Comes now Socialism. It asks us to make the best of it by showing how it CAN BE DONE. It is such a simple rule, too, so simple that it amazes us. We workers of the world are to look to each other for the help that will wipe out the black night of poverty.

Why, just think a moment! Work makes everything! An idea is developed in mind and the strong and skillful hands of labor make the idea tangible to us. It should be

joy to work—to do things. And hence, when we are held to long, tedious hours of drudgery, and in return are given scarcely enough to hold life to the body, we have, not happiness, but slavery. The workers are the majority; we are the people. The load of want and woe cannot be lifted off our backs by others. We must stand erect and let drop of its own weight. We must see ourselves at our full value, not as machines, or beasts of burden, but as responsible human beings.

The Socialist says that not, for any reason whatsoever may we turn against one of our class. That we should unite, and unite, until we think together, act together, vote together. Thus step by step the government under which we live may become ours through our having shaped its laws for our protection and use, instead of leaving them a now for our pain and persecution.

The Christmas festivities were originally—among the Christians—in remembrance of a certain Carpenter who lived some nineteen hundred years ago. He met a violent death at the hands of the smug, contented ruling class because He gave about three years of His life to an agitation which disturbed them. What He said and did was so directly opposed to their teachings and customs, they were sure He was wrong, since they could not be. It is said of Him that "The common people heard Him gladly."

One of the constant lessons this Nazarene "undesirable citizen" advanced was set forth in an argument with prominent religionists. Their commandments were cited. His reply came "A *new* commandment I give unto you—that ye love one another," which can only mean unity of action.

It is related, also, that He told His friends and fellow workers a little child should be their example—the natural, spontaneous, trusting, loving, little child who wants to share his joys with all within his ken.

Do you think it possible for our class to unite without thoughts of malice, or anger, or resentment or hate possess us toward each other? Does it not seem worth while to look away from individual troubles, if by doing so a united effort will place us on the way out of the present bondage, and enlarge general happiness?

The poet was right who said

There's many a trouble would burst like a bubble  
And into the waters of Lethe depart,  
Did we not rehearse it, and tenderly nurse it,  
And give it a permanent place in our heart.

The good news of the Socialist message is spreading. When enough of us work for it—when we think it, and talk it, and sing it, and preach it, the Christmas of peace and confident expectation in our hearts shall bring the longed-for Christmas of plenty for each and all. There are principles and rules to bring it to pass. Will not you oh children, learn them and give us your aid now?

Do not let voices of greed, or suspicious fear, tell you it can never be. It is *already* being.

The first rays of the sun of Brotherhood are shining above the horizon *now*. Each ray brings assurance of final deliverance.

Again accept our Merry Christmas greeting to you, and in the words of Tiny Tim, "God bless us all."

# The Little Lords of Love

EUGENE V. DEBS

The children are to me a perpetual source of wonder and delight. How keen they are, how alert, and how comprehending!

The sweet children of the Socialist movement—the little lords of light and love—keep my heart warm and my purpose true. The raggedest and dirtiest of them all is to me an angel of light. I have seen them, the proletarian little folks, swarming up out of the sub-cellars and down from the garrets of the tenements and I have watched them with my heart filled with pity and my eyes overflowing with tears. Their very glee seemed tragic beyond words.

Born within the roar of the ocean their tiny feet are never kissed by the eager surf, nor their wan cheeks made ruddy by the vitalizing breezes of the sea.

Not for them—the floatsam and jetsam upon the social tides—are the rosy hours of babyhood, the sweet, sweet joys of childhood.

They are the heirs of the social filth and disease of capitalism and death marks them at what should be the dewy dawn of birth, and they wither and die—without having been born. Their cradle is their coffin and their birth robe their winding sheet.

The Socialist movement is the first in all history to come to the rescue of childhood and to set free the millions of little captives. And they realize it and incarnate the very spirit of the movement and shout aloud their joy as it marches on to victory.

The little revolutionists in Socialist parades know what they are there for, and in our audiences they are wide awake to the very last word. They know, too, when to applaud, and the speaker who fails to enthuse them is surely lacking in some vital element of his speech.

At the close of a recent meeting in a western state the stage was crowded with eager comrades shaking hands and offering congratulations. My hand was suddenly gripped

from below. I glanced down and a little comrade just about big enough to stand alone looked straight up into my eyes and said with all the frankness and sincerity of a child: "That was a great speech you made and I love you; keep this to remember me by." And he handed me a little nickle-plated whistle, his sole tangible possession, and with it all the wealth of his pure and unpolled child-love, which filled my heart and moved me to tears.

In just that moment that tiny proletaire filled my measure to overflowing and consecrated me with increased strength and devotion to the great movement that is destined to rescue the countless millions of disinherited babes and give them the earth and all the fullness thereof as their patrimony forever.

The sweetest, tenderest, most pregnant words uttered by the proletaire of Galilee were: "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## My Father and I A Christmas Experience

PETER ROSECGER

(Translated by M. E. K. and L. E. for The Vineyard.)

On the whole I had not a bad bringing up, rather I had none at all. When I was a good, devout, obedient, apt child, my parents praised me; when I was the reverse they gave me a downright scolding. Praise almost always did me good and made me feel inches taller; for some children like plants shoot up only in sunshine.

But my father was of the opinion that I ought not to grow in height only, but also in breadth, and that to this end reserve and austerity were good.

My mother was love itself. My father had been the same by nature, but he did not know how to express his warm and loving heart. With all his gentleness this care and labor-laden man had a taciturn, serious bearing; only later when he judged me man enough to appreciate it, did he ever give his rich humor free play before me.

During those years when I was tearing my first dozen pairs of breeches, he concerned himself with me but little except when I had done something naughty; then he allowed his severity full play. His harshness and my punishment generally consisted in his standing over me, and in loud angry tones, holding up my sin before me and pointing out the punishment I deserved.

When such an outburst occurred, it was my habit to plant myself in front of my father and remain standing before him as if petrified, with my arms hanging down and looking steadily in his angry face and throughout the vehement rebuke. In my inmost heart I always repented my wrong doing and had the clearest sense of guilt; but I also remember another feeling that used to come over me during those homilies; a strange trembling sense of charm and ecstasy when the storm burst over my head. Tears came to my eyes and trickled down my cheeks; but I stood rooted there like a little tree, gazing up at my father, and was filled with an inexplicable

sense of well-being, that increased mightily the louder and longer he thundered.

When after such a scene weeks went by without my concocting mischief, and my father, kind and silent as ever, went about his business without taking notice of me, the longing to devise something to put him in a rage gradually began to expand and ripened in me again. This was not for the sake of vexing him, for I loved him passionately; nor yet from malice; but from another cause which I did not understand at that time.

Thus it once happened on the sacred eve of Christmas. In the previous summer in Maria Zell (a place of pilgrimage in Syria) my father had bought a little black cross on which hung a Christus in cast lead, and all the instruments of the Passion of the same material. This treasure had been put safely away until Christmas eve, when my father brought it out of his press and set it on the little house-altar. I profited by the time when my parents and the rest of our people were still busy on the farm outside and in the kitchen making ready for the great festival, and, not without endangering my sound limbs, I reached the crucifix down from the wall, and crouched down behind the stove with it, and began taking it to pieces. It was a rare joy to me when with the aid of my little pocket-knife I loosened the first ladder, then the pincers and hammer, then Peter's cock, and at last the dear Christ himself from the cross. The separated parts seemed to me more interesting now than before as a whole; but when I had finished and wanted to put the things together again and could not, I began to grow hot inside and thought I was choking. Would it stop at a mere scolding this time? To be sure, I told myself; the black cross is much finer than before; there is a black cross with nothing on it in the chapel in Hohenwang, too, and people go there to pray. Besides, who wants a crucified Lord at Christmas time? At that time He ought

to be lying in the manger—the priest said so; and I must see about that now.

I bent the legs of the leaden Christus back and the arms over the breast then laid Him reverently in my mother's work basket, and so set my crib upon the house altar; while I hid the cross on the straw of my parent's bed—for getting that the basket would betray the taking down from the cross.

Fate swiftly overtook me. My mother was first to observe how absurdly the work basket had got up among the saints today.

"Who can have found the crucifix in his way up there?" asked my father at the very same moment.

I was standing a little away apart, and I felt like a creature thirsting for strong wine to drink. But at the same time a strange fear warned me to get still farther into the background if possible.

My father approached me, asking almost humbly if I did not know where the crucifix had got to? I stood bolt upright and looked him in the face. He repeated his question. I pointed toward the bed-straw; tears came, but I believe there was no quiver of my lips.

My father searched for and found it, and was not angry only surprised when he saw the mishandling of the sacred relic. My craving for the strong bitter wine grew apace. My father put the bare cross on the table.

"I can see," he said, speaking with perfect calmness, and he took his hat down from the nail, "I can see he'll have to be thoroughly punished at last. When even the Lord Christ Himself is not safe—! Mind you stay in the room, boy!" he bade me darkly, and then went out the door.

"Run after him and beg for pardon!" cried my mother to me, "He's gone to cut a birch rod."

I was as if welded to the floor. With horrible clearness I saw what would befall me, but was quite incapable of taking

# The Christmas Vision

## A Playlet

J. C. K.

### CHARACTERS.

Dick, Fred, Tommy, Mikey, David, etc. (*ten boys in all, representing slum children, ragged, lame, etc.*)

The Reverend Samuel Hughes, a minister of the gospel, and slum worker.

Five children, boys and girls.

Boy eighteen or twenty, representing Brotherhood of Man.

### SCENE.

At front of stage a long, bare-looking table decorated with American flags, around which is seated the ten slum boys and the Reverend Samuel Hughes. The curtain just back of this group is lowered.

The ten boys, led by the Reverend Samuel Hughes, rise and sing

My country 'tis of thee,  
Sweet land of liberty  
Of thee I sing.  
Land where our fathers died,  
Land of the Pilgrim's pride,  
From every mountain side,  
Let freedom ring.

REV. SAMUEL (*speaks to boys, still standing*): My dear little friends, we are gathered here today through the mercy of a great and good God, and the benevolent people of this great and glorious land of the free. Were it not for the abundant kindness and providence of the Great Provider and the good people, all of you would tonight be shivering and hungry on the streets of this great city, instead of sitting here warmed, and ready to partake of this bountiful repast. Once a year you are gathered together thus, in the name of Him who loved little children, and turned no one away, no matter how meek and lowly. (*Tommy hides a big yawn behind a shabby chap.*) In the name of Jesus Christ, whose lowly birth the whole Christian world (*David slyly pokes Mikey in the ribs, bringing from him a suppressed shriek*) celebrates on this night, are we to partake of this bountiful repast. (*Boys look relieved, some of them move, as if to take their seats*). Be not in too great haste, young men. Remember to whom you owe thanks (*various boys squirm and twist uneasily*) and be not loth to give it. Remember, we live in a great and—but who have we here?

BROTHERHOOD OF MAN: I am the Brotherhood of Man. I come from the Co-operative Commonwealth. (*Looks about him questioningly*.) But what have we here? Surely this is a new world to which I have come. What, pray, are these creatures you have about this miserable board? Is it that you are giving us a farce—or more nearly, a tragedy? I have never seen anything so unlike, and yet like, human beings.

REV. S. HUGHES: My dear sir, it seems to me you are a bit sarcastic. Are you not ashamed to speak so to poor, friendless children? These are they whom the Christ called "my little ones," surely we, mere human beings, ought to be willing to feed them once a year—

B. OF M.: Children—Feed them once a year! I never heard of such a thing. These curious specimens look like little old men, and how can they live if fed but once a year?

REV. S. H.: My dear sir, I see plainly you do not understand. I will explain. This is the land of the brave and the free. Being such, we feel it our duty to pick our poor and despised and starved creatures from the street once a year, and give them a square meal and a glimpse of a better life.

B. OF M. (*with puzzled look on his face*): But, my dear sir, I am still in the dark. If this is the land of the brave and the free, how is it you HAVE poor and despised and hungry people who receive humane attention but once a year?

REV. S. H.: My dear children, you may be seated. (*Children seat themselves noisily*.) I clearly perceive we have here one who would play a cruel joke at our expense, or perhaps a lunatic who has just made a getaway from an asylum.

B. OF M. (*still puzzled*): And pray, what IS a lunatic, and what IS an asylum? (*Boys snicker.*)

REV. S. H.: My dear sir, don't you know what these noted and important institutions are? Why, my DEAR SIR—(*aside*) Boys, he clearly is mad. Let us proceed with our feast. (*All proceed as though eating.*)

B. OF M. (*looks on amazedly for a few minutes. Speaks*): Surely this is hell, of which our grandparents have told us. We, of the younger generation, had come to believe such a place a myth.

REV. S. H. (*horrified*): Hell! Why, sir, you insult us—indeed, sir, this is the Land of the Free and the Home of the Brave. My DEAR SIR, will you please begone, and leave us to feast in peace?

B. OF M.: Feast!—Ay, clearly, this is hell. MIKEY (*speaks up impatiently*): Oi, soir, what ye givin' us? If this be hell, soir, do but tell us where you are comin' from. That's on th' square, now. T' hear y' talk, one'd think you'd be comin' from hivin. (*Boys laugh.*)

B. OF M.: Heaven!—Yes, surely, this must be hell, and I am from heaven—at least in comparison. All right, boys, I'll tell you about heaven, where I come from. WE call it the Co-operative Commonwealth. There we have no little children like—pardon me, there we have beautiful children, well dressed, happy, seldom crippled, loved and protected by their parents, loved and protected by the commonwealth, with plenty of good, wholesome food, and playthings, and time for play.

Boys (*in chorus*): Gee, let's die right now, and go to heaven.

B. OF M.: Oh, but you don't have to die—I'm not dead. Right now in my land every child is delightfully happy, celebrating an old and beautiful tradition which clings to us, and which we call Christmas. Nowhere in all my country is there anything like this—so mournful, so desolate—

Boys (*in chorus*): Aw, quit yer kiddin' an' take us home wid yer.

B. OF M.: Why, I never thought of that. Come, let us go.

REV. S. H. (*horrified*): Boys, do not go. The person is plainly insane. (*Boys rush out after Brotherhood of Man, the Rev. following in protest.*)

(*Curtain falls. Table and chair are quickly removed. Curtain rises. At back of stage are brilliant lights, a decorated Christmas tree, toys, five happy-faced children, well dressed. Enter B. of M. with ragged boys.*)

B. OF M.: My dear little friends, here are some little boys I found just now in hell. They were having some kind of a wretched meal they called a feast. I am told they have it once a year, between times they go without, or get along as well as they can.

They have no homes, or, at least, ver wretched holes they call homes. They have never heard of the Co-operative Commonwealth, and they call it heaven. I want you to make them very happy tonight.

FIVE CHILDREN (*in chorus*): Tonight only LITTLE GIRL: Oh, do let them stay forever Surely in the Co-operative Commonwealth we have enough for all.

B. OF M.: Why, certainly, if they want to (*To boys*): Do you want to stay and make your home with us?

Boys: You bet!—I should say!—Nothin like it! etc.

A. OF M.: All right. Now shake hands and become friends.

Shake hands, and curtain falls to lively music.

## SOCIALISM IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS

ALEXANDER GITTES

The recent gain in the Socialist vote is merely an outward ripple over the surface of a mighty current which is swiftly and surely gripping the nation and steering the Ship of State into the hospitable harbors of the Co-operative Commonwealth. The effects of the current seem infinite. Men and women, boys and girls, are all affected. And youth is as enthusiastic in this march of progress as age. For years Socialism had no representatives among the students of the schools. The glories of warfare, the benevolence of wealth, the golden opportunities offered to young America were pictured in no modest way and taken to heart by the impressionable youth. Now, no such fairy talks can pass unchallenged.

The high school students of at least two cities have formed clubs for the study and spread of the doctrines of truth. The Inter-high School Socialist League has been working along this line for two years. Its latest effort in spreading Socialism among the students in the "Searchlight." This monthly, published at 112 E. 19th street, New York, with its two thousand circulation, brings before the student the real question of the day and a truthful rather than a distorted view of these questions. Already the Searchlight has on its subscription list the names of many students and instructors, Socialists and others. of the various city high schools. Among its contributors thus far are Rev. Eliot White, George A. England, Prof. Jno. Ward Stimson, Wm. English Walling, Arthur Bullard and many others, besides students and instructors.

The League in New York is composed of about fifty boys and girls of twelve schools. They carry on a continual propaganda among their fellow students by lectures, literature, debates and other means. Despite all this they do not lack socialibility, making themselves heard, with their "Rah-Rah's" at every Socialist jollification. The branch in Philadelphia is equally active and that proverbial slumbering village slumbers no more as far as the Socialists, old and young, are concerned.

In the face of this progress, who can hope to stem the tide of Socialism which captures not only the laboring masses, the builders of our nation, but even the institutions of learning and knowledge which lie at the very foundation of our modern civilization?

# "Blessed are the Peace Makers"

Some one has said "In time of peace prepare for war." Why it is not wiser to say, "In time of peace prepare for peace? Is not peace, after all, the need and the cry of the human heart? Now, as we approach the Christmas time, the time when the "Dove of Peace" hovers over the Christian world, let us look at this question earnestly and intelligently. The following from George R. Kirkpatrick's "War—What For?" is quoted to at end:

"War among brothers is civil war.  
"All men are brothers.  
"Therefore all war is civil war."

But peace is hindered by local littleness—especially by the belittling, localizing effects of the sacred cash register, and its smaller uncial time-servers.

The Confucian capitalist, the Christian capitalist, and all other kinds of capitalists of the whole world stand behind their blessed and blighting cash registers, plot in their Wall Street dens, cheating, cheating, cheating—and warring at one another. And this unsocial warring is called business, and this Christless business is morally legitimate, "made respectable" by too many unsocialized "spiritual advisers. . . ."

Whenever there is a "crisis on," whenever the cash register captains, the politicians and unsocial "spiritual leaders" believe, or announce, that there is a "crisis upon us"—at such times Christ, the peaceful, nobly social Christ, is thrust to the rear of the stage and forced to be silent, while the "fighting partners" and the politicians and the money-

ically and profitably shout for "national honor."

Then Christ must wait.  
Brotherhood must wait.  
International federation, social grandeur, the human race, must wait.

All these must wait for the poor little fellows to get the emotions of the prize-fighter and the savage heat and hate of the bull-pup out of their veins; all these must wait, too, while the cash register devotee and his man Friday get the money—and "divide up. . . ."

*The working class must draw the bayonet from its own breast.* So far as war is concerned the working class must band together and stand against war. The working class must themselves protect the working class against the industrial system through which they are *robbed and betrayed.*

The workers of the world need a political party of their own class—and as wide as the world, International, and committed to *justice and, therefore, peace.*

Listen to the confession of the editor of a very powerful capitalist newspaper:

It is significant that the Socialists of different races, and speaking different tongues, strangers in blood and customs. In Germany, France, Great Britain, Austria and Italy constitute the *one great peace party of the world.*

Listen again—to the best-known and the best-loved Christian woman in the United States, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago:

The Socialists are making almost the sole attempt to preach a morally sufficiently all-embracing and international to keep peace with even the material internationalism which has standardized the threads of screws and the size of bolts.

rouse him from the spell that for thousands of years has damned his class. Be kind. Be patient. But—wake him. Wake him for the world movement for the *working class.* *Wake him for the war*—the war without a sword, the war without a cannon; the war with a printing press, the war with a book. *Teach him that salvation is through information.* Teach him that the "truth will make him free." In his brain kindle a fire, a divine unrest, a desire that cannot die, the desire for peace born of justice.

Otherwise, beware lest your neighbor's son be wheeled at any moment into the militia or the standing army or the navy—*ready* to be consecrated, sanctified, blessed—for wholesale assassination, *ready* as a militiaman, as a Cossack, as a soldier, to stain his consecrated sword with the blood of his neighbors and brutally—patriotically—laugh at the tears of women and children.

## THE JAPANESE NEW YEAR.

Sleep my own, till the bell of dusk  
Bring the stars laden with a dream.  
With that dream you shall awake  
Between the laughers and the song.

I have a fancy that Japanese mothers sing their children to sleep on New Year's eve with a song something like the above. New Year's eve is a wonderful and a magical night to the child of Nippon as Christmas eve is to the child of the West. Before singing her song the Japanese mother would place, in a recess in her child's wooden pillow, a miniature representation of the *Takara bune*, or the ship of good fortune. It is a very wonderful fairy ship indeed, and carries on board the gods of luck, and such delightful treasures as the hat of invisibility and the inexhaustible purse, besides such precious things as gold and silver, agate, emerald and pearl. And so Japanese children, when they fall asleep on New Year's eve, dream of a mighty ship riding over the seas with her fluted sails turned red and gold in the sunrise. I have a fancy that such a ship has more than once come to port in the heart of a happy Japanese child.—Ex.

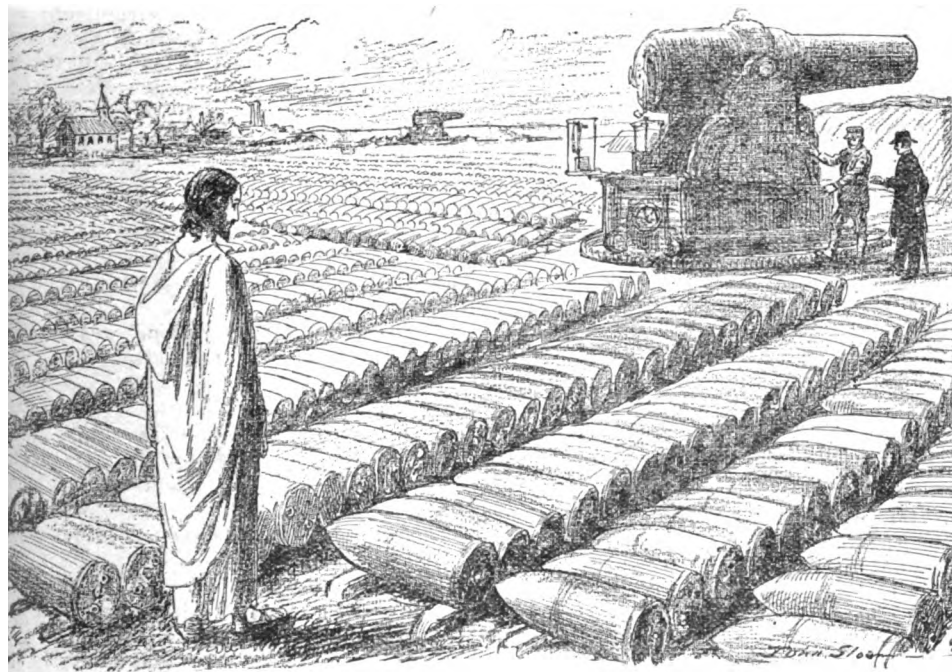
## HURRAH FOR WASHINGTON!

One more state has decided to let women vote. This is Washington. The northwest seems to be more lenient toward the rights of women than our conservative southern or western states. We are glad Washington has made this decision. We wish that Oklahoma and South Dakota, where the question was up, might also have given votes to women. However, we must be patient and abide our time.

Of course, when we really think about it, it seems rather foolish that grown women should have to be "allowed" to vote by men. The men allowed themselves to vote, and they should have given the women the same privilege when they took it. But there are strange things in the world, and we need not expect to understand everything. But we believe the time is coming when our brothers will realize the foolishness of not allowing good, intelligent women to help them run the government. The women are learning to think and to work for society, and they will soon have to express themselves by the ballot.

At present we will show our pleasure in saying "Hurrah for Washington."

"A Little Sister of the Poor," 3 copies for 25c this month.



IN MY NAME! AFTER NINETEEN HUNDRED YEARS!

---From "War--What For?"

mongers and some glory-hunting bucanears rush to the front of the stage and scream for war—a "patriotic war."

And more and more the actual necessity for larger foreign market produced a "crisis." It is coming—another war.

Then for brotherhood—a sneer.

Then for the man of peace—a scornful "Mollycoddle"!

Then for Christ—coarse jeers.

Then for markets, for profits—blood and wars.

Then will the malignant manikins patriot-

so that machines become interchangeable from one country to another. . . . Existing commerce has long ago reached its international stage, but it has been the result of business aggression and constantly appeals for military defense and for the forcing of new markets. . . .

Reader, you working class reader, a special word here:

Perhaps your working class neighbor's son is at this moment falling into a patriotic trance, gullibly planning to join the local militia or the standing army or the navy, meditating on butcheries. Go to him. With a firm grasp on his mind (if he has one) wake him, rouse him, from that race-cursing dream,



# One Kansas Commencement

M. M'NIGHT

"Looks mighty dubious," said father, his eyes on the threatening sky.

"Now papa, it's lots lighter off that way," cried Beth, pointing northeast.

Father made no reply but continued to watch some low-hanging, rolling clouds that stretched their sinister lengths along the southwestern skies, and gave forth ominous rumblings.

Mother joined the two at the door and glanced apprehensively upward: "Girls, let's give it up."

A chorus of wails greeted her words. Give up "commencement"—the night of nights! Impossible!

"Well, mother," suggested father, "if you and the girls could manage alone, I will stay home and keep the two little ones." He was not unwilling to escape the (to him) irksome program. Our family was not that year represented on the program.

"Oh, we'll manage fine," cried we girls in chorus, "if you just get us started off."

"What's papa hitching up to the big wagon for?" queried Margie.

"Land! do we have to go in that old thing," wailed Beth, tears of vexation in her eyes.

"Yes, girls, don't you remember the carriage is at the repair shop. Anyway," I suggested consolingly, "it is after night and it won't be seen."

"But it will be heard," sniffed Beth.

But we were too glad to be permitted to go at all to argue further. As we rumbled noisily along, I could see mother was worried.

"I wish it was all over and we were safe at home again," she sighed. "I never saw such a sky."

"Maybe it will blow over," was my hopeful suggestion. We had a mile and a half to go and were just turning into Main street when Beth punched me and cried excitedly: Eula, don't make a show of us down Main street. go a back way, please!

"Beth, you foolish child, your pride will have a fall some day," laughed mother, but we obligingly went "back way."

"Hello! Mrs. Norman, wasn't looking for you folks in tonight," greeted a friend as he helped us tie the team securely in a sheltered corner.

"It's flying in the face of Providence, I'm afraid," sighed mother, "but these foolish girls—"

"Now, Mr. Bates, don't scare mother, or she'll turn right around and go home," scolded Beth.

"At least we're not the only p-h-o-o-l-s abroad," remarked mother, as she viewed the crowd already assembled in the opera house; "if we're killed, we'll have company."

The graduates sat in conscious importance on the stage, a long row of girls in fluffy, be-ribboned white, with an occasional black-coated boy. The "Philomels," a men's chorus, delighted us all with their happy selections. One by one the graduates acquitted themselves creditably, or otherwise, the audience generously applauding every effort regardless.

One might easily have located the relatives or close friends of each young performer by the painful tension of certain faces during the loved one's performance, the evident relief when one covered himself, and them, with glory, or the anguish

lightning flashes were almost continual. In when one blundered.

The distant mutterings grew nearer. The two and threes the audience kept slipping away.

"Girls, let's go now," whispered mother as the last trembling graduate took her seat, and the "Philomels" rose to sing.

"Oh mama, just this one more song," I begged. Music was my passion. Dear, patient mother waited. The vacant seats were becoming conspicuous. As the last, sweet note of the song trembled into silence and the Hon. Mr. C. was making preparations to award the diplomas, we made ready to join the now, almost general exodus. A roar as of a dozen on-coming express trains was in our ears. The air throbbed and quivered with electricity. The wind was now blowing furiously though when we started from home, not a leaf was stirring. A foreboding of dread disaster was in every heart.

"Hurry, girls, we must not waste another minute," urged mother. Thoroughly frightened we tried to obey.

"Ladies and gentlemen," began the Hon. Mr. C.

Crash! R r-r-ip!

Some horrible monster without had struck

## THE TRUANT STARS.

ROLLA V. HOUGHTON.

I.

Soon as the sun sinks down  
And hides himself in seeming sleep  
Behind the banks of brown.  
The little star folk first peep out,  
Then scamper all the sky about,  
And frolic while he is away.

II.

They think the sun would mind  
Because he shines so fierce and bright  
They cannot see how kind  
A heart he has; and do not guess  
He hides to draw them nearer, yes,  
Then, smiling, gives them light to play  
And frolic while he is away.  
Girard, Kan.

the building a terrific blow. Something was being torn asunder over our heads. The electric lights went out and the blackness of desolation was in the room and in our hearts. An instant's breathless silence and then—pandemonium.

"Children, sit perfectly still," commanded mother when she realized she was still alive. "Are you all here," the dear voice trembled.

"Eula?"

"Yes, mama, I'm all right—only I lost my new hat," was my excited reply, touching mother's hand.

"Never mind your hat, child. Beth, let go of me and hush crying so loud. Help me find Margie, both of you. Margie! Margie! I am afraid the poor little thing has fainted."

Frantically we groped in the darkness and called but it was not until a neighbor's lantern flashed that we found the quiet little form under the chairs.

"Water! the platform, Eula!" gasped mother, and I flew to get the pitcher of water always provided to slake the thirst of oratory. Margery was soon revived and

lay sobbing in mother's lap. Beth was howling dismally and I was on my hands and knees searching for my lost hat. A number of lanterns blinked wiredly here and there. A general rush was now made for the doors.

"Sit down, everybody!" commanded a big voice behind us. "It was a cyclone but we're all alive yet, I guess, though somebody will be hurt if you don't stop this rush. Sit down!"

The saner minded obeyed, but the panic-stricken continued to crowd the doors and several were seriously injured, one man dying afterward from the injuries of falling and being trampled upon.

At the height of the confusion suddenly the sweet voices of the "Philomels" rang out through the darkness:

You'd bettah be a-prayin',  
You'd bettah be a-prayin',  
You'd bettah be a-prayin',  
An' then we'll all go home.

Camp a little while in the wilderness,  
A few days, a few days,  
Camp a little while in the wilderness,  
An' then we'll all go home.

The effect was magical. A serious panic was averted for laughter and jokes were heard, and the crowd quickly grew quiet and listened to song after song. Never will I forget the thrill of that music. The unseen singers, the frightened, invisible audience, the suffocating darkness, the ever lessening roar of the death-dealing monster without.

At last the lights flashed on, greeted with loud applause. Quickly we made our way to our wagon. "Those poor horses," faltered mother. "If they are not killed they must be home by this time—and what will father think?"

But no; there they were, frightened and trembling. The knots were tied so hard they had to be cut, but at last, with the aid of some obliging friends, we were safely enroute. The streets presented a sorry spectacle. Awnings, sidewalks, frame buildings and what not were scattered the length and breadth of them. But already hands of rescuers were at work and we were slowly but safely piloted through the worst. A deluge of rain had followed upon the heels of the cyclone, almost a cloud-burst, and the ground was flooded.

"Go to the east fur's ye kin," was the busman's greeting. "Steeple's down."

So it was, the tall spire of one of the oldest churches in the town. Over the tip end of it the excited horses climbed and thump-ity-bump we followed after. The country road was clearer and we were congratulating ourselves the worst was over when straight ahead shown a bright light where no light should be.

"Now what's that?" from mother. We were too frightened to think. Slowly we approached. The light did not move. but two shining things, very like gun barrels appeared beside it. The horses threw up their heads, snorted and stopped. It was still very dark except for an occasional flash from the receding storm. Why should anyone be there with guns? Suddenly mother remembered the race war then waging rather uncomfortably warm between the whites and the blacks. Several "holdups" had taken place, could it be possible—

"It's niggers!" whispered Beth, tragically voicing mother's unspoken thought. Beth sat on the seat with mother, absurdly bundled up, but she had forgotten to object to Main street on the homeward journey. I sat behind, holding our frightened little

[Continued on page 9]

# The Sanitary Baby

GEORGIA KOTSCHE

I heard her crying. This was unusual. In the corner of the back yard wherein was piled a small mountain of perfectly clean beach sand in conjunction with which she pursued her solitary and sanitary pastimes, is known to the neighborhood as the odd cheer corner.

Equipped with an imagination which inhaled at will playmates from out the immersing air about her and endowed herself with charming conversational powers, she long remained unconscious of the loneliness and restrictions of her little life.

The time came, however, when she must go to school and then awakened the social instinct, the desire for human companionship, to share the joys and sorrows of her kind.

Had it been possible her mother would have had a private teacher bearing a diploma stamped "guaranteed under the pure food and drugs act," but differing in many respects as we neighbors did on the hill, we were much alike in matter of income and private teachers were not included within its mentions. As the dainty girlie started for school I remarked to my Maman Cochet in the bush that showers were hardly expected in September. She wadded her immaculate andkerchief into a ball and dabbed the pugish brown eye next to me. Looking through the last half of a last tear she gave a little gulp.

"All the other girls are going to the playground."

"Yes?"

"And Mama says some of the children at public playgrounds are dirty and I might catch something."

Not desiring to foster rebellion I dickered with conviction.

"Mama must be very careful of her one lamb, you know."

"Can't I just as well catch things in school?"

My insincerity thus rebuked I called attention to the kitten's unconventional method of descending the steps and the atmosphere was cleared.

She was nine now. At school they called her Elinor, but to us she remained the Sanitary Baby, as we had jocularly christened her because of the notable war instituted by her mother in her behalf upon germs and bacteria all and sundry.

Such scaldings of bottles and pans, sterilizing of milk, disinfecting of playthings, antiseptics for cuts and scratches, apportioning of hours for sleep, food and play, study of food values, washing and scrubbing and sunning and ventilating, our astonished hillside had never before witnessed.

We were a bit sceptical as to the value of such effort within the walls of the individual home.

Our sunny southland was the last word with puzzled doctors the country over who had declining patients upon their hands and our own flowery hillside looked from the mountains to the sea, capturing the life-giving breezes as they passed. Our health was notorious as, according to our immediate surroundings, it should be. None of us were lacking in a fair degree of cleanliness. Mrs. Brown, who was the mother of six, challenged my admiration by keeping them all moderately spick and span, but when she made regretful comparisons between the appearance of her flock and

Elinor, Elinor's mother looked the things she was too polite to say. It was her settled opinion that if people were not clean it was because they did not care to be.

Sometimes I tried to widen the scope of her vision. I described a visit made with a member of the housing commission to a certain court, swarming with Mexicans and deplored the conditions in which these poor, ill-paid people were compelled to live. I saw at a glance that my propensity for visiting in such low quarters had reduced my status by several degrees.

Another time I told her Carlyle's story of the poor woman who went about asking shelter and claiming to be a sister, to no avail, and who was taken with a malignant disease lying in the gates and infected the city, thus proving her sisterhood.

Elinor's mother was frankly aroused. "A dirty old woman like that couldn't expect respectable people to take her in," she said.

By some odd chance Elinor's mother had

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## The Child.

VICTOR HUGO.

Lo, when a young child cometh, all the family ring  
Crieth in glad applause. Its soft glance brightening  
Light to all eyes hath lent;  
The saddest brows and those perchance by sin  
defiled,  
Flash radiant, unaware, in presence of a child,  
Joyous and innocent. . . .

. . . It is so beautiful, the child, with its sweet  
smile,  
Its gentle truth, its voice that hspeth without  
gulle,  
Its tears that ne'er endure,  
Letting its wondering gaze enraptured stray  
around,  
Offering on all sides its young soul to life pro-  
found,  
Its mouth, to kisses pure.

Dear Lord! forbid that I or those I love from  
birth,  
Brothers, kindred, friends—yea, mine enemies on  
earth,  
Victorious in ill—  
Shall e'er behold, good Lord, summer without its  
bloom,  
Nest without birds, the hive without its bees, the  
gloom  
Of home all childless still.

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a long distance speaking acquaintance with a woman who lived in Charlton Place, and never was Christy Haggart more vain of a visit from the Balribbies than she of an attenuated nod from this denizen of an exclusive area. It furnished magnificence of her home, the number of her servants, the size and price of her automobile, for a week or until such time as the neighbors went into deep sunbonnets for their necessary excursions about their premises.

There is nothing strange in residents of exclusive sections holding stock in combination church auditorium and business blocks, owning slum tenements, buildings rented for brothels or any good income property and so it chanced that this worthy dame's husband was the landlord of the aforementioned Mexican court and a large owner of stock in the not over-clean city cars.

The day I spoke of these facts to Elinor's mother she sniffed the air ominously and declared her belief that her beans were burning.

I was sitting at the window watching the downpour of the first winter rain. In spotless apron and with waterproof and rub-

bers ready to be donned, little Elinor was also watching from her window for a lull in which she might get to school. Not for her the joy of mud-ball or paddling in the noisy torrent that was leaping off the white rocks in the gutter, but she gaily shook her small fist at me through the storm. I had just laid down the morning paper in which was an account of scarlet fever breaking out in the Mexican quarter and the usual complaint of lack of funds in the city treasury to deal with it effectively. I was glad on succeeding mornings when I saw small reference to it. I forgot that accounts of epidemics are discouraging to tourists and unprofitable to landlords.

It was a false security, for a month later there was a case in our school and little Elinor came home with over-pink cheeks and over-bright eyes.

The dread red card was tacked up and the fight for life was on.

A week, and I sat where I could see the white strings of the nurse's apron moving in the breeze by the window. My heart was sore for the little sufferer and for the mother who had so valiantly tried to do with her own poor hands what only society collectively could do—protect her own child.

I picked up a paper to try still my thoughts. By strange co-incidence the first paragraph upon which my eye fell was this, quoted from Upton Sinclair:

"One of the consequences of civic administration by ignorant and vicious politicians is that typhoid, an absolutely preventable disease, kills thirty-three per hundred thousand of our population every year. Again, there is tuberculosis, which could be stamped out in a generation if we cared to do it, and yet we allow spitting in our cars and on the streets, sentencing one in every ten of us to death! And the rich man flatters himself that he does not ride in the street-cars and his wife goes to a store and buys a dress that was made in a sweat-shop and a few weeks later his only child dies of scarlet fever, and his preacher tells him it was an act of Providence."

All night in my troubled sleep I seemed to hear footsteps. A fearful giant came and went, and he was carrying away our children. He bore a banner which flapped uncannily in the outer darkness and on one side was the word, "Greed" and on the other "Ignorance."

In the morning I looked and a wreath of pure marguerites hung by the red card.

The Sanitary Baby was dead.

## SPECIAL SUBSCRIPTION OFFER.

This is the Christmas month. Whether you believe in the Christmas story or not, you are pretty apt to celebrate in the best way you can. Here is a December offer that will help you in your celebration:

Whoever sells 100 sub cards for the Progressive Woman during December, will be given \$10. This applies to individuals, families, locals or committees. Send for the cards at once, and see how "dead easy" it is to make \$10. Sub cards are four for \$1.00.

Have you read that terrible arraignment of the capitalist system—"War—What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick? If not, get a copy today, and read it. Then pass it on to your neighbors.

# The Progressive Woman

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## JESUS THE CARPENTER.

Many of the little folks who will read this issue of The Progressive Woman go to Sunday school, and there learn the story about Jesus of Nazareth. That is what your Sunday school is for—to teach you all about this great and good man, and to tell you how to follow his commandments.

But I wonder if they really DO teach everything about Jesus. I wonder if you have learned in your Sunday schools that Jesus was not only the son of a carpenter, and was a carpenter himself, but that he was distinctly of the working class, lived and taught among the working class, and belonged to a working class organization—something akin to the labor unions we have today. In Osborne Ward's history of The Ancient Lowly we find that Jesus "learned to be a good, intelligent member of his union. . . . He was not above work. This is the everlasting glory of Jesus. . . . that he was a lowly, humble, refined, faultless, perfect workingman, against whom never a fault of movement or slip of judgment was discovered from the days he trod the earth down to our living age."

Jesus wanted the poor people—who were mostly slaves—of his age to unite and better their conditions. This is one of the very strong reasons why he was crucified. The rulers of his time didn't want the poor taught, didn't want them organized, didn't want so great a leader among them. So they crucified Jesus, the leader.

When you think, at Christmas time, of the babe in the manger, remember that he was one of your class, that he wanted your kind to unite and better your conditions. That for YOUR sakes he gave his life.

And so this spirit of sacrifice for the poor and lowly of the earth should be in you, not only on Christmas, but at all times, to the extent that you, too, will work for the poor, will unite with the big and little children of your class, and work as hard as you can to bring about that unity of working people for The New Time, that Jesus taught.

If your parents have not already done so, I hope some time they will read "Ancient Lowly" and tell you the story of Jesus, and the workingmen's unions to which he belonged, and which struggled so very hard to exist in his day. It is a very fascinating story, and I am sure you will listen carefully to it.

## A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION.

Henrik Ibsen, the great Norwegian playwright, has given us a delightfully fantastic play called "Peer Gynt." Peer was a wild, unmanageable, village boy. He always had holes in his trousers; he didn't like to wash his face when he was little; he stuck out his tongue at old people and pulled little girls' pig-tails. He preferred to run away and wander in the deep woods to helping about the little farm, and he kept his mother worried all the time over the pranks he played on the neighbors. He had a speaking acquaintance with the fairies and gnomes of the mountains, and altogether was both a very natural and a very strange lad. Sometimes in real life we see boys almost, but not quite, as queer as Peer.

At last he married a dear, sweet little maid. But this didn't change his wild ways, and when he grew weary of his narrow village life, he left her and went out into the big world to make fame and fortune for himself. In this he was successful, being a very lovable fellow, in spite of his queer disposition. First in one land and then another, he piled up great riches, and became the "leading citizen." For a long time he enjoyed this life of conquest and ease. Then he began to grow old, and the longing came to go back to his mother and the dear little girl wife he had left so lonely long ago.

The story ends with Peer falling into the arms of his wife, now an aged woman, on the threshold of the cabin he left when a mere boy, and dying. After all his straying and his busy life, he had not accomplished anything worth while.

I think this is a good story for boys to read who wish to wander away from home for adventure. Also it is good for those who think that nothing can be done at home. Especially for Socialist lads who think they cannot accomplish anything at home for the cause. One's home town, county, and state, is the very best of places in which to work for the cause. If little has been done, that is reason for doing more. If much has been started, then push it forward to completion. Too often, like Peer Gynt, we look over the hills and far away, and wonder if we couldn't do great things for Socialism if we were just only somewhere else. Let us break this habit. With the coming of the New Year is a good time to think of our resolutions, and we ought by all means to make one to this effect—that we will in the year to come DO EVERYTHING, FROM THE SIMPLEST WORK TO THE GREATEST WITHIN OUR POWER, TO PUSH THE CAUSE OF SOCIALISM IN OUR OWN LOCALITY.

Let every earnest boy and girl make such a resolution. Don't let them harken to the lure of the distance, or feebly protest that "nothing can be done here." Say, rather, "EVERYTHING CAN BE DONE HERE, NOW, AND BY US."

## The Garment Strikers.

In Chicago there is a very wonderful strike going on. It has been in progress for some time, and at this writing no one knows when it will end. It is causing as much excitement as did the strike of the shirt-waist girls in the east last winter.

There are fifty thousand men, women and children engaged in this strike. Of course, we hope they will win. If they do, it will give them courage to in the future to ask for higher wages, better conditions and shorter hours. Formany, many ages in the past the working people took just what the masters wished to

give them, worked as hard and as long as they were required to, and made no complaint. They were timid and afraid. They thought the masters were the real people of the earth and that they were just common dirt. But today the working people are learning that they, too, are human beings, that they have the right to live decently and comfortably and to demand higher wages for their work than they ever got before.

In the future the working class will come to know that since it does all the work, it ought to own everything; that those who do not work have no right to own anything. They are drones in the hive. And when the workers get this idea into their heads, they will become Socialists, and vote to own the means of life. We hope they will do it soon.

In the meantime, the fifty thousand garment workers of Chicago are learning their lessons and are teaching valuable ones to other workers.

## Comrade Warren Sentenced.

As we go to press news comes that Comrade Fred D. Warren, editor of the Appeal to Reason, has been sentenced six months in jail and \$1,500 fine, for sending undesirable matter through the mails. Everybody knows the story of Comrade Warren's persecution. Everybody will be sorry to learn that at last he must serve this undeserved sentence.

In speaking of it to some of us in the office when the news came, Comrade Warren said: "Oh, I don't mind for myself. I hate it a little on account of Hattie and the boys."

"Hattie and the boys" is the little family that will be left at home, while the father pays the debt of trying to arouse the working people to a sense of their wrongs. It has always been like this, though. Not only one must be a martyr, but loved ones must also suffer.

But in this case don't let the penalty be in vain. Let our little readers remember Glen and Carl and Max during the long winter months at home while papa is shut up in jail in another town, and let them see if they can't do some work for Socialism JUST BECAUSE COMRADE WARREN HAD TO GO TO JAIL, and thus show the capitalists that we are not going to let them destroy our movement, no matter how many of our men and women they try to shut out of the work.

For our next issue let us have letters from little folks telling of something they are going to do for Socialism because Comrade Warren had to go to jail.

And old darkey who had been to a Socialist meeting sought to impart some of his newly gained knowledge to his brother Sambo, the next day, and he did it in this fashion:

Old Darkey: Say, brudder Sambo, do yo' know w'at de "Mysterial Deception ob History" am?

Brudder Sambo: No sah, I sho don't.  
Old Darkey: De "Mysterial Deception ob History" am, when de capitalists hab extracted all ob de supper value from de poletarat wot dey hab lef wont buy dere brekfias an dinnah, an why de poletarat will vote to go wid out eatin am de "Mysterial Deception ob History."

"Hope and Hustle," the modern interpretation of "Hope and Pray," is the motto of Ward Savage's fine comic monthly, HOPE. Fun, art and Socialism are the major ingredients of this delightful new literary dish. The Thanksgiving issue is the best ever. Send 10 cents for sample copy, \$1 for a year's subscription to HOPE, 5116 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill.



# Games of Country Children

ANNA A. MALEY

I watch the little folks as they scamper down alleys and into nooks and stairways ere in this crowded city, and I wonder if they are playing hide-and-seek.

The thought brings me back to the warm spring days on the farm, where as children we played this game.

We stood in a circle, the children of our own household, and frequently children from quarter of a mile on either side. Some counted out to pick the "blinder." Perhaps the children still use these rhymes:

Oney orey ickory Ann,  
Filloston follostion Nicholas John,  
Queeivy quavy English navy,  
Stiggleum staggelum buck—  
Or—

Ena meena mona my,  
Tuska lona bona sty,  
Huldy guldly boo.

The barn door was the goal and against it, face hidden in arm, the "blinder" stood. He must count fifty while we found hiding places. He raced through the count at such a rate that no one could tell what language he spoke. Before we had well turned the corner of the barn his cry came, "All eyes open! Whoever isn't ready let him holler!" The hour was usually dusk, and often the chorus of "hollers" startled the chickens roosting near by, into alarmed clucking and cackling at our nocturnal revels.

We hid in the straw-stack, in the haymow and behind the hayricks. We slipped through the bars and took shelter behind the gooseberry bushes, and in the shadows or the lower boughs of the boxelders. When the seeking finally began, there were perilous jumps and lisastrous tumbles. There were skinned elbows and damaged knees, which would mend themselves; but for the hopeless rend in dress or trousers, busy mother had to be reckoned with.

Often we were victims of shameless decoys and stratagems by the "blinder," who slipped around the corner from the goal and feigned to be far away until he heard the scampering of the unwary, when he stepped into sight and yelled triumphantly, "One, two, three for Jack! Touch the goal!"

During seven or eight months of the year, we trudged more than a mile to the country school. We hastily swallowed our luncheon at noon and repaired to the playground. I can still hear the stentorian shouts of the boys as we lined up to play "Black Man":

"What are you doing in my orchard?"  
"Stealing apples."

"What will you do if the Black Man comes?"  
"Rush right through!"

The "rushing through" gave occasion for many a bleeding nose and blackened shin.

The little girls played a mildly idiotic game to a refrain like this:

"Here come three ducks a-roving,  
For the ranzy tanzy tea."

Some times the older girls admitted us tots to a game which made us afraid to go to bed in the dark. In this game the mother, on leaving home, admonished her offspring—

"I charge my children, one by one,  
To stay at home while I am gone.  
Especially you, my daughter Sue,  
Or I will whip you black and blue."  
On her return she queried—

"Where's Mary?" Poor Sue faltered: "She went down cellar for a piece of bread and butter and the old witch took her." Whereupon Sue must run for it, if she regarded either her comfort or her complexion.

We played "London bridge is falling down," and, young realists that we were, came out of the game looking as though we had just been pulled from the very bottom of the debris.

Some times we sat on the sunny hill and watched the bright river below. The young willow leaves shimmered in the sunlight as the breezes shook them, and the fresh world was lovely around us. But often our eager minds were busy with dreams of the great city with its whirl and splendor. Everybody in the great city of our dreams had plenty of money. And for what should people delight to spend money if not for nuts by the basketful, cartloads of oranges, and candy enough to give toothache to all the men of all the races, whose pictures were in our geographies? Of course candy would never give toothache to us—it was only unwise persons who had bad teeth who needed to worry about that part of it.

Ah me! ah me! Our games and dreams have passed to other boys and girls, the sweets of the Great City are strangely beset with toothache, and in the mighty game of Hide-and-Seek, the things we most sought have strangely eluded us. The snows lie on the hills of home as of old, but the feet that knew the well-beaten paths romp there no more. I trust their new roads are ways of peace. And tonight I send a loving thought to the careless companions who early grew tired of the long game and called back to us who stayed—"I touch the goal! Good-bye!"

## One Kansas Commencement

Continued from page 6

sister on my lap. We waited a breathless moment, then "Who's there?" rang out mother's voice, so changed we all jumped.

"That you, mama? come on," called a well loved voice, and our hearts dropped back into their proper place and began beating once more. "This bridge is washed out and you'll have to drive to the south. I've cut the wire fence," continued father. The "gun barrels" resolved themselves into high rubber boots gleaming in the lantern light. How gladly mother resigned the reins and the situation to father's capable hands.

"Is it all right at home?" questioned mother, anxiously.

"Yes, the cyclone missed us, but I felt

sure it would strike the town and I've kept the road hot between here and the corner," replied father. "I wasn't sure which road you would come and I didn't like to leave the babies—"

And then everybody talked at once.

The cyclone was the worst the little town had ever known, its path plainly discernible for years afterward. The opera-house had been roofed with metal and this was rolled up like a scroll and pitched to the ground. That was the horrible ripping sound we had heard. Had not the great rafters held firm, there would have been a different story to tell—and the writer might not have told it.

## Queer Women Workers.

At Cradley Heath, England, women work twelve hours a day hammering heavy chains over a crude forge in their shanty homes. There is a sweating system, as bad as ours of the tailoring trades. For this work they receive the magnificent sum of \$1 and \$1.25 a week. Recently two hundred of these chain makers went out on strike because a promised increase in wages had been deferred for six months. Miss Mary McArthur of the Woman's Trade Union League was sent to encourage the women in their strike, with the result that the number of strikers rose to five hundred. As the sympathy of the public is with the women, it is believed that they will win.

Good strikers as these women are, however, they have strange notions about the "rights" of working men and women, and their willingness to submerge their own interests for that of their brothers would be praiseworthy, were it not the results of an ignorance which amounts to the tragic. An English newspaper woman gives the following about them:

"What is this?" I asked, as I stooped over a bit of moving iron that struck automatically on the link underneath. The women had nothing like that to help them finish their links."

"Should say not!" answered the workman. "That's a 'dolle,' and women can't have 'dollies.' It's with the 'dolle' we make a better class of work."

"I suppose it's too hard for the women to use?" I remarked doubtfully, as I watched the ease with which it swung. "Let me try it." He gave me his place and I worked that 'dolle' as easily as I could stick a hairpin in my hair. I did it badly, of course, from lack of practice, but it was easy work.

"Why don't the women have 'dollies,'" I persisted, "so they can do this better class of work and get better pay?"

"Because then they'd take the bread out of the men's mouths by doing men's work and getting men's pay!" was the answer.

"Do the manufacturers make the law that a woman can't use a 'dolle'?" I asked.

"No, the men make it. It isn't a law, it's just a precedent to keep the men's wages up."

"Look here," I said, "Imagine I am married to a chain maker and have four children. Who ought to support me and the children?"

"The man of course," came in a shout from the assembled men.

"By using a 'dolle' he makes what you call good wages doing first class work, doesn't he?"

"Yes, it's his job to work and to support his family," agreed the men.

I went on with my hypothetical marriage to a chain maker. "But he dies and leaves me the four children. Now, you say that to support me and the children is the man's job. Well, now he's dead and he can't attend to that job. I've got to do that man's job—support myself and the children. If I do ordinary work without the 'dolle' I can make, say, \$2 a week, but if I have a 'dolle' I'll make perhaps \$6. Now, you certainly would agree to let the poor widow, doing her dead husband's job have the 'dolle' and increase her wages, wouldn't you?"

"No!" The shout came from the assembled men and the women, too, who had now joined the group. I turned to the women.

"Don't you think, then, that the widow should have the chance of making men's wages if she can?"

"No. She'd be taking the bread out of other men's mouths," answered the women.

"But the widow must get bread for herself and the children," I insisted.

"Better she should starve than all the men should lose their jobs. It's the men's jobs. The women haven't any business with 'dollies.'"

I gasped. I rubbed my eyes as though to awaken myself from a strange dream of long ago. The men smiled at me patronizingly, the women laughed, and one of them remarked that there was "nothing like a London lady for having her little joke," and then she invited me to have a cup of tea beside the forge in her backyard workshop.

## Abraham's Predicament.

The Sunday school class had reached the part in the lesson where "Abraham entertained the angel unaware."

"And what now is the meaning of 'unaware'?" asked the teacher.

There was a bashful silence; then the smallest girl in the class piped up, "Un'erware is what you takes off before you puts on your nightie."—Lippincott's.

Mischa Elman, the boy violinist, told on his last visit to New York a story of his early childhood: "When I was very small indeed," he said, "I played at a reception at a Russian prince's and, for an urchin of 7, I flatter myself I rattled off Beethoven's 'Kreutzer Sonata' finely. This sonata, you know, has in it several long and impressive rests. Well, in one of these rests a motherly old lady leaned forward, patted my shoulder, and said: 'Play something you know, dear.'"—Washington Star.

A picture of Comrade Debs and fifteen little Girard Socialists, printed on tinted paper, with five copies of the December Progressive Woman, for 10c.

Send for a catalogue of Socialist books and pamphlets to The P. W. Pub. Co.

## Notes From Woman's Department--National Headquarters

### A Wayfaring Man Though a Fool.

CAROLINE A. LOWE, National Correspondent.

Only yesterday a "way-up" comrade, who ought to know better, said to me, "I think the women should come right into the local; we should not waste time organizing them into separate organizations."

Why WILL, those who persist in remaining in ignorance persist in sitting in judgment upon the subjects of which they are ignorant? The National Convention of 1908, the National Congress of 1910, the Plan of Work as stated again and again by the Woman's National Committee, have all made plain the fact that the party is organizing women into the party locals.

Just as each local elects a Literature Committee to attend to the circulation of literature—just as it elects a Program Committee to arrange the programs—even so it should elect a Woman's Committee to arouse the women, the wives and sisters and daughters of the men comrades, and bring them into the local.

This committee is usually composed of all of the women members of the local. That they may understand the cause for which they are working, these women hold study classes, and take up certain standard books for systematic study. That they may reach others they distribute literature—especially literature for women. To interest those who will not attend a lecture, they give Socialist entertainments. Incidentally, through various means they raise money for propoganda purposes.

Hundreds of women in the United States are so organized, and the number is ever on the increase. It's a wonderful work these Socialist women are doing.

For the benefit of those who have asked for the information the Woman's National Committee is printing a list of the locals that have at some time so organized the women into a committee. It is also giving the name and address of the local correspondent of each committee. They request that each local in this list will forward any correction to the General Correspondent of the Woman's National Committee.

During the month encouraging letters were received from the state secretaries of Washington, Arkansas and Oklahoma. Comrade Lanfersick, of Kentucky reports outlook discouraging in his state.

### SOCIALIST WOMEN HELP THE GARMENT STRIKERS.

Nov. 21, 1910.

Dear Progressive Women—Perhaps it will be too late to get this in the next issue—but do it if you can. The delay was unavoidable. I have worked to the limit. Saturday night, truly, I scarcely had strength left to drag myself home. But we made one of the grandest attempts to help the strikers, and to SHOW WHAT WOMEN CAN DO, and it was a success. According to latest reports receipts will amount to over \$4,000. Such a spirit of unity and co-operation. Every one pulled together, Socialist women, Socialist men, striking women and men. It was great.

Nellie Zeh was the originator of the idea, and after discussing it we decided to carry it out, only on a bigger scale—to enlist not only Socialist women, but trade union women and the women in the strike. Nellie Zeh had charge, and she did magnificent work—so did

Mrs. Megow and EVERYBODY. It would take too long to mention them all.

We divided the loop district into sections. Each street under a captain, with 36 girls under her. These sold the special strike edition of the Daily. Our experiences would fill a book, but the happy spirit of co-operation would overcome all little difficulties. About noon the money began to pour in and it kept a force of from ten to twenty men and women busy counting and storing away the money from that time until after eight in the evening. Comrade Arthur Morrow Lewis, on behalf of the Garrick audience invited all the "newsies" to a dinner at the Ionia. There was no stint, everyone helped herself to all and more than she wanted. Then speeches were made amid great cheers, two flash-light pictures were taken, the Marseilles was played on the beautiful pipe organ, and every one went home tired, but with the feeling of having accomplished something for these people in their fight for bread.

Over 60,000 copies of the Daily had been sold. The 150,000 union men and women in Chicago realized as never before that it is to the Socialists they must look for their friends. And all acclaim with one accord that it is to the Socialist women that the

### War—What For?

Is a handsome, gold stamped, high grade, cloth bound, double backed book, printed in easy, open type on high quality paper. The book contains 350 pages; 12 chapters; 11 intensely interesting pictures (one a beautiful half-tone in red); several literary special photographs of hell; more than a dozen strong passages for school and entertainment declamations; over 300 citations and quotations from authorities; numerous suggestions for promoting the propoganda against war and capitalism; an abundance of material for lectures on war, militarism, the class struggle, capitalism, Socialism and the history of the working class.

The book explains the slayer, the seducer and the ruler of the working class.

This book instructs, stings, scorches, rouses, pleads, argues; produces a realization of the existence of two industrial classes, and points the road to power.

PRICES—Single copy, prepaid.....\$1.20  
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Club of 25 or more, charges collect, 60c each.  
FREE COPY with every club of 4 or more at 80 cents.

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SPECIAL OFFER—One copy of War—What For!—if ordered by mail from us at \$1.20—will be sent for examination. The \$1.20 will be promptly returned to the purchaser—if the book is unsatisfactory, and is returned to us by mail unsoiled and in thoroughly good condition within two days after it is received by purchaser. If the book is retained by purchaser, he can, if he wishes, use his copy as a sample to show his friends and, if ordered within ten days following, have three added copies for his friends—prepaid—for \$2. Address The Progressive Woman Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

credit for the idea and the planning and the successful carrying out of the plan must be given. When the men realized the magnitude of the project, they eagerly entered into it. Despite the fact that the women took the initiative in this magnificent undertaking, all realized that it was only through the hearty co-operation of the Socialist men, and of the garment strikers that such a victory was won.

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.

### Financial Report for October.

#### RECEIPTS.

Oct. 7, leaflets .....\$8.10  
Oct. 13, leaflets ..... 10

Total .....\$8.20

#### EXPENDITURES.

Oct. 7, leaflets .....\$8.10  
Oct. 13, leaflets ..... 10  
Oct. 31, Daily Socialist..... 40

Total .....\$8.60

#### SUMMARY.

Balance on hand Oct. 1.....\$ 2.40  
Receipts for month ..... 8.20

\$10.60

Expenditures for month ..... 8.60

Balance on hand Nov. 1.....\$2.00

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

Comrade Anna Maley, our National Woman 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.

## One Magazine

AND

## The Progressive Woman

are indispensable to every person  
of intelligence

The "one magazine" is Current Literature, because it alone sweeps the whole field of human thought and action in both hemispheres.

It contains a monthly review of the world's news; quotations from and comments on the press of the world; numerous graphic cartoons and other illustrations; photographs and biographic sketches of the conspicuous personalities of the month; the most recent advances in science and discovery; the noteworthy events in religion, literature and art; critical reviews of the best fiction, dramatic and musical works; a page of the best humor and a condensation of the leading play of the month.

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# APSHEAF 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.



## Boys, Elect a Woman's Committee.

NELLIE M. ZEH.

I have just finished reading the "Plan for Work in Socialist Locals" for women, written by May Wood Simons, chairman of the Woman's National Committee. This work was authorized by the Socialist party at its convention in 1908, when this committee was elected. The "plan" is excellent and can scarcely be improved upon as a program for those locals where there are already enough women to put it into operation. But what are we going to do about the locals which constitute the great majority composed exclusively of men? Is nothing to be done for them? I am in favor of a woman's committee being elected in every local. If there are no women members, why not have it composed of men? Why not? Such a committee might well be elected from among those men who are known to have wives who are deeply interested in our cause or who could easily be made interested. Let these men supply their wives with the right kind of literature, teach them political terms and occasionally wash the dishes or take care of the baby while they (the wives) read the latest revolutionary news in the Daily Socialist or in some other Socialist publication. What do you care, boys, how it is done, so long as it is done. It's all in the day's work for Socialism, you know. And to the vast majority of men who love their wives, I am sure, this would be a far pleasanter way of doing propaganda work than to go from house to house distributing literature and talking to cranky, disgruntled democrats and republicans. Your wives will help you in this work when you have made Socialists of them. The training of women has especially fitted them to meet the unpleasant things of life and they are gifted with a patience much needed in the work of making Socialists. Besides doing this home work, a man on the woman's committee should study all our literature on woman and the suffrage question. He should be prepared to talk intelligently at any time upon the sub-

ject and also take subscriptions for "The Progressive Woman," the official organ of the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party.

When entertainments or lectures are given by his local, if women speakers cannot be procured, he should take the platform a few minutes and give a straight talk on the woman question and its relation to the Socialist movement.

A report should be exacted from the woman's committee at each meeting and progress noted, just as in the case of other standing committees.

This plan must eventually result in the conversion of one or two self-reliant women. Then, with a little tact and patience, the work of further organization can gradually be transferred to them.

Leaflets and other needed literature should be supplied them by the local from time to time to distribute among their neighbors and friends. Soon a study club can be formed. Here some time should be spent in preparation.

From this stage it will be but a step to the Socialist local and many a man will step in at the same time beside the wife who has been attending the study club.

And then there are the children, most important of all. They will follow the lead of their mothers. It is during our early years that our most lasting impressions are made and if we are ever to capture the world for Socialism we must have the children. In no better way can this be done than through the women.

Now, boys, I am deeply in earnest about all of this, even to the washing of the dishes and taking care of the baby. When are you going to elect that woman's committee? It is needed more than anything else in the Socialist movement.

## Electric Mary Ann.

(Written for the Sydney Bulletin.)

A useful electric motor for household purposes has been put on the market. It weighs seventeen pounds, is called "The Electric Mary Ann," and will drive any ordinary household utensil, such as a knife, cleaner, coffee grinder, mincer, potato peeler, ice cream freezer, egg whisk, and so on.—News Item.

She comes to cheer a drooping age,  
The wrath of lordly man assuage,  
To calm the angry woman's rage,  
It calm it any can;

Not decked in silk or satin sheen,  
Nor gay begirt in blue or green,  
Appears our new-born Kitchen Queen,  
Electric Mary Ann!

What time you hug your morning bed,  
What time the morning sun is red,  
You hear a buzz behind your head,  
Of scouring pot and pan.  
You turn you round and there she is—  
With many a whirl and many a whiz,  
She makes the fire before your pliz  
Hurrah for Mary Ann!

She cleans your boots and dusts your hat,  
Or sets a trap to catch the rat,  
Or kicks the milk-purloining cat  
For many and many a span;  
She polishes your dirty grate,  
Or scrapes the scraps from off the plate,  
In all things she is sure as Fate—  
Hurrah for Mary Ann!

She whirls a wild rotating brush,  
Or stirs a spoon within the mush,  
Or bids the baby go to "Hush!"  
And spoils it with a fan;  
And, if you want to spank the boy,  
She'll waddy not in that employ,  
But best him with a holy joy—  
Electric Mary Ann!

'Tis hers to lay the knife and fork,  
To dish the peas and carve the pork,  
To bring the glass and draw the cork  
That cheers a thirsty man;  
She cannot cluck—she cannot clack,  
Or stretch your nerves upon the rack,  
Or give her missus answers back—  
This good new Mary Ann!

—PHILANDER FLAM.

When you call on your neighbors, take a copy of The P. W. along.

## Young People's Socialist Leagues.

In most of the European countries where Socialism has made any headway, the organizing of young Socialists into Socialist Leagues is seriously, and successfully carried on. A safe estimate of the membership of these leagues would make it about 100,000, and the educational and propaganda work carried on by the young men and women members is of inestimable value to the world's movement.

In some of our larger American cities such leagues have been formed. A notable instance is Chicago. About four years ago a group of Chicago young people filled with the fire and enthusiasm of their philosophy came together and decided upon an organization. The Daily Socialist lent its aid by way of advertising the venture, and the first meeting resulted in The Young People's Socialist League of Chicago.

Hard work and enthusiasm on the part of a mere handful of youths was necessary for a period of time, until the others could be convinced of the possibilities of the organization. The league gradually grew into a center for wholesome social intercourse, and developed educational features such as study courses, lecture courses, reading circles—books were bought and donated, until a fair library has accumulated—and at one time the league boasted a singing chorus.

A large hall above the Chicago Daily Socialist office was rented, cleaned and redecorated, a library or reading room, was partitioned off, pictures of prominent Socialists were hung about the walls, which were also draped with red bunting, a raised platform at one end, with a piano, served for a speaker's stand, and for an orchestra on dance nights. All of this, of course, cost money, and a good bit each month, too. But the league met their debts bravely, and are at present ahead financially.

During the hardest days of the Daily Socialist hundreds of dollars were raised and turned into the daily coffers by the young leaguers. In other valuable ways they have assisted the party work in the city.

To have the younger generation with us in our movement, is as essential as having a younger generation in any of the walks of life. Tomorrow the mantle falls upon their shoulders. If their shoulders have not been strengthened to wear it, the work of today will come to naught.

It is well to remember also, that youth must have pleasure. To give our young people the dry bread of our party work, to expect them to flock to the business meetings of the locals to think to entice them with the reports of the weekly bulletin, minus the song and the smile of social intercourse, is to expect what will never happen.

Wherever it is possible, then, let them mingle in our movement with their own kind, of both sexes, let them organize their little clubs, their leagues, their work and their play in their own way, guided always, of course, by the watchful sympathy of older party members.

A copy of the by-laws and constitution of the Young People's Socialist League of Chicago may be had by those wishing information regarding organization by dropping a card to the league at 180 Washington street, Chicago.

The portraits and postcard pictures of famous Socialists, advertised elsewhere in this issue, by Jas. Soler, are first class. We have had samples of his work.

Do you sing in family, or in your local? If so, you want a cloth-bound copy of Moyer's Songs of Socialism. 50c a copy.

# FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

## HARRY'S SPEECH.

Here is a speech little Harry, five years old, has learned, and always says for company:



I'm just a buddin' Socialist.  
 Ain't old enuff to vote.  
 But I can say "Hurrah for' Debs"  
 An' learn a speech by rote.

And I can hand out circular,  
 And advertise our cause,  
 And this will make the people think  
 So they will change our laws.

I'm just a buddin' Socialist,  
 But I can help things go,  
 So by and by we all can have  
 Our heaven here below.

## A Definition of Politeness.

HELEN GOULD DOWNHAM.

I am a little girl ten years old. I live in the country. I go to school about three miles from home. I ride in a school hack. Our house burned down last December and my papa is building a new house. He is doing all the work himself.

Papa takes the Appeal to Reason, and mama takes The Progressive Woman. I am anxious to see the December issue of The Progressive Woman.

Here is my definition of politeness: Politeness is to do and say the kindest things in the kindest way.

Do you read? Send today for catalogue of Socialist books and pamphlets. We can supply any Socialist book you want.

## THE BIRDS.

NELSON SCHAENON

It is winter now, and some birds are flying away to the south. I love to watch them go, but I am glad to have a few birds still with me. Some sparrows are here yet, and a few owls. But I think they, too, will soon fly away. There are quite a few kinds of birds that is why I cannot tell you all the names. In the summer they will soon come back.

My mother subscribes for The Progressive Woman. I go to school and am eight years old, and I am in the fourth grade.

If you want really artistic pictures, etc., of Socialists in your home, read the ad. of Comrade Jas. Soler, artist, in this issue.

A new book of Socialist plays; four in all, 10c a copy. Three for 25c.

The Little Socialist Primer, 15c.

Send your book orders to us.

## LITTLE WORKERS OF THE SOUTH.

CLARA MARTIN

You said you wanted us to write something. I will tell you about the little children who work in the cotton mills here. There are a lot of them who work and they don't get very much pay. But if they didn't work their families would starve. Down here when there are five or six children in the poor families they are expected to go to work and help support themselves. They don't have much schooling. They are too tired to study when they go to night schools, and they look thin and weak. I went with my mother to visit a lady who works in a mill, and her four children and husband all work there. It was Sunday, and we stayed to dinner. It wasn't a very nice dinner. Of course, though, the poor woman couldn't help it, as she couldn't get anything better. They had fat bacon and corn bread and thin coffee, without any cream in it.

I wish we could have Socialism in the south so these poor children could have time to pay, and have enough good things to eat so they could get fat. My father works and we are poor, but we are not as poor as they are. I go to school, and we have plenty to eat. But lots of people do not. It would be a good thing if all these people could understand Socialism, and I hope some day we can have enough speakers and teachers so they can learn about it.

Three copies of A Little Sister of the Poor this month for 25c.

## ABOUT FARM LIFE.

MINNIE BEAMER.

We live on a farm. We are seven miles from the nearest postoffice, and twenty miles from Oklahoma City. Sometimes it gets lonesome so far away from everybody. But in the summer we are busy as bees. We work in the cotton fields, and it keeps us all "going some," I can tell you. In the winter we go



to school. When it is nice weather we walk. When it is bad we ride on old Dick. Dick is very good and carries three of us without balking. Some times we all pile on him and take a ride. It is a good thing that farmers can have horses, because they help so much with the work.

I am a Socialist. We all are. Papa takes the Rip Saw, Wilshire's and the Appeal. Mama takes The Progressive Woman. She says that is the best of all. I hope every little child will have a merry Christmas.

## THE BLUE BIRD FOR HAPPINESS.

HENRIETTA MALKIEL (9 years old).

The blue bird, I suppose you all know, stands for happiness. Once upon a time long long ago, there lived two little children named Myl Tyl and Tyl Tyl. One day a neighbor told them her little girl was sick and they must seek the blue bird, for it was the only thing that would make her well. So they started on their journey. They went all over the world, blue birds they found in plenty, but when they touched them they turned black. At last they came home with no blue bird. When the neighbor came for the blue bird they told her the story.

Then their mother said, "Why, there's your bird; you never even look at it. Why don't you give it to the little girl?"

"Why, of course," said the children. As they took it down it turned blue. "Oh," said Tyl Tyl, "we went all over the world looking for it and it was here in our own home all the time."

This bird turned blue because they had done a good deed. Now, friends, you can see that people do not have to go all over the world looking for happiness, for all you have to do is to make your friends happy and you will have happiness just the same. Yonkers, N. Y.

## TO HAVE A CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENT.

I am glad you are going to have a Children's number of The Progressive Woman. I think it is a good thing to write things for the children about Socialism. The children will be the future citizens, and they ought to be educated to be Socialists. You asked us to write about our lives, our homes, and so on. I am twelve years old, and have three brothers and a little sister. We get up every morning and eat our breakfast, and then hurry and get off to school. You can imagine what a fuss there is getting ready for schools. We are always in such a hurry. Mama stays at home with the two little ones. They can't help her much, so she has a good deal to do. I hope we can some time repay our mothers for all their trouble about us.

I think we will have a nice time Christmas, as our school is planning for a Christmas tree, and an entertainment. I am to sing in the children's chorus, and I will say a speech. I think my brother Bob will say a speech, too, but he don't like to. He says it scares him to death.

Well, I wish everybody a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and I hope all the little boys and girls will become Socialists.

Songs of Socialism, by Harvey P. Moyer, cloth bound. 50c.

## A New Book of Plays

This is just what you want for that entertainment your local or Woman's Committee is going to give this winter. These are four Socialist plays, written by Ethel Whitehead, a comrade famous in her state for writing and managing plays and entertainments by children and young people. The titles are "A Daughter of the Rich," a drama in two acts; "Columbia's Garden," a playlet; "The Stuff Heroes are Made Of," a dialogue for Three Boys; "Patchwork," a playlet for ten children.

These are hot off the press. Send 10c for a single copy, 3 for 25c. The Progressive Woman Pub. Co.



**SOCIALISM AND WHAT WE CAN DO FOR IT.**

MIRIAM SIMONS (9 years old).

We all know what Socialism is or at least should know, and are waiting for the time when Socialism will be recognized by the world as the only thing by which the workman may get the full product of his labor. We are all anxious for the time to come and wish to help as much as we can. There are many ways we can help and should. You can help distribute leaflets or dodgers if some socialist is coming to your town to speak.



MIRIAM SIMONS

At other times you may give out Socialist leaflets, pamphlets, or papers. If any one asks you what Socialism is tell them fully and why you are one. There are many other ways that children could help besides those that I have mentioned, in fact, too many to write down now, but you can think about them and try to find out what they are and do them. In Cincinnati, Ohio, I saw a small girl giving out programs for the meeting in the afternoon. This was but one of the few things that children could do. Another little girl I know used to give out leaflets every week she could; and when an English comrade came across the ocean to speak in Chicago he was busy all the week before, after school leaving the dodgers for the meeting at many houses in that part of town. Many and many a time the other boys and girls laughed at her and called her all the names they could think of; but she never cried or ran away or was ashamed because she was a Socialist. I have mentioned these two girls because I want to show you how much there is to be done. If we were all like these children, trying to make the Socialists win, how much sooner they would. Remember that some day you will be the men and women and you must work, for each day passed without some work done, is one day lost.—Girard, Kan.

**Do You Need**

a sewing machine, piano or phonograph? If so, tell us about it at once. Let us know what you need in the way of house furnishing, etc. We can help you—you can help us. Address O. T. A., Care of Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan.

**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.

**OLD GLORY AND THE LITTLE Flags**

B. M'E.

A story I recently read, I wish to retell. It was early in the evening, in a shop where flags of all sizes were sold.

High on the wall hung a silk flag, called Old Glory.

All at once Old Glory called, "Attention!"

Starry eyes from all over the room looked at him. "To find out if you are good American flags, I must ask you some questions.

"How many red stripes have you?"

"Seven."

"How many white stripes have you?"

"Six," was the answer.

"How many stars?"

"Forty-five" shouted the large flags.

The little flags said nothing.

"Oh, I see," said Old Glory, "but you are not to blame. Do you see that open door? Go through it into the street, put your staffs into the hands of any little boys you find, and bring them here."

The flags fluttered away and Old Glory went into the hall way to wait for their return. By and by the flags came back, each bringing a small boy. They did not look very happy.

"What's the matter?" asked Old Glory as he looked at them. "You don't seem pleased."

No one spoke. The little boys stared with round eyes at Old Glory, but held tightly to the flags. "Please," Captain, said one of the flags, "those are the only little boys we could find."

"Well?" said Old Glory.

"And we think they don't belong to Uncle Sam," was the answer.

"Why not?" said Old Glory.

"Some of them are ragged," said one flag. "And some of them are dirty," said another. "This one is a colored boy," spoke up another. "Some of them can't speak English at all." "The one I found black boots." "And mine is a newsboy." "Mine sleeps in a dry goods box." "Mine plays a violin on a street corner."

"But look at mine, Captain," said the last flag, proudly, when the rest were through. "What about him?" asked Old Glory.

"I'm sure he belongs to Uncle Sam; he lives in a very fine house and wears fine clothes."

"Of course I belong to Uncle Sam," said the brown-stone boy quickly, "but I think these street boys do not."

"There! There!" said Old Glory; "I'll telephone to Washington and find out," and Old Glory floated away.

The little boys watched and waited till he came back.

"It's all right," said he. "Uncle Sam says every one of you belong to him, and he wants you to be brave and honest, for

some day he may need you for soldiers."

And so ends the story of the flags. And now, dear children, I think it would be fine to be soldiers of peace for Uncle Sam, but if he is a kind father he will treat us all alike, and not allow some to be ragged and dirty. If he does treat us alike, it will be easier for us to be brave and honest.

Did you ever know a father who bought fine clothes for some of his children and made the rest wear dirty and ragged clothes? No doubt if Old Glory could talk he would think it strange that Uncle Sam would allow some of his children better chances than others.

But after all, both Old Glory and Uncle Sam are creations from the minds of our forefathers, who, though they said that all men are created free and equal, did not—for they could not—make conditions so that all could be so. Only Socialism promises this to our men, women and children. And the Red Flag, which is the flag symbol of international Socialism, will wave from every flag pole in the land along with Old Glory, when we have made all men really free and equal.

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**To Our Friends and Patrons.**

By the time this reaches you we shall be moving into our new quarters with full equipment of modern machinery, plenty of room, greatly increased facilities in every way for the better serving our trade. If you have not received our recent Message, and feel an interest in watching an enterprise come up out of the ashes with renewed vigor, drop a card and copy will be mailed you.

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**JAS. SOLER, Wheeling, W. Va.**

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## My Father and I

Continued from page 3

a single step in self-defense. My mother went about her work; I stood alone in the darkening room, the mutilated crucifix on the table before me. The least sound scared me. Inside the old case of the Black Forest clock standing there against the wall, the weights rattled as the clock struck five. At last I heard some one outside knocking the snow off his shoes; that was my father's step. When he entered the room with the birch rod I had vanished.

He went into the kitchen and demanded in abrupt and angry tones where the rascal was? Then began a search throughout the whole house; in the living room, the bed and the corner by the stove and the great coffer were rummaged through I heard them moving about in the next room, in the loft overhead. I heard orders given to search through the very mangers in the byres and the hay straw in the barns; they were to go out to the shed, too, and bring the fellow straight to his father—he should remember this Christmas eve all the rest of his life! But they came back empty-handed. Two farm-hands were to be sent among the neighbors; but my mother called out that if I had gone over the open and through the forest to a neighbor I should certainly be frozen to death, for my little coat and hat were still in the room. What grief and vexation children were!

They went away, the house was nearly empty and in the dark room there was nothing visible but the grey squares of the windows. I was hidden in the clock case and could peep through the chinks. I had squeezed in through the little door meant for winding up the works and let myself down inside the panelling, so that I was now standing upright in the clock case.

What anguish I suffered in my hiding-place! That no good could come of it all, and that the hourly increasing commotion was certainly perceived. I bitterly blamed the work basket which had betrayed me from the very beginning, and I blamed the little crucifix; but I quite forgot to blame my own folly. Hours passed, I was still in my up-on-end coffin, already the icicles of the clock-weights touched the crown of my head, and I had to duck myself down as well as I could lest the stopping of the clock would lead to its winding up and thereby the discovery of myself. For my parents had come back into the room again and kindled a light and were beginning to quarrel about me.

"I don't know anywhere else to look for him," said my father, and he sank exhausted on a chair.

"Just think, if he's gone astray in the forest, or if he's lying under the snow," cried my mother, and broke into audible weeping.

"Don't say such things," said my father, "I can't bear to hear it."

"You can't bear to hear it, and yet you yourself have driven him away with your harshness!"

"I shouldn't have broken any bones with these twigs," he replied, and brought the birch rod swishing down upon the table. "But if I catch him now, I'll break a hedge-pole across his back!"

"Do it, do it!—perhaps it will never hurt him any more!" said my mother, and wept again. "Do you think that our children were given you only to vent your anger on? In that case our dear Lord is quite right when he takes them again betimes to Himself. Can you not love little children?"

they're to come to any good!"

Thereupon he said, "Who says that I don't love the boy? I love him with my whole heart, God knows, but I don't care to tell him so; I don't care too, and what's more, I can't. It doesn't hurt him half as much as it does me when I punish him, that I know."

"Well, I'm going for another look," sighed my mother.

"I can't rest here either!" he said.

"You must just swallow a spoonful of warm soup, to please me—it's supper time," she said.

"I couldn't eat now, I'm fairly at my wit's end," said my father, and knelt down by the table and began to pray silently.

My mother went into the kitchen to get together my warm clothes, for the fresh search in case they should find me anywhere, half frozen. The room was silent again, and I, in the clock-case, felt as if my heart must burst for sorrow and anguish. Suddenly in the midst of his prayer my father began to sob convulsively. His head fell on his arm and his whole body shook.

I gave a piercing cry.

A few seconds later I was lifted out of my shell by my parents, and I fell at my father's feet and clung whimpering to his knee.

"Father, father!" were the only words I could stammer out. He reached down to me with both his arms, lifted me to his breast, and my hair was wet with his tears.

In that moment the eyes of my understanding were opened.

I saw how dreadful it was to anger and offend such a father. But I saw, too, why I had done so—from sheer longing to see my father's face before me, to be able to look into his eyes and hear his voice speaking to me. If he could not be cheery as others were with me, and as he, at that time so care-laden, seldom was, then I would at least look into his angry eyes, hear his harsh words. They went tingling deliciously all through me, and drew me to him with irresistible might. At least, they were my father's eyes and words.

No further jar unhallowed our Christmas eve, and from that day on things were different. My father had become deeply aware of his love for me and my devotion to him; and, in many an hour of play, work, and rest, bestowed upon me his dear face and kindly conversation, so that I never again needed to get them by guile.

### Our Cover Picture.

On our cover page this month we have "Our 'Gene,'" the lover, and the beloved, of little children. With him are two little Girard girls, Mary Vincent and Olive Cosper. Mary is a staunch little Socialist and a warm friend of Comrade Debs. Olive is a little neighbor and playmate of Mary's.

All the Girard children love "Comrade Debs," not because he is a great man in the sense that a rich or powerful man is great, but because he is such a lover. He loves everybody, but the working people and children most of all. He is giving his life to the cause that will free little children from homes of poverty, sweat shops and all the misery that comes from not having enough to live on. Like Jesus, whose birthday many celebrate on Christmas, he wants the working class to unite and save itself from the sin and degradation that comes from poverty. And, were he to give you a commandment to follow in the New Year that is coming, I am sure it would be: Little children love one another.

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### Condemned to Die.



This quaint little Japanese lady Mrs. Chiyo Kotoku's husband is Dr. Denji Kotoku, a not newspaper man Japan. These two have been condemned by the Japanese government along with twenty-four other radicals to die. Dr. Kotoku is considered the leader of these radicals, and his "crime" consists in spreading liberal ideas and in translating the works of Karl Marx, Lenin, Tolstoy, Peter Kropotkin and Michael Bakunin. He is a Socialist, and he devoted a number of years to the spreading of Socialist doctrine in his land. For this

has been imprisoned many times, which resulted in the loss of his health. Imprisonment did not kill him, however, and the government, fearing so able a man, has decided to do the job itself.

Before the Russo-Japanese war Dr. Kotoku was one of the brilliant editorial writers of a big Japanese daily. He was an anti-militarist, however, and the fearless expression of his sentiments regarding war caused him to lose his job on the paper. From that time he has devoted himself to revolutionary work for which he has suffered in many ways.

The Progressive Woman hopes that its readers will send to the Japanese ambassador at Washington a protest against such barbarous proceeding. Let us see that Japan does not follow in the footsteps of its savage brother Russia, in the persecution of Liberal

The mass of the female sex suffers in two respects: On the one side woman suffers from economic and social dependence upon man. True enough, this dependence may be alleviated by formally placing her upon an equality before the law and in point of rights; but the dependence is not removed. On the other side, woman suffers from the economic dependence that woman in general, the working woman in particular, finds herself in, along with the workingman.—August 1911

# The Importance of Socialist Sunday Schools

HELEN LOWY

In another issue of The Progressive Woman I wrote about Socialist Sunday schools. In the article I appealed to our young readers to ask their mothers and fathers to organize such schools.

Now I am going to talk to the mothers and fathers and to all those who have Socialism at heart.

*We must teach the young.*

Our New York city comrades, from all indications, seem to be awakening to this act. And not only New York city, but New York state. They have formed a state committee on Socialist schools. Our great trouble in this work is that we haven't enough efficient teachers in the movement to take up this most important work.

Now how about the other states? In every town or village where there is a local, no matter how small, there should be a Socialist school. In every town where there is a church, there is a Sunday school in connection with it, even though there are no more than a dozen children to attend. What the churches can do in this respect, we Socialists ought to do. All that is needed is the will to do it, on the part of our membership.

You, mothers and fathers, all know what persuasive powers children have. If the children like their Socialist schools—and they invariably do—they can persuade their little friends to go with them, and these little friends can persuade their parents to permit them to go, even though they may be opposed to Socialism itself.

Our children are absorbing things in their public schools that we cannot in every case overcome, if we wait until they are grown to get at their minds. One is our blind patriotism. My own teacher in the evening school I attended in New York city impressed upon us the words of the Star Spangled Banner, and I remember now how ridiculous the line, "For liberty and justice for all" became to me afterward, as I know there is no liberty and justice for all. We must teach our youths that only under a co-operative commonwealth can we have such a thing. I shall also state an instance as to how the teacher dominates the mind of the pupil in regard to political matters. One evening it was announced that there would be no school on election night. Our magnanimous Roosevelt was then running for president, and the principal took ad-

vantage of the occasion to impress upon our minds that we ought to be republicans, and she closed her little speech on the importance of a republic and a president elected by the people with the following words: "I hope you will all pray that Theodore Roosevelt will be elected." And he was elected, although I, for one, plead innocent of any exertion on my part, in the form of a prayer to that effect.

But to convince myself whether the same influence is used over all children as over us foreigners, I asked a little friend of mine from the same school, under the same principal, and the same staff of teachers, who he would vote for when he grew up. With his chest expanded he answered promptly and proudly: "Roosevelt, of course."

Thus it is that they teach our children in our public schools, and this influence we must counteract in our Socialist Sunday schools.

## THE LIBERTY OF CHILDREN.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children, of the little children in alleys and subcellars; the little children who turn pale when they hear their father's footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children—the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever they are—flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, mad sea of life?—my heart goes out to them, one and all.

Children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings. They should be reared with love, with kindness, with tenderness, and not with brutality.

When your little child tells a lie, do not rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A tyrant father will have liars for his children; do you know that? A lie is born of tyranny upon the one hand and weakness upon the other and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies.

When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it. Yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say: "Never do you darken this house again." Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child that they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction.

But I will tell you what I say to my children. "Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend."

Do you know that I have seen some people who acted as though they thought that when the Savior said: "Suffer little children to come unto me, for such is the kingdom of heaven," he had a rawhide under his mantle, and made that remark simply to get the children within striking distance?

I do not believe in the government of the

lash. If any one of you ever expects to whip your children again, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth—and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh, now dust, that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children! Make our home happy. Be honest with them. Divide fairly with them in everything.

Give them a little liberty and love, and you cannot drive them out of your house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant. Let them play any game they wish.

## Russian "Chivalry" to Women.

Etienne Krouleff, head of the prison system in Russia, is reported as saying at the recent International Prison Congress, that in his country "women criminals are treated well, the Russian spirit of chivalry insuring them against the knout, and against being sent from the prison to labor. Everywhere in the Russian Empire the women prisoners are kept separated from the men, and in most cases are under the care of women attendants."

To this remarkable declaration Miss Blackwell makes the following answer in The Woman's Journal:

This is an amazing statement. Does Mr. Krouleff think that Americans have no memories? Women insured against the knout? How about Madame Sigida, who died of it? How about Mrs. Breshkovsky, who was sentenced to it in her early womanhood, and was urged to make a plea that her health was not equal to it, but refused—and was let off from the flogging because in her case it would have aroused too much indignation? How about the Polish girls lately tortured out of the semblance of humanity in prison, to forced confessions from them? How about Marie Spiridonova?

It is only a few weeks since the news came that Mrs. Breshkovsky was in the prison at Irkutsk, ill with scurvy—a sickness that comes solely from deprivation of wholesome food if the food is so miserable that is supplied to a woman of Mrs. Breshkovsky's age and distinction, one who is an object of international solicitude, what is likely to be the treatment of ordinary women prisoners, with no influential friends? Russian chivalry toward women! The words ought to have choked the representative of a government that prompted the officer who gave over a convention of women teachers to the Cossacks, and encouraged the torture and outrage of Jewish women by hundreds in "pogroms." The Russian people may have chivalry, but the Russian government has as little of that as of any other redeeming quality.

Have you joined the Four-Four club?

"A Daughter of the Rich" and three other short plays, just out, 10c a copy.

## A Woman Waited Somewhere.

J. C. K.

When Jesus the Christ was betrayed by men,  
And left in his grave to fate,  
An angel watched, and a woman came  
With the earliest dawn, to wait.  
A woman bathed with her hair his feet;  
Men pierced his brow with a thorny crown,  
And raised him high on a traitor's cross:  
But women watched till they took him down.  
Many have borne here crosses and thorns,  
And a traitor's kiss they wear:  
But an angel watched through the darkened hours,  
And a woman waited somewhere.

# The Forerunner

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**"GUTE NACHT"**

WILL D. MUSE IN UNCLE REMUS' MAGAZINE.

'Gute nacht, schlafen sie wohl!' Oh, life so young and tender.

Sweet infant eyes just freshly filled with light; A mother's arms are gently round these clinging, A mother's lips doth softly say: "Gute nacht."

"Schlafen sie wohl," Dear Heart, stranger to pain and sorrow—

Sweet baby hands that smooth Care's furrowed brow; Some day thy feet must o'er life's pathway wander.

Ah! just these arms but hold you then, as now.

Some day, Dear Heart, when you have reached the ending

Of life's rough way—there in Death's dim twilight,

Your ears will hear a mother's prayer ascending, As trembling lips repeat: "Schlafen sie wohl, gute nacht!"

**THE STATE AND THE CHILD**

Elizabeth N. Barr in "Current Topics"

The attention of Current Topics has been called to one of those institutions of civilization which are as yet conducted in a highly uncivilized method—the Orphan's Home—the system of compelling parents to give up their children once for all to the state or some private institution and never see them again, because the parents through some misfortune are not able to care for them. An institution has no right to take a child away from a natural parent and give it to another. Yet we read in the papers every day where some mother has been forced by the strong arm of the law to give up her offspring, never to see them again, no matter what her future circumstances may be; her children are gone forever. A man may earn the money to pay for his children's keep and so not be irrevocably separated from them, but the mother left with a small brood is often not able to do this, and so must lose them.

"O, but they are better off," says the Orphan's Home man. Yes, perhaps; that is just what the preacher says when they are dead. But that isn't going to help much toward easing the heartache of the mother who must give them up.

Consider this, you women who have all the rights you want, that after all these years of working and toiling for human laws regarding women, they still haven't the same rights in matters concerning their own flesh and blood as a man has in matters governing his property. A man can redeem his property if he ever has the money to do it, but a woman after she has given her children up can never reclaim them even though she would be able to take care of them and pay for their past care in the institution. One of the pitiable sights to be seen at every picnic or gathering of children is mothers glancing eagerly into the faces of children searching for their lost ones. One of the cries raised against slavery was that the mother was separated from her children, but even the slave mother had a better chance than the poor white woman who gives her children up to an institution. For there was nothing secret about the whereabouts of the negro child. It could be traced by bills of sale should the mother ever be able to earn money to redeem it, which some of them were allowed to do. Or the mother could hear of it from other slaves. But when the white mother gives up a child to the state of Kansas it is as good as buried so far as she is concerned. Of course, the state wants to get another home for it, and the foster parent wants the child for theirs and do not want to risk having trouble over it, and so the parent is required to give it up.

Now, all this is criminal and unnecessary. Who gave the state a right to take a child from one mother and give it to another? It costs the state three dollars a week for each child that it takes. Recently a mother, deserted by her husband, was compelled to give up her four children because she was not able to work. The state will spend three dollars per week each or twelve dollars per week on those children. If the mother had been given that \$12 or even \$10 or even \$8 she could have raised her children in her own home and given them what the state cannot give, a mother's love and care—and have saved all that heartache which the mother bereft of her children carries to her grave.

The state thinks it is doing a great thing for the child by finding it a good foster mother. It

would be doing an inestimably greater thing to arrange things so the natural mother could keep the child. Even though she is not so wealthy, so well educated, so wise, or even so well bred, the mother in the very nature of things will do much better by a child than a foster mother. What the state needs to do is to provide for the mother and let her keep her children.

**Is Woman "Economically Worthless?"**

Professor Patten of the University of Pennsylvania, an original and progressive thinker, declares that one of the four major causes of the increased cost of living is the "new status of woman." Civilization and mechanical progress, he says, have deprived women of their former share in bread winning, and they are "left with their hands idle." "Let women take up their share of the work, and the pressure on the resources of the family will be equalized," concludes Professor Patten.

Let us see. The next census will probably show that about 7,000,000 women are engaged in gainful occupations, in spite of our "civilization." It will not show how many millions work longer hours than any factory or office employe, in kitchens, nurseries, tenements, flats, farmhouses, without getting any "wages" at all, but we know that the wife of the laborer, the mechanic, the clerk, the small shopkeeper, the struggling farmer, the young professional man, does not sit with her hands idle. Is not the woman who cooks and washes, cleans, sews, brings up children, doing her share of the work of the family? Is she economically worthless?

The number of idle women is very small in this country, and of this number the majority devote themselves to charitable and reform work, to the cultivation of letters and art, to the propoganda of political and moral causes. Sending them into offices and factories would scarcely benefit true civilization. Man does not live by bread alone, and have not foreign observers extolled American women for their successful pursuit of culture and idealism? Even from an economic point of view, the women who do not toil are not worthless. Morals and aesthetics and culture have their economic value to society.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Apple Tree Shade Costly.**

Kissing on the sabbath was not the only offense against which the rigors of the law were invoked by the early Puritans. Even smiling was sternly prohibited. It is recorded of an unfortunate couple named Jonathan and Susanna Smith that they were "each fined five shillings and costs for smiling on the Lord's Day during service." And Mrs. Earle, in her "Sabbath in Puritan New England," recalls the case of "two lovers, John Lewis and Sarah Chapman," who were tried in 1670, "for sitting together on the Lord's Day under an apple tree."—Little Socialist Magazine.

My earning days are over. I have only a little pension to depend on for subsistence, so you see I have to turn a dollar over a good many times before I decide HOW to spend it. But The P. W. for October has just arrived and I have looked over a few articles—particularly Agnes Downing's appeal and have decided to send you the following names and ask you to send them the paper. The terrible traffic in girls and women MUST be made public, it's the only way in which it can be stopped and, of course, the capitalist press and its minions will do all they possibly can to suppress such effort.—M. L. P., Clearwater, Cal.

**Caught**

Mamma: How many sisters did your new playmate tell you he had?

Willis: He's got one. He tried to catch me by saying he had two half-sisters, but he'll find out I've studied fractions.—Harpers Young People.

**OUR LEAFLETS**

Cheap Motherhood in America; Housekeeping Under Socialism; Boytown Railroad, by Fred D. Warren. 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

Children in Textile Industries; Boys in the Mines; Underfed School Children; Socialism vs Alcoholism; Enemies of the Liquor Traffic; Frances Willard on Socialism; Woman, Comrade and Equal, by Eugene V. Debs; Woman Suffrage What Prominent Socialists Say About It. 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000.

**Blowing Her Horn**

Teddy had never seen a cow. While on a visit to the country he walked out across the field with his grandfather. There they saw a cow, and Teddy's curiosity was greatly excited.

"What is that, grandfather?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Why, that's only a cow," was the reply.

"And what are those things on her head?" was the next question.

"Those are her horns."

The two walked on. Presently the cow mooed loud and long. Teddy was amazed. Looking back he exclaimed: "Which horn did she blow, grandfather?"—Exchange.

**Chickens a la Mode**

Freddie was visiting relatives in Canada, and his mother constantly besought him to be on his good behavior and to avoid saying anything that might give offense, but one day when his aunt asked him at luncheon if he would have some curried chicken he could not help showing his surprise.

"Why, what's the matter, Freddie?" inquired the aunt; "don't you like curried chickens?"

"Well aunty, I can't really say," was his reply. "You see, down in the states we don't carry out chickens—we pick 'em."—St. Paul Dispatch.

While having dinner at a friend's home one evening, little George refused, with self-conscious dignity, several unwholesome dishes which William, his tiny host, devoured with relish.

Finally, when William began to eat a huge slice of fruit cake, George eyed him wistfully for a long time. Then, leaning his head on his hand with a sigh, he said:

"Oh, dear! I wish my stomach wasn't being brungd up c'rrectly."—Woman's Home Companion.

"Now remember, Mary," the teacher said just before the school exercises, "if you forget some of the words when you are singing your song don't stop. Keep right on. Say tum-tum-tum-tum, or something like that, and the words will come back to you and nobody will know the difference. Now don't forget."

On exhibition day little Mary electrified her audience with—

"\* \* \* and she wears a wreath of roses around her tummy-tum-tum."

The minister had just been giving the class a lesson on the prodigal son. At the finish, to test what attention had been paid to his preaching, he asked:

"Who was sorry that the prodigal had returned?"

The most forward youngster in the class breathlessly answered, "The fatted calf."—Chicago Journal.

**Bird in Bloom**

Little Mary went into the country on a visit to her grandmother. Walking in the garden she chanced to spy a peacock, a bird she had never seen. She ran quickly into the house and cried out, "O, grandma, come out and see. There's an old chicken in full bloom."—The Argonaut.

"See here," said the summer boarder indignantly, "you said you had no mosquitoes."

"Well," drawled the farmer, "I don't take nuthin' back I said. These skeeters you see strayin' around here don't belong to me."

Show your color, wear a Socialist button. Really attractive button; 10c a piece; \$1 per dozen. Stamps accepted.—Mrs. O. A. Newman, Laona, Wis.

Do you want to make \$10 Christmas money EASY? Sell 100 P. W. sub cards at 25c each during December and the ten is yours.

The New Girard Mfg. Co. moves to Fort Scott (Kan.) this month. Remember, they don't want to lose any of the old customers.

If you can't be merry at Christmas time be as merry as you can be, and then work for Socialism all next year.

Be sure and get a copy of that new book of plays, by Ethel Whitehead.

The Progressive Woman sub cards, four for \$1.