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SPECIAL SUFFRAGE NUMBER

The Progressive Woman

VOL. IV

FEBRUARY, 1911

NO. XXXV



AMERICAN SUFFRAGISTS HAVE ADOPTED SOME OF THE TACTICS OF THEIR ENGLISH COUSINS.
A SUFFRAGE DEMONSTRATION IN CHICAGO.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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By Mrs. S. E. V. Emery

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EVERY strike is caused by the owners of the jobs trying to get rich out of their employes and the public. If the public owned the jobs the employes would get *all they produce* and there could then be no quarrel about the matter. But the people will take every path but the right one—and spend hundreds of millions annually in strikes and inconveniences. One would think they would learn something sometime.

SOME astute politicians claim that the campaign of 1912 will be run on conservative lines by both the old parties. In that case the Socialists ought to cast three or four times as many votes as they did this year.

"It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy—and only by thought that labor can be made happy."—John Ruskin.

The Woman's National Suffrage Association has set aside February 15th as the date to usher in a week to be known as The Anthony Memorial Week. February 15th is Miss Anthony's birthday. Contributions sent in during Memorial Week will be received by Miss Jessie Ashley, 505 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Western Woman Voter is the name of a new woman's journal published in Seattle, Washington. It is a twelve-page monthly, subscription price \$1.00 a year. The first number is a most interesting one and we wish for this journal a brilliant future.

GOVERNMENTS have always been by the few, for the few, over the many, for the purpose of skinning them. Socialism proposes government of a kind that will be by the many and for the many. Do you wonder that the few are opposed to that kind of government?

If parents would even read the school histories their children study they would know more about their country than they do. Not one man in twenty ever read a history of the United States since he left school. What they don't know is a plenty.

EUGENE V. DEBS.

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The Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan.

The Progressive Woman

Volume IV.

FEBRUARY, 1911

Number 45

The Ballot--A Means to Opportunity

By May Wood-Simons

Not long ago I began to read a book on the primary law. In these days I read few books that I do not first ask why I read them. And when I tried that test on this book I found myself in a quandary. Why, indeed, should I read about the primary law? For culture? Yes, perhaps. So with the score of other books I have read on political science, the histories of political parties, etc. Nothing that I could gain from them could possibly be anything but culture for me for I cannot put any of my political opinions into action.

I am living in a state where politically like all other women I am zero. I have never had a chance to help govern. I feel keenly the inferior place politically.

There are some women, but they are not many, who do not favor the suffrage for women. They are often the successful women who are already independent, who have climbed heights and who have developed, in the fierce struggle they have made to succeed, a feeling, or a lack of feeling, that enables them to view complacently the great mass of the women on the lower plane. Already they have privileges, and why if they have gained them should not the others. So they argue and even lend their pens to editors who are endeavoring to stop the movement for the political enfranchisement of women.

Every argument that can possibly be brought forward for or against woman's suffrage has, I believe, been stated. We have pointed out how the working woman, especially, with her close grapple with the price of foods and the high cost of living in general particularly needs the ballot and how the working girl competing in industry needs the ballot.

What do we as working women want of the ballot? To secure opportunity.

A few days ago I met a woman. She was still young and had been a teacher. She was struggling to do the work for her family of four and still retain a little time to follow some literary work. She had ideals that were not filled by the round of baking and scrubbing. She had little contact with people, none with the larger affairs of life. The agony of a life that could not express itself came out in her conversation.

She is but one of thousands of women. There is no tragedy approaching that of this army of women, belonging to the work-

ing class, that are beating out their lives in the dull round of existence.

To be sure this is the fate of the majority of the workers, men and women.

It is because we hold that the ballot will help these working women to secure opportunities that we as a great world movement stand for the vote for women.

What are the definite things that can be done to secure woman's political equality?

Before another Woman's Day comes in the Socialist party let us have accomplished four things. First we must make every man in the organization an active agitator for woman's suffrage, not merely a passive assenter.

Second, in every state we should be well enough organized to introduce our own bill asking for a constitutional amendment that will secure the vote for women. This will bring the matter before the public continuously and will emphasize the fact that the Socialist party is fighting for the votes for women. In states where the initiative and referendum already exist, as in Missouri and Oklahoma, the women can do especially good work in bringing this matter before the voters and keeping the question constantly alive. More than that this will bring some organization into our work for the ballot and save energy which is now so largely wasted because not directed toward some central point.

Third, the Socialist women must make use of every election in which women participate in any way. That our opponents can point to the fact that so small a part of the women vote when they have an opportunity to on school matters, though no argument, whatever, is not pleasant. The Socialist women should use every such election to agitate and educate. The vote on school questions is not a small matter and can be utilized to bring the women to the polls and arouse an interest in obtaining the full exercise of the political power. Such elections can be used as opportunities to acquaint women not yet in the Socialist organization with the principles of the movement. May Day has always been devoted in part to agitation for the suffrage. At all such demonstrations of the labor and Socialist organizations special efforts must be made by the women to have the full suffrage for women emphasized.

Finally, there are now Socialist represen-



tatives in not one but several state legislatures. These must make especial efforts to bring the question before their respective legislatures and the women of those states should see that the matter is pressed forward. With a member of the national congress something can also be done to bring the question before the people nationally.

The Polish Socialist women brought the following resolution into the international Socialist woman's conference at Copenhagen. It is well worth perusal:

"Considering that even in those countries in which the so-called universal suffrage exists, only one-half of the adult population enjoy it, but the women are disfranchised;

"Considering that only the action of the whole proletariat without any distinction of sex is creating a power strong enough to obtain the ends pursued by the struggling and enlightened working class, and taking into account that the struggle for emancipation of the working women will be tremendously advanced if we make the demand for political rights for women one of the most actual reforms we strive for;

"The second international Socialist woman's conference resolves to urge all Socialist parliamentary groups to support most energetically those efforts of the women and advocate their full enfranchisement. The conference calls the working women's organizations of all countries to a fervent propaganda in favor of the political qualification of their sex."

Woman's Freedom—Political and Economic

By Theresa Malkiel

The first decade of the twentieth century just closed, leaving in its wake a record of woman's activity and woman's unrest, hitherto unknown. During the last decade woman has entered almost every trade and profession in existence. She is fast gaining ground commercially; in science and art she fairly holds her own, socially she boldly protests against the unnatural, long fostered double code of morality. But, the most two marked phases in the evolution of woman is her persistent struggle for economic and political freedom.

Politically we find conditions bordering on rebellion in England, followed by the ever-growing insurrection in America, quiet but great activity in Germany, while Russia, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Belgium and all other countries down to eastern Japan and Oriental Turkey are fairly seething with sex unrest.

The cry has often been heard that these conditions are nothing more than a wave of woman's hysteria, woman's whim for the possession of the ballot, her phantastic desire to play a political role, all of which is produced by her idleness and leisure. The opponents of woman's enfranchisement assures us that the fuse will burn out before long and woman will once more assume her former duties and her God-given place as wife, or in other words, will continue to ply her trade of sex.

And yet—even a slight observation of the progress of evolution during the past century would convince one that this growing unrest, this ever increasing rebellion is not mere woman's phantasy, her increased leisure and whim for a new excitement, but on the contrary her saner judgment. It is woman's increased activity in the affairs of the world, her ever extended participation in creating the world's wealth outside the realm of her home that is really responsible for the inevitable sex revolution.

With the beginning of last century, in the wake of numerous inventions, the use of steam and other implements of machinery the proverbial home keepers, the women, had to seek employment outside their homes. Out in the open market they were for the first time encountered by the many impediments known to the male worker—on the one hand they were newcomers still considered only an appendage of man, a political nonentity that need not be valued on a par with him. On the other hand, suddenly left without the work in the home, which was their means of subsistence, the women submissively accepted the low valuation at which they were taken.

And thus, from the cradle to the grave, for in time marriage became no longer a safeguard from suffering, the wage-earning woman's existence became one perpetual struggle for the crust of bread. As these conditions kept growing worse instead of better, as she saw her children taken from the already deserted home and placed behind the thick factory walls as she watched the light go out of their childish eyes and the bloom out of their tender cheeks she could no longer bear her suffering and rebelled. It is with these first signs of rebellion that the new hope for economic and political independence was born. It is this more than anything else which is really responsible for the ever growing unrest.

At present conditions are springing into ex-

istence daily, nay hourly. The closing year saw many economic battles fought and won by women whose deeds of bravery had no equal in the history of the economic movement. The wage earning woman has lately demonstrated that she is fast learning the necessity of organization.

True enough that the labor problem is still misunderstood and unknown to the majority of women, who toil submissively year in and year out under the most unbearable conditions. But we must bear in mind that woman is just a student in economic as well as political wisdom.

Once on the road to progress she will before long take her place in shaping the destiny of the human race, even as she has already taken her place in creating the wealth of the human race. Fighting her economic battles on a par with the man, she is beginning to realize the absolute necessity of having a share in the political affairs of the world—one step of progress presupposes another.

Once placed in the position where she is

THE PRISONERS

By Nancy Parker

Oh, Woman! Held up for a crowd to stare,
Though thou be'er so foolish, weak and
vain,
Yet art thou woman, born to woman's
pain;
And knowing this how can a strong man
dare
To lay thy naked quivering soul all bare;
Man who has left on thee his lust's foul
stain
And all thy happy innocence hath slain,
Let him look in his own heart and beware!
And if a woman in this gaping crowd
Can see thy beauty and thy tender years,
Yet feel her-self by thy soft touch defiled,
If by thy shame her own heart is not bowed
May she no daughter bear to dry her tears
Lest God should smite her through her
woman child. —Chicago.

compelled to seek a livelihood in the same manner and on the same basis as man, woman must and will have all the political rights which he has in order to shield herself from the constant onslaughts upon her liberty.

Looking back to history we find that it has always been thus. Every reigning state was nothing more or less than the product of society at that certain stage of evolution. And as the world progressed the laws and forms of the state were discarded for other more progressive ones.

When, during the shaping of the constitution of the United States, women were confined to their homes and remained strangers to the outside world and its activity, the revolutionary forefathers wrote the laws of the United States accordingly, giving the franchise to those who needed it, who took an interest in it.

Today, with almost nine million of wage earning women under the stars and stripes, with female representatives in every branch of industry, business and learning, the change must come. The splendid contest and excellent results achieved by women of late, have imbued others with the divine spirit of unrest that is bound to lead to their final awakening.

It is wonderful to think that powerless

and degraded as woman has been through ages, she has, nevertheless, learned to abhor despotism of every shape and form. The very first signs of her coming awakening already mark a decided inclination for liberty, for justice, for freedom. Nature, it seems, assigns her from the start to the revolutionary ranks.

In her struggle for bread woman is beginning to realize that the great and foremost problem today is the solution of the economic tangle. The problem that will first of all liberate the human race from material dependence and thus save the majority of people from depending on the mercy of the minority.

Perhaps, slowly, but steadily the wage earning women are commencing to realize that the above mentioned problem concerns them even more than it does the made workers. For if the solution of the problem of existence has become difficult for the man, it is doubly so for the woman.

The practical course of events forces upon them the realization that conditions which tolerate the subjection of one man to the power of another, or rather the subjection of all men to a few individuals will surely tolerate the continuation of sex oppression. Their present, still sub-conscious unrest is bound to develop, the tide of time is surely going to widen their minds and sharpen their wits.

Step by step woman will learn that though she gets the ballot before long, her final economic independence is feasible only under a reconstructed state of society.

Hence, Socialism must and will inevitably become the true guide for every broad minded, earnest woman. These are the few suppositions which one dares to express when talking of the political and economic development of women.

One can't help predicting that woman will be a great factor in the coming social revolution into the ranks of which her immediate interests assign her from the start.

The chief gain made during the last decade on the political field is the transition of the movement from one ridiculed by the masculine world to a phase where, if it is not yet respected, it is at least considered very earnestly, as a problem to be reckoned with. It has also rid itself of much of the former prejudice fostered by the feminine sex itself.

New York City.

DEBS made seven addresses in Washington the week before election and in each of them devoted the first ten minutes to a speech in behalf of the suffrage amendment.—The Western Woman Voter

THE postal authorities have recommended a school for postmasters. Why not have postmasters qualified before they are appointed, like other postal employes, and then they will need no school? Why give the postal heads to men who know nothing of the service, while requiring subordinates with small salaries to know? That is what you get from the old party machines. Politicians who drill you up like so many cattle to the polls must have fat places and don't do the work after they get the place and don't want to know how. Under Socialism the postal service will be operated by the employes; students will be trained to the work, and they who are competent will select the postmasters. But that would kill the political machines that skin the people—hence the old parties would not think of doing such a thing.

The Woman's Work

red D. Warren

(While waiting as patiently as possible for the decision of the authorities in regard to his all sentence, Comrade Warren writes the following message for our readers. Ed.)

The good work that is being done by the woman's department of the Socialist party is deserving of the highest encouragement. There is a special work for women to do in their organized capacity which is sure to be of incalculable benefit to the general propaganda and to the party at large. It is only by the efforts of the women themselves that the great mass of their sex, who have always been taught under capitalism to keep within their own limited sphere and to preserve silence in public places, can be brought to realize that it is their duty in this industrial age to take an active part in solving the economic and political questions of the times and in developing their faculties to deal intelligently with such questions.

The national party did wisely in endorsing this department and it did a very commendable thing in arranging for a special

issue of The Progressive Woman for general circulation. It is to add my approval to this action that these brief lines are written. Special effort should be made to give this edition the greatest possible circulation. Its columns are filled with vital matter and its message should be read by every woman in the land.

The activity of the women is one of the greatest factors in our propaganda and in the up-building of our party. Let us encourage them in every possible way in the work they are doing, for in helping them we multiply our own efforts and bring nearer the day of Socialism's triumph.

Very earnestly do I hope that all our locals and all our individual members and friends and sympathizers will devote an hour to circulating this issue of the Progressive Woman among their neighbors and friends and that they will at the same time send in to circulating this issue of The Progressive Woman, the only paper published by women and supported by women in the interest of the only movement which stands for the emancipation of all men, women and children.

Girara.



Bok's Paper vs. Women!

By Rolla Myer

That writer who was financed and commissioned by the Ladies Home Journal to construct a thesis against equal suffrage, from data gathered in the equal suffrage states, succeeded far better in demonstrating the pusillanimity of logic by males than he did in demonstrating the inefficiency of votes by women. He alleges, for instance, that because divorcees are nearly as easy to obtain in some of the free suffrage states as in the adjacent *exclusively male suffrage states*, Nevada and South Dakota, therefore the suffrage of *women* in the equal suffrage states, stands condemned.

But, be it remembered, MEN vote in the so-called "woman" suffrage states, and in all these states *men are in the majority!* Moreover men have in these states been continuously in the majority during all the formative period of their constitutions and statutes.

According to the latest census for which figures on these matters are available, the men in Wyoming **OUTNUMBERED THE WOMEN BY SEVENTY PER CENT OF THE NUMBER OF WOMEN!** In Idaho they outnumber them by **THIRTY-SIX PER CENT**; in Colorado, notwithstanding its large population and large cities, the majority of the men is still **TWENTY PER CENT**; and even in UTAH, with all its alleged plurality of wives, the majority of men is **FIVE PER CENT**.

Obviously, therefore, if the relative liberality of certain inland mountain states on the divorce question is to condemn the exercise of suffrage by the sex responsible for it, then it is MALE suffrage, and male suffrage alone, that stands condemned in both Wyoming and South Dakota, both Idaho and Nevada.

The only charge that can validly be brought against the woman suffragists of the east is that they have been entirely too slow in coming to the equal suffrage

states in swarms sufficiently large to enable them to outvote the men and pass laws to their own liking.

Even the Ladies Home Journal, however, would hesitate to ascribe the relative backwardness to female immigration into these rough parts, to the existence here of equal suffrage.

But why does it not occur to the Journal's "investigator" to ascribe the "divorce evil," if not to the men who by excess of numbers here make the laws then to the same industrial geographic and social conditions to which any intelligent person would ascribe the relative slowness of petticoat immigration to a new country?

The worst, however, is yet to come. For while the women are still in a "safe minority" in these sparsely settled regions, their minority in Bok's country is not so safe.

In New York, for example, they could (if they could vote at all) outvote Bok's sex by 40,000. In Massachusetts they could outvote his sex by 70,000. They could carry Maryland by 9,000; Georgia by 10,000; South Carolina by 13,000; North Carolina by 17,000. In case the citizens of the national capital were allowed to govern their own city, the women could rule by 15,000. Even "Little Rhody" and the "Old Dominion" would go "femalely" against "malely" by a safe lead. In both New Jersey and New Hampshire they could outvote the men.

Surely, then, the Ladies Home Journal DOES have cause for exceeding great alarm!

In our "wild west" the women as a sex could not yet accomplish anything, even if they wanted to. But in the "effete east" says Bok's paper, it would not be safe to let them help make the laws that they must submit to.

Not safe for Bok's minority sex?

Ah, Bok!

Emmet, Idaho.

SACRAMENT

By William Francis Barnard

In the early August hours,
Where the poor and humble pine,
Tenderly she touched the leaves
On a morning-glory vine.
Soft she wet the thirsty blooms
That struggled with the parching heat,
And o'er the crumbling window ledge
Bent and kissed them for their sweet.

Nigh on noon, where mills clashed loud,
Slowly draining human veins,
Broodingly she dried the tears
Of childhood wound in labor's chains.
She stroked the lean, sob-shaken hands,
Laved and cooled the little cheek,
And mother-like, with pillowed breast,
Gave her heart to help the weak.

With the ending of that day,
Home from all the toiling throng,
Near to night's brief hours of rest,
Low she sang a comrade song,
Sang its glad words o'er and o'er,
Musing midst her cares and fears,
And while her voice ebbed to a sigh,
Consecrated faith with tears.

All the joy she had of flowers,
All her childward watchfulness,
All her trust in times to come,
Seemed to merge, a power to bless.
Such, who thrill to all fair things,
Such, whose arms as shelters be,
Such, whose faith outlives hard fate,
Such will help us to be free.

—Chicago.

It takes less labor today to produce the things that are talked about as the "costs of living" than it did any time in the past. It should therefore be easier to get a living today than at any previous time in the history of the race. If the *costs* are more to you, it must be because some people are getting a bigger relative profit out of the *price* of things. Somebody is getting "Something for nothing," and you are paying the bill in higher prices. Just have the public own the industries and sell the goods at the cost of production, and you would never hear about the cost of things rising. Can you understand a problem as simple as that?

"Seven Financial Conspiracies," a great little book, written by a woman, 10c.

Woman's Day Is Dawning

By Eugene V. Debs

The struggle of the last fifty years or more, begun by a few noble pioneers who are now at rest, for the political enfranchisement of the women of this country, is now rapidly coming to fruition. In five states of the union women now have the unqualified franchise, Washington having been added to the number in the late election. The rest will now follow quite rapidly for the battle against ignorance and prejudice is practically won and the remaining strongholds will soon fall before the onslaughts that are being made upon them.

This great change in public sentiment required many years of persistent agitation, the beginning of it fraught with the greatest difficulties, but this work has been so completely done and the public mind so thoroughly permeated with the idea of sex equality that the remaining states will surrender to the inevitable as rapidly as the most enthusiastic suffragist could desire.

The campaign in the state of Washington was a peculiarly interesting one on account of the woman question which was happily determined in favor of equality and progress by a triumphant majority which proclaimed the end of the long night of political superstition and the dawn of woman's day on the Pacific coast.

It was the good fortune of the writer to have a small part in the campaign in the state of Washington and it was a privilege to him at the meetings addressed by him to raise his voice in behalf of the amendment clothing women with the elective franchise. All these meetings, without an exception, were held in the largest halls available, and all were crowded to the doors. At most of them the capacity was

inadequate and many were unfortunately barred for the want of room. The women were largely in evidence, almost equal in numbers to the men.

The leaders of the suffrage movement were among the most energetic workers for these meetings. Most of them were non-Socialists, but they appreciated the fact that the Socialist party was the only woman's party and hence gave its meetings their enthusiastic support.

Before reaching Washington on the westward trip letters were received from the state officials of the suffrage movement, asking us to speak for the suffrage amendment and of course the assurance was promptly given that we would do so with pleasure. After the election these officials did not fail to send us their written acknowledgement, including expressions of appreciation from the state committee, to which were added a number of letters from individual members who assured us not only that the Socialists were the principal factor in carrying the day, but that their close contact with the Socialists in the campaign and at their meetings had resulted in a decided change of attitude toward the Socialist movement. I do not in the least doubt that a great many of these women who have hitherto been opposed to Socialism will now become quite as ardent in their support of the party as they have been in the advocacy of woman suffrage.

In the western states, where women vote, they are conspicuously in evidence at Socialist meetings and in all the activities of the movement. And in this regard at least the suffrage is a decided advantage to our cause.

But the mere franchise in itself is but the beginning of the agitation required to secure it; not the end, but only one of the means to the end. After women have the

franchise they are on an equality with men politically speaking, and that is saying but little for them. The work of education must then be energetically pushed that the women who have the franchise may know how to make proper use of it. Unless they have the intelligence required for this it will do them but little if any good beyond the undoubted advantage it will be to them in acquiring that very intelligence.

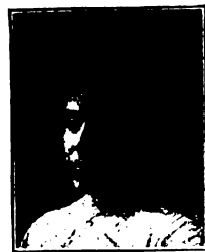
At the bottom of the suffrage question and every other economic and political question is the class question and it is this that must be clearly understood before any substantial progress can be made toward woman's actual emancipation. The great masses of women are in and of the working class, and like the great masses of men who are in the same class, are exploited under capitalism of what they produce held fast in economic bondage and decorated with the badge of social inferiority. These working women who constitute the majority must make common cause with the workingmen who are also greatly in the majority; their economic and political activities must be in harmony and they must express themselves in a united voice through the political party and the economic organization which stand uncompromisingly for, and fearlessly proclaim, their working class interests.

The franchise has proved beyond all doubt a factor in awakening woman to the new activities which are the necessary outgrowth of her position in modern industrial society, and in the opening to her of this door of opportunity she realizes as never before the possibilities that now lie before her and feels stimulated to rise from her drudgery and dull indifference and join her sisters and brothers in the great struggle to make this a habitable world.

Girard, Kan.

THE SONG OF THE FUTURE

By Hebe



We are the future, are the golden morn
Emerging from the blackness of night.
Ye who the burdens of the world have borne,
Arise, my comrades, and behold the light!
Cast off the yoke you patiently have worn!
We are the future, are the golden morn.

We are the fathers of the world to be,
A world so fair, 'twill be a joy to live.
That mankind may at last be truly free,
For this our labor and our lives we give;
E'en tho that better day we may not see.—
We are the fathers of the world to be.

We are the mothers of a coming age
Of knowledge, freedom, happiness and peace,
When cruel wars on earth shall no more rage,
And every form of slavery shall cease;
When man and woman comrades true shall be—
The mothers of a coming age are we.

We are the daughters and the sons of toil.
No race nor creed nor language doth us part.

Tho we be aliens on a foreign soil,
Brothers and sisters are we still at heart.
Before our mighty army kings recoil.
We are the daughters of the sons of toil.

We are the future, are the golden morn
Emerging from the blackness of the night.
Cast off the yoke you patiently have worn,
Arise, my comrades, and behold the light!
Behold the day of freedom that is born!
We are the future, are the golden morn..

New York.

PUSH PHILOSOPHY

By C. L. Phifer

I always like the little brook that flows
Back of all towns; the willow trees that fringe it;

The grassy mats that hang above the water.
I like to sit and gaze into the waves,
Listen to the wind that always blows there,
And hunt out pictures in this living album.
It is an untamed bit that soothes my spirit.

To ignore is to be ignorant.
Man likes a drink and woman a cry.
An old sore easily becomes a new sore.
Be good is good, but be careful is better.
Some hope for the best, others grab for it.
If you put up a bluff you may stumble over it.

First be good, then make good; lastly, do good.

Follow another and you will come out behind.

Never look a man's religion in the pocket-book.

Good habits, unlike murder, are seldom found out.

There is only one time when you are unhappy—that is, when you think about it.

By the time you work up to a place where you are your own boss you have a hard boss.

No man thinks he is as big a fool as he used to be, but his neighbors may have a different opinion.

THERE is a gradual drying up of the small towns, caused by the interurban roads absorbing their trade to the larger places. There don't seem to be any small thing that has a fighting chance any more. A thing must either be big or go. Concentration in population is as certain as concentration in other things—in fact, the concentration in industry is the force that concentrates population. Business property in small places is a poor investment.

"Debs: An Introduction," by Walter Hurt, is an artist's description of a great soul. 15c each. 2 for 25c.

The Boy Scout Movement

George R. Kirkpatrick, Author of "War—What For?"

The Boy Scout movement is an organized, craftily subsidized effort for creating the kill-lust in boys—the love of arms, the desire for the military life, and the brainlessly automatic obedience of soldiers. As many boys as possible are to be blinded with steel-glitter, deafened with drum-roar, dazzled with uniforms and flattery, fooled with drills and

marches, seduced with ribbons, sashes, "Teddy" hats, khaki, medals pictures, picnics and wild tent life in the woods—betrayed into stupid gratitude to the crafty, dollar-marked subsidizers of the movement who plan thus to have a host of trained armed guards ready for use in the swiftly coming future when millions have their wages cut and millions more are forced into the street to the ranks of the unemployed army.

The pretense—of course there is some fine pretense—is that "the boys are to be physically developed." That is the sly cry of the promoters—"the ennobling physical development of the youth."

While the boys are to be physically developed they are to have their intellects ossified and their sociability suffocated.

The boys are to have their wills killed by a thousand drills in a slave's crowning virtue—obedience.

Obedience—word of infinite import in the history of organized robbery of the workers by the shirkers.

Obedience, automatic obedience, has been and is now, the damnation of the working class.

Cæsar is alarmed. The industrial despot shivers with fear. Why?

Because the slave begins to think and more and more refuses the role of professional cutthroat. The department of murder is shriveling in popularity. The fist of blood and iron is decreasingly dependable. The right hand of national and international working class fellowship and working class loyalty begin to charm the toilers of the world. The eyes of the socially damned multitude begin to blaze with intelligent and fascinated realization of the fact that war means suicide for the working class, that hell's sleet of lead and steel from gatling guns is for the working class, that the jaws of Death spread wide for the working class—and only for the working class in any and all wars.

The slave thinks. Cæsar is startled. Therefore, catch the slave's son and kill the kindness of his soul, destroy his sociability, resurrect the savage in his heart, rouse the beast that slumbers in his breast, fire his passions, befog his intellect and kill his will.

Let Mars seduce the boy. Let the blood-stained god of war blast the boy's fraternalism and plant in his soul the cheap aspirations of a proud-strutting, gilt-braided butcher—afire with desire for bloody deeds.

Sting dead the bud of love in the small boy—the helpless small boy.

A human fool-tool is needed in the shop, mill and mine.

Therefore, step forth, you low-ducking prostitutes of the various intellectual professions, all of you who bow the knee to the steel and gold gods of industry, and shout

my superior. I will obey any and all orders from my superiors—without question. I will obey my employer and be loyal to him. I will obey my captain, because (no matter how vulgar, cheap, ignorant, cruel and vicious he may be) he is my superior.

"I will always believe that well-dressed people know more than I know and more

than I should be permitted to know. I will always let others inform me what my duty is. I will forget that I have a brain (if I have one). I will gladly learn to handle the sword, rifle and bayonet—for I may be needed, my superiors tell me.

"I will gladly learn the glory of arms, the splendors of war, the grandeur of red-stained patriotism, and the nobility of narrow-brained, low-browed race jealousy. I accept my employer as my best friend, as my ideal and idol. I will make a faithful effort to become a fool—or a loyal endeavor to remain one—for my employer's sake.

"Proudly I accept the high honor of being an automatic jackass ready for the cheap role of armed guard for the coward ruling class. And all I ask is flattery and a 'good time' sometimes—if it suits my employer."

At the age of three the tiny boys of all races and colors gleefully romp and play together, sociability has its own glad way with them in happy laughter, sweet caresses, and a thousand gracious amiabilities promising the poetry of fraternalism and the ever more glorious levels of life for the human family. But at the age of twenty these same children, shrewdly poisoned with geographic and ethnic "patriotism," cursed with the embrace of Mars, damned by the false teachings of prideless intellectual prostitutes, are proudly ready to slaughter one another at the nod of syphilitic kings and cheap queens, at the order of coarse-grained presidents, pot-house statesmen and small-brained commanders.

A boy scout is an incipient assassin, a budding jingo, a germinating butcher of men—a boy, innocent and excellent fruit of love, being transformed into a blood-lusting fool and tool to serve in the great class struggle as an iron fist for the employer class against the working class.

A boy scout is helpless. Ignorance is always helpless. The boy scout movement is the very latest blessed, anointed and baptized method of flattering the working class into cutting its own throat when it raises its head too high to suit the employer class.

All the "best" people are encouraging the movement—from President Taft to the petty-est political and sacerdotal snivelings willing to sell their souls for bread and popularity with the kings of industry. The boy scout movement is a recent handsome wrinkle on the snout of the beast of capitalism.



aloud the advantages, desirabilities, superiorities and incomparable excellences of the Boy Scout enterprise. Take the boys to the woods and train them, take them to the street and train them, and also especially and piously take the boys to the basements of the churches and train them—mockingly teach them to "love their fellowmen," but carefully train them to butcher their fellowmen. In substance teach each boy, each helpless boy, to think and say and agree to this:

"Obedience is beautiful. Blind obedience to superiors is perfection. I am an inferior. I agree that those who are appointed over me ought to be over me. I will make no inquiries.

"I will obey anybody who is said to be (or who may be appointed by somebody to be)

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"WOMAN'S DAY"

If we were living in a society where women made the laws, ran the great industries, preached the sermons, and dictated things generally, we would call it a distinctly feminine world. In such a society every day would be "woman's day."

But we are not living in such a world. On the contrary we are living in what Lester Ward and Charlotte Perkins-Gilman call an "androcentric" or "man-made world." So every day in our society has been "man's day." It has been so distinctly so that to think of setting one day aside and calling it "man's day" would seem positively idiotic. But it doesn't sound so idiotic to speak of "woman's day." It sounds, indeed, quite like an innovation. For woman to have one big, whole day out of the three hundred and sixty-five dedicated to her, is something new under the sun. New, even in western society—even in enlightened America. And imagine, if you can, what it would mean in Persia, Turkey, China or India.

Luella Twining writes that it is not "polite" for women to appear on the streets alone in France. They may uncover their faces, may go about unveiled, and may even sit at the table with members of the opposite sex. But not yet shall members of "the better classes," the "protected" women, venture about the streets alone.

It is a man's world. And in a man's world the first thought of woman is of her sex. The psychology of such a society cannot be other than brutal and demoralizing. The society which demands that a woman veil her face before appearing upon the street has its foundation set in the mire of human degradation. And it never can rise above its thought about its women.

"Woman's Day," as set aside by the Socialist party of America, means a step forward for the entire nation. It is an entering wedge to the time when every day will be woman's day AND man's day. When women will exercise their various faculties in the upbuilding of the social body along with their brothers. When they will be regarded by men in a new light.

It is impossible as yet to measure the possibilities of the feminine faculties—their spiritualizing, democratizing, illuminating powers. But, we have sufficient example in the contrast between the moral and intellectual status of the society of the veiled

woman and that of her who is taking the first steps to freedom and full self-expression, to cry, "Hail to the time when every day shall be woman's day, as well as man's!"

JAPANESE SENTENCED

As we go to the printers comes the news that Dr. Denjiro Kotoku, his wife and twenty-two other radicals are condemned to die by the Japanese government.

Newspaper reports give it that Dr. Kotoku is an anarchist. If so, he has become one within the last year. One of Mr. Kaneko's most esteemed friends, for years they had held correspondence, and Dr. Kotoku always claimed himself a Socialist. However, like many Japanese Socialists, who feel the futility of political action in their native country where the universal franchise is unknown, he became a "direct actionist," something akin to the I. W. Ws. in this country. That he had anything to do with plotting the death of the emperor, however, seems impossible from the intelligence of the man, and his distaste for militant force. He was a strong anti-militarist during the Russo-Japanese war, and gave up a prominent place on a leading daily because of it. A card written at that time (1903) in English to Mr. Kaneko says: "I beg to inform you that publisher of 'Yoro Choho' decided to take bellicose attitude against Russia, to which I was strongly opposed, and therefore I was compelled to hand the resignation." A card in February, 1905, says: "As the victim of the persecution I am just going to prison. I hope that Socialism at the time when I am out of the prison would be great influence in this country. Now I must go. Farewell." A card from T. Sakai another prominent newspaper man who had come over to Socialism, written a few days previous, says: "Dear Comrade: Kotoku and Nishikawa are expected to go to prison in a few days. They shall experience much pain in this cold winter while I shall be also in great distress with my busy writing, owing to their absence."

At that time a little group of Socialists were being hounded about for trying to get out a small Socialist sheet. Later, Kotoku, broken in health, came to California to recover. Just after the earthquake in San Francisco he wrote a letter saying: "The great fire which followed the terrible earthquake and continued during three days, destroyed the greater part of San Francisco. The settlement and business of our countrymen in this city is dead, although I am quite safe from the disaster. I am afraid, however, that I will be compelled to go back to Japan without visiting the East, because my income is not secured after this. I will write again after all the order is restored. In a hurry, Yours fraternally, D. Kotoku."

Soon after that he returned to Japan, only to face continual persecution in his efforts toward economic freedom for his people.

On a post card written from California are the words: "Vive la Revolution." The very words he exclaimed when the death sentence was pronounced on him recently. (Some capitalist papers have it that he exclaimed "Long Live Anarchy.")

That the Japanese radicals were tried in secrecy, and no one knows what the specific offense was, is pretty good evidence that they are guilty of nothing more than an effort to raise their people out of the terribly cruel conditions imposed upon them by modern industrial methods.

In May, 1905, Mr. Kaneko wrote an article

entitled "Japan as Viewed by a Native Socialist," for the Arena Magazine. In this he severely criticised the Japanese government for the extreme hardships to which the working class of that country are subjected. The article was widely quoted in this country and abroad. At once word came to him that spies were upon his track, and that it was not safe to go home. In December of 1909 a few months before he returned home because of failing health, he was listed in a Japanese paper as one of several of Japan's most dangerous men. When he reached San Francisco on his way home in May, some of his native comrades there advised him to shave off his beard, as he would likely be taken for an anarchist, and roughly handled by the government when he arrived. He followed their advice, and no harm came to him.

In October he died suddenly, while talking to his father. This, however, was not unexpected, as his health had been steadily failing. He died at a health resort, away from home, where he had been for several weeks. Soon after both parents became ill, and were taken to a hospital, where the father died. In March a sister died. The last word received from his brother in November last, was to the effect that he was very ill, and that the mother had not recovered. Nothing has been heard of them since. Whether this entire family, apparently in good health—excepting Mr. Kaneko—was suddenly wiped out by natural disease, we probably will never know.

I simply give the circumstances of Dr. Kotoku's and Mr. Kaneko's experience, as evidence of Japan's sensitiveness in regard to ail radical ideas, and would suggest that if our comrades in other countries would forestall Russian methods in Japan they need not hesitate about the merits of the case, but should take a firm stand against every appearance of oppression on the part of the Japanese government. A combination of ancient prejudices and modern industrial methods is a stone wall against which many a life may have to beat itself out before the light can begin to enter.

"Working men of the world unite."

OHIO MALE SUFFRAGE

If Mr. Bok would only send Richard Barry into Adams county, Ohio, to demonstrate the "failure" of male suffrage in that state! What a really sensational story he could get!

In the last election over 1,500 voters in Adams county sold their votes for anything from a drink of whiskey to \$25. These sellers of their suffrage rights have been indicted, and it is said before the grand jury gets through with its work, more than half the voters of the county will be sentenced to jail and disfranchised for five years.

These men are not "foreigners," nor paupers. They are born on American soil, of American parentage and some of them are doctors and lawyers and even ministers.

Will The Ladies Home Journal send its man Friday into Ohio to prove that male suffrage is a failure, and therefore wrong? Wait and see!

A Fifty-Cent Bunch.

"Introduction to Socialism." Spargo; "Fight for Your Life." Hanford; "Economic Interpretation of History." Parce; Socialist Songs With Music. Kerr; "The Way of Happiness and Other Plays," and "Woman Under Socialism." Walden. All for 50c.

This issue of The Progressive Woman cut to half price—1,000 copies, \$10. Send your orders in early for Woman's Day.

From the Other Side of the Earth

Letter from Dora B. Montefiore

Dear Comrade Josephine—The sight of our friendly little "Progressive Woman" has had the same effect upon me as meeting an old and valued comrade, and I feel a consuming desire to have a gossip. Here I am in the uttermost parts of the earth, having arrived in Sydney just a week today; at present I have only been able to study conditions in this town through the medium of the newspapers, as I have been unwell, and am writing you this from my bed.

Many of your readers will no doubt know that the present federal government of the commonwealth is a labor government elected on an adult suffrage basis, and that the government of this particular state is also labor, elected on the same basis. Women are eligible for both parliaments, but up till now none have been elected. The reason for this to a great extent is, I think, that women, having had no struggle in this country for political rights, are, on the whole politically undeveloped. It is the stress and the struggle that strengthen and develop; so good luck to the social revolution, which is the goal of our great class-struggle all over the world!

The labor party has a weekly organ called the Worker, and I take from it the following items of news, which may be instructive to Socialist women on your side. The present N. S. W. labor government has brought in a measure, making compulsory an eight-hour day for hospital nurses. Naturally the bourgeois "Sydney Morning Herald" published interviews with nurses to the effect that they did not want the eight-hour day; but, then, conservatives and narrow-minded folk can be found in any profession. As a matter of fact a trained nurse is, at the present moment engaged with a patient in the house at which I am staying. When I asked her what she thought of the new law she tossed her pretty head and said she had no use for it,

as it, was putting them on the same floor or farm, where she would be treated scientifically from the health point of view, taught cleanly and orderly habits, and trained to work in some trade at which she can earn a living. . . . Each girl's story is practically the same. It begins with a man and a little one."

The last sentence rings so true to facts, mingling with workingmen. I then devoted a few minutes straight talk to the young person, and told her about the Teachers' Union in Chicago, and wise Margaret Haley's action in inducing that union to join the T. U. Federation. These remarks gave her pause, and I think she has ever since been trying to place me in her small cosmogony.

I believe your readers will like this account of an interview with a prison matron in Melbourne:

Mrs. White says: "People sometimes ask me how can I like this work; but I do. And I have been accused of being too kind to the prisoners! But I believe in kindness. They get little but kicks and blows outside. Kindness puts a little hope into them. They think it is not too late to try and win a good opinion or two, and smiles again. I've seen it so often. Women come in here desperate and hopeless. They think they're beyond praying for, and so they don't try to be good. But a right word or two, a cup of tea, and a piece of bread—with butter on it—(Emphasis on the 'butter.'—M. G.) You wouldn't believe how they hearten a woman before she goes out into the world again! And a new hat—which is really somebody else's old one—or a pair of boots will make a new woman of her. If a woman thinks she looks respectable, she tries to be it. . . . "There are some folk who think I should confine myself to my official duties," exclaimed Mrs. White indignantly. "But I reckon I wasn't put here just to throw a woman into a cell and pitch her a pannikin of tea and a bit of dry bread. A man could have done that! . . . They're not all bad women, the women who come here. You'd be surprised at the goodness of some of them—the kind hearts they have. . . . If only I had the women for longer, or if only there were some home or farm to which they could be sent to work out their sentences! I've heard a lot of the Sydney system, and would give anything to see it. A Sydney constable said to me the other day, 'You've got better accommodation for women than we have, matron, but you want our reformatory system.' So many of the women prisoners are girls, quite young girls. . . . They get their 58, or 12 hours, go out, and presently are back again. Nothing is done to save them from themselves, or to give them a fresh start. . . . I think that after a certain number of convictions it should be made compulsory for a girl to enter a government home



DORA B. MONTEFIORE

and as we Socialists know, only the inauguration of Socialism, which will give economic independence to women, can empty the prisons of these artificial "criminals."

This country is crying out for immigrants and yet when the naturally sent immigrants arrive they are discouraged by bourgeois "society" unless the mother wears a wedding ring! Truly, life is a comedy to those who think, and a tragedy to those who feel! Yours for industrial freedom,

DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

Sydney, New South Wales.

ALLEGORY ON WIMMEN'S RIGHTS

by Josiah Allen's Wife

"Wimmen haint no busines with the laws of the country," said Josiah.

"If they haint no business with the law, the law haint no business with them," said I warmly. "Of the three classes that haint no business with the law—lunatics, idiots and wimmen—the lunatics and idiots have the best time of it," says I, with a great rush of ideas into my brain that almost lifted up the border of my head-dress. "Let a idiot kill a man; 'What of it?' says the law. Let a luny steal a sheep; again the law murmurs in a calm and gentle tone, 'What of it? They haint no business with the law, and the law haint no business with them.'

"But let one of a third class, let a woman steal a sheep, does the law soothe her in those comfortin' tones? No; it thunders to her in awful accents: 'You haint no business with the law, but the law has a good deal of business with you, vile female; start for state's prison! You haint nothin' at all to do with the law, only to pay all the taxes it tells you to, embrace a license bill that is ruinin' to your husband, give up your innocent little children to a wicked father if it tells

you to, and a few other little things, such as bein' dragged off to prison by it, chained up for life, and hung, and et cetera.'

"'Methought I once heard the words,' sithes the female, 'True government consists in the consent of the governed. Did I dream them, or did the voice of a luny pour them into my ear?'

"'Haint I told you,' frowns the law on her, 'that that don't mean wimmen? Have I got to explain again to your weakened female comprehension, the great fundymental truth that wimmen haint included and mingled in the law books and statutes of the country, only in a condemnin' and punishin' sense as it were?'

"'Alas!' sithes the woman to herself, 'would that I had the sweet rights of my wild and foolish companions, the idiots and lunys!'

"'But,' says she, 'are the laws always just, that I should obey them thus implicitly?'

"'Idiots! lunatics! and wimmen! Are they goin' to speak?' thunders the law. 'Can I believe my noble right ear? Can I, bein' blindfolded, trust my seventeen senses? I'll have you understand that it haint no woman's business whether the laws are just or unjust; all you have got to do is jest to obey 'em, so start off for prison, my young woman.'

"'But my housework,' pleads the woman.

'Woman's place is home; it is her duty to remain, at all hazzards, within its holy and protectin' precincts. How can I leave its sacred retirement, to moulder in state's prison?'

"'Housework!' and the law fairly yells the words, he is so filled with contempt at the idea. 'Housework! Jest as if housework is goin' to stand in the way of the noble administration of the law! I admit the recklessness and immorality of her leavin' that holy haven long enough to vote; but I guess she can leave her housework long enough to be condemned, and hung, and so forth.'

"'But I have got a infant,' says the woman, 'of tender days. How can I go?'

"'That is nothin' to the case,' says the law in stern tones. 'The peculiar conditions of motherhood only unfits a female woman from ridin' to town in a covered carriage once a year, and layin' her vote on a pole. I'll have you understand it's no hindrance to her at all in a cold and naked cell, or in a public courtroom crowded with men.'

"'As the young woman totters along to prison, is it any wonder that she sithes to herself—

"'Would that I were an idiot! Alas, is it not possible that I may become even now a luny? Then I should be respected!'"

At Monte Carlo With the LaFargues

By Luella Twining



New Years day I was sitting in my room, feeling a little lonely to see the comrades in America, so far away, when word was sent up that Paul and Laura LaFargue were in the parlor (or *salon*, as the French say). At once the world grew brighter, for no one is more entertaining than Paul LaFargue, except his wife, Laura LaFargue. I ran down the three flights of steps without thinking of the distance.

It is a pleasure worth the trouble of a trip to Europe to meet the LaFargues. Both are remarkably handsome and distinguished appearing, and are noticed on the street for being so. Both have hair white and soft as silk. She looks like the pictures of women in the time of Louis XIV, but her face is strong, indicative of her character. You can believe this when I tell you she has worked all her life in the cause of the workers. Perhaps you have read in Liebknecht's memoirs of the time he lost her and her sister in the streets in London. He thought they were gone for good, but he found them tucked away in a corner in Temple Bar, for he had always told them if they were lost to wait at a corner.

So you see her life has been associated with revolutionists. Many of our most famous Socialist women were first induced to write by Laura LaFargue. And Paul LaFargue. How can I describe his sparkling eyes, showing the brilliancy and wit displayed in his "Philosophical Studies," "Right to Be Lazy" and other books which we all know so well, his kindness of manner and the other characteristics that make him different from anybody I ever met. He rather reminds me of Eugene V. Debs in his gentleness. He notices every child. "*Regardez le petit*" (look at the little one) he constantly says to his wife while out walking. He reads *The Progressive Woman* every month. The first time I met him he said "Oh, I know you well from *The Progressive Woman*. It is an excellent magazine. We have become acquainted with you women through it."

You may well imagine I was glad to go out with the LaFargues. I told them many comrades in America would enjoy such a visit. He said we were to go for a promenade, but he lead us straight to the Casino which I desired greatly to visit, but couldn't, as they do not admit women unaccompanied by gentlemen (*un monsieur*); in fact, women do not count for much in France. The attitude toward women here is abominable but I haven't time to enlarge on this question now, besides, volumes are necessary to do it justice.

We entered the Casino, and immediately the world was transformed. The gambling room at Monte Carlo is magnificent, the people are richly dressed, the men (*messieurs*) in fine cloth and the women in every thing that is costly. "Look at that woman" (*regardez cette dame*) said Mrs. LaFargue, "how rich her costume is, lace and jewels upon lace and jewels, how many workers are slaving to keep her in idleness. The rich gather at Monte Carlo to gamble away the product of the workers from all over the world."

The LaFargues travel extensively, and they

say they have never seen so many gorgeous costumes any place else.

We quickly made our way to the gambling tables, for that was what I wished to see. "Here is a good place for you," said Comrade LaFargue. We stopped, and he began to explain the system to me, when a man seated near turned a fierce look on us and fled. "See him leave," said Comrade LaFargue, with a merry laugh. "Gamblers are very superstitious. They never speak while they are playing, and they don't want any body else to.... Notice the faces. Look at that man—he has just lost \$1,000. See how expressionless his face is." The face of a gambler is like a rock, gain or lose, not a muscle changes. "Now see—he has won \$500. You see his face is the same as when he lost.... Isn't that a picture over there? You see the old lady with the young girl (*jeune fille*). They probably are grandmother and granddaughter." I turned my eyes on them. The old lady dressed in a black silk velvet, *coiffure a la mode*, tossed a number of gold pieces on number 6. The roulette ball stopped at number 8 (*le huit*). She lost \$1,500 with more nonchalance than I have been able to display at seeing a penny roll from my hand into a crack in the sidewalk. The young girl's face at her side was equally expressionless. "There, you see she has won 15,000 francs" (\$3,000), said Mrs. LaFargue. "Her face is the same."

And so the playing goes on from 10 o'clock in the morning till 4 o'clock the next morning. Gamblers, men and women, sit there from the time it opens till it closes.

Lord Rothschild, the owner of the Northern Railway, who refused to give the men employed by him \$1 a day till they went on strike and compelled him to, plays frequently at Monte Carlo. He wanted to play without limit which is \$25,000, but they wouldn't allow it; they said he would "beat the house."

"Now let us go to the Casino at Nice," said Comrade LaFargue. "There we shall see a different sort of players. Here are only professional gamblers, men and women whose lives are given to gambling, and who love it."

The ride to Nice by the Blue Mediterranean was beautiful but darkened by the sight of hundreds of miserable women washing on the banks. What a contrast! One almost wonders if the richly dressed women gambling by the sea are really of the same flesh and blood. Certainly they have nothing in common. The hands of the women gamblers are beautifully soft, and women of eighty look young while the hands of the washerwomen are knarled like an old oak tree, and young women look old. Rich women parade on the promenades leading their dogs, which have paid attendants, while not a hundred feet away are women slaving to wash their beautiful linen, and are paid one franc (20 cents) a day. The lives of dogs are much more valuable than the lives of workers at Monte Carlo.

"Here we are," said Paul LaFargue; and we jumped off in front of the Casino, which was a blaze of light. Standing in the sea it looked like the lights we see as children when we shut our eyes tight.

The garcon opened the door and we were ushered into fairy land. Men and women were walking to and fro, so many of them and so beautifully dressed, it seemed impos-

sible women were still washing on the bank outside in the darkness and chill.

"Ah," now you see another sort of gambler," said Comrade LaFargue. "Notice the young lady."... She leaves her escort stops and throws down 2 francs. Ah—she loses. She takes the arm of her friend and they continue their promenade.

"*Faites vos jeux messieurs*" (make your plays, gentlemen), says the *craupier* (man in charge of the tables). He then starts the ball rolling around the roulette table. Then he says "*Le jeu est fait. Il ne sa plus*," (The play is made. It goes no longer), and states the number of the disc where the ball has stopped. The gain or loss of a fortune may rest on that little ball. Last week a man at Monte Carlo casino watched the ball carefully, but with apparently no anxiety, stopped at number 2. He had placed his money on number 7. His fortune was gone. He took his revolver from his pocket and blew his brains out.

"Now we shall see the opera," said Mrs. LaFargue. We walked to the center of the hall, sat down at one of the tables, and the musical comedy began. It was good, but I could only think of the four weeks the dancers had worked at rehearsals without pay.

"They dance well" said Comrade LaFargue. "Yes," I replied, "this is the first night they are paid and they are glad, though they receive only 2 francs (40 cents)." "Ah, you think of that," he said, with a darkening of his face, "but at least these girls have the lights and the applause. But what are your thoughts when you see beautiful lace in the windows and adorning these dames. I never see it without thinking of the girls that make it. Do you know there is no suffering like theirs? They work in miserable rooms in the dark. They go blind making those laces that please our eyes."

"When the opera is over, shall we take a last look at the players?" asked Mrs. LaFargue. We made our way through the crush of velvets, laces and jewels to the gambling tables. "Shall we try it for fun?" said Comrade LaFargue. I took a franc from my purse, so did he. He placed his on number 5, I mine on number six. "Number three," said the *craupier*, and at that raked in the francs and gold pieces, ours with the others, before one could say "Jack Robinson." I saw my franc in the clutches of the stealer and had exactly the sensation I had once when a robber stole my purse on a dark night and ran off with it.

"Do you want to try it again?" asked Comrade LaFargue, with a twinkle in his eye. I insisted I was ready to leave.

I wished to go alone to my rooming place but it is not French manners for a woman to go alone on the street, so the LaFargues walked with me to the door. "I am to give a little talk tonight," said Comrade LaFargue. "If you care to go, we will drop in for you." Did I care to hear Paul LaFargue speak? I told him I certainly did "care to go."

"Then *au revoir* till Tuesday," both said, and arm in arm, like two lovers, I saw them disappear in the darkness.

Send for a bunch of SPECIAL CAMPAIGN SUB CARDS and help the National Woman's Committee win \$100.

"I am tired," says Horace Traubel somewhere. "I am tired of hearing that the laborer is worthy of his hire. The truth is, he is worthy of his Product!"

The Municipal Dance

The following from The Western Woman Voter is an interesting comment on the work of our Socialist friends in Milwaukee. It is lacking in completeness, however, which lack the editor of The Progressive Woman endeavors to supply by parenthetical notes:

"Milwaukee seems to have solved the public dance problem by giving municipal Saturday night dances under the auspices of the Playgrounds Association.

(Milwaukee is the only "Socialist" city in the United States. Socialists believe that the future belongs to the young of today, and, therefore, the needs of the young must be taken into consideration.)

"At the first dance given late in November 2,000 couples attended, so many more than were expected that it was necessary to open an additional hall. At the third dance room was provided for 6,000 dancers and seats for 2,500 onlookers. At these dances a charge of twenty cents each is made.

"At the first dance which was held on the Saturday after Thanksgiving 500 were provided for, but 4,000 came. Many, even with the additional hall, could not take part at all. A clergyman presided."

(Socialists believe that what is good enough for our young people is good enough also for any respectable persons, even clergymen. Indeed, that where young people gather together there should be also the most cultured and dignified of the community.)

"The official introducers were the warden of the University Settlement and the director of physical culture of the public schools, but a floor committee of fifty assisted them in providing the young people with partners.

"It was, indeed, says the Milwaukee Sentinel, a return to the days when all, from far and near, went to the 'old town dance in the old town hall.' Decorated with the Stars and Stripes, with the floor as smooth as wax could make it, hundreds of couples circled round the two large halls to the strains of waltzes and two-steps furnished by the Dryburgh Octet. Factory maiden dressed in her best, vied with her more fortunate sister on the same plane of equality. It was a town dance in every sense of the word."

(It is the Socialist idea that democracy does not mean demoralization, but a "leveling up" of the entire community.)

"So great was the financial success of the first dance that the price of admission was reduced to fifteen cents for the second one. Although it was a stormy night more than 5,000 were in attendance and fully 1,000 were turned away for lack of room. A judge presided at the second dance, and again all classes of people joined in the good time. Folk dances were a feature of both evenings and it was decided to make the municipal hop a permanent feature of Milwaukee social life. It was regretted by one of the speakers that these dances were not begun twenty years ago."

(That were, impossible, as the Socialist ideal of democracy was not at that time popular. A rigorous belief in the necessity of class lines would not permit what is possible under the new dispensation.)

"All religions, all nationalities, all political parties, professions, lines of business and callings were represented. Prominent educators acted as floor committee and a

large corps of young men saw to it that no young woman that wanted to dance was not provided with a partner."

(Socialists believe in equal opportunity for all!)

Three halls proving too small at the second dance, the vast auditorium was thrown open for the third, which was attended by 6,000 young people. An orchestra of twenty-five pieces furnished the music. There were gallery seats for the spectators and light refreshments were served. Plans are on foot to further extend the facilities for recreation under the auspices of the city."

(Would it not be well for other towns and cities that are criminally neglectful of the recreation possibilities for their young to take a note or two from the Socialist council at Milwaukee?)

UNCLE REUB ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By J. C. K.



I read a piece of writin' today writ by a female who says that as long as wimmin pay taxes they had ought to vote.

Now I reckon this woman critter thinks she has put a big argyment before us aard-headed men. She thinks she has hit the nail square on the head without

ustin' the hammer a-doin' it. She thinks the whole blame world is a-swallerin' her dope—that we're done good an' convinced, without further parlie.

Not yer Uncle Reuben, by Heck. Not by a brown jug full!

First, you've got to convince me that a woman has a right to own the property she pays the taxes on. In my mammy's day no sech foolishness were allowed. In them hallowed years everything a woman possessed belonged by rights to her husband, and he paid the taxes and he gathered the blessin's therefrom. He likewise done with the proceedin's as he darn please, and she liked it or not, as she was a mind to.

Them was golden days. No hankerin' after the ballut then. No trapsin' about the country in high heeled shoes and abbreviated skirts, free and unhampered almost as a man. Our women wore their skirts mostly a-draggin' on the ground, and they didn't have no inclination to fly around like a spring pullet wantin' to learn to crow.

Wimmin was wimmin good an solid, in them halcyon days, and they wasn't enny gettin' around it. They stayed in their speer, which was the four walls of the home, and they busied themselves helpin' their husbands to subdue and own the earth. And they didn't do no talkin' about votin' because they paid taxes.

Then here's them fool workin' wimmin a-follerin' after their sisters and sayin' they want the ballut because they earn their wages. Maybe they do earn 'em but that's no reason they ought to have 'em. In my young days plenty of wimmin earned wages—and earned 'em a darn sight more'n they do now too—but who ever heard of 'em a hollerin' for the ballut because they earned wages. The reason they didn't ask for the ballut was because they didn't get the wages. Their husband

got 'em as was right and proper and that was all there was to it. Take the wages away from the wimmin and they won't be no more hollerin' and a skiddoin' about the country for the ballut.

You kaint do nuthin' to satisfy a blame woman, nohow. The more power we men give 'em, the more they want. They don't know enough to keep still when we've give 'em what we think is right and proper for 'em. All of which goes to show that they ought to be kept down in their speer, and not allowed a-hold of the reins a minut.

Just let 'em elect me to the legislature, and I'll settle this here suffrage business I'll have every gol-darn female put back in her speer where her mother was afore her, in the good old days. That's what I'll do for the wimmin, by heck!

Now I'm a-goin' down to Bill Gas' grocery and look over my constituency. I think I can almost count 'em on my left hand.—And one finger is off of that hand, too, by gum!

Glard.

"The Man-Made World."

This new work of Mrs. Gilman's is an essay into an entirely new field. It is a book about men—as such. It analyzes their essential characteristics as males, and points out what effects an exclusively masculine culture have left upon every department of human life. In successive chapters it considers the influence that men, as males, have exerted upon the institution of the family, upon the health and beauty of the race, upon art, literature, games and sports, ethics and religion, education, "society" and "fashion," law and government, crime and punishment, politics and warfare, industry and economics; and seeks to demonstrate that it has been anything but an unmixed good. The book concludes with a forecast of a "human" as opposed to a masculine world in which both sexes will bear an equal part in the world's work.

"The Man-Made World or Our Androcentric Culture," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman. The Charlton Co., Publishers, Wall street, New York City. Price, \$1 net.

THE AGONIZING ANGLEWORM

By C. L. Phifer

An angleworm shrieked with pain at the top of its voice as the hook was thrust lengthwise through its body.

"Oh God! how can men be so cruel?" it asked in agony.

"Oh shut up," replied the fisherman, "it's your own fault."

"My own fault," exclaimed the angleworm indignantly, "I'd like to know wherein I am to blame."

"It all comes of your being an angleworm. Quit complaining, you fool, and think of the good, fat fish you are going to catch."

"That is the worst of it. I must be made a means for enticing other creatures to destruction."

"What's that to you? You get the fish and that is all you need consider."

"I am merely a bait to entice the fish to the hook, and you get the fish."

The fisherman smiled as he spit on the angleworm and cast it forth. He victim was a white slaver and the worm was his victim.

"WHAT DIANTHA DID," a novel by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, will be issued this week by the Charlton Co., of New York. This is Mrs. Gilman's first novel and will prove a surprise to those who have so far known her only through her sociological writings. In a brisk and vigorous story, she here shows the practical workings out, by a most engaging young heroine, of the theories regarding the solution of the housekeeping problem which she has already made familiar to the public through her books, "Women and Economics" and "The Home." Diantha, a girl with "a genius for housekeeping," undertakes to organize the households of a community along the lines laid down by Mrs. Gilman in these former works with consequences amusing, sensational, humorous and sentimental. The story is laid in southern California and abounds in color, atmosphere and vivid characterization of local types. It gives, moreover, a most convincing array of facts and figures in regard to the experiment, frankly designed to be of practical use to other Dianthas disposed to embark on similar enterprises. The Charlton Pub. Co., 67 Wall street, New York City.

times. Our first parents, guilty of a mutual sin, were, according to the allegory in Genesis, driven out of Eden, that garden which gave men all things to live with and nothing to live for. Hand in hand they went out of Eden; hand in hand they must enter the new paradise, grander and nobler than the pristine Eden, because wrought out of the thorn-growing earth by their united labors.—Extracts from article in the Ladies' World for December, 1909.

22. We will close our evening's entertainment with the song entitled "Fraternity, Equality, Liberty," on page 21. Before singing this song, we wish to announce that our program for next month will be entitled "Socialism and the Home." All of these programs, together with other important information for both men and women, will be found in the Progressive Woman. Those wishing to subscribe for this magazine may do so tonight. The Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party is making a special campaign offer of P. W. subscription cards at half the regular price. Buy one of these special campaign sub cards tonight for twenty-five cents.

(Be sure to send to the Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan., for these cards at once, so that you will have them on hand at this meeting. You should have the special February leaflets, entitled "Woman's Enfranchisement," and give one to every woman present. Send for these to the Woman's National Committee, 180 Washington street, Chicago. Price, \$1.50 per 1,000. Same rate for any quantity.)

Song, Fraternity, Equality, Liberty. Page 21.
Song, We're Going to Win. Page 62.

WOMAN'S ENFRANCHISEMENT

By Anna A. Maley



When we have given our women the ballot, we shall have elected them to a place on the world's board of management.

Heretofore it has been held that the duties of wife and mother were sufficient for the woman. Let father manage the world.

The duties of the mother—do they cease when she has given her baby to the kindergarten? Does not the child go into the world—to the school, the factory, the office, into commerce, industry and war?

The cow's duty to the calf is done when she has nourished him and started him on his way to the slaughter pen—and the cow must be satisfied. But it is a poor sort of human mother who is willing to labor to make her boy sturdy and fine that she may relinquish him to the world's industrial and military slaughter pens, in the management of which she has nothing to say.

Last month we noted the destruction of our boys in war. "Peaceful industry" in America devours almost 600,000 workers yearly. Nor does this record take account of the thousands who die of diseases contracted at their work.

We cannot too strongly insist that since industry in one form or another takes up the greater part of the lives of the majority, its conditions determine the conditions of the common life.

Are our industries safe? Are they organized for the protection of health or the promotion of intelligence? Is workshop, factory and store well ventilated? Are the lives of railroad men and miners adequately safeguarded? Is the rest time sufficient to keep the bodies strong and the minds wholesome, and is the wage enough to insure the worker a comfortable home and abundant food and clothing? Is child labor permitted? Are the wages and working conditions for young women such as will save them from the temptations of the street?

All of these are questions in which the women of the country are concerned; and yet, work as we may as housekeepers and mothers, our labors will not affect the law

of the land and the law of the land governs industrial conditions.

"Yes," comes the objection, "but the mother's influence in the home is felt through the son's vote." The boy sees his mother always cooking, washing, sweeping, tending babies, and the question naturally occurs to him—"what does this creature of brooms and dish-rags and cradles know about public affairs? Why should I ask her advice as to how I should vote?"

A good mother with whom the writer recently talked, had labored faithfully to teach her boys the principles of human equality. Her eldest boy returned home after his first term at a university. The subject of equal rights was one day under discussion at table and the boy said; "mother, I don't believe in equal suffrage now. Since I have been away I have come to believe that the woman's place is in the home and that she can best influence politics by properly teaching her boys." His mother answered: "If I had ever held such belief, you would be the best proof that I was wrong. I have taken more pains than most mothers do to teach you the principles of equal political rights. My influence of twenty years is destroyed by your first six months at the university. Perhaps if I and other women of like mind had something to say about your course of study at school, our influence upon you would be more lasting."

No, you may teach Johnnie all you know—all that your baking, washing, scrubbing, sewing and nursing will permit you to know—and it will not save him from the slavery of the factory, mine, railroad or office to which he must go to get his living.

You may scrub Katie until face and frock shine again—girls as good as she, as well-trained as she, stand by thousands behind the counters of the department stores of America, half paid and half fed, the natural prey of men who have money to invest in the flesh of the working class daughters of the land.

Far better that you should understand that we need good housekeeping in city and state even more than we need it in the household; that if the moneys produced by the workers, which are wasted on the luxuries of the rich and worse than wasted in filling Lorimer jackpots—if these moneys could be devoted to running people's laundries, bakeries, etc., you would have more time to learn about the great world's work and to teach Johnnie the things he ought to know.

Also we must not forget that low wages and lack of opportunity to get work prevent many men from marrying, and that young women who would otherwise be their housekeepers must find employment outside of the home. The woman in the home may be represented in some fashion in politics by her husband, but there is no longer the shadow of an excuse withholding the ballot from the woman in industry. No husband supports her and the only man who represents her politically is the boss who hires her. He is interested in keeping her wages low, and accordingly he votes for such laws and lawmakers as will be most likely to cheapen labor.

The women of the working class have but little to gain by possession of the ballot unless they will use their vote for the protection of their own class. The workers, men and women, must bear their chains as long as their means of labor, the land, mills, mines, factories and railroads are privately owned and operated for profit.

Our lesson last month set forth that there

can be no peace until industrial justice is established. So now must we hold that there can be no freedom for women until there is free opportunity to get bread.

At the root of all forms of tyranny lies the right of the master to control the bread of the slave. Whether the woman be a sex slave in some man-controlled home, or an industrial slave in a privately owned shop or factory, there is for her but one road to release and that is through Socialism, the hope of the world.

Let us work for it today with such means as are in our hands; and let us work for the ballot that we may better serve the cause which means our freedom.

If Socialism were really such a bad and silly thing as you, without studying it, believe it to be, why would so many republicans and democrats who have studied it advocate it? Isn't it possible that *your* conception of it is entirely erroneous? We Socialists are just men and women like you who are not Socialists. We once had about the same idea of it that you have—but we read and got quite a different impression. When you understand it you will also advocate it, for it is to *your material interest* to have it rule.

Monthly Program.

The woman's national committee will print a full evening's entertainment in each number of The Progressive Woman for the coming year.

The main part of the program will consist of reading of a short lecture upon the subject. These lectures will be prepared by Comrade Anna A. Maley, woman's national organizer. About this lecture will be grouped songs and recitations and readings.

By watching the leading Socialist papers you will find short articles written by our foremost Socialist writers upon the subject under discussion of the month. The subject for February is "Woman Suffrage." Watch the papers for articles upon this subject. Select good readers and have them read at the February entertainment.

Make a specialty of the music. Music in this program will be found in "Songs of Socialism," by Moyer. Price, single copy, 15 cents. One dozen copies, \$1. Order from the national office, 180 Washington street, Chicago, Ill.

It is not intended that these programs shall be binding in any way. They are offered as a suggestion to those comrades who feel the need of Socialist entertainments but have no access to the material from which to arrange them. Send for the February leaflet for free distribution at this meeting.

Push the sale of The Progressive Woman sub cards, as this magazine is of untold value in bringing women to an understanding of Socialism. It is the official organ of the Woman's National Committee and contains the official reports and party news.

(Signed) CAROLINE A. LOWE,
General Correspondent, Woman's National Committee.

Address 180 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

Import and Outlook of Socialism

A dignified and persuasive volume, admirably fitted for successful propaganda in quarters where more sensational literature would repel. Unity of Chicago, says of it: "We welcome it as one more timely volume for the teacher, the parent, the preacher, and, above all, the business man who is afraid to think out these economic and social problems that may disturb the prosperity of the world, 'jar the commercial confidences,' and bring some kind of 'financial ruin' with moral calamity and ethical disintegration—though perhaps the very contrary may result." Wholesale price, special to Socialists, \$1.25, post paid. Jas. H. West Co., Pub., Boston, Mass.

The Tongues of Toil.

This is the title of a new book of labor poems, by William Francis Barnard.

These poems combine the rare quality of literary art with the Socialist philosophy, that makes them occupy a position hitherto unfilled by any volume published.

The advent of this volume marks the rise of proletarian poetry from mere doggerel to the plane of real art.

Comrade Barnard's poems from the Daily Socialist, The Coming Nation and the Progressive Woman, are included in this book.

"Children of the Looms" and "The Red Flag" are being recited all over the country by Socialist lecturers.

Printed in large readable type on good paper, bound in silk with gold borders and title stamped in gold. A handsome and artistic volume, which will ornament any library. \$1.00 the copy, sent postpaid on receipt of price, to the author, at 3105 Calumet avenue, Chicago.

WITH OUR WORKERS

THE THING FOR YOU TO DO

W. RICKER, Associate Editor Appeal to Reason

Eight years ago when clearing up the desk of my predecessor on the Appeal to Reason and looking over each slip of paper I consigned it to the waste basket, I became interested in a poem. My interest increased and before finishing I was absorbed in it. At the bottom of the page was signed Josephine Conger, Linneus, Mo. Turning to my typewriter I wrote the address given, asking if the author had any more poetry of the same kind. I received a book of poems entitled "Stray Thoughts," Josephine Conger. I next went to Wayland and asked that a place be made for an unknown lady to work up an interest among the women of the Appeal readers in Socialist agitation. Miss Conger came to the Appeal. From this on her history is my own. I merely claim the credit of having discovered her. She has had the nerve and confidence to start the first Socialist woman's paper published in the United States. There are plenty of them in Europe playing their part in the social revolution, but The Progressive Woman occupies in this big, broad land of ours a field of its own. It is a fertile field, as yet untillivated. I know that our Socialist movement will never reach its most effective period of growth until it creates its own social life. Every Socialist husband should be fortunate enough to have a wife interested in Socialism. When this comes Socialist locals will cease to be a place where groups of men sit with their feet on the tables and fill the atmosphere with tobacco smoke. The presence of the wife, mother and the children will lend a spiritual influence, if I may be permitted to use that term, to the locals that will give them life, interest and vitality. Husband and wife will be joined as they should be in one common, great and glorious social crusade. The Appeal to Reason has not the time or the space to give this side of the Socialist movement. It fights the sterner and stormier side of the battle. Miss Conger realized this and started her Socialist paper for women. I believe that every Socialist man in the United States ought to take this paper for the express benefit of his wife. The Progressive Woman is a woman's paper, conducted by a woman who knows women. I am writing these lines to tell you that the thing for you to do just now, while you think about it, is to send a subscription to this paper for your wife.

Girard, Kansas.

HINTS FOR WORKERS

It isn't always the amount of energy we expend, but the results we gain that count, even in the Socialist movement.

Persistent effort applied to small areas is better than spasmodic effort scattered over wide fields.

Women who have always been concerned with their immediate environments will find this conservative tendency comes in good play in their work for Socialism. They will be satisfied to push the propaganda in the home local without longing for worlds to gain.

"Woman's Day" can be made a BIG occasion that will count in each vicinity. Have everything in readiness—hall, speaker, literature—so that the affair can go

off in a business-like way without hitch or failure.

But don't let Woman's Day end your efforts. Let it rather be but a beginning. Be ready to have it count as a starter, with more work to follow immediately upon its heels. Entertainments at the locals, to which outsiders are invited, and the distribution of literature are strokes that will count for the cause.

Do what you can, where you are. ALL THE TIME!

\$100 FOR THE N. W. C.

DO YOU WANT TO PUT \$100 INTO the treasury of the National Woman's Committee of the Socialist Party? If you do send for a bunch of Progressive Woman SPECIAL CAMPAIGN SUB CARDS and sell them. If two thousand of these are sold by the end of March the Committee gets the \$100.

We made this offer for the first time last month. To date just 115 subscriptions have come in on it. IF YOU WANT THE COMMITTEE TO WIN THIS \$100 YOU MUST MOVE FASTER THAN THAT. The end of March is the limit set. LET EVERY LOCAL AND EVERY READER OF THIS PAPER who wants to help the Woman's Committee in its work of enlightening women send for a bunch of the SPECIAL CAMPAIGN CARDS and sell them.

THE NATIONAL WOMAN'S COMMITTEE NEEDS YOUR FINANCIAL AID, and in this way you CAN HELP THEM WITHOUT LOSS TO YOURSELVES.

Just two months now. Send today for the cards. No subscriptions count on this offer except they come in on the special cards, or on blanks sent out from the national office for the special campaign.

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.

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 propaganda 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
Club of 3 to 10, prepaid.....80 cents each
Club of 11 to 24, prepaid.....70 cents each
Club of 25 or more, charges collect, 60c each.
FREE COPY with every club of 4 or more at 80 cents.
100 or more (charges collect).....55 cents each
Address The Progressive Woman Pub. Co. Girard, Kan.

"MORNIN' 'GENE!"

From "Debs: An Introduction"

When a chap has lost his grip,
An' Fate has 'in on the hip,
Er he's trekked the trails o' sin
Till his feet are tangled in
Tribbelsation's toughest webs,
What he needs is Eugene Debs
To reorganize 'im, fer
'Gene's the champy in comferter.
At sich times, ef he should meet
Debs a-comin' down the street,
Then the clouds o' trouble roll
Frum his overshaddered soul,
An' the skies are all serene
As he murmurs, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

As a doctor fer our grief,
'Gene is prompt to give relief.
An' he allus, when a pore
Feller's spirit's worn an' sore,
Diagnoses double-quick
That his heart is shorely sick;
An' he has the kindest way,
While the things that he will say
Are the gentlest ever heard,
An' ther's healin' in each word
As it hits the ailin' place
Like a dose o' savin' grace,
Till yer pain's fergotten clean
An' ye holler, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

When yer lips fergit to smile,
'Gene kin fully rickoncile
Feelin's that are torture-tost;
All yer sorrers then are lost
In the gasp o' that great hand,
Whose impulse we understand,
Reached frum love's unfathomed pit—
An' the uttermost of it.
Fer his greetin's plant perfume
Till a garden seems to bloom
In Life's desert of despair,
Spreadin' sweetness ever'where,
An' we glimpse oases green
While we answer, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

In the hearts of other men
It is allus mornin' when
Debs kin cheer 'em on their way
With a lovin' hand, an' lay
All his hopes before their feet
Like a path o' promise, sweet
With the flowers o' faith an' strength
Blossomin' along its length,
Though the journey leads 'em soon
To Life's fadin' afternoon.
An' I hope at heaven's gate,
Should I reach it ruther late,
As I peep the bars between,
Thus to greet 'im, "Mornin', 'Gene!"

—Walter Hurt.

THIS IS THE YEAR

Charlotte Perkins Gilman in "The Forerunner"

Forget all the Buried and welcome the Born!
Those that are coming are Real!
Plough for the Beautiful Dream of the
Corn—
Build the Ideal!

Changeless the Past, but the Future is
ours—
Open for us to endow;
Fruit of our purposes, proof of our powers—
Work for it Now!

All we desire is for us to create—
Here in our hands, here!
This is the Hour that is Never Too Late,
This is the Year!

In Bad Company

Equal suffrage is so eminently fair and reasonable that its opponents are driven more and more to aim their objections not at the doctrine itself, but at something else which they claim is allied with it. In other words, they say that the suffragists are in bad company.

Mrs. Rossiter Johnson, following the lead of Mrs. Caroline F. Corbin, has lately been making an attack along this line. The gist of her plea is that the Socialists favor woman suffrage, and therefore non-Socialists ought to oppose it. But this argument proves too much. Woman suffrage, it is true, is a plank in the Socialist platform; but so is the abolition of child labor and the substitution of international arbitration for war. If non-Socialists ought to take the opposite side from the Socialists upon all questions, it must be everybody's duty to oppose peace and advocate child labor.

The argument from bad company is a particularly dangerous weapon for anti-suffragists to use, because for them it is a boomerang, bound to recoil with disastrous effect upon their own heads. If Socialists are bad company in popular estimation, anarchists are worse. While most Socialists are in favor of women's voting, all anarchists are opposed to it. Emma Goldman and Mrs. Rossiter Johnson both go about lecturing against woman suffrage. On this subject, Mrs. Johnson is Emma Goldman's colleague. And yet she has the ineffable effrontery to reproach the suffragists with being in dangerous company!

Of course, many Socialists, and some anarchists, are personally excellent and delightful people, with whom individually we are all glad to associate. But in the matter of ultra-radical theories, how can the antis throw stones at the suffragists for being in the same camp with the Socialists, when they themselves are in the same camp with the anarchists?

And the anti-suffragists are in worse company than that of any well-meaning theorists, however wild or unpractical. They are allied, willy, nilly, with all the great vicious interests. As old Hudibras says.

"Some have been beaten till they know
What wood a cudgel's of by the blow."

The suffragists have not carried on amendment campaigns in many different states for a period extending over forty-three years without learning what are the forces most active in defeating equal rights for women. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt says: "When you attack the saloon in any state you attack brothel; when you attack the brothel you attack the gambling den; and it is this great triple alliance that today stands more than any other against the enfranchisement of women."

The Hon. Roger S. Greene was chief Justice of Washington Territory during the three years when the women had full suffrage in the Territorial days. He was a cousin of U. S. senator George F. Hoar, a man of the highest character, a magistrate famous throughout the northwest for his resolute and courageous resistance to lynch-law. In his charge to the grand jury at Port Townsend, Wash., in August, 1884—a grand jury made up of both men and women—Chief Justice Greene said:

"The opponents of women suffrage in this

Territory are found allied with a solid phalanx of gamblers, prostitutes, pimps and drunkard-makers—a phalanx composed of all in each of those classes who know the interests of the class and vote according to it."

These words are as true today as when they were first spoken.

We do not say that Mrs. Johnson wants these evil interests to be victorious. We know she does not. But they, all of them, want her and her Anti-Suffrage Association to be victorious. When decent people find themselves in such company, they would do well to think seriously about getting out of it.—A. S. B. in *The Woman's Journal*.

Minneapolis Women's Committee.

MARIETTA FOURNIER.

Minneapolis has a strong Women's Central committee composed of delegates from all the locals in the city. The chairman of the committee is Mrs. Jenova Martin; the secretary, Mrs. Guy Williams, and the treasurer, Mrs. F. H. Rogers. The committee has been recently organized, but has already held successful propaganda meetings, and the subcommittees on program and socials are at work on plans for the new year, and the outlook is very promising. We will let you know later what we have accomplished.

The Socialist movement of Minneapolis is organized upon a somewhat different basis from that of most other cities. Instead of having a central local with branches in different parts of the city, all operating under the one charter, we have many active locals, and several others are now being organized. Each local exists under an independent charter issued by the State Executive Board, just as the foreign-speaking locals have always had. This plan had its origin in an effort to settle some factional differences, which are now happily buried; and the mourners are few. By means of a referendum vote, a change was made in the state constitution to allow of more than one local in the same city, speaking the same language. This innovation was a great success, and now in place of one local that could not agree and consequently could not progress, we have now sixteen locals, many of which have more members than the original local had at the time the change was made two years ago. These locals elect delegates (one for every 25 members), which constitute a County Central Committee, which has such power as is conferred upon it by the locals. This Central committee manages all affairs affecting the city as a whole, such as nomination of candidates for election, distribution of literature, and large central propaganda meetings. The good effects of this form of organization here was verified by the progress manifesting itself in the election returns, which showed that Comrade Thomas Van Lear narrowly missed election to the office of mayor.

The Women's Central Committee is composed of women who are party members, each working also in some one of the different locals of the city. Each local has its own Women's Committee, or will have shortly. Our committee held a successful propaganda meeting on Dec. 18th in the lecture room of the Women's Evening Dispensary at 4½ Washington avenue, S. Comrade Anna A. Maley, National Woman's Organizer, delivered an interesting lecture in her usual clear and forceful style. Miss Maley has been spending her vacation at her home in this city, and the comrades here are delighted to have her among them for a few short weeks.

The business meetings of the Women's Central Committee are held at 3 p. m. in the Dispensary lecture room, on the second Thursday of each month. At the next meeting on Jan. 12th the program committee have arranged for the discussion of the subject of "Universal Peace."

Boy Scout Resolutions.

Adopted by Socialist Woman's club of Indianapolis:

"Whereas, The Boy Scout idea that is receiving considerable attention through the daily papers and other news channels throughout this country; and

"Whereas, There are now on foot plans to organize a division of this organization in our city by members of our civic bodies; and

"Whereas, It is manifestly apparent that the object of this movement is to prepare our boys in the arts of militarism; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, Socialist Woman's club of Indianapolis, in regular meeting assembled, hereby denounce the Boy Scout movement as another move of our industrial masters to interest our boys in maintaining the already tottering social order of the day (capitalism) by armed force and we appeal to the parents of such boys to regard it in its true light."

If you put a chain around the neck of a slave the other end fastens around your own.—Emerson.

How can a man grow rich except on the spoils of others' labor?—Froude, the historian.

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