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Editor of the Appeal to Reason Fred D. Warren, Mrs. Fred, and Glen, Karl and Max Warren

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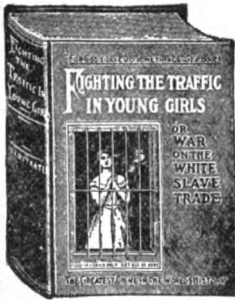
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Mrs. Charles B. Penrose, leader of the Pennsylvania anti-suffragists, says, regarding Washington, "What the western people think or do matters very little in America. If it were Pennsylvania that would be another story." The Western Woman Voter remarks that since Pennsylvania has of late years given birth to more public steals than any other state, it no doubt WOULD be another story—there—were women allowed to vote.

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A lady writes to ask why machinery, which has revolutionized the work of man, has done little to lighten the burden of woman's work in the household. She says:

"A single steam washer, in the hands of a 17-year-old boy, will do the work of 250 women with washboards. Why not the laundry, the general kitchen, for heavy cooking and the general nursery for children?"

In the first place machinery has done much for women, especially women of the farm. They used to "dip" candles, make butter and cheese, spin flax, weave wool. Today they do none of these things, while they, and their sisters in town, enjoy a hundred household conveniences unknown to earlier generations.

But there is a broader answer to the lady's question. Machinery has largely been employed only in those departments of human labor where money could be made or saved by its use. There has been no discrimination against either sex nor against the household as compared with other fields of labor.

We are now living in the dollars-and-cents stage of civilization. When we get beyond it we shall make life easier just because we shall think it a fine thing to do, whether it "pays" in dollars and cents or not.—Chicago Daily Socialist.

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# The Progressive Woman

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## Passing of the Wash-Woman

By Leanora Pease

The dreamers of dreams and tellers of fairy tales have ever been beloved of Truth, her prophets and her playfellows. It is through these light messengers that she tips our slow imaginations with the dawns of her progressive days.

There is the story of the "Lazy Man Who Did Not Like to Work." So he asked the wise man for a giant who should do his work for him. And for all his exorbitant and greedy demands he yet could not keep the giant busy, so that the marvelous monster was constantly unemployed and demanding: "What is there more for me to do?"

The Socialist knows who the Lazy Man is, who had the wit to demand a working giant; who the wise magician is who raised up the giant; and who the giant, forever calling for more work upon the Lazy Man, that for all his greed can not keep the giant and his slaves employed.

The story says his voice was like a trumpet and his eyes were like great lamps. And so it is. We saw him on exhibition this month at the Chicago Electrical show, and a marvelous and admirable giant he is; far too great a giant for one Lazy Man or class of men to own. He is a world giant. His voice is like a trumpet, for it can be heard across the continent. Only take up his trumpet and above the noisy roar of the city your friend of the suburb or of New York shall hear your accents, or he will pass your message on for you to Paris, or to the steamer en route. His eyes are like great lamps. Where they shine the night is put out. But borrow his eye and the little dark corners and closets and basements are obliterated. And also brings he the heat and the cold and all temperatures between healing and locomotion; all forms of beneficent energy.

He answers the need of Charles Dudley Warner's Boy, whose faithful part it was to build the fires of early morning in the cold New England country house. He had an ingenious plan which his elders laughed at, for arranging upon his retirement for the night kindling and matches and logs in the fireplace, connected by a string with his bed, and by pulling the string when he was aroused in the morning, the house might be warmed without victimizing him. A "wire" string—at last some little John has thought of that; the insertion of the adjective was all that was required to make John's scheme a working proposition. Today his house shall be comfortable on a cold morning without routing him out of bed, provided he can wrestle the giant away from the Lazy Man and set him to working for himself and humanity at large.

Might we go farther than little John, and dream that with this magical heat and light and energy transmitter of intelligence and of merchandise at our command, now unhitched and freed from connections or wires, we may

yet invade in comfort our dark and frozen north; that with this power which in one florist's refrigerator we saw freezing the ice that preserved, while it lighted from within glass walls for display, his flowers, shall yet conduct us without discomfort into the fiery tropics.

Through those cool glass walls we looked upon the lovely blooms and rejoiced in their preservation; but then immediately through the glass walls of an electrically heated oven, we watched our bread rise and bake. To watch our baking in the process—a habit that has brought upon us the jokes of the humorous masculine sceptic! Now is he answered?

Our mind over those cool and clean electrical ranges, those ingenious ovens, the astounding miracle of the wireless kitchen, was with the present much cooked cook, and we wished to cheer her with our message—which is the message of the Socialist exclusively—that for her sake and for his sake was all this, eventually; that she and he were to become the scientist, the chemist, the electrician, the expert.

Alas, had we dignified our cooks as we have our doctors, we should have fewer doctors to dignify. But when we see the pledge of science to cookery today, when we behold the electrician donning his magician's robe and presiding in the wireless kitchen, we know in the days of the co-operative commonwealth no voice shall cry, "but who will do the cooking?" It will not be disgraceful nor unremunerative nor disfiguring then to be a cook. We have a mind to try it ourselves.

And yes, in the day of wireless cooking and heating, where will be that tyrannous trust, the Gas Light and Fuel Co., to whom we pay monthly tribute? And shall not our condemned brothers of the coal pits ascend from the bowels of the earth in that day into the upper light and air?

One thing we may be securely happy about—the passing of the wash-woman. Her doom is fixed and sealed. She knows it and resists. Her exterminator is the electric washing machine. The demonstrator stated that there was no opponent of the washing machine like the laundress; that she feared for her job. O, perverted world, where the prizes of life are horrible, deforming, degrading "jobs"! In our childhood when we belonged to that illogical, irredescent-brained class, who irritate us with "cheer up" poetry, the optimists, we saw her as the lady of the soap bubbles, unrestrained puddler in fascinating tubs of rain water, turner of the wringer, boiler of billows of white clothes, ironer of glinting shirt bosoms. We, too, hankered for her job. She was our mother, perhaps, or she was Mrs. Anderson who lived over in the shanty. After a while, when all the romance was dead, she may have been the youth who called in

the delivery wagon. Later we saw the face of tragedy where the face of romance had been. We saw her now, broken in spirit, humble in manner; the hopeless drudge carrying in her thin arms of an early morning bulging bundles of ill-smelling clothes, or sending her little poorly clad children for them. We saw her broken in body, always more or less "poorly," prey to the ills of unvarying toil, ill fed, ill clothed, ill housed, her one last quenchless ambition for her children—the very head and front of the great horde of the weary and heavy laden. Mayhap we followed the youth in the delivery wagon and found her, one of the myriad fingers of the giant who worked for the Lazy Man; saw her there from six by sunrise to seven by sunset; saw her by night washing praying, mending the children's clothes ready for the morning school, at nine, three hours after she had pitted her strength against the world's dirt. And as they were only human children, with something of the Lazy Man's superior tendency, they did not go to school, or straggled in at their convenience, until that Socialistic official, the truant officer brought them to those other Socialistic institutions, the teacher, or the juvenile court, or the parental school, to save them if it might be done. For one day's care of a child is worth many nights of prayer.

Sometimes she was spoken of humorously as the "wash-lady," as though such as she could be a lady. But it is not to be charged against humor, who is kindly, though his name is thus taken in vain.

We may be logical optimists in our maturity, we Socialists, who, as Browning puts it, "God whispers in the ear," and see our washer-woman an educated mechanic, sharing in the leisure gained by those beneficent tubs and wringers and irons which ask merely to be connected, for speedy, beautiful, toil-less results.

Her sister, the scrub and mop woman, that sad drudge, was not at the electrical show, or she would have beheld her "job" also vanishing. The wonderful vacuum-cleaner which sucks every peck of dust out of your carpets and draperies and upholstery by connecting it with the electrical switch; even at this hour, nothing but the Lazy Man stands between this fairy instrument and the begrimed, bored, fatigued housewife with the broom.

When our mothers ran the sewing machine by foot power they sang in thanksgiving, for theretofore they had stitched patiently by hand. Yet now the tireless giant will run all the sewing machines—only not our sewing machine. Because the Lazy Man owns the giant.

But those fair, dainty slaves that sit demonstrating at the telephone booth or showing the office devices; the girl who looks as

# The Woman Suffrage Movement

Lena Morrow Lewis

There seems to be a false impression among some of our Socialist party members as to the history, aims and purpose of the American Woman Suffrage association.

Indeed there is a woeful lack of knowledge on the part of some of our people regarding this movement.

The recent advent of rich women like Mrs Belmont and Mrs. Mackay into the suffrage organization has been the occasion for the newspapers to give much publicity and attention to the cause of equal suffrage. Very naturally those people who know nothing at all of the woman suffrage movement at once jump to the conclusion that this is a new society, an association which sprang into existence when Mrs. Belmont and Mrs. Mackay espoused the cause. Since these women belong to the capitalist class, and assuming as some do that this is a new organization, it is taken for granted that the movement is organized in the interest of the women of the capitalist class for the sole and only purpose of guarding and preserving their class interests.

Do the facts and history of the suffrage movement bear out this assumption? The agitation for woman's rights began in this country in the early part of the nineteenth century, about a hundred years ago. The abolition movement was occupying the attention of radical thinkers in the north. As the defenders of the rights of the black man agitated more and more for his right to the ballot and free citizenship, the leading women of the country who had been active in the abolition movement felt that it was quite as important for them to have political freedom as the negro. A split in the ranks of the abolitionists growing out of a difference of opinion as to what attitude the organization should take on woman's suffrage led the equal rights advocates to take up the specific work for woman's emancipation.

In 1848 Susan B. Anthony, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Martha C. Wright and others formed the American Woman Suffrage association. These women, through a study of history and an observation of conditions about them had found that there was a discrimination against women because of their sex. That as a woman she had no rights. She was the victim of man-made laws. Chivalry might cause some men to be kind to some women, but the law did not compel all men to be humane to all women. The kindness that some women received depended upon the whim or caprice of good-heartedness of some men. Laws were made in the interest of men because men were the law makers. If a woman had the favor of a man, it was her good fortune; if not it was otherwise. In addition to this desire on the part of women to break down all discrimination shown women just because of her sex, there was also another reason why these early pioneers advocated the new and strange doctrine of the right of women to take part in politics.

The doctrine of the rights of man had superseded the divine right of kings. The democracy of man was being recognized and established. Just to what extent the rising capitalist class, then coming into economic power and necessarily needing political power to back up and defend their economic interests may have taken advantage of this idea to overthrow the federal lords and establish a

new system is not my purpose to discuss at this time. We know from a study of the literature and history of that time that the doctrine of the rights of man was dominant then. "Men ought to have a voice in the laws that govern them," was the general opinion. By this same token the women argued their right to the ballot. As women they should have a voice in the making of the laws of the country. Whatever argument was in favor of man suffrage applied with equal force to woman suffrage. Women claimed the natural right to the ballot on the same terms with men.

The American Woman Suffrage association was founded for the purpose of securing for women all the rights and opportunities due human beings, no discrimination to be made against them because of sex, and further to secure the ballot as a natural right, because they believed that governments derived their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Its aims and objects were in harmony with the conditions and ideas that prevailed at that time. And in the nearly hundred years of suffrage agitation carried on in this country, the organization has never severed from its fundamental principles nor deviated from its main object and purpose.

In the light of these historical facts, it is amusing to hear some of our people talk as if this organization sprang into existence a few months or a year or so ago. And to charge it with having for its object the protection of the interest of the capitalist class is nothing less than absurd.

Now and then some minor division of the organization temporarily advocates a limited suffrage. But you will invariably find that the women who do this are prompted by a desire to do something to break down sex lines. They have not studied economics, they know nothing about class interests and class differences. They do not seek for a limited franchise in order to discriminate against other women, but only for the purpose of breaking down the barriers that are based wholly on sex. Just as there are some Socialists who have studied the class struggle so intently and believe that the doctrine of economic determinism is not only the dominant factor, but the only factor that determines the actions of men and women and therefore cannot see anything in the sex struggle, so there are some enthusiastic workers in behalf of woman's emancipation, that are so absorbed in this movement that they know nothing of the class struggle.

A knowledge of the history, aims, objects, environment, development and progress of any movement is essential to a proper understanding of it. And it is a matter of record that some Socialists know nothing about the Woman Suffrage movement in its organized capacity and many suffrage workers are quite as ignorant of the Socialist movement.

The argument is made that all sex differences can be traced back to economic causes. That economic dependence is the basis of all other kinds of slavery or bondage. Whatever truth there may be in this claim the prejudice against woman having all the rights and privileges of a human being is so deeply rooted and grounded in the minds of some men that it has all the virtues of a primary rather than a secondary principle.

Many women today want the ballot because they see in this instrument a means by which

to secure better laws for their own and their children's protection. The activity of their woman's clubs in social and civic matters indicates an awakening of a social consciousness on the part of woman today.

Women who can only see the sex struggle today will naturally work unceasingly for their right of the ballot. It is the symbol of power and freedom. When, however, this right has been secured and women begin to use the ballot, their class interest which has been subservient to their sex interest will then assert itself and the women will unite with men in political parties that represent their interests. Only where a woman's social interests are greater than her class interests will she vote contrary to her class interests.

We have many men whose class interest would lead them to vote the republican or democrat tickets, but their interests in society and their ability to observe that the very preservation of society depends upon a reorganization, a reconstruction of society, develops a social consciousness that differs from their class interests, and they vote the capitalist ticket. So it may be that some women, whose class interest has not been consciously developed because they have not been pushed to the front in the great class struggle, will evolve and give expression to a social consciousness not identical with their immediate class interests.

The work of universal suffrage means very much to the Socialists. More women belong to the working class than any other class. Either as wage workers or the wives and daughters of wage workers, their interests are with the working class. The same argument that will make a working man a Socialist will make a working woman one also. Wives of working men who feel the sting of economic slavery, who know the bitterness of poverty and the harrowing fear of want, will soon become ardent Socialists if only our workers can reach them and point out what Socialism will mean to them.

With the exception of the states of Colorado, Utah, Wyoming, Idaho and Washington, all women in the United States are disfranchised (barring municipal elections in Kansas, and school rights in some states) and since all these women are disfranchised the one thing they have in common is to secure the ballot. What the different women will do with this weapon or instrument after they obtain it is quite another question. Men were not given the ballot because of the good they promised to do with it.

The American Suffrage association stands for the universal enfranchisement of all women of adult years. It maintains that the ballot is a natural right belonging to woman the same as man. It seeks to destroy all prejudices against woman due only to her sex. It desires to establish or help to establish that state of society in which men and women will co-operate together for the benefit of society, because men and women have more in common as members of the same species, the human family, than they have differences due to the incident of sex.

The American Woman Suffrage association is not a class movement, it is a woman's movement seeking to break down men's prejudice and opposition to woman having every right that belongs to a human being. So



# The Dream of a Better Day

Josephine Conger-Kaneko

Letitia Luknow, operator of a binding machine in a shoe factory, and resident of that thickly settled part of the city where hundreds of thousands of working people gather together as if by mutual attraction, known as the slums, had just finished washing and drying the supper dishes.

It was Sunday evening, humid, hot and still. The Lucknow family of five children besides herself, the parents and an uncle, had made direct for the supper table to one of the many pleasure parks in the neighborhood. They had left behind them many dishes to be washed, and after her task was completed Letitia was quite exhausted. It was hard to breathe in the stuffy atmosphere of the small room in which the family cooked and ate. Outside the sun was still high, and the front porsteps were as if they had been baked in a fire.

Longing for a few hours of rest and oblivion, she locked the doors, pulled an old rug close to an open window and fell heavily upon it. After all, it was a pleasure to be alone for awhile, without the noise of the ever-tattling family to disturb her.

Letitia loved her people. It was in her blood to do so. But when she had spent a week at hard work in the factory, nature seemed to demand that she have a few hours of herself on Sunday. This, of course, she seldom got, as she could not afford a room all to herself. Now the family had gone. One of its few summer evening vacations and she could rest.

The night before she had attended a stereopticon lecture on "The Age of Electricity" at a settlement house. The pictures had shown remarkable things that could be done in the household as well as elsewhere when we once have brought electricity into our everyday service. While washing dishes at the little, dingy sink, with every dirty place she had to handle, Letitia thought more and more about the lecture. Somehow it had gotten hold of her mind, and she reasoned that all household drudges should be converted into intelligent, respectable women, just by such mechanical appliances for housework.

She had not been asleep long, when the door opened, and she saw her mother, sitting on the worn, ragged couch on which she lay dis-

appeared from under her as if by magic, and in its place was a beautiful bed made of slender brass rods. The coverlets were as white as snow, and felt cool to her body. The dingy walls, like the bed, faded and were replaced by softly tinted ones, with here and there an artistic photogravure, or platinum print in natural wood frames. All the furniture, more or less dilapidated, quickly vanished, and beautiful, new exquisitely clean things took their place. On a dark oak table by the bed side a soft gleam of light drifted from an electrolier done in matchless Oriental designs that she had sometimes seen in shop windows. On a dresser at the farthest end of the room were all the dainty toilet articles she had sometimes been vain enough to long for, because she was a very pretty girl. A soft Japanese matting covered the floor, and over this were three small finely woven rugs.

Letitia stared at it all in a sort of languid happiness. Then she turned her head and looked out of the window. It was excessively warm out there, she knew from the looks of things through the slowly gathering dusk. But it was cool in her room. Deliciously cool and fragrant. The fragrance came from a small electrical fountain that played in the bath room, and whose medicated waters kept the atmosphere free from germs and dust. The air was cooled by hidden electric fans.

As she lay in a contentment such as she had never known before in her life, she became aware that the whole house had undergone a transformation greater even than that of her room. Presently she heard her mother's voice. It grated terribly upon her nerves, for it was all out of harmony with her surroundings.

"Lettie," her mother said, "we go out with the children this evening. Can't you wash the dishes, so we haf more time?"

"But, mother," she started to reply, in her everyday tone, then checking herself said sweetly, "Oh certainly I will do it. I am glad to have you go." She wondered, however, why the family preferred the hot, vulgar park to their new, clean, cool house. But she took herself to the kitchen, expecting to find the usual lot of greasy plates, knives and forks.

Instead, she found the kitchen a marvel of neatness and order. There weren't even any dishes there. Instinctively she pressed a button and in they came—on a dumb waiter. Then another button, and they were all washed and shining before her very eyes. The water vanished of its own accord, and everything got into its right place, while she stood and looked at it.

"Gracious! At this rate housekeeping's nothing at all. Guess I'll give up my job and hire out to a family."

"But they won't need you," flashed through her mind.

"Won't need any servants? How, then will the poor people live?"

She recalled, then, what the man had said at the lecture: "There won't be any poor when things are as they should be, for every man will be an equal owner with every other man in the great schemes of production, and will always receive sufficient returns from his labor to keep him in comfort, and even what we consider luxury today."

"Isn't it beautiful," she thought, making



"Isn't It Beautiful"

a tour of the house, looking very beautiful herself in her soft linen dressing gown. "This must be what that man called Socialism—and to think that we have got it so quick.... And yet, why were we so stupid to wait this long. Think of all the misery and suffering, when we could have had this, as well as not." A wonder machine called the Grafo-nola began to play some exquisite airs from the operas—and poor Letitia was always starving for music. She listened breathlessly and then—such a pounding was heard in the distance. It came nearer, and Letitia, rubbing her dazed eyes finally managed to get to the door, and opened it.

It was the family come home. Noisy, tired, bedraggled. And it was the same old house, after all, and tomorrow would begin again her week's grind at the factory.

"But I'm going to be a Socialist," vowed Letitia to herself. "If I can't have my dream come true, I'm at least going to keep it in my mind and work for it. It's all I've got, anyway."

And she fell asleep, while the children, who occupied the room with her, quarreled over a bag of adulterated sweets. (Reprinted by request from *The Socialist Woman*.)



Operator of a Binding Machine



**Fred Long**

HARRY BOLAND

Death sued for an armistice,  
And Peace smiled  
Upon the last bivouac  
Of this valient warrior  
Who still may dream of victory.

# A Tribute to the Pedestal of a Great Man

Stefan Grossmann, in "Arbeiterzeitung," Vienna, Austria

Translated by Alfred G. Sanftleben for The Progressive Woman

Through the mists of the night the old man had fled from his wife. The old countess now far in the seventies, attempted to kill herself when she heard that he, who had shared all her life for almost fifty years, had gone from her. Then she gathered up her strength and followed him. But the obstinate old man, merciless in his neo-Christianity, did not want to see her, and thus Sophia Andrejewna was not admitted. Only when Tolstoi laid in his fever of death the partner of his life was allowed to enter. The friend did not recognize her any more.

At the time when Leo Tolstoi married the young Sophia Andrejewna Bers, in 1862, he was not yet a neo-Christian, but a dashing young officer of the army, looking for adventures in the Caucasus, dissatisfied with the army life, thirsting for advancement in letters. The young aristocrat did not chastise himself. In ecstasy he had drunk the cup of love, the love of the senses and emotions: and gladly he had received the ovation tendered to the poet of "War and Peace," and of "Anna Karenina." Marriage was the first station of rest in the life of the wild officer, so hungry for adventures like the creature of his pen, the Cossack Officer Olenin, of whom he writes, that slapping his thigh he exclaimed: "God has created all things for joy. There is no such thing as sin. Take an example in the animal of the wilds. It lives in its Tartar thickets like we in ours. It eats what God gives. If one dies then, grass grows over one—that is all." Such a glorious wild creature was Tolstoi. He calmed down, married got children, became famous, aged, turned neo-Christian, began to believe in the sinfulness of the flesh, wanted to give away all his own, to lead a life of poverty and abnegation of luxuries, and yet everywhere, to every station of his life, he was followed by his faithful consort. Tolstoi's religion was a new Christianity; the religion of his wife was Tolstoi!

She was eighteen years old, he thirty-four, when they married. Immediately after the ceremony they went to Jasnaja Poljana and remained there in solitude for twenty years. A girl of the average, taken right from the midst of the society of a great city, would hardly so easily have adapted herself to the quietude. But Sonja was happy. Sonja's brother writes of her: "Her love for her husband is boundless. The mutual veneration of that couple is to me the ideal of conjugal happiness. The parents are right in saying that no greater happiness could be wished for Sonja."

Madam Tolstoi gives to her husband thirteen children. Besides she is the far-seeing manager and provident overseer of the estate, always neat, clean and refreshing to look at, all in white, with a mighty bunch of keys at the belt. This glad, beautiful woman, most of the time with child, tended also with loving care to the children of his muse. Seven times she has copied by hand the novel "War and Peace," two bulky volumes of over a thousand pages in print. And aside from this she has nourished and raised her children, tended to the duties of the household, made the garments, etc. How deeply this woman felt as a mother is told best by Tolstoi's brother-in-law Bers in his memoirs: "When after the birth of the second child Madam

Tolstoi fell sick. She could not take the little one to her breast. A wet nurse was engaged. But when Madam Tolstoi saw for the first time her child at the breast of another woman she began to cry bitterly. Leo Nikola-jewich found this jealousy so natural and was so deeply touched by the love of his wife for her child, that the wet nurse was dismissed immediately, and the child was raised with the bottle."

And in what order the estate was kept. The hog pens had to be as clean as the nursery for the children. Tolstoi was proud of his pigs. Woe to the sinners who left any excrements in the pens; the wrath of the countess was after them for such neglect. And in the same scrupulous way she managed the department for the breeding and raising of horses, the apiaries, the distillery. Sophia Andrejewna, and not the great poet, of course, kept the account of the estate. That was of special necessity, especially at the start, when Tolstoi did not yet earn his gigantic literary income. All the things have been tended to by Madam Tolstoi, and one more thing she accomplished; she was happy. No wonder that in those years, in which he created his great works "War and Peace," and "Anna Karenina," Leo Tolstoi went through the world brimful of the joy of life, singing day for day the praise of the beauty of this earth of ours.

And yet there were days in which Tolstoi was warring with his fate. In his book, "How Tolstoi Lives and Works," the writer Sergei-jenko says: "One day the count met an acquaintance in the street, a bachelor. This man told him that every day he was eating in another place, and that any day he desired he could retire into solitude in Moscow so that no one would find him. Tolstoi told of this meeting, adding with a smile, 'I envy him! Think of it, one man can live just as he wants to, without discomfort to others! That is in reality—happiness.'" Another confession is given by the writer Mereshkowski in his brilliant book, "Tolstoi and Dostojewski." The happy family man Tolstoi is reported to have said: "I shall look out for a friend amongst men. No woman is capable to replace to me the friend. Why do our women lie to us, saying that they are our best friends? That is a lie!" Of course at that time Tolstoi was already advanced in years, and in Christianity. Madam Tolstoi had given him already her thirteen children. And yet that statement does not contain merely a narrow-minded condemnation. Every great person must create for him or herself a zone of solitude, nor shared or treaded upon by anyone, not even the nearest and dearest. The "friend" longed for by Tolstoi was equally never found by a Goethe, a Schopenhauer, and a Beethoven. The creative spirit must needs stand alone in the last analysis. But what must that woman have suffered during the period of transition, she whose life had been compassionate understanding, devoted surrender, comradeship!

Then the Christian epoch set in in Tolstoi's life. Like that creature of his master mind, Prince Nechljudow, Tolstoi wanted to divide up all his possessions, to surrender his house as common property, and not to take a single kopek into his hands. He wanted to live as a peasant, to dress as a peasant, to work

as a peasant, but at the same time he wanted to exert influence upon the whole world with the power of the written word. To his house come letters from all parts of the globe. Men of science and of art, workingmen, journalists, statesmen, apostles of peace, men of God, make their pilgrimage to Tolstoi's room and this sensation of being a world power was gladly enjoyed even by the self-denying Christian Tolstoi.

"It is gladsome to see," he says, "what influence one may have upon men, because it convinces us if the fire aflame in us is genuine—if it engenders flame." As Mereshkowski recalls with fine irony, this utterance reminds of a previous confession of Tolstoi: "I have never aspired for the position of general of the artillery, therefore I have become a general of the artillery."

This house, open to all the world, has been ruled over to the last days by Sonja Nikola-jewna Tolstoi. Tolstoi did not take a kopek for his literary work; he renounced all earthly possessions; he gave away every cent he had on himself. But he only was able to give in the spirit of Christ, because with un-Christian spirit Sonja saved for him. She took charge of his entire correspondence with the publishing houses. She had the house transferred to her own name. She became a capitalist in order that he might live actually up to the self-set principles and spirit of primitive Christianity. Often the world spoke of the conflict of the world philosophies between husband and wife. But that woman remained faithful to the last hour to her own world philosophy. Her world was Tolstoi! His life was her service.

And, verily, Tolstoi would perhaps not have held out so long upon the pulpit before all Europe, had not Sonja protected his house, carefully guarded his room, and watched over his solitude. The brother-in-law, Bers, says: "She considered it her duty as a mother to hold on to the property. With tears in her eyes she exclaimed: 'I have it so hard now to get along. In past times I was his assistant. Now everything is loaded upon my shoulders; the administration of the property and the raising of the children. I am accused and charged that I do not go out to beg with him. How gladly would I do so, had I not little children to care for. He has forgotten everything over his doctrine.'" Who can tell if Tolstoi would have thought out his primitive Christianity to the last dot, had not his wife prepared for him an environment in which it was a pleasure to think. In his house in Moscow he lived allright in a room of the most rigid simplicity, no carpets, no pictures, bare of all ornaments. But to make up for it all it was ingeniously ventilated, admirably heated, and, first of all, "filled with a quietude and restiveness to stimulate thought." His room in Jasnaja Poljana was selected by Sonja in such a manner that on hot summer days it was "cool like a cellar." From the outside greeted the quiet room the green branches of old birch and linden trees. In such an environment it was splendid to think of primitive Christianity.

And all this is not said with irony, but only with such emphasis as is due to that unselfish overseer and protector of the great poet. Even his vegetarianism would hardly

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# While the Woman is Stoned

Agnes H. Downing



On a warm August day a farmer passing through a meadow thought he heard the cry of a young babe in a nearby hay stack. He slackened his pace, listened again and was sure. Then he called to a passing carriage, the occupant of which chanced to be a physician, and together the two went to the haystack.

There they found a babe in the arms of its dead mother, where it had lain for four or five days and nights.

The girl mother had turned alone from the world and gone into the field helpless and unhelped. When her babe was born she saved it. She tore her clothing from her own body and wrapped it tenderly, to protect it from the summer's sun, the rain and the night's chill. But the bitterness of a blind world's scorn had been poured out on this loving soul, and with her babe clasped closely in her arms, and one hand gripping a small packet of letters, she died. The gift of life that her strong nature gave, triumphed, for though the babe was not found for days, it survived.

Nor is this a story from an earlier, more barbarous time. It all happened but a year and a half ago in northern Minnesota. The facts as told above were recited in the *St. Cloud Times* and in the *Fergus Falls Journal*. In the December 29, 1910, issue of the latter paper comes the addition of a happier chapter. The baby girl lived. She was adopted by a family in a nearby town, and has grown into a beautiful and finely developed child. The article was illustrated with a picture of the foster mother, and with her the happy babe.

The case has touched that depth of human feeling that makes all the world akin. The *Fergus Falls Journal* says:

"Little Frances has grown to be a pretty and smart girl babe and she probably has more friends than any other baby in all Benton county. The fate of her unfortunate mother is one of the saddest stories that was ever told."

And yet a sadder thing could have happened. The poor girl might have lived. Had she lived she would have been shamed and shunned, and she would be fortunate indeed, if she were not crowded down to the lowest depths of depravity. But at best the story of her frightful mis-doings would have been told of her the longest day she lived.

As I thought of that I looked again at the dimpled smiling face of the baby in the picture. To give to society that cherub that all the world loves, was her crime. For that she had been cast out—as no savage tribe casts out its daughters; for that she suffered and despaired and died. Somewhere William Morris said that when a murderer had been committed the murderer ought to be sent to a hospital and society put on trial. And for a far stronger reason society ought to be tried for a crime like this.

"The girl fell," they say, as though that were sufficient apology for all that followed.

Nothing is said of the man. When found the girl held in her cold hand his letters. The letters proved his identity and showed his guilt, yet his name was not even given to the public. All regretful and uneasy thoughts were spared him, though he had cast out his

own child and her loving mother. But the woman, who had everything to suffer and who had wronged no one, society disowned. It was only through her death that she was forgiven.

Suppose she had lived, and, knowing how bitterly the world would condemn her, suppose she sought to escape that punishment by deserting the child. Such things have happened. Suppose the child so left, had died. That girl would have been sought out by detectives and police and sheriffs and all the machinery of the law would be set in motion to prosecute her for murder—for abandoning her helpless baby. Yet in the hour of her greatest need she was helpless as the child itself, but nothing is said of bringing to justice the man who abandoned her and who abandoned his child.

The woman is censured with the idea of protecting morality. And the man is let go; why? Nobody knows why. Because he is a man and no one ever thought of punishing a man for a little thing like that.

But Socialist students are not the only ones who see that if we ever reach *real morality*, we must hold both sexes equally responsible. Probation officers, juvenile court judges, and capable workers in public reformatory institutions are unanimous in the opinion that men and women should be treated alike in those respects.

Mrs. Rhetta Childe Dorr, who has made a wide study of social problems, speaking of this faculty of judging the two sexes differently, says:

"Viewed from a standpoint of simple justice, this, of course, is grotesquely unfair. From the standpoint of cold science, it is ridiculously inadequate to remedy the evil at which it strikes. . . . Inevitably there will come a time when it will be known that personal immorality of the masculine half of the world is exactly as much of a social danger as the personal immorality of the feminine half. It will be admitted that the results are the same, that the consequences measured in terms of disease, crime, pauperism, illegitimacy, insanity, are precisely the same."

And, indeed, she might have added that this very discrimination is what leads to the worst consequences.

Mrs. Dorr further says:

"...society assumes that a single misstep, or a single period of immorality on the part of a girl thrusts her outside the pale of decent society. It assumes that the girl is so changed by her experience that she ostracises herself. She ceases to be like other girls. She is marred for life."

Practical experience in dealing with those cases proves that this is not true. This, Mrs. Dorr abundantly shows by giving the experience of the New York Training School for girls, where such girls are reformed and made into the very best of women. Of course that is not done by making a weeping penitent of the girl, for Mrs. Dorr says:

"Above all, they are taught to forget the past. This last is a radical departure indeed. In other attempts at reforming girls, precisely the opposite policy is followed. Under the old-fashioned system no girl is allowed to forget her past. It is something of which she is constantly reminded. She is enjoined to pray for forgiveness every night before she sleeps; she is taught to regard herself as the possessor of a dreadful secret. Perhaps

the strongest impression she receives under the usual system is that she can never marry without first confessing her past and giving the man a chance to take back his offer. Even this strongest of conventions is repudiated by the wise women in charge of the New York Training School. The girls are taught to forget, they are trained to leave the past absolutely behind them."

Thus with their faces to the future and the wholesome endeavor they have the prospect of leading at least as useful and happy lives as the men who are their companions. Would you avoid tragedies? Then advocate sex equality. We will always have individual and social tragedy so long as the woman is stoned and the man goes free.

## The Woman Suffrage Movement

Continued from page 4

long as men discriminate against women just because they are women, as in the case of the French Academy of Science refusing to honor Madame Curie only because of her sex, so long will there be need for a woman's movement advocating the rights of woman, politically and socially.

Social co-operation is an impossibility where there is sex antagonism and differences. The breaking down and destroying of the latter is one of the necessary steps in the line of establishing full and complete social co-operation.

As women we want all the rights and opportunities that human beings may desire or need. As Socialists we seek to establish the working class ownership of the means of production and distribution thereby making all able-bodied persons useful citizens and establishing full and complete social co-operation in the production of the comforts, necessities and luxuries of life.

All women who belong to the working class, all wives and daughters and mothers of working men ought to be interested and concerned in the Socialist movement. All women whose social consciousness is out of harmony with their class interests would do well to study the Socialist movement. All Socialists, on the other hand, will do well to study the woman movement; its history and struggles, its aims and purpose. What means the social awakening of women in their various clubs? What is the significance of the class loyalty, the sex loyalty, manifested by girls undisciplined by years of membership in a trade union movement as evidenced in the shirtwaist makers' strike?

The social problem of today is a complicated one. Let us be sure that we include every factor necessary to its solution. The woman movement, the class struggle, the awakening of a social consciousness, all these are factors in the establishing of the new social system.

The old order is passing away.

Behold all things are becoming new.

Socialism is the only bright spot on the horizon of mother love today and in the triumph of the principles of Socialism, the mother will, for the first time in history, be able to rear her little ones without the fears of hunger, separation, crime, disgrace, and poverty that always have hung over them.

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## MARTHA A. PORTER

The readers of The Progressive Woman know Martha A. Porter, of New Orleans. Her face is one that has appeared on our cover page, and we have had articles from her pen. But, as was her nature, her service to our cause did not stop there. For a long time she sent each month a regular number of subscribers to the P. W., thus helping to build it up in its days of weakness. She was one of "the old guard."

As member of the well known Era Club of her city, she did all she could for the advance of women in every way, and was especially active in introducing the Socialist idea among the members of that organization. There were many times when she actually carried the burden of her city local on her frail shoulders.

Although she has passed from us, her work is not finished. The waves she set in motion will reach further and further out to sea, accomplishing ever greater results.

This is the glory of women like Martha A. Porter. They never really die.

## WHICH WILL BE SIXTH?

A vote will be referred to the people of California and Kansas on woman suffrage in the next campaign. Those interested are wondering which will be the sixth state to adopt votes for women. Or, will both of these come in at the same time? The vote on the matter was close in the Kansas legislature. It was pretty liberally in favor of suffrage in California. Will California beat Kansas?

Why not have both of them at once?

In Washington the Socialists did a very great deal toward carrying the state in favor of the women—and the Washington equal suffrage women acknowledged this, freely. It is up to the Socialists of the two states in question to win their laurels on the woman question now.

Push the matter, comrades, with all your might.

With deep interest young Robert saw for the first time his little sister's nursing bottle taken out and applied to its proper use. "W—w—was there any tool-box come with the baby?" he asked eagerly.—Puck.

## OUR COMRADE "FRED"

Through the appeal of Congressman Campbell, of this district, to President Taft in behalf of Fred Warren, editor of the Appeal to Reason, Comrade Warren is walking a "free man" on the face of the earth today, instead of beating his restless wings against the grim, unyielding bars of a county jail. Nobody knew that Phil Campbell had made this appeal to Taft, until the "pardon" came from the latter gentleman. It was a clever political stroke on the part of both republicans, as anybody can easily see. Fred Warren is troublesome enough out of jail, goodness knows, but when one contemplates the energy that might generate in the mind of this unusual man under the pressure of enforced physical idleness and isolation, it is enough to give one pause—especially if one is an enemy to things as they ought to be.

So, in language so intemperate as to prove the substance of the man, President Taft reduces Comrade Warren's fine to \$100, and allows him to stay out of jail.

As for the \$100, it will never be paid. "I have committed no crime," says the Appeal editor, "and I will pay no fine. Or, if I have committed a crime let me suffer the full penalty of the law."

So the end is not yet, even though Comrade Warren is still out of jail.

Comrade Warren's idea is to stick to this matter until every nook and corner of the courts of this land are exposed to the public, and the public is given a chance to form its own opinion as to the fairness or rottenness of our legal institutions—and to act accordingly.

It is a hard job, and one that no other man in America would want, and yet Warren is standing up bravely against it. Sometimes the struggle is a fierce one and his soul is sick; but the injustices done to the people by the courts they have been taught to regard as infallible, and the staunch support of thousands of comrades and friends in the fight, rouse him again to his full strength, and he goes on.

May the people rise to their full height and help him to win in this, their fight.

## WOMAN'S DAY

Just about the time The Progressive Woman for March is ready to be mailed out, the Socialists all over the country will have finished celebrating Woman's Day. There is no chance to get any news about that occasion in this issue.

But it is safe to say that Woman's Day this year goes far ahead of that of any previous year since its inauguration. This means great things for our women, and for our men as well. And it is a pleasure to note the earnestness with which many of our men comrades are helping to make this occasion one of real usefulness to our general propaganda. All of which goes to prove

that they do realize the need of women in our movement.

Together we move as one great family, man, woman and child, toward the realization of a real brotherhood of man. This is the only way.

## OUR NEW CITIZENS

Some of the newly-acquired privileges of the women of Washington are enumerated below:

1. The duly-qualified woman voter may help to select the mayor, the members of the city council and other city officers, the sheriff, the prosecuting attorney, the county commissioners, the assessor, the justices of the peace, superior judges and other county officers; the governor, members of the state legislature, supreme court judges and other state officers; the congressmen, the U. S. senators, the president and vice-president.

2. She is eligible as a candidate for any of these offices.

3. She may serve on jury.

4. She may vote on all bond issues, city county and state.

5. She may join in a local option petition or a petition for township government.

6. She may take part in elections called by these petitions.

7. She may in certain cities (Seattle, Tacoma, Everett and Spokane) join in a petition for the recall of any elective officer.

8. She may vote in a "recall" election.

9. In several cities, Seattle, Tacoma and Spokane, she may join in an initiative petition to secure the submission of a city ordinance, an amendment to the city charter, or a revision of the city charter.

10. She may vote on all these measures, as well as on any amendment to a city charter submitted by a city council.

11. She may, in these cities, join in a petition demanding that an ordinance passed by the council be submitted to a vote of the people.

12. In Spokane county, she may take part in the town meetings which are held in the townships organized in that county.

13. She may vote on the removal of a county seat or the state capital.

14. She is a legal petitioner to be reckoned with in dividing a county.

15. She may vote on the question of the sale or lease of a city-owned lighting plant or water system.

The Washington women have many more powers as voters than the women of Idaho, Utah or Wyoming, and while the Colorado women now have the right of initiative and referendum with reference to state laws, that right has but recently been acquired, and a strong movement is on foot to give the same right to the men and women of Washington at the coming session of the legislature.—Western Woman Voter

A. A. Hibbard, of Reno, Nevada, has gotten out a unique calendar which contains besides the calendar various Socialist sentiments. The calendar is free for postage, on paper, on satinette, 10 cents.

STATESMANSHIP or kingcraft has always been how to skin the people and keep them contented enough not to revolt.

A new Woman Suffrage leaflet by Meta Stern, \$1.50 per 1,000.



# His Objections to Woman Suffrage

From Kansas City Star

"The principal objection I have to woman suffrage," said Mr. Taukaway, "is that women do not and cannot comprehend the complex public problems of the day."

"I'm afraid that's so, Confucius," Mrs. Taukaway said, wearily. "Ever since Sylvia Pankurst's lecture I've been trying to study up on public affairs, and I confess I'm all in a muddle. There are a whole lot of things I want you to explain to me. To begin with, tell me all about what this commission government is."

"Why—er—aw—you see, my dear, your question is rather unexpected," Mr. Taukaway said, slightly nonplussed. "It is really rather hard to explain commission government offhand. The fact is, I am not quite as well posted on that one question as I admit I ought to be. Of course, I understand the general principle of it—thoroughly—but I wouldn't like to go into a discussion of its fine points without at least time to collect my mind."

"I guess the general principle of it will do for my first lesson," urged Mrs. Taukaway.

"Well, my dear," began Mr. Taukaway, gaining confidence. "you know what a commission is, I suppose."

"It's something they give people for doing something, isn't it?"

"You have it. Well, the general idea of commission government is that if the people don't do anything they don't get anything."

"Oh, I see. They don't get any salary except commissions on what they do."

"Um—well, I guess that's about it."

"How simple. Now, Confucius, tell me what his 'new rule' is."

"New rule?"

"Yes."

"What new rule?"

"That's what I want to know."

"Well, really, I can't say, my dear," Mr. Taukaway said, testily. "You've been monopolizing the paper so much that I've only had a chance to skim through it the last two or three days. But I suppose it's some rule the legislature has made."

"I suppose so. And what's the initiative and referendum?"

"Under the initiative," said Mr. Taukaway, growing bold again, "everything would have to start with the people."

"If you wanted to start something, could you start it?"

"I—I—I guess so. But I'd have to refer it to the other people. That's where the referendum comes in."

"Well, is that anything like Socialism?"

"Why, no—er, yes—that is, not exactly."

"Then explain Socialism to me."

Mr. Taukaway mopped his brow.

"Socialism, my dear," he said, after a pause, "is an entirely esoteric question."

"Oh, I know what they are. They're the kind of questions lawyers ask in murder trials."

"Exactly. The kind very few people understand, and they only pretend to."

"Well, we'll leave out the hysterical questions then. But do tell me one thing. What's the difference between Socialism and anarchism?"

"As I said before, my dear," said Mr. Taukaway with dignity, rising, "it is an utterly useless waste of time to try to explain to the feminine mind something it has no knowledge or understanding of. So I'm going up to the corner and buy a cigar. Even if I'd spend an hour explaining it to you, you wouldn't have it straight when I got through."

"I'm afraid that's so," said Mrs. Taukaway, almost meaningly.

After Mr. Taukaway had got outdoors he thought of a good one and stuck his head back in.

"There's only one complex problem a woman understands anything about," he called. "That's the complex-ion problem."

Then he hurried on to the drug store, where he bought all the magazines which had anything in them bearing on present day economics, social and political questions.

## THE PASSING OF COMRADE MARTHA PORTER

By Lena Morrow Lewis

In the passing of our beloved comrade, Martha A. Porter the cause of Socialism and woman lost a valiant worker. It was my great privilege to spend ten days in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Porter in New Orleans just a year ago. What a rare, grand soul I found Martha Porter to be! She knew how to make the cause of Socialism attractive, always inspiring those around her to do something for the movement, even to the point of teaching her parrot to answer when asked—"What's your politics?" "I am a Socialist."

Comrade Porter saw through the shams and evils of the present system. Little minds, small souls are always passing judgment on other people's lives. Great souls do not set themselves up as judges of their fellow men. Mrs. Porter had the rare tact of helping people without patronizing them. She knew how to help people out of unfortunate experiences without humiliating them.

She was a woman of high ideals and noble impulses. She measured up to the great soul.

Her daughter, the gifted actress, Edna Porter, writes me of her mother, "The cause has lost a splendid worker. She had thoughts far beyond our time. She gifted me with the strength that sheds no tears."

The husband and son and daughter will miss her so will we all who knew her. But we will not grieve over her death. We have no time to linger at the tomb. The wrongs of the living need our service. In our march toward the Co-operative Commonwealth, Comrade Porter has dropped by the wayside.

Let us close up the ranks and press forward with greater zeal and enthusiasm. We shall not forget her splendid service to the cause; the comradeship of one whom it was an honor and privilege to know, we will always remember.

She is gone, but the cause she worked so faithfully for is still with us. Let us answer to the call of the living.

## The Girl Market

By Rolla Myer

We read with interest the cargo of cockney lassies who recently shipped, in charge of a government agent, on the liner Osterley from St. Pancras station, London, to Fremantle, West Australia, because "there is no chance for us in England, for our sweethearts here cannot earn enough money."

It is not, if you please, so much an "over-production" of girls in England as an "under-consumption." "Our sweethearts here," said one of them, "are half the time out of work, and cannot afford to marry."

The lassies count at first on becoming servant girls in Fremantle "at double the wages" (and double the expenses!), but beyond it all lies the rainbow prospect of children and a home. "There is a great demand for wives in West Australia," said the government agent in charge, "and in six months at least, a third of them should find husbands."

Not that the cockney lassies deem the benedicts of West Australia to be any better than the cads of London, but they do deem it to

be easier in that far-off province to support a family. Of this, however, the merciless "man-hunters" (see "Man and Superman") have still much to learn. In West Australia they will find that the men of their class receive *only bunk-house* (and not home-making) wages—just as on our American bonanza ranches.

If they had asked the Iowa school ma'ams who have so faithfully neglected the cosmic cry of their native bailiwicks while "prospecting" the mining camps of the inland mountain states, these London belles might have been endowed with a reasonable doubt whether it were not as well to collaborate with the proletarian sweethearts at home as to assume the exacting duties and hard inconveniences of establishing homes (for alien owners in after-times to enjoy) in a desert land.

As Mrs. John A. Logan recently pointed out, "There was a time when the American man would have been horrified at the mere thought of letting his wife go out to earn, but that time has apparently gone by."

Thomas Dabney, the chivalrous old antebellum planter, when poverty caught up with

him, "did the washing himself, beginning in his seventieth year," rather than see the sylphine forms of his daughters bend over the washtub.

But today there are few of Dabney's vein, whether in Dixie or in the desert or in Washington, D. C.

As Mrs. Logan further laments: "Here in Washington there is a practice common among department clerks which spells *real degeneration*. Plenty of them marry young co-clerks *in secret*, so that the girls may continue to draw their salary. If the marriages were made public, the girls would lose their jobs."

Now then, if any of these "young co-clerks" really want to become a trapper's or a sheepherder's bride, I know of a number of western hairy (and a few hoary) swains who would eagerly donate an eagle (of gold) or so toward standing the car fare.

Not that any of these sheepherders, ranch hands, et al, on \$4.61 a week (that's what they get) could really support a wife—but that here as in West Australia, there is too big a proportion of males to preserve the racial equilibrium.

# For Socialist Locals, Program for March

These monthly programs are prepared by the Woman's National Committee. It is intended that the woman's committees of the locals shall use them for public entertainments, or for lessons in a study class.

The songs are found in Moyer's Song Book. Price, 15c.

Each month articles dealing with the subject under discussion in these programs are sent to all the leading Socialist and labor papers. Ask your local editor if he will publish them. If so, we will furnish them to him free of charge.

CAROLINE A. LOWE,  
General Correspondent Woman's Nat'l Com

## Socialism and the Home

Opening remarks by Chairman:

You have heard that Socialism will break up the home. We have gathered here this evening to discuss this subject, earnestly and quietly. At the close of this evening's program, we are willing to leave the decision to you. We are willing to enter into a debate with any one in this audience upon either of the following subjects: "Resolved, That capitalism is destroying the homes of both rich and poor, robbing all of the sweet, sane joys of the best, truest living;" or upon this subject, "Resolved, That Socialism will render it absolutely possible for every human being to possess a home filled with all of the comforts of life, leaving him free to develop the highest and best that is in him." You may set your own time and place for a debate upon either of these subjects, and there is not a Socialist here that will not be ready to meet you.

In our program this evening we wish to call your attention to some of the existing evils that are destroying the home. We wish also to show you just a few of the benefits that will be brought to every home through Socialism.

The first number on the program is a song, in which we want every one to join.

Song—My Country, page 1.

Remarks by Chairman: The merchant with a good, prosperous business, the manufacturer securing large profits by means of low wages to his employes and low price for the raw products, the farmer, removed from the stress of daily debts, the union man with his increased wage—each feels himself secure in the possession of a home. And each in turn finds himself dispossessed of this home. Then he begins to protest, and the politicians rush in to silence him. The republican, the democrat, the prohibitionist, the singletaxer, each has his remedy to prescribe. But only the Socialist has the cure for the great wrong of a homeless nation. Capitalism robs us of our homes, Socialism makes possible a home for all.

Song—Our Happy Home, page 34. Solo, and quartet.

Remarks by Chairman: Wonderful things have come to pass since our parents were children. Our mothers remember when kerosene lamps first came into common use. Until then the candle was the only means of lighting. Now the electric light changes night to day. Our grandfathers traveled by stage coach. Now the steam locomotive and the electric motor carry us with the speed of the wind. In like manner the drudgery of the house work is being removed from the bent shoulders of our housewives, and is placed upon the tireless backs of marvelous machines.

In Chicago, recently, at the electrical show, wonderful devices were in operation, making play out of work. It showed electricity freezing ice for the cold storage, and heating the oven; lighting the city from end to end, and the house from basement to attic; sweeping and scrubbing, sewing and washing. Verily the home was transformed from an unsanitary dwelling filled with the odor of cabbage and soapuds, to a beautiful fairyland filled with harmony and peace.

Leonora Pease, a devoted Socialist and an active member of the Chicago Teacher's Federation, has written an inspiring article upon the "Passing of the Wash Woman," which is the next number on our program.

Reading: The Passing of the Wash Woman. (See page 3, this issue The P. W.)

Remarks by Chairman: Not only will the publicly owned laundry take the place of the unsanitary household washtub, but the splendid municipal bakeries will supercede the unhygienic, unscientific method of home baking. Magnificent bakeries, in which leading scientists will decide the proper ingredients for the most nourishing food will succeed the present, health-destroying process. This is already an assured fact. Not in enlightened America—oh no—but in Hungary, on the outskirts of Budapest.

Reading: Bread at Cost.

BY W. R. SHIER.

Cheaper, cleaner, purer, better, more nutritious bread!

That is what every purse and every stomach in every city in America is demanding.

We want bread that contains only the most nourishing ingredients.

We want bread that is made under the most sanitary conditions.

We want bread at a price that is reasonably close to its cost of production.

On the outskirts of Budapest, the capital of

Furthermore, we want bread that is made and delivered by men who are paid union wages.

That is a large order. How can it be filled?

## A Municipal Bakery.

Hungary, is a large, handsome building that does not look in the least like a factory.

In this building a hundred thousand pounds of bread are made daily under the most modern conditions.

All the rooms of this building are lighted well, ventilated well and kept scrupulously clean.

The walls are painted a light color, so that dirt can be immediately seen and removed without delay.

Not only this, but every employe on entering the building each morning must remove his clothing, place it in a locker, take a shower bath and don pure white linen before setting about his allotted task.

Again, instead of the dough being kneaded by the arms of tolling, sweating men, it is kneaded by magnificent machinery.

After being baked scientifically in huge ovens, the loaves are placed in dust-proof wagons and delivered to customers at cost price.

Is this, then, a philanthropic institution we have been describing?

No! It is a business enterprise, embarked upon by the citizens of Budapest, not for the purpose of "making money," but for the purpose of obtaining clean, wholesome, nutritious, unadulterated bread for themselves and families.

The city went into this business upon discovering that the private bakeries were fraudulently supplying the people with the poorest sort of bread at most extortionate prices, bread, too, that was manufactured in filthy shops under disease begetting conditions.

The people of Budapest own this magnificent plant, and yet they have not paid a cent for it. In fact, it has paid them instead of them having paid for it.

Amazing? Not at all! Here is how it worked out.

The initial capital was borrowed, not raised by taxation.

Then, after meeting all expenses, including the cost of maintenance and manufacture, the wages of employes, the interest on the debt incurred and the repayment each year of one-fiftieth of the principal, the city found that it could make and market bread at one cent per two-pound loaf less than the prevailing price.

It did so, and the private bakeries, to save themselves, improved the quality of their bread and reduced its price.

But they cannot compete much longer against the municipal bakery, the capacity of which is being increased to eight hundred thousand pounds a day.

This is a fair example of municipal Socialism, of an industry being run for public benefit instead of for private profit.

Socialists everywhere stand for public ownership, not in order to shift taxes from the big property owners onto the consumers, but in order to improve the service, better workshop conditions, raise wages and lower prices.

And as a means to this end they advocate working class administration of the government.

Here is something to rejoice the hearts of our girls. Think of it, girls! No more dishwashing; a machine will do it for you. Today the working people can't afford a patent dish-washer, but the time is coming when we can.

Reading: The Future Dishwasher.

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

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

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

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

It would be interesting to have this question answered by the persons who contend that women have no place in public life, and especially not in politics. This new dishwasher alone takes two hours and a half from the woman's work-day. And when all women can have their dishes washed

by machinery think what an immense amount of time, all told, will go to waste, unless it can be utilized in other ways. And the question is: In what way shall it be used? A MERE MAN.

Remarks by Chairman: Again and again the Socialist is asked, "Who will do the dirty work under Socialism?" The next song will answer this for you.

Song: The Lazy Shirk, page 23.

Recitation: The Holy Stove.  
O, the soap-vat is a common thing  
The pickle-tub is low!  
The loom and wheel have lost their grace  
In falling from the dwelling place  
To mills where all may go!  
The bread-tray needeth not your love;  
The wash-tub wide doth roam;  
Even the oven free may rove;  
But bow ye down to the holy stove,  
The Altar of the Home!

Before it bend the worshippers  
And wreaths of parsley twine,  
Above it still the incense curls,  
And a passing train of hired girls  
Do service at the shrine.  
We toll to keep the altar crowned  
With dishes new and nice,  
And Art and Love and Time and Truth  
We offer up, with Health and Youth,  
In daily sacrifice.

Speak not to us of a falser faith,  
Of a lifetime free from pain—  
Our fathers always worshipped here,  
Our mothers served this altar dear,  
And still we serve amain.  
Our earliest dreams around it cling,  
Bright hopes that childhood sees,  
And memory leaves a vista wide  
Where Mother's Doughnuts rank beside  
The thought of Mother's Kneak.

The wood-box hath no sanctity;  
No glamor glids the coal;  
But the Cook-Stove is a sacred thing  
To which a reverent faith we bring  
And serve with heart and soul.  
The Home's a temple all divine,  
By the Poker and the Hod!  
The Holy Stove is the altar fine—  
The wife the priestess at the shrine—  
Now who can be the god?

Remarks by Chairman: Comrade Josephine C. Kaneko, the editor of The Progressive Woman, has written a vivid portrayal of the life of the tenement in our large cities. In this story she shows the beautiful transformation that will be brought about through Socialism.

Reading: The Dawn of a Better Day. (This issue The Progressive Woman.)

Song: The Ninety and Nine, page 15.

Lecture: Socialism and the Home. Written by our Woman's National Organizer, Anna A. Maley. (Found on page —.)

Remarks by Chairman: Is it not strange that men have been honored and pensioned for bringing death into the world through war, while women have been dishonored and starved while bringing life into being? But a new day is dawning. France has provided that care and medical attention shall be furnished to the mother by the state, and that she shall be pensioned when left without means of support. In our own country this question is being agitated. Elizabeth H. Thomas, state secretary of the Socialist party in Wisconsin, is helping to bring this about by means of the touching little story, "A Pension for Mothers."

Reading: "A Pension for Mothers."

BY ELIZABETH H. THOMAS.

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

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

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

"No," said the small woman. "Oh, no! He was a brakeman, killed in a railway smash-up."

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

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

"And last night, when I was coming home from the house where I do washing, there was a man talking on the street corner."

"And he said that it was ridiculous to give pensions to soldiers and not to mothers."

"And he said that the mothers' noble work was to bring human beings into the world, and the soldiers' men work was to shoot holes in them. And he said that every mother risked her life more 'nan all the soldiers in our Cuban war who were not in any great danger from the poor, scared Spaniards."

"And the only risk our soldiers ran was from the embalmed beef which the government and the meat trust fed to them."

"And he said the most precious wealth of any country is its children. That when we defend

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

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

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

The lawyer stared in amazement.

"Do you think we live under a socialistic government?" he yelled at her. "That man on the street corner was a Socialist! That is the sort of people who destroy the foundations of society!"

"I would just like to put them all behind prison bars! Pension you! I guess not! Don't you know that society is maintained by the survival of the fittest? If your husband was killed in a railway accident that proves that you and your children are not fit to survive. Pensions for mothers. Indeed! Socialist rot!"

And when he went out to lunch on turkey and oysters and cocktails he told the story to a reporter who met him on the street on a hunt for humorous anecdotes.

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

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

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

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

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

Song: Security, page 20.

Remarks by Chairman: Old Uncle Reub has sent in a protest against all this emancipation for women. He prefers the good old days with the soap-making, and spinning, and weaving, and lard rendering, and brewing, and candle-stick making. He wants to find out how many men here tonight agree with him, and at the close of the next reading we shall ask those who do to raise their hands. Then we'll ask the women who disagree with him to clap their hands for the new day, the dawn of the Co-operative Commonwealth, when both men and women will be freed from the slavish toil of today.

Reading: Uncle Reub on the Woman Question.

Uncle Reub on the Woman Question.

J. C. K.

In my day wimmin wuz all satisfied. They kept still. They kept their place as wuz their duty, and learned uv us men.

Today they aint no wimmin satisfied. Every gol-darned one uv 'em is a-fussin' about sumthin'. They simply kaint keep still. And as fer learnin uv us men—ye might as well expect a man to sit down meek like, and learn uv a woman, as fer the modern wimmin to listen to the wisdom uv us monarchs uv the race.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Georgia Kotsch, the woman state correspondent of California, and one of the editors of the People's Paper of the same state, has written a most comprehensive study of the subject under discussion this evening. She tells us that all of these changes are coming about because the evolution of industry demands the change.

Reading: The Home, Past and Future.

BY GEORGIA KOTSCH.

Home, the protected abiding place of family affection!

Sometimes, unfortunately, it is unprotected and is also devoid of affection, but this is the ideal we have in mind which we feel like jealously guarding.

In the days when "a man's house is his castle" meant anything, if it were invaded he could go forth with knife and bludgeon and do battle for its sanctity.

Today when high prices and lack of employment invade the home, destroy its foundation, drive his wife and children out, what weapon has he with which to defend it?

That great changes are taking place in the home we all know. Those who are at present profiting by these changes indulge in the staphilic cry, "Socialism will destroy the home."

If these changes mean the destruction of the home Socialism is innocent, for Socialism has not yet been established anywhere in the world. If the home is being destroyed it is by capitalism, the force now in power.

Formerly the home was an almost self-sufficient little community. It raised its own food, made its own clothes, the children were educated and taught their life work within its narrow borders. It did not need to concern itself much about things outside.

It paid to live that way.

Then a mighty magician was born into the world and his business seems ever since to have been the breaking down of the walls of these tiny home kingdoms and the merging of their work and interest together, compelling them to concern themselves about one another.

The magician's name? Machinery.

His method of work? He makes it pay to live a different way.

It does not now pay to knit or weave or bake or sew in the ordinary home and while you are darning one big hole in a stocking a knitting machine knits a few dozen new pairs. If you owned the knitting machine you would waste no more time darning—I mean if all of us owned all the knitting machines none of us would be so foolish as to sit darning.

Here is where the seeming destruction of the home comes in. We do not all share in the ownership and benefits of the machinery. A few own and control it and the rest of us are at a great disadvantage, and so the magician seems to be an evil genius, crowding people into unwholesome tenements to be near work, taking work away from thousands, and giving power to the few who own to oppress and drive those who do not own.

We have not changed our way of thinking as rapidly as the magician has changed our way of living. When it was possible for every person to own the things he needed with which to make his living we thought it was right for each person to privately own these things, and it was. Now, when it is not possible for those who work to own the tools with which to make a living we still think it is right for a few to own the things upon which the many must depend to live.

That is wrong.

So, another genii must be born into the world to spur up our mental and moral natures to keep pace with physical progress.

His name? Socialism.

Perhaps you are on the farm and do yet raise your own food. You have not escaped the change. You must also raise food for hundreds of other folks who in town make your clothes and countless other things for you, since the little kingdom walls have been torn down. Tom and Jerry used to be hitched to the big wagon to haul the farm produce to exchange with a neighbor or in the little town. Tom and Jerry and the wagon were part of the home, and you had something to say about them, but now a great railroad hauls your product, becoming thus a part of your home, but you have nothing to say about how it treats you.

Is that right?

Formerly you hitched the old gray mare to the buggy when you made a trip. Now a street car passes the door, is a part of your home necessities. Since the old gray mare has been taken from you and the street car substituted, is it not for you to have something to say about the car? Is not the bakery to which your breadmaking has been removed now an integral part of your home interest—and the school to which the education of your children is entrusted, and the factory where your clothes are made?

And, since the home work is taken away, are you to sit idle? My dear, as time goes on you women are to take your places in these departments of the big home work and do your share of it and shoulder your share of the ownership, the management, the responsibility. Many hands make light work, and the magician does most of it anyhow, so do not be frightened.

But what of the little home nest—the abiding place of the family affections?

Ah, this co-operation, this mutual interest in all that pertains to the welfare and security of us

all has at least made the home of the affections a possibility for all. No one need marry for aught save love, and all are safe in the necessities and luxuries of life. And after all we find it was not the work that made home dear, not the smell of soapsuds once a week, nor the fumes from stewing pans three times a day. It was the loving companionship of those dearest to us and the sometimes leisure.

It was a rough but after all a friendly magician who tore down the walls between us. And the bright genii which interprets him and leads us—all of us who toil—to build out of the changing order the great commonwealth in which, through interdependence and mutual effort, every person may have a real home?

That is Socialism.

A good, earnest comrade from Texas, Comrade J. B. Gay, has written a poem that shows very clearly what it is that breaks up the home of the workingman. Competition is doomed, its day is over. We are now entering upon the period of co-operation and such story cannot be told of that day.

Recitation: Breaking Up the Home.

An employer inserted a note in the "Post." That he needed some workmen—a couple at most And found himself soon in the midst of a host.

"My friends, you must know that in hiring a man, Of course, I must get him as cheap as I can— For that's the approved competitive plan."

Said one, "I've a wife and children three; My aged mother is living with me; I need twelve dollars a week," said he.

"I've a wife and child," the next one said, "My mother, thank God, is long ago dead; Ten dollars a week will buy our bread."

"I've only a wife," said the third, "and hence Our living involves a smaller expense, I'll take nine dollars as my recompense."

"My wife each week earns a dollar or two," Said the next, "If I were to work for you, About eight dollars a week would do."

"I have no wife," said the next, "I stay With my parents, who board me without pay; So I will work for a dollar a day."

Said the next with a voice and mien subdued, "For twenty-four hours I've tasted no food; I'll take four dollars with gratitude."

The next one said, "I'm a heathen Chinese; I learned to live cheaply far over the sea; Three dollars a week is sufficient for me."

Thereupon to the crowd the employer spake, "The lower the wages you are willing to take The larger of course are the profits I make."

"Two workmen are all I at present require The two that spoke last are the men I will hire So the rest of the crowd may as well retire."

The unhired men began to entreat, "We've nothing to do and nothing to eat; Must we and our families die in the street?"

"Aye, some of you must, if the rest would thrive, Too many of you are at present alive, And only the fittest can survive."

"And he is the fittest beyond dispute, The present competitive system to suit, Whose life comes nearest to that of a brute."

"You ought to remember you only exist For the purpose of grinding some other man's grist And swelling the gains of the capitalist."

"The coarsest of food to nourish you while Your master is dally increasing his pile That he may revel in royal style—"

"Some wretched hovel in which to dwell— If you can get these you are doing well For a worker in this competitive hell!"

Song: Home, page 56.

Song: Jubilee—Ward, page 25.

Song: Now EVERY ONE join in singing the closing song, and sing it with all your heart. WE'RE GOING TO WIN! page 62.

An excellent number for this program, which lack of space prevents our printing, is found in Comrade John M. Work's book, "What's So and What Isn't." The chapter is called "Woman, Home and Family." The price of the book is 10c.

A leaflet, "Housekeeping Under Socialism," can be secured from The Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan., 20c per 100.

### A Fifty-Cent Bunch.

"Common Sense of 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.

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

# WOMAN: A TREMENDOUS MORAL COWARD

Frank Crane in The Independent

(It is interesting once in awhile to know what men really think about women. And when a serious man gives his serious opinion, it usually is so sentimental that we blush our heads off before he is half through. Notice, for instance, the power this writer attributes, almost with tears in his eyes, to womankind.—Ed. P. W.)

"There is a good deal of clamor for woman's rights. But the trouble is that she is shamefully neglecting to use the rights she already has.

"There is a good old custom of complimenting women on the noble and beautiful influence she exerts. As a matter of fact she is a tremendous moral coward and needs to be told so.

"Woman is to blame for almost all the evils that afflict society. It is time to stop paying her pretty compliments and give her a good allopathic dose of truth.

"Of course, they will resent it—some of them—for there are heady, termagant women as well as egotistical men, who cannot suffer "the faithful wounding words of a friend." But then, there are also wise and sincere women, who are glad to get an honest criticism; and it is for their sakes I write.

"There are three ways of treating a woman. "First, there is the Byronic way, which is to set her on a pedestal and address her as queen, faultless, made only to be worshipped and served. She is told that her mission in life is to "sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam, and she shall have strawberries, sugar and cream." She is to do nothing with her lily white hands but to have them manicured. She is to clothe her fair body in the silks and furs we buy, hang around her neck the pearls we give her and ride in our automobile. All of which sentiment is well enough on our part, while the fit is on and the fever unslaked, but all of which is also untrue, unreal, hollow, dangerous and consequently can be turned in a minute into contempt and loathing should the man's *vanity* and *egotism from which it springs*, receive a jolt.

"A woman is a fool to want such adoration, for it puts her on an utterly impossible throne, an elevation from which she is certain some day to tumble. This mad deification is a quite usual prelude to divorce.

"Second, there is the Oriental way, which consists in regarding woman as a beautiful animal created for man's pleasure, 'a little better than his horse.' She is considered frail, to be guarded, never exposed to temptation. She is to be kept in subjection, either locked up in a harem as among the Turks, or browbeat back to her knitting and her children as among the English. She is distinctly an inferior person, not to be reckoned with in the serious business of life. In the east those who hold to this creed regard her as created for man's amusement; in the west, as destined to bear children, run the house and see that the sox are darned. She is never to be talked to about your business affairs. You are lord and master, with a big L and a big M.

"Some women like this sort of thing, to be bossed, babied and bullied, to look up with fawn-like eyes to a broad-shouldered master, to speak of him admiringly as a real man, also pronounced with a capital R and M.

"Now there is a third way for a man to deal with a woman. It is to treat her, not as a deity and not as an inferior, but as an equal. Just as good as you. Just as bad as you and no worse than you may be. Not

to be looked up to, nor down on, but to be looked at level in the eye.

"Women of class 1 a man adores. Women of class 2 a man craves. Women of class 3 a man likes. Take your choice.

"Woman is man's equal, no more, no less. But while she is only equal, she has a certain peculiar advantage or leverage with the world which a man has not. Putting forth a moral force equal to man's she can effect twice as much with it. She sits on the long end of the teeter board.

"And having this superiority she cannot evade the blame for using it cowardly and selfishly.

"To explain. The world's curse is money madness. And why, pray, does man sap every ounce of his strength to get money if not for her to shine with? He is straining every nerve to "get on," so that she may have her servants and ride in her motor. He does not go to church, he has no time to read informing books, he is kept ignorant of art and music, he is deliberately plucking his own soul clean of every adorning grace and turning himself into a money-making machine that only plays golf enough to keep itself from breaking down.

"There is nothing more appalling to me than the ignorant, sap-headed, stupid, dotish thing the American business success is making of himself. Go to his clubs and listen to the talk: When it is not the tiresome iteration of his business deals it is sport—horse, dog, boat, prizefight or theater. If you want to mingle among people who care for civics or religion, art travel, literature, or any of the building sciences, you have to go to the woman's clubs.

"To an intelligent person the average man is an unmitigated bore.

"Our wretched capitalistic era is not so horrible in its failures that people the slums, and gaze red-eyed from the third gallery down into the boxes, as it is in its male successes who sit in the boxes.

"Women could stop this in a year, if they wished. Let them quit playing at precedence, out-lying, out-dressing, out-spending one another; let them turn their hearts unto life and its real values; let them show their husbands that the fine house is a burden and the luxuries heaped in them are smothering; let them leave dazzling robes and silver plate and jewels and perfumes and endless diversion to the harlots whose nature it is to crave these baubles; let them do this and the men will unconsciously form themselves after their pattern.

"The bad woman never does much harm; it is the good woman who is deadly. For it is the wish of the good woman always that leads man. There are thousands of good women, nice girls, young brides, who spend every morning pattering about the apartment, and every afternoon chattering over tea at Mrs. Vere de Wilson's or playing bridge at Mrs. Maurice Calwalloper's, or attending a matinee, and who look forward to just such a life, rising ever in social circles, playing bridge at more and more exclusive houses, idling away their days in more and more exclusive inanity, and thus they are molding their husbands into dolts."

After a few more paragraphs on this theme the writer continues:

"O, woman, we want your praise, your approval. We want it deep in our hearts, more

than we want anything else in the world. It is you who have the apples of Freia, which keep the world young. Without your favor the world grows gray and hateful. For you we will lie, steal, rob, burn, murder and betray. For you we will pray, control ourselves, love, be good and kind and clean and useful.

"For you we will be great, for you we will shrivel and degrade ourselves. For you we will go to heaven. For you we will go singing to hell."

Then Mr. Crane points out that dirty cities, dirty morals, white slaves, etc., are in existence merely because women do not pine and weep for their removal. He closes his article by saying: "We are poor things after all, we men. We can only climb to decency, let alone to God, helped by your eyes.

"Have you 'heard the lines of Coventry Patmore?

"O, wasteful woman, she who may

On her sweet self set her own price,  
Knowing he cannot but choose but pay,

How she has cheapened Paradise!

How sold for naught her priceless gift,

How spoiled the bread and spilled the wine,  
Which, spent with due respective thrift,

Had made brutes men, and men divine."

## Passing of the Wash-Woman

(Continued from page 3)

if she were waited upon by a lady's maid, upon wages which would make a lady's maid give notice. What shall the giant do for her?

First of all take her job away, take that maddening buzzer from her ear; take her parrot-like lingo from her tongue; take her long hours and her cultureless life. As we listened to fairy tales when we were children, so we listened again to the demoustrator at the automatic telephone.

We could not believe our eyes at the electrical office device that sealed, stamped and counted 250 envelopes in a minute. We could not believe our ears when we heard the piano, attached to the electrical piano player, apparently playing itself in an uncanny performance that would have made a mercenary professional medium sick with envy.

The enthusiasm of the electrician, the inspiration of the inventor was with us. And we could perceive the lifting of the curse—the curse of the ownership of the beautiful, tall giant by the Lazy Man.

Then came the teacher and said, "the devices are many and various, but I see none for me." And the Socialist answered:

"When every child is 'born on purpose' of a free and developed mother and father, and around its cradle stand the Socialistic fairies of sanitation and nutrition and love and progressive opportunity, you with the laundress and the cook, the scrub-woman and the seamstress, the telephone operator and office employe, shall pass from the drudgery of chaos to the self-expressive energy of order."

All the while our hearts were singing "It is not for the Lazy Man; it is for us, all of us. We shall have leisure; we shall have culture; we shall have freedom; we shall have plenty; we shall have development; we shall be as gods.

Chicago.



**WHEN YOU MISS YOUR PAPER**

If you fail to receive The Progressive Woman two months in succession, let us know about it. Sometimes readers write us that they failed to get a copy for four or five months, and in the majority of these cases we find their names on our mailing list, the addresses correct. In such instances the fault lies with the postoffice, or the papers are destroyed in transmission through the mails. It is not unexpected that an occasional copy of so small a paper should be lost in the mails, but when this occurs month after month for one subscriber, the fault must lie in the local postoffice.

Recently we have received complaints from two Washington towns that none of the subscribers received their papers. The names were on our list, and therefore mailed out of Girard. In such a case the fault lies with the mail clerks on the trains, or with the local postmasters.

We always want to know when you fail to receive your paper, and we will send you extra copies. But after we have assured you that your name is on our list (and this means that it is always mailed out) then the thing for you to do is to keep after your postmaster until he produces the paper, or tries to find some reason for its non-appearance. We pay our postal rates regularly, and it is up to Uncle Sam to deliver our goods. If he fails to do it, we must know the reason why.

I am writing this because the great majority of complaints of not receiving the paper come from those whose names are properly placed on our list, and hence it looks as if the fault lay somewhere in the mail service between here and the final destination.—J. C. K.

**OUR CLUBBING OFFER**

The P. W. and "The Woman's Journal".....	\$1.00
The P. W. and "The Forerunner".....	1.15
The P. W. and "The Coming Nation".....	1.00
The P. W. and the "Appeal to Reason".....	.60
The P. W. and "The Phonographic World and Commercial School Review".....	.75

**\$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.

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.

**READERS, ATTENTION**

The money received from subscriptions alone will not make both ends meet for any publication under the present capitalist-profit system. This has been demonstrated by Socialist publications that have discontinued carrying advertising matter for a time and then been forced to again sell space.

The Progressive Woman has a number of times turned down medical and similar advertising in order to protect its readers and at the same time it has been unable to secure advertisements covering articles of commerce.

We have been promised several good advertisements of honest goods and we want every reader of this paper who has the material welfare of the P. W. at heart to answer all advertisements carried in this publication and to patronize the firms using its columns whenever possible.

If there is anything you need which is not advertised in the P. W. write us about it so that we may use it as an argument to secure new business.

You may depend that all our advertisers are reliable and play fair according to the system.

**WORK AT FINDLAY, OHIO**

Being elected as press committee of the Socialist Women's Study club, thought I would send you a brief report of our club work here in Findlay.

We organized with only five members about seven months ago and have held meetings on Wednesday afternoons of each week. We now have quite a large and enthusiastic club working eagerly for the Social Revolution. Since organizing we have distributed thousands of pieces of Socialist literature, visiting factories, stores, etc., of the city. We have only visited one factory where we were refused admittance, that being The Boss Manufacturing Co., which employs about 300 girls and women in making canvas gloves; nevertheless, we intend to reach its employes with literature.

During campaign we took an active part in convention and distributing literature. We keep a committee all the time taking subs for The Progressive Woman, and also selling Moyer's Songs of Socialism.

Although we started with a very small membership, we feel very proud of our work so far and wish every city and village would have a woman's organization; even though disfranchised, it's surprising to know what women can do to help bring about the Co-operative Commonwealth, freedom for all. We are working to have a mass and protest meeting on February 12th, Lincoln's birthday.

We have the following officers at our club: Mrs. A. L. Dean, secretary; Mrs. Flora Kuhn, assistant secretary; Mrs. D. A. Bair, treasurer, and myself as press committee. Most all of our club members belong to the local, but none of them belonged when club was organized. So you can readily see we are educating ourselves to Socialism and joining the Socialist party.

We would be glad to help our sisters in any way possible to organize a club in their city. You may print the report of our club in The Progressive Woman if you care to.

Yours for the Revolution,

Mrs. ELVA TREECE, Press Com.

**FROM OUR READERS**

Although I have only received two copies of The Progressive Woman I think it fills its place in the Socialist propaganda work. I have been a believer in universal suffrage for several years.—Horace Noonan, Shreveport, La.

The February number of The Progressive Woman just received. It is the best yet. Please send me a bundle of fifty.—Louis Ginsburg, Omaha, Neb.

You are doing a good work with your paper. Through your efforts women will become more free, and we feel like we might amount to something in the near future.—Mrs. M. A. Cochran, Alta, Can.

**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.

**Tribute to the Pedestal of a Great Man**

Continued from page 6

have been so easily kept to its ultimate consequences, would he have had to beg from house to house. Many a herring, many a calf's liver would have been proffered to the hungry wanderer. But for more than twenty years Sonja cooked the most palatable vegetables, the most delicious oatmeal mush, the most odorous almond milk. Yea, even the costume of the peasant Christian, Kaftan, sheepskin cap, sheepskin coat, and long shafted boots, could hardly have been sewed more comfortably and durably than by the patient hands of Sonja Andrejewa.

The wives of great men know what is needed for greatness. Quietly they erect the pedestal upon which, quite naturally, others step. And this woman, by public opinion of late abused by so many bitter and unfeeling words of contempt or derision, what did she really ask for herself? Only one thing: that he be and stay with her who had been the sense and the fulness of her life, of her very being.

He has fled from his Sonja, who had cared for him for forty-eight years. Now her work on earth is done.

**CHILDREN'S LETTERS**

Dear P. W.—I see so many letters from the little folks I thought I would write a few lines to tell you why I am a Socialist. I am a Socialist because the Socialist party is the only political party that stands for the working class, and because I do not like to see the little children working in the mills and dirty work shops. Who burns Rockefeller's oil? Why, the poor people, of course. Who keeps Taft, Morgan, Rockefeller and all the rest of the "Big Guns" up? We poor people, of course.

May God bless you in your work, and that before long. That your paper may be found in every home in all the U. S. to educate the women to know their rights.—Your little comrade, Amy Alsobrook, Avoca, Texas.

The teacher had asked the children to write their autobiographies, and the essays were very materialistic.

"Now, children," she said, "I don't want you simply to write the happenings of your life; write what you really feel inside."

Little Willie in his second attempt wrote, "Inside I feel a heart, liver lungs and stomach, and inside the stomach I feel an apple, a corn ball, a pickle and a glass of milk."—Boston Record.

**Books for Sale**

Woman Under Socialism, two copies.....	\$ .05
The Church and Socialism.....	.05
Men and Mules.....	.10
Lions and Lambs.....	.10
Monkeys and Monkeyettes.....	.10
The Way of Happiness and Other Plays.....	.10
Little Sister of the Poor.....	.10
Songs of Socialism.....	.10
Fight for Your Life.....	.10
Seven Great Financial Conspiracies.....	.10
Common Sense of Socialism.....	.15
Eugene V. Debs: An Introduction.....	.15
Economic Interpretation of History.....	.15
Diary of A Shirtwaist Striker.....	.20
War—What For?.....	1.20
Bebel's Woman Under Socialism.....	1.50

## A PRODUCT OF PAREGORIC

From Physical Culture Magazine

Lucy Morris is a confirmed "dope fiend" with an insatiable appetite for opium.

And Lucy is exactly eleven months old.

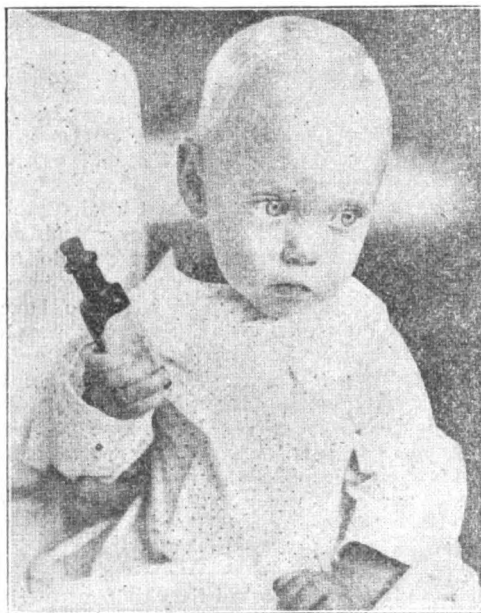
Paregoric did it.

Doctors have talked of the terrible effects of paregoric and other baby remedies; chemists have dilated on their poisonous contents; statisticians have even compiled figures of the terrible mortality traceable to this doping of babies by their mothers.

But here is a concrete case—a story in a photograph more powerful than a thousand scientific lectures—the story of Lucy Morris, "dope fiend."

While the physicians at the big city hospital in Cincinnati are planning and scheming to overcome Lucy's habit and save Lucy's life, the little, white, emaciated baby cries by the hour—for opium.

She doesn't know it is opium, she doesn't know that she is a "dope fiend," she doesn't



LITTLE LUCY MORRIS  
"Dope Fiend"

know anything—but the tender, rasped nerves still left in the shriveled body won't rest without the poison now.

Lucy's case sets a precedent in baby animals. Usually they die when fed on a diet of paregoric in doses to which Lucy is accustomed. Her mother gave her fifteen drops at a dose.

Lucy isn't dead—yet.

"Paregoric is a tincture of opium, and a most dangerous drug for mothers to handle," declared Dr. J. H. Landis, city health officer of Cincinnati's health department.

"Paregoric may ease pain and make a baby sleep, but it will never cure," said Dr. Charles Howard, hospital physician. "The longer it is used the more dangerous it becomes. It contains about one grain of opium to every fluid ounce."

Lucy doesn't know this, of course. Her mother didn't either. That's why Lucy probably will die.

Is your child forming the paregoric habit? Or any other drug habit?

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

## COMRADES CURED OF CANCERS....

SEND ME NO MONEY, but simply a statement from the publisher of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN that you have deposited with her the sum of \$25, on these conditions:

First, that when my CURE has removed the Cancer, you will notify her of the fact, and order her to forward me the \$25.

Second, if the Cancer is not removed within 20 days, you will notify her, and order her to return the money to you.

If this is not a FAIR, SQUARE and JUST offer, THEN THERE NEVER WAS ONE MADE in this world. This remedy IS NOT for INTERNAL Cancers. I send the CURE by registered mail direct to the depositor on receipt of notice from the publisher of the deposit.

My CURE has removed Cancers from the following comrades:

From the face of Mrs. J. E. Ray, Conifer, Colo.; from the lip of Chester M. Bliss, R. D. F. 4, Attleboro, Mass.; from the face of S. W. Shepperd, R. F. D. 2, Hyde Park, Vt.; from the nose of W. R. Bush, Jennings, Fla.; from the breast of Mrs. Ettie Miller, 399 Pleasant St., Williamantic, Conn., which measured 3x4½ inches, and which she preserved in a jar of alcohol.

**EDWARD E. GORE**

RUSKIN, FLORIDA

## OUR LEAFLETS

(Don't forget that leaflet campaign.)

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON SOCIALISM; A WORD TO CLUB WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; REPLY TO ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS, by Theresa Malkiel. Any of the above. 50 for 10c; 100 for 20c; \$1.50 per 1,000. FRANCES WILLARD ON SOCIALISM, 10c per 100; \$1.00 per 1,000.

WOMAN: COMRADE AND EQUAL, by Eugene V. Debs. This article from the November Progressive Woman has been done into leaflet form for wider circulation. Prof. C. F. Dight, of the University of Minnesota, says it "will rank, I think, with the gems of Robert Ingersoll." 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST is a new leaflet by Theresa Malkiel, written for the express purpose of reaching women and interesting them in our movement. Price, 20c per 100; \$1.50 for 1,000.

THE CRIMES OF CAPITALISM is a new leaflet which shows the failure of capitalism and the necessity of replacing it by a saner social system. 10c for 100; \$1.00 for 1,000.

CHEAP MOTHERHOOD IN AMERICA, by Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows what a travesty on truth our so-called "sacred" motherhood is. 20c per 100.

"THE MAN AND THE WOMAN," by Helen Untermyer, is an appeal to the men and women to try and understand each other through a study of the other's environment. It is an excellent suggestion. Price, 100 for 20c, or \$1.50 for 1,000.

WHERE IS YOUR WIFE. Kitchi Kaneko, is written to call the attention of Socialists to their attitude toward the woman question. 20c per 100.

HOUSEKEEPING UNDER SOCIALISM. Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows how real homes can be made with the improvements and culture that will be possible under a sane system of government. 20c per 100.

Fred D. Warren's little classic, The Boytown Railroad, has been done in leaflet form by us, and sells at \$1.25 for 1,000.

Don't fail to get a copy of "War—What For?" and read it. Price, \$1.20.

Subscription cards, four for \$1.

# "There Is a Reason"

why progressive housekeepers are throwing out bottle extracts and using exclusively our non-alcoholic flavorings put up in tubes. Professional cooks in every city are delighted with this new system. Try at least one sample tube at 25c, postpaid, and be convinced. Order any flavor:

Almond	Cloves	Onion	Raspberry
Allspice	Ginger	Orange	Rose, Sage
Banana	Lemon	Peach	Sassafras
Cardamon	Maple	Pear	Strawberry
Celery	Mint	Peppermint	Violet
Cherry	Mixed Spice	Pineapple	Vanilla
Cinnamon	Nutmeg	Pistachio	Wintergreen

## SPECIAL

Any six of the above packed in neat case—dandy for the pantry shelf—with an excellent Cook Book free AND, AS PREMIUM, ONE ECONOMY VIOLET TOILET WATER (pint), all postpaid for . . . **\$1.50**

The following mailed upon receipt of price: ALCONO Food Colors, Brown, Green, Orange, Red, Violet, Yellow.

ALCONO Transparent Gelatine—quick acting.

ALCONO Antiseptic Dental Cream—spray did.

ALCONO Velvet Cream, Greaseless—gant.

ALCONO Cold Cream—delicately scented.

ALCONO Corn Cure—guaranteed to cure.

ALCONO Shampoo Powder—cleansing and purifying.

ALCONO Foot Powder—makes the feet glad.

ECONOMY Benzoin Lotion—for chapped hands.

ECONOMY Rose Toilet Water (pint)—fine.

ECONOMY Violet Toilet Water (pint)—dandy.

ECONOMY Talcum Powders—for all ages.

**All the above at 25 cents each**

Breath-of-Flowers—Nature's Choicest Perfumes. Nothing finer. A drop is ten times too much. Try it! Per bottle . . . **\$1.00**

Address:

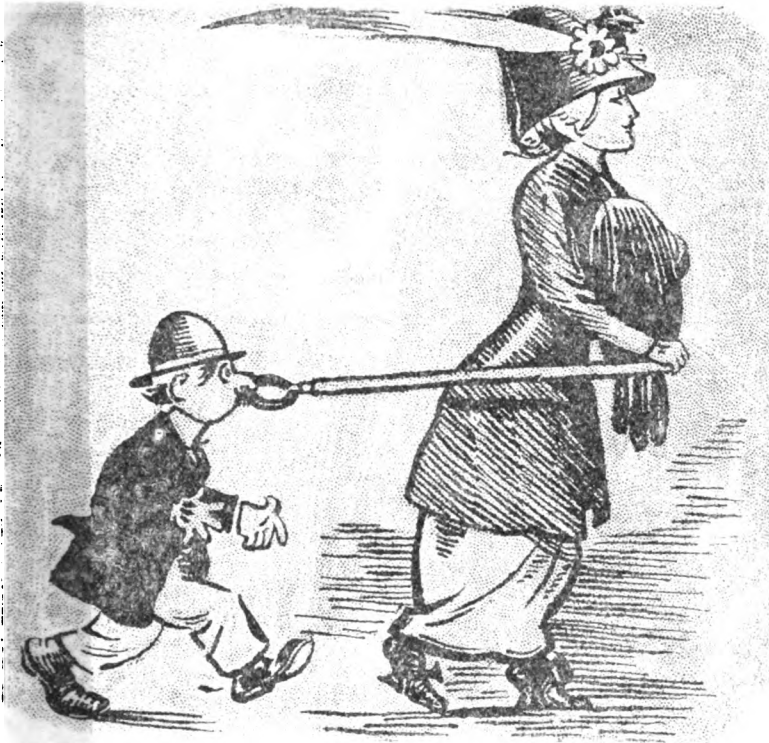
**CO-OPERATORS' DISTRIBUTION**

**CENTER, Dept. A, 950 North**

**53d Avenue, CHICAGO.**

## Its a Poor Rule that Won't Work Both Ways

"New Jersey Women have Started a Movement to Enforce Married Men to Wear Wedding Rings.---News Item."



This Cartoon  
from an  
Exchange is  
Supposed to  
be very, very  
funny.  
And it is.  
BUT---

## TO MADAME MONTEFIORE

Nancy Parker

Dear sister, let me take your hand;  
I labor in the mart,  
You are a noble lady grand  
But, oh, we have one heart.

A heart which seeks another's weal,  
Which shares another's woe.  
To help another one must feel  
As you have felt, I know.

I'm poor and weak, I may not do  
The deeds which you perform,  
But you are strong and valiant, too,  
And, oh, your heart is warm!

When in the dark I sit and dream  
Great dreams that shall come true  
I see the light of morning gleam  
For you are dreaming, too.

And when at last the clouds shall roll,  
The bright sunbeam above,  
Your name will shine upon the scroll  
Of those whose lives are love.

R. L. McCready, 828 North avenue, West, Allegheny, Pa., has a plan whereby sub cards for The Progressive Woman and other Socialist publications may be obtained free of cost. Write him.

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

Picture of Debs and the Girard children on heavy tinted paper, with five copies the Progressive Woman, 10c.

"What do you do for a living, Mose?" "I'se de manager ob a laundry." "What's the name of this laundry?" "Eliza Ann."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

# War--- What For?

BY GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

Third Edition—14th Thousand. This new edition is beautifully gotten up, new pictures added, and new cover. 700 copies of this number sold within 10 days,

The Louisville, Ky., Herald ranks WAR—WHAT FOR? equal to Paine's "Rights of Man" in its POWER TO IMPRESS ITS READERS.

Charles Edward Russell, known to a million magazine readers, calls it "THE MOST POWERFUL BLOW EVER DEALT AGAINST THE INSANITY OF MILITARISM."

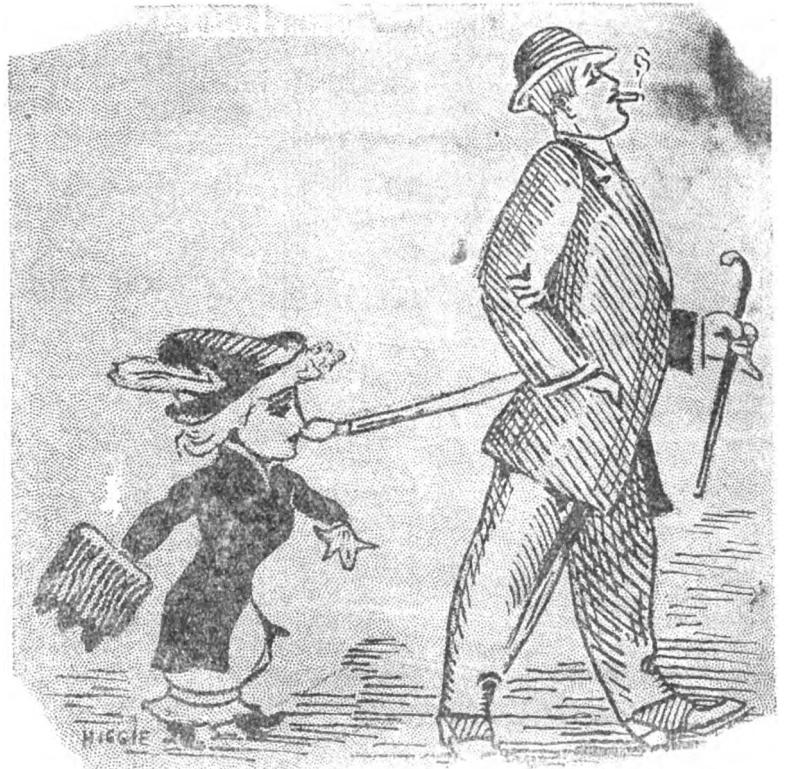
The Weekly Enterprise (Lincoln, Neb.), says it is "The greatest book of a generation. A masterpiece of logic and scathing sarcasm."

WAR—WHAT FOR? ought to have a million circulation before another year. It is not only a whole crusade in itself against militarism, but is also magnificent propaganda for Socialism. **EVERY PARENT IN THE LAND SHOULD READ IT.**

Single Copy - \$1.20 Postpaid  
Clubs of 3 to 10 - 80c each, postpaid

The Progressive Woman, Girard, Ks

WHAT  
ABOUT  
THIS  
ONE?



---Drawn for P. W.

## Our New Leaflets

"WIMMIN AIN'T GOT NO KICK"

KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

"WOMAN'S DAY"

LENA MORROW LEWIS

These Leaflets are SIMPLY GREAT. They should be scattered by the millions.  
20c per 100 \$1.50 per 1000

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

SARAH JANE PERKINS WRITES TO MARY

H. E. W.

Dear Mary: You asked me to write you how I am enjoying my visit, so as I have a little time to spare, will use it doing so. Have not been to many places, but have attended the Socialist local. There are a few women members, they seem to be doing more or less of the clerical work—which I have noticed is the usual thing. But the night I was there they took no part in the discussion. The men discussed pro and con as to which is best, a political organization or an economic organization, and I am sure they knew no more after they were through than when they began.

But I am sure of one thing and that is, that we women must study politics as well as economics, and thus be as intelligent as the men in regard to these matters. I see the dictionary says politics is the science of government and civil polity.

Now, we must certainly understand the science of government, as we must be governed, and therefore we must help make that government. As it is today I should say politics is a game, the rules of which depend on the player, and how, when and where he is playing it, as well as the size of the stake to be won. Some years ago in Chicago I heard a man say he was trying to get the office of meat inspector. I asked the amount of the salary, and when he told me I said, "That is not enough salary for you to be working so hard to get. What else is there?" He replied, "The man who now holds the position is a friend of mine, and he has told me all about it. It is not the salary alone, but here is a five for letting a certain piece of meat go through, and there is a ten, and so it goes. My friend makes more that way than his salary amounts to. He does not want this job any longer, but is looking for something better, so I am going to get this if I can."

Now, Mary, do you not see it is absolutely necessary for us to understand these matters? If we must feed our families on meat that would have been condemned except for the five or ten-dollar bribe that allowed it to be put upon the market, is it not time we had something to say about it? I hope the next time you write you will tell me you have joined the Socialist party, for in studying Socialism you will learn about politics. Socialism means a fair deal and a square deal for all, and the least we can do is to help on the good work. Yours ever,

SARAH JANE PERKINS.

THE INGRATE

May Bzals Hoffpauir

Here are rare luxuries,  
Comfort and ease.  
Warm cage, caressing words,  
Sugar and seeds.

Why dash against the bars?  
Why pine so long?  
How, now, ungrateful bird,  
Where is your song?

This is a cozy life  
Just you and I,  
'Tis so unfeminine  
To wish to fly.  
Maryville, Tenn.

Are you helping the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party win that \$100 prize? Read about it on another page.

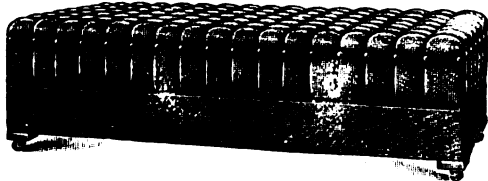
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It will show you hundreds of beautiful and useful articles for your home which are all sold direct from the FACTORY—at factory—wholesale prices meaning a saving of 15-40 per cent to my customers and on convenient monthly payments too.

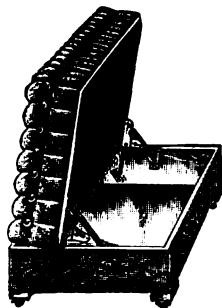
I run all risk—each article illustrated in my big book must meet with the customers entire approval or returned at my expense.

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Only a sample of my high-grade furniture at a low price—this couch is just as illustrated—measures 74 inches long—width 30 inches—full size wardrobe nicely lined—seat genuine steel spring construction heavily padded—covering heavy green dalm tufted—well made throughout and very comfortable—worth \$20 if purchased elsewhere—let me ship one to your on approval—no money in advance.



Couch Open Showing Large Wardrobe

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I believe in allowing my customers to be sole judge of the quality of my furniture—I will make shipment of any article that you may select from my book of bargains without one cent in advance for a careful examination in your home—you must admit that this offer is fair and square. Write your name and address on the coupon below and mail at once. Address

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A. Leath Company, 6070 Grove Ave., Elgin, Ill.

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Town..... State.....

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Make a cross in the circle for organs—or pianos—or both. Or write your name and address on a postal card or in a letter, stating which you want—piano or organ description. Don't enclose any stamp. I pay all charges. Write plainly.

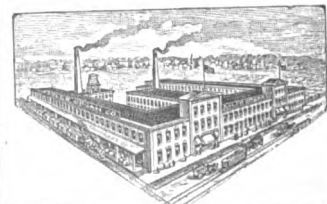
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