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SPECIAL MAY-DAY ANTI-MILITARY EDITION

The Progressive Woman

VOL. IV

APRIL, 1911

NO. XXXVII



No Quarter

— From the Chicago Daily Socialist

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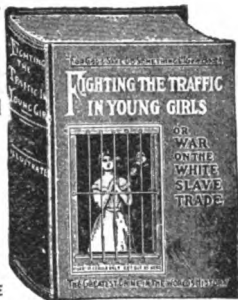
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"Human Vultures Who Feast on the Shame of Innocent Girls"

**Fighting the Traffic in Young Girls
or WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE**

By Ernest A. Bell; U. S. District Attorney Sims; Clifford G. Roe and others

**One of the Most Effective Weapons in the Great
Crusade Now Being Waged Against the
Terrible White Slave Traffic**



Is the most sensational indictment of the White Slave trade ever published. The greatest shame of our Twentieth Century civilization is exposed to the light in all its hideous and horrifying truth. The world-wide organization of the White Slave Trade in all the countries of the world is revealed and the methods of these hell-hounds who make a business of dealing in young girls is fully and completely exposed.

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Young Girls**

are annually sold into a life of misery and shame. The blackest slavery that has ever stained human history is going on right at your very door at this minute. YOUNG GIRLS FROM 13 TO 20 are DAILY BEING STOLEN and SOLD into houses of ill-fame. This is not being done by one man, but by a gigantic organization whose sole business is luring young girls away from home and then selling them to keepers of dives to live a life that is worse than death.

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Hundreds of personal statements from the girls themselves, sad and pitiful, but nevertheless true, are recorded in this book.

EVERY CHAPTER, EVERY PAGE, EVERY PARAGRAPH AND EVERY SENTENCE of this volume of over 500 pages leaves the one who reads it numb and chill with the utter heartlessness of these demons who lure from homes of culture and virtue, young girls, wives and mothers and WRECK THEIR SOULS and kill their bodies.

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**To the Youths and Young Men
of America**

There are some things in connection with what is called "Sowing wild oats," "Having a good time in the city," etc., that you ought to know. Absolute facts and results that eminent physicians who have studied the subject, and whose experience is very wide, have found to exist as the result of this pernicious pastime. Every young man who contemplates asking some good, sweet, pure woman to be his wife, should look well to himself, so that both may be saved years of misery in the future. This book contains SPECIAL CHAPTERS written by PROMINENT DOCTORS, that you should read for the preservation of your health, HER HEALTH and the happiness of both, as well as the generations to come.

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This volume is STRIKINGLY ILLUSTRATED with actual photographs and drawings of White Slavers, plying their nefarious trade, luring young girls into the net of shame, vice resorts, and their victims, the awful result of the White Slave trade on its victims, and the great war now being waged to suppress this burning shame of our nation. FIGHTING THE TRAFFIC IN YOUNG GIRLS is the most complete and authentic work on this burning subject, and contains a special grade of No. 1 book paper, over 500 PAGES OF TEXT printed on a special grade paper, and 32 PAGES OF HALFTONE ILLUSTRATIONS, handsomely bound in the following styles: Extra Fine Cloth with Inlay on Cover, Gilt Stamping. **\$1.50**

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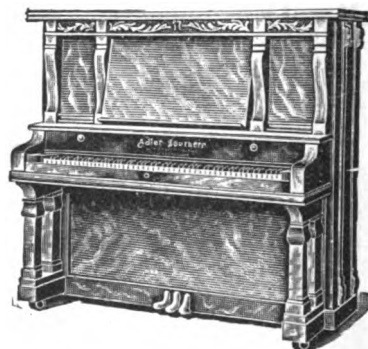
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The Progressive Woman

Volume IV.

APRIL, 1911

Number 47

We Protest!

We, the Mothers of the Race, protest against the mobilization by our sons, of our sons in the Mexican frontier for the purpose either of mimic or of actual warfare.

Our Reasons for This Protest

We recognize the imperative need of human association, or society, for the development of our individual sons and daughters beyond the stage of a low type of animals. This development can come only by using constructive methods. Mutual kindness and readiness to assist must be the motive and teaching of institutions that build societies of a high order.

The education of warriors, and the practices

of war, unfold, in the main, the cruel and destructive tendencies. The protection of mere private property interests can not adequately compensate the injury of arrested development which results from a bloody carnival of war.

We, the mothers, abhor the thought of our boys growing into a brutal, murderous, destructive element of society. We protest against a system that makes such a malformation of a civilized society necessary.

We, the mothers, abhor the thought that our children must be divided into warring classes of society. We protest against a system that forces the great mass of our children into

ignorant slavery, subject to the domination of mastery by the few.

Proclamation

We, the Mothers of the Race, proclaim the dawn of a new day. We bespeak for our children the enlightenment that comes from knowledge, the justice that comes from truth. Dark, slavish, ignorance is disappearing before the penetrating rays of undeniable fact.

We, the Mother of the Race, call upon you, our sons and our daughters, to arouse from your slumbers, and greet the new day. The sun of Human Brotherhood is high in the heavens. We, the mothers, proclaim it!

Proclamation of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party

Withdraw the Troops!!

On the 7th day of March the startling news was flashed from one end of the country to the other that President Taft had ordered twenty thousand troops, one-fourth of the regular army of the country, to be mobilized and hurried to the Mexican border. At the same time several American warships were ordered to proceed at full speed to ports on both coasts of Mexico.

The order was issued immediately after the adjournment of Congress. It was sudden and unexpected, and caused deep apprehension among the masses of the American people.

What is the object of this formidable military display? What is the meaning of this hurried movement of troops toward a friendly neighboring country?

The earlier explanation that the extraordinary measure was intended as a mere war game, was so clumsy and palpably insincere that it was speedily abandoned and the *semi-official explanation now vouchsafed to the people is that our army and navy are to prevent the smuggling of arms to the Mexican insurrectionists and, in case of emergency, to protect the endangered American interests. The explanation is such as to cause every peace and liberty-loving American to hang his head with shame.*

The people of our sister state of Mexico are in open and active revolt against their government. During his uninterrupted rule of thirty-six years Porfirio Diaz, the nominal president of Mexico, has been the evil genius of his country. He has reduced the republic to a despotism more barbarous than Russia, and has constituted himself the absolute autocrat of his people. He has ruthlessly destroyed the freedom of suffrage, speech, press and assembly, and has exiled, imprisoned and assassinated all patriots who strove to restore the liberties of the people. He has ravaged the country, plundered its resources and enslaved millions of its inhabitants. Since 1875, when Diaz became military dictator of Mexico, there has not been a single free and honest election in the country.

Porfirio Diaz has been able to maintain his

infamous rule over fifteen million outraged subjects by aid of his soldiery, police and camarilla, and largely also through the powerful support of the American capitalist interests. Mexico, with its vast deposits of precious metals and other natural wealth, Mexico with its large supply of cheap and uncomplaining slave labor, Mexico with the arbitrary and lawless reign of the Dollar, has become the paradise of the American capitalists. It has been invaded by our Smelter Trust and Oil Trust, our Sugar Trust, Rubber Trust and Cordage Trust. The Wells-Fargo Express company has acquired a monopoly of the Mexican express business, and the railroads, land and mines of the country are largely in the hands of American capitalists. The Rockefellers, Guggenheims and J. Pierpont Morgan, have vast holdings in Mexico; Henry W. Taft, brother of the President of the United States, is general counsel for the National Railways of Mexico, and hundreds of other American trust magnates are heavily interested in Mexican enterprises. The total amount of "American" holdings in Mexico is variously estimated at between a billion and a billion and a half dollars.

These American "investors" have always been the staunchest allies of Porfirio Diaz, his partners in pillage and crime, his confederates in the enslavement of the Mexican people.

A reign of iniquity and violence such as was maintained by Diaz and his Wall street partners no nation, be it ever so patient and meek, could endure for any length of time. The people of Mexico have for years been in a state of smothered and smouldering revolt. *Their limit of patience was reached after the last presidential election, when Francisco I. Madero, the man who had the courage to oppose his candidacy to that of Diaz, was cast into jail for "insulting the president,"* the citizens were prevented from voting by violence, and the "election" of Diaz for the eighth term was brazenly proclaimed by his henchmen. *Then the people of Mexico rebelled. In all parts of the country the citizens rose in arms, determined to reconquer their liberty or to die, even as our forefathers had done over a century ago under slighter provocation.* The insurrection grew in strength and

extension day by day; the Mexican people were solidly with the rebels, the Mexican army was wavering in its allegiance to the despot in the presidential chair; even the censored press dispatches reported repeated victories of the rebel forces—the throne of Diaz was tottering, freedom beckoned the people of Mexico after a generation of servitude. Then the President of the United States despatched a large force of troops to the Mexican border.

The mission of the American army at the Mexican border and the American warships at the Mexican coasts, is to save the reign of Diaz and to quell the rising of the Mexican people.

Against this unspeakable outrage the Socialist party of the United States, representing over six hundred thousand American citizens and voters, lodges its public and emphatic protest.

In the name of America's revolutionary past and her best traditions of the present, we protest against the attempt to degrade our country by reducing it to the position of a cossack of a foreign tyrant.

In the name of liberty and progress we protest against the use of the army of our republic to suppress and enslave the people of a sister republic fighting for their freedom and manhood.

In the name of the workers of the United States we protest against the use of the men and money of this country for the protection of the so-called "American" interests in Mexico. We assert that neither the government nor the people of the United States have any property interests in Mexico; that the speculative Mexican ventures of a ring of American industrial freebooters give us no warrant to interfere with the political destinies of the country, which they have invaded upon their individual responsibility.

And we call upon all local organizations of the Socialist party and all labor unions and other bodies of progressive citizens to hold public meetings and demonstrations of protest against the latest executive crime. Let the voice of the people resound from one end of the country to the other in loud and unmistakable tone: "Withdraw the troops from the Mexican border!"

What Is Mexico?

(All of these articles on Mexico are taken from "Barbarous Mexico," by John Kenneth Turner. If you want the story of Mexico in all its details you should read this extraordinary book.)

Americans commonly characterize Mexico as "Our Sister Republic." Most of us picture her vaguely as a republic in reality like our own, inhabited by people a little different in temperament, a little poorer and a little less advanced, but still enjoying the protection of republican laws—a free people in the sense that we are free.

Others of us who have seen the country through a car window, or speculated a little in Mexican mines or Mexican plantations, paint that country beyond the Rio Grande as a benevolent paternalism in which a great and good man orders all things well for his foolish but adoring people.

I found Mexico to be neither of these things. The real Mexico I found to be a country with a written constitution and written laws in general almost as fair and democratic as our own, but with neither constitution

nor laws in operation. Mexico is a country without political freedom, without freedom of speech, without a free press, without a free ballot, without a jury system, without political parties, without any of our cherished guarantees of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is a land where there has been no contest for the office of president for more than a generation, where the executive rules all things by means of a standing army, where political offices are sold for a fixed price. I found Mexico to be a land where the people are poor because they have no rights, where peonage is the rule for the great mass, and where actual chattel slavery obtains for hundreds of thousands. Finally, I found that the people do not idolize their president, that the tide of opposition, dammed and held back as it has been by army and secret police, is rising to a height where it must shortly overflow that dam. Mexicans of all classes and affiliations agree that their country is on the verge of a revolution in favor of democracy; if not a revolution in the time of Diaz, for Diaz is old and is expected soon to pass, then a revolution after Diaz.

the Yaqui exiles to Yucatan. I was fortunate enough to take passage on the same steamer with him returning from Progreso to Vera Cruz. He is a stout, comfortable, talkative old campaigner of about sixty years. The steamship people put us in the same stateroom, and, as the colonel had some government passes which he hoped to sell me, we were soon on the most confidential terms.

"In the past three and one-half years," he told me, "I have delivered just fifteen thousand, seven hundred Yaquis in Yucatan—delivered, mind you, for you must remember that the government never allows me enough money to feed them properly, and from ten to twenty per cent die on the journey.

"These Yaquis," he said, "sell in Yucatan for \$65 apiece—men, women and children. Who gets the money? Well, \$10 goes to me for my services. The rest is turned over to the secretary of war. This, however, is only a drop in the bucket, for I know this to be a fact, that every foot of land, every cow, every burro, everything left behind by the Yaquis when they are carried away by the soldiers, is appropriated for the private use of authorities of the state of Sonora."

So according to this man, who has himself made at least \$157,000 out of the business, the Yaquis are deported for the money there is in it—first, the money from the appropriation of their property, second, the money from the sale of their bodies. He declared to me that the deportations would never stop, until the last possible dollar had been squeezed out of the business. The company of officials who have rotated in office in Sonora for the past twenty-five years would see to that, he said.

These little confidences of the colonel were given me merely as bits of interesting gossip to a harmless foreigner. He had no notion of exposing the officials and citizens whose names he mentioned. He expressed no objection whatever to the system, rather he gloried in it.

"In the past six months," the fat colonel told me, "I have handled three thousand Yaquis—five hundred a month. That's the capacity of the government boats between Guaymas and San Blas, but I hope to see it increased before the end of the year. I have just been given orders to hurry 1,500 more to Yucatan as quickly as I can get them there. Ah, yes, I ought to have a comfortable fortune myself before this thing is over, for there are at least one hundred thousand more Yaquis to come!

"One hundred thousand more to come!" he repeated at my exclamation. "Yes, one hundred thousand, if one. Of course, they're not all really Yaquis, but—"

And President Diaz's chief deporter of Sonora working people lolling there upon the deck of the freight steamer passed me a smile which was illuminating—yes, terribly illuminating!

Contract Slaves of Valle Nacional

There is another constant item of expense that the masters must pay—the burial fees in the Valle Nacional cemetery. It is one dollar and fifty cents.

I say this is a constant item of expense because practically all the slaves die and are supposed to be buried. The only exception to the rule occurs when, in order to save the one dollar and fifty cents, the masters bury their slaves themselves or throw them to the alligators of the neighboring swamps.

Every slave is guarded night and day. At night he is locked up in a dormitory resembling a jail. In addition to its slaves, each and every plantation has its *mandador*, or superintendent, its *cabos*, who combine the function of overseer and guard; and several free laborers to run the errands of the ranch and help round up the runaways in case of a slave stampede.

The jails are large, barn-like buildings, constructed strongly of young trees set upright and wired together with many strands of barbed wire fencing. The windows are iron barred, and floors dirt. There is no furniture except sometimes long, rude benches which serve as beds. The mattresses are thin grass mats. In such a hole sleep all the slaves, men, women and children, the number ranging, according to the size of the plantation, from seventy to four hundred.

They are packed in like sardines in a box, crowded together like cattle in a freight car. You can figure it out for yourself. On the ranch *Santa Fe* the dormitory measures 75x18 feet, and it accommodates 150. On the ranch *La Sepultura* the dormitory is 40x15 feet and it accommodates 70. On the ranch *San Cristobal* the dormitory is 100x50 feet and it accommodates 350. On the ranch *San Juan del Rio* the dormitory is 80x90 and it accommodates 400. From nine to eighteen square feet for each person to lie down in. And on not a single ranch did I find a separate dormitory for the women or the children. Women of modesty and virtue are

sent to Valle Nacional every week and are shoved in a sleeping room with scores and even hundreds of others, most of them men, the door is locked on them and they are left to the mercy of the men.

Often honest, hard-working Mexicans are taken into Valle Nacional with their wives and children. If the wife is attractive in appearance she goes to the planter or to one or more of the bosses. The children see their mother being taken away and they know what is to become of her. The husband knows it, and if he makes objection he is answered with a club. Time and time again I have been told this was so, by masters, by slaves, by officials. And the women who are thrust into the sardine box must take care of themselves.

Women are worked in the fields, especially during the harvest time, but their chief work is as household drudges. They serve the master and the mistress, and they grind the corn and cook the food of the male slaves. In every slave house I visited I found from three to a dozen women grinding corn. It is all done by hand with two pieces of stone called a *metate*. . . I asked the *presidente* of Valle Nacional why the planters did not purchase cheap mills for grinding corn, or why they did not combine and buy a mill among them, instead of breaking several hundred backs yearly in the work. "Women are cheaper than machines," was the reply.

The Extermination of the Yaquis

The secret that lies at the root of the whole Yaqui affair was revealed to me and the whole matter summed up in a few words by Colonel Francisco B. Cruz of the Mexican army, in one of the most remarkable interviews which I obtained during my entire trip to Mexico.

For the past four years this officer has been in immediate charge of transporting all

Our Special Woman's Edition sold 11,000 copies above our regular list, and then stopped only because we ran out of papers. The orders were so far above those of previous years that we were not prepared to fill them all. Next year we will know what to expect.

Copies of this number of *The P. W.*, 1½¢ a copy. 100 copies, \$1.50. 1,000 copies, \$15.

Over the Exile Road

During my travels in Yucatan I was repeatedly struck with the extremely human character of the people the Mexican government calls Yaquis. The Yaquis are Indians, they are not white, yet when one converses with them in a language mutually understood one is struck with the likenesses of the mental processes of White and Brown. I was early convinced that the Yaqui and I were more alike in mind than in color. I became convinced, too, that the family attachments of the Yaqui mean quite as much to the Yaqui as the family attachments of the American mean to the American. Conjugal fidelity is the cardinal virtue of the Yaqui home and it seems to be so not because of any tribal superstition of past times, but because of a constitutional tenderness sweetened more and more with the passing of the years, for the *one* with whom he had shared the meat and shelter and the labor of life, the joys and sorrows of existence.

Over and over again I saw this exemplified on the exile road and in Yucatan. The Yaqui woman feels as keenly the brutal snatching away of her babe as would the cultivated American woman. The heart strings of the Yaqui wife are no more proof against a violent and unwished for separation from her husband than would be the heartstrings of the refined mistress of a beautiful American home.

The Mexican government forbids divorce and remarriage within its domain, but for the henequen planters of Yucatan all things are possible. To a Yaqui woman a native of Asia is no less repulsive than he is to an American woman, yet one of the first barbarities the henequen planter imposes upon the Yaqui slave woman, freshly robbed of the lawful husband of her bosom, is to compel her to marry a Chinaman and live with him!

"We do that," explained one of the planters to me, "in order to make the Chinaman better satisfied and less inclined to run away. And besides, we know that every new babe born on the place will some day be worth anywhere from \$50 to \$1,000 cash!"

The cultivated white woman, you say, would die of the shame and the horror of such condition. But so does the brown woman of Sonora. No less a personage than Don Enrique Zavala, president of the "Camara de

Agricola de Yucatan" and a millionaire planter himself, told me:

"If the Yaquis last out the first year they generally get along all right and make good workers, but the trouble is, *at least two-thirds of them die off in the first twelve months.*"

On the ranch of one of the most famous henequen kings we found about two hundred Yaquis. One-third of these were men, who were quartered with a large body of Mayas and Chinamen. Entirely apart from these, and housed in a row of new one-room huts, each set in a tiny patch of uncultivated land, we discovered the Yaqui women and children. In one house we found as many as fourteen inmates. There was a sick woman who lay on the floor and groaned feebly, but never looked up, and there were eight children.

"Last week we were fifteen," said a home-like woman, "but one has already gone. They never get well." She reached over and gently stroked the hair of the sister who lay on the floor.

"Were you all married?" I asked.

"All," nodded an old woman with a face of a chief.

"And where are they now?"

"*Quien sabe?*" and she searched our eyes deep for the motive of our questions.

"You are not working," I remarked. "What are you doing?"

"Starving," said the old woman.

"We get that once a week—for all of us," explained the home-like one, nodding at three small chunks of raw beef—less than a five-cent stew in the United States—which had just been brought from the plantation store.

"Besides that we get only corn and black beans and not half enough of either of them."

"We are like hogs; we are fed on corn," put in the old woman. "In Sonora we made our *tortillas* of wheat."

"How long will they starve you?" I asked.

"Until we marry Chinamen," flashed the old woman, unexpectedly.

"Yes," confirmed the home-like one. "Twice they have brought the Chinamen before us, lined them up, and said: 'Choose a man.' Twice."

"And why don't you choose?"

This question several of the women answered in a chorus. In words and angry faces they expressed their abhorrence of the China-

men, and with tremulous earnestness assured us that they had not forgotten their own husbands.

"I begged them," said the old woman, "to let me off. I told them I was too old, that it was no use, that I was a woman no longer, but they said I must choose, too. They will not let me off; they say I will have to choose with the rest."

"Twice they had lined us up," reiterated the home-like one, "and said we must choose. But we wouldn't choose. One woman chose, but when she saw the rest hang back she pushed the man away from her. They threatened us with the rope, but still we hung back. Then if we do not choose, they will choose for us. And if we do not consent we will be put in the field and worked and whipped like the men."

The Yaqui love for the one who suckled them is strong and several of the younger women recounted the details of the parting from the mother. Then we spoke of their husbands again, but they held their tears until I asked the question: "How would you like to go back with me to your homes in Sonora?"

That opened the flood gates. The tears started first down the cheeks of the cheery, home-like woman, then the others broke in, one at a time, and at last the listening children on the floor were blubbering dolefully with the others. Weeping, the unhappy exiles lost their last modicum of reserve. They begged us please to take them back to Sonora or to find their husbands for them. The old woman implored us to get word to her boss, Leonardo Aguirre, and would not be content until I had penned his name in my note book. The bashful woman at the fire, aching for some comforting, hopeful words, parted her dress at the top and gave us a glimpse of the red marks of the lash upon her back.

I looked into the face of my companion; the tears were trickling down his cheeks. (This was L. Gutierrez DeLara, the Mexican Socialist, who acted as guide for Mr. Turner in his Mexican travels.—Ed.) As for me I did not cry. I am ashamed now that I did not cry.

Such is the life of the Yaqui nation in its last chapter. When I looked upon those miserable creatures there I said: "There can be nothing worse than this." But when in Valle Nacional I said, "This is worse than Yucatan."

GRAND SUCCESS

Our Woman's Day meeting was a grand success. We had our program planned some time ahead, so only used "The Opening Remarks by the Chairman," from your program. We were very much disappointed when we found our bundle of PROGRESSIVE WOMAN did not arrive in time for our meeting. Our hall was well filled and about half were women, one of whom made application for membership in the local. We expect to have monthly programs, and no doubt will use much matter from your paper. I wish the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN prosperity. Yours for the revolution

MARGARET D. BROWN.
Sioux City, Iowa.



Over the Exile Road. (From Barbarous Mexico)

The American Partners of Diaz

The United States is a partner in the slavery of Mexico. After freeing his black slaves Uncle Sam, at the end of half a century, has become a slaver again. Uncle Sam has gone to slave-driving in a foreign country.

No, I shall not charge this to Uncle Sam, the genial, liberty-loving fellow citizen of our childhood. I would rather say that Uncle Sam is dead and that another is masquerading in his place—a counterfeit Uncle Sam who has so far deceived the people into believing that he is the real one. It is that person whom I charge with being a slaver.

This is a strong statement, but I believe that the facts justify it. The United States is responsible in part for the extension of the system of slavery in Mexico; second, it is responsible as the determining force in the continuation of that slavery; third, it is responsible knowingly for these things.

When I say the United States I do not mean a few minor and irresponsible American officials. Nor do I mean the American nation—which, in my humble judgment, is unjustly charged with the crimes of some persons over whom, under conditions as they exist, it has no control. I use the term in its most literal and exact sense. I mean the organized power which officially represents this country at home and abroad. I mean the federal government and the interests that control the federal government.

What is the most universal reply that has been made to my criticisms of Mexico and Mexico's ruler? That there are \$900,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico.

To the Powers that Be in the United States the nine hundred million dollars of American capital form a conclusive argument against any criticism of President Diaz. They are an overwhelming defense of Mexican slavery. "Hush! Hush!" the word goes about. "Why we have nine hundred million dollars grinding out profits down there!" And the American publishers obediently hush.

In that nine hundred millions of American capital in Mexico is to be found the full explanation not only of the American defense of the Mexican government, but also of the political dependency of Diaz upon the Powers That Be in this country. Wherever capital flows capital controls the government. This doctrine is recognized everywhere and by all men who have as much as half an eye for the lessons that the world is writing. The last decade or two has proved it in every country where large aggregations of capital have gathered.

No wonder there is a growing anti-American sentiment in Mexico. The Mexican people are naturally patriotic. They have gone through tremendous trials to throw off the foreign yoke in past generations and they are unwilling to bend beneath the foreign yoke today. They want the opportunity of working out their own national destiny as a separate people. They look upon the United States as a great colossus which is about to seize them and bend them to its will.

And they are right. American capital in Mexico will not be denied. The partnership of Diaz and American capital has wrecked Mexico as a national entity. The United States government, as long as it represents American capital and the most rampant hypocritical will hardly deny that it does today—will have a deciding voice in Mexican

affairs. From the viewpoint of patriotic Mexicans the outlook is melancholy indeed.

Let us cast our eyes over Mexico and see what some of that \$900,000,000 of American capital is doing there.

The Morgan-Guggenheim copper merger is in absolute control of the copper output of Mexico.

M. Guggenheim sons own all the large smelters in Mexico, as well as vast mining properties. They occupy the same powerful position in the mining industry generally in Mexico as they occupy in the United States.

The Standard Oil company, under the name of the Waters-Pierce, with many subsidiary corporations, controls a vastly major portion of the crude oil flow of Mexico. It controls a still greater portion of wholesale and retail trade in oil—ninety per cent of it, so its managers claim.

Agents of the American Sugar trust have just secured from the federal and state governments concessions for the production of sugar beets and beet sugar so favorable as to insure it a complete monopoly of the Mexican sugar business within the next ten years.

The inter-Continental Rubber company—in other words, the American Rubber trust—is in possession of millions of acres of rubber lands, the best in Mexico.

The Wells-Fargo Express company, the property of the Southern Pacific railroad, through its partnership with the government, holds an absolute monopoly of the express carrying business of Mexico.

Finally, the Southern Pacific railroad and allied Harriman heirs, despite the much vaunted government railway merger, own outright or control by virtue of near-ownership, three-fourths of the main line railway mileage of Mexico, which enables it today to impose as absolute a monopoly in restraint of trade as exists in the case of any railway combination in the United States.

The purely trade interests are themselves considerable. Eighty per cent of Mexican exports come to the United States and sixty per cent of Mexican imports are sent to her by us, the American trade with Mexico totaling some \$75,000,000 a year.

Do I guess when I prophesy that the United States will intervene in case of a revolution against Diaz? Hardly, for the United States has already intervened in that very cause. The United States has not waited for the revolution to assume a serious aspect, but has lent its powers most strenuously to stamping out its first evidences. President Taft and Attorney General Wickersham, at the behest of American capital, have already placed the United States government in the service of Diaz to aid in stamping out an incipient revolution with which, for justifiable grounds, our revolution of 1776 cannot for an instant be thought of in comparison. Attorney General Wickersham is credited with being a heavy stockholder in the National railways of Mexico; Henry W. Taft, brother of the president, is general counsel for the same corporation. Thus it will be seen that these officials have a personal as well as a political interest in maintaining the system of Diaz.

Three times during the past two years the United States government has rushed an army to the Mexican border in order to crush a movement of Liberals which had arisen against the autocrat of Mexico. Constantly during the past three years the American government, through its secret service, its De-

partment of Justice, its Immigration officials, its border rangers, has maintained in the border states a reign of terror for Mexicans, in which it has lent itself unreservedly to the extermination of political refugees of Mexico who have sought safety from the long arm of Diaz upon the soil of the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

WATCH THE NEWS FROM JAPAN

Charles Edward Russett in the Coming Nation

There is one phase of this subject that is still more ominous.

Do you notice from time to time a recurrence of the Japanese war scare? Today I was reading in a newspaper the letters of naval officers that privately assure their friends of Japan's hellish intentions against the Philippines. Just before that it was some hideous design of Japan against Alaska.

These things do not happen accidentally in a controlled press.

I beg to suggest to radicals and Socialists and other persons not believing in murder, that they observe diligently the news in regard to Japan.

Just at this time when the tendency at home is toward economic inquiry and when people are beginning to learn something about the monstrous System that is saddled upon their backs, nothing could be so useful as a war to the gentlemen that ride us.

None of the riding gentlemen would get shot in it. Only workingmen would lose their lives.

None of the riding gentlemen would pay the cost of a war. Only workingmen would have the privilege.

None of the wives of the riding gentlemen would be widowed. None of their children would be orphaned. Only the wives and children of the workingmen would suffer.

War, therefore, is never dreadful, except in a remote, sentimental and platitudinous way to the gentlemen that ride and that also direct the affairs of the nation.

The author of "War—What For?," in the summer of 1910, attended a national peace conference in New York city. The conference was attended by some of the most distinguished peace-wishers in the United States, including capitalists, orators and college professors. The author was given the floor to address the convention. Everything went well until the author began to urge that all who want peace should make every possible effort to warn the victims of war, the working class, of what war means to the working class. Instantly there was manifest discomfort all through the audience, and very soon the chairman left his seat, came close to the speaker and urged that the speech be concluded at once. No other speaker was thus interrupted.

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Read the ads. in this paper. They will interest you.

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THE P. W. in bundles, 2c a copy.

Margareta Martanez

By William Francis Barnard in his beautiful new book of poems, *The Tongues of Toil*.

Where ruthless Diaz holds his sway
By grace of power and greed of gold,
And wields the might to save or slay,
And crushes all who say him nay,
Full often is her story told.

She stood anear the high-walled mill,
Before the barred and padlocked gate,
Where men and women, cowed and still,
Dared hardly more than breathe, until
The lords within should speak their fate;

Among the starving workers, where
They saw the masters' piled-up bread.
Weeping upon their hopeless care,
Hungry among the hungry there,
She heard them beg that they be fed.

Those who, many months before,
Had left their places at their looms,
Dragging their feet across the floor,
Drooping and heavy through the door;
Like corpses creeping out of tombs.

The slaves, whose niggard pittance won
Through tortured hours of murderous strain,
Had scarce sufficed from risen sun
To bear them through till day was done,
And still renew their lives of pain.

And now they came with broken vows
To plead for tasks which they had spurned,
Beggings the pittance greed allows
To such as have no heart to rouse,
But dumbly take what they have earned.

"Give us to eat," the starving cried;
"Then will we work what way ye choose.
Have pity, Masters, in your pride,
And we will all our woes abide,
And please you hence, nor more refuse!"

"Give us to eat—a crust of bread;
Famished we are and cannot work;
And we will pay you when we're fed,
With double tasks, to eat your bread;
With double tasks, and will not shirk!"

Thus they beseeched. But scornful ears
Were turned to catch their pleading tones.
Came back reply to sighs and tears;
Came back black words, and jests and jeers,
And looks of hate to all their groans.

Dogs! Would ye eat and will not pay
And from whose bounty will ye eat?
Open your ears and hear us say:
Go, get your food along the way,
And munch the refuse of the street!

"Dogs, get your food howe'er ye will!
Did ye lack water, do ye think
That we would for your begging spill,
And stand and see ye have your fill?
Ye should die thirsting for one drink!"

A silence fell upon them there;
The silence of a freezing fear.
Their faces blanched with hopeless care;
Their eyes stood at a glassy stare,
Too dry with grief to drop a tear:

The fathers thought of wife and child,
And shook with inward agony;
Daughters stood distraught and wild;
And strong sons silently reviled;
While mothers groaned, and thought to die.

A silence fell.—What maid is she
Who steps out from the faltering crowd,
With hand upraised and manner free,
With look of might and majesty,
Whose voice is clear and bold and loud?

"Brothers and sisters," hear her cry,
"These would not longer that ye live,
But only laugh if ye must die.
Yea, they rejoice at groan and sigh:
Ask not for aid, such will not give.

"They scorn your pangs; they taunt and jeer;
They bid ye serve and find no aid.
If ye have hearts, why stand ye here?
See yonder bread, so near, so near!—
Go, take and eat; nor be afraid!"

"They name ye dogs, mere curs that crawl,
Fit for the kennel or the pen;
Which do not bite, but bark and bawl!
If ye indeed be men at all,
'Tis time to prove that ye are men!"

"Hark to my word and give good heed:
Early or late we all must die;—
If ye are of the human breed,
Though it should be your last brave deed,
Strike one good blow! And so will I!"

They stared upon her. In her face
A look shone forth which strengthened all.
A shout, and in a moment's space
They swarmed defiant round the place,
And threw themselves against the wall.

"Beat down the bars!" the maiden cried;
And loud the blows crashed at her word.
They carried beams from every side;
And not one hand could be denied,
So by her spirit all were stirred.

'Tis Margareta, soul ablaze,
She leads them through the crumbling wall;
They loot the stores; they rend and raze.
Their fast endured for many days,
Like wolves upon the bread they fall.

Full swift the tyrant's soldiers came,
And shot them as they triumphed there;
But through the smoke and rifle flame
From dying lips there rose the name
Of her who well had made them dare.

They bound her arms, nor shed her blood,
And bore her whence none knows till now;
But let them do whate'er they would
They could not match the humanhood
Of the high soul behind that brow.

It matters not if she be dead,
Or unto awful torture hurled,
And worse to be, hang o'er her head,
Since all men know the things she said,
And the words she spoke ring round the world!

THE SOCIALIST PARTY

From "War—What For?"

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

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

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

"The Socialists are making almost the sole attempt to preach a morality sufficiently all-embracing and international to keep pace with even the material internationalism which has standardized (even) the threads of screws and the size of bolts, so that machines become interchangeable from one country to another. . . . Existing commerce has long ago reached its international stage, but it has been the result of business aggression

and constantly appeals for military defense and for the forcing of new markets."

You, you who are to be tricked and shot at the factory door and on the battlefield, go to your public library and get *Christianity and the Social Order*, and read there the words of a preacher great enough for the City Temple of London, great enough to be the worthy successor of the world-known Joseph Parker, read the Reverend Dr. R. J. Campbell's splendid tribute to the Socialist party as the only political party in the world today scorning the belittling jealousies of capitalist statesmen and working effectively for international brotherhood.

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

Perhaps your working class neighbor's son is at this moment falling into a patriotic trance, gullibly planning to join the local militia or the standing army or the navy, meditating on butcheries. Go to him. With a firm grasp on his mind, wake him, rouse him, from that race-cursing dream, rouse him from the spell that for thousands of years has damned his class. Be kind. Be patient. But—wake him. Wake him for the world movement for the working class. Wake

him for the war—the war without a sword, the war without a cannon; the war with a printing press, the war with a book. *Teach him that salvation is through information.* Teach him that the "truth will make him free." In his brain kindle a fire, a divine unrest, a desire that cannot die, the desire for peace born of justice.

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

In one single campaign of Napoleon's over 150,000 boys under twenty years of age were destroyed. No wonder this monster in human form cried out to the mothers for more sons

If you are in arrears for sub cards, or bundles, please pay up.

"HERE'S SOMETHING TO TICKLE YOU"
Stewart, Box 717, San Jose, Calif.

*The New York World, editorial, August 5, 1907. Italics mine. G. R. K.
†Newer Ideals of Peace, pp. 114-15. Italics mine. G. R. K.

The Progressive Woman

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY
The Progressive Woman Publishing Company
GIRARD, KANSAS, U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single subscription one year.....	\$.50
In clubs of four or more.....	.25
Club rates for Canada.....	.40
Foreign subscription.....	.50

For a bundle of ten copies or more at the rate of two cents each. Do not send stamps for subscription when you can avoid it. Send one-cent stamps when you cannot otherwise.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Eight cent per line net—no discount for time space.
Columns—width 15 ems; length 11 inches.
Circulation, 15,000.

All advertising matter should be addressed directly to the publisher.

Entered as second-class matter February 12, 1909, at the postoffice at Girard, Kansas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneko



BY THE W. N. C.

This issue of the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is prepared by the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party as a protest from the women of the working class throughout the world against the military powers that force labor ever to be crucified upon the cross of capitalist greed.

Workers of the world, we call upon you to weigh carefully the statements herein made. We call upon every lover of justice and liberty to protest against a system that lives upon the sweat and blood of the workers of the world.

The Progressive Woman: A Voice in the Wilderness

Dear Readers—The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is on the eve of completing its fourth year. We are not going to say here what we have accomplished directly or indirectly, during that time. If you will think back over this brief space, into the time when there was no PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, and consider our numbers, our work—and I am almost tempted to say our status—in the Socialist movement, and compare that with what is being done among women today, you can form some idea of the value of a journal, a mouth-piece, accomplishing results for a cause.

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN has been your particular mouth-piece during the years of its existence. It has but one ambition—to continue as your mouth-piece during the years to come. But now the question arises: Do you want the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN to talk loud, to reach into the far ends of the earth, to arouse every sleeping woman from her drowsiness into wakefulness and activity?

If you are bourgeois women, with the old ideals of "being nice" in spite of everything, in spite of the pain and misery and degradation and ignorance that surrounds and ail but overwhelms you, you will not want to talk very loud. You will prefer to be exclusive and genteel, and soft-voiced. And you will not care whether the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN cries loud and long and far for you or not. You would almost rather it would not. But if you are Socialist women, progressive women, radical women, with warm blood in your veins

and women's hearts in your breasts, you will want a good clear far-reaching voice, one that covers every district of your country at one breath and is not hampered or restricted in any way.

That is what the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN will do if you give it free and unlimited circulation. Don't let its effectiveness become congealed through your coldness, your indifference, your lack of support. There is nothing in the world that brings out the splendid possibilities of a voice as does love. If you do not believe this, try it on the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN—your voice, crying in the wilderness of ignorance and superstition. Remember, our enemies are strong and industrious; they are with us day and night, and with unceasing hatred they would stifle your voice, close up your mouth-piece, and send it dumb and speechless to the demnition bow-wows. These enemies are all the minions of capitalism—ill-gotten gold, ignorance, superstition, selfishness, lust, hatred, and the whole herd of disreputables. Over against these will have to stand your friendship, your cheer and help, your love.

Otherwise your voice dies, or it is broken, or it does its work only in a poor, crippled fashion.

Socialism an Ideal

Some of us are good haters. We work for Socialism because we hate capitalism. But I believe most of us will do more effective work under compelling force of love than under the incentive of hate. We Socialists are looking toward a great ideal. One that we believe will realize its consummation on this earth. We no more question this than we question the rising of the sun tomorrow—because Socialism has its roots in a scientific basis, just as has the workings of the sun. But we know our idea cannot be realized unless we love it, work for it, identify ourselves with it, become a part of it. This we are doing. This we must do, from the very fact that it is part of the process, and we cannot help ourselves.

But intelligent application of our love for our ideal will help a very great deal; will make smoother the way, and hasten the process.

So, intelligent, earnest, systematic work for the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN which is your voice crying out the new way, will make smoother the path, and hasten the day of your emancipation.

Let us work, comrades and friends, as we never did work, to carry the message of Socialism into homes that need it. Into hundreds of thousands of capitalist-ridden homes, this coming year of our life.

Some Special Agencies

A comrade in the south who makes a business of taking subscriptions to magazines is clubbing the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN with the others. "They need it bad down here," he writes. He will send in hundreds of subscriptions in the next several weeks. The Chicago Daily Socialist Lyceum is using the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN sub cards in its lyceum work. This will bring in a few thousand. The American Woman's League, of St. Louis, has sent us large numbers of names on their Class A subscription plan, and will continue to do so for the coming year. Comrade Mae Wood Simons has very materially increased our list the past few weeks through lectures on the

sub card lecture plan. We hope to give her more of this work in the future. The special campaign for subs made by the locals to help the woman's national committee win the \$100 prize has increased our list by several hundred, though we regret that they did not make it the required 2,000, and thus win the prize. We shall be glad to give them this opportunity again in the future, if they want it.

These are a few of the special agencies that are at work booming the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN subscription list.

Individual Work

But, comrades, more than anything else, I want you as INDIVIDUALS to do your part. If you have any love for the cause, if you have any compassion for the thousands of women who need awakening, I want you to show it. Don't sit with folded hands any longer, and think that some one else will do the work. Others are doing it; but you also are responsible; you also must help.

I am going to attach a blank to this, and I hope each reader will fill it out with four names and send it in. The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is 50 cents a year. For the four names you need only inclose \$1.

Now, for a strong, clear voice, that will reach into every home where men, women and children are oppressed and saturated with ignorance, superstition and poverty!

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO,

Editor and Publisher the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Enclosed find \$1 for which send the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN for one year to

Name

Street

City

Name

Street

City

Name

Street

City

Name

Street

City

Sender's Name and Address

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is not responsible in any way for unsolicited manuscripts that are sent to this office. Unfortunately, we are so busy that we cannot even read them all; sometimes they are put away for further attention, and forgotten. Sometimes, in the rush of work, they are misplaced. Because of these conditions, we feel it is necessary to say that all matter sent to this office for publication, unless especially solicited by the editor, is sent at the writer's risk, and we cannot hold ourselves responsible for it in any way.

Now for a strong, clear voice, that will reach into every home where men, women and children are oppressed and saturated with ignorance, superstition and poverty!



Special Warning to the Working Class

George R. Kirkpatrick in "War—What For?"

Open wide your eyes, brothers and sisters. The next trick-to-the-trenches is being prepared.

There is *talk* of peace—but *preparation* for war.

For more than twenty-five hundred years the great sea wars have been fought on the Atlantic ocean and the Mediterranean sea. The bottoms of these oceans are strewn with mangled ships and human bones.

But the vast butcherings at sea in the near future will probably be, most of them, on the Pacific ocean.

Like hungry wolves eager in sight of prey, the clouds of vultures swooping confidently over a field strewn with a vile feast—thus the capitalist nations are gathering together their drums, their rifles, cannon, dynamite, medicine, embalmed beef, hospitals, soldiers, submarines, battleships and boat-destroyers, preparing to assemble on the Pacific ocean for a bloody struggle.

There is *talk* of peace—but *preparation* for war.

What for?

Simply to secure more opportunity to make more profits for more money-hungry capitalists, who will loll at home—safe—while the "brave boys" do the fighting.

There is talk of peace—and preparation for war.

What for?

Eastern Asia is the prize.

Working class boys everywhere who are especially snubbed at home—and even turned down at the factory—these boys will join the armies and the navies of the world for these future struggles. Huge guns will roar, and shells will boom across the waves, splendid ships will shudder, then plunge to the bottom of the deep, filled with boys enticed from the homes of the humble. The sharks will send the innocents to the sea.

It will be "great" and "glorious." Very.

And especially profitable; which is the main thing.

Perhaps your own bones or your son's bones will bleach at the bottom of the Pacific ocean.

The *fundamental* cause of these future wars on the Pacific ocean and in eastern Asia, the cause, will be ignored or concealed at all international peace conferences and conventions. And, afraid to admit the cause, they cannot treat the cause of these wars; they will be thus unable to prevent these wars—these wolfish struggles for eastern Asia and a capitalist prize. The leading capitalist nations of the world have no confidence in these international peace conferences. Therefore, they continue building more cannon, more battleships and more than ever they are raising the boys—our own younger brothers of the working class—teasing them on board these great butchering machines.

Warn your neighbor—right away.

More and more defiantly the purpose is pronounced. In the year 1908 the president of the great American "republic" uttered an imperial fiat—and lo! eighteen battleships, eight armored cruisers and a flock of torpedo boat destroyers, with thousands of cheap and humble young fellows aboard—pompously teamed round the earth on a forty-five thousand mile cruise and carouse, meaning what? Precisely this:

The capitalists of the United States are prepared with "civilized" weapons, a shark's

appetite and a tiger's methods, to conquer a lion's share of the vast profits to be wrung from eastern Asia if they can find guillible jackies to do the fighting.

Be warned—you toilers in the mills and mines and on the farms.

"During the last half century," writes Dr. Josiah Strong, "European manufacturers have risen from \$5,000,000,000 to \$15,000,000,000. This increase of production has led the European powers to acquire tropical regions nearly one-half greater than Europe. But while European manufacturers were increasing three-fold, ours increased six-fold, and we, too, must find an outlet.

"All this means that the great manufacturing peoples are about entering on an industrial conflict which is likely to be much longer in duration than a 'thirty years' war,' and like all war will cause measureless misery and loss."

The inter-ocean Panama Canal, costing our country hundreds of millions of dollars, is simply *one part* of the American plutocrats' plan to dominate the Pacific, bleed Asia, convert the "republic" into a still more or less veiled despotism for conquest, commerce and profits to the pockets of the modern Cæsars who talk of patriotism and always lust for gold.

Mr. William H. Taft, in an interview, spoke thus threateningly in 1908:

"The foremost issue of the coming campaign will be the question of expansion and the affairs of our insular possessions.

"The American Chinese trade is sufficiently great to require the government of the United States to take every legitimate means to protect it against diminution or injury by any political preference of any of its competitors.

"The merchants of the United States are being aroused to the importance of their Chinese export trade and will view political obstacles to its expansion with deep concern. This feeling of theirs would be likely to find its expression in the attitude of the United States government.

"The Japanese have no more to do with our policy as a people than any other nation. If they have or develop a policy that conflicts with ours, that is another matter....

"I am an advocate of a larger navy."

There is *talk* of peace—but *preparation* for war.

But mark it well, brothers of the working class: Mr. Taft's sons will not be butchered as cheap American marines fighting on the Pacific ocean for a larger market for American capitalists. No capitalist shark shall make a sucker of his sons and tease them to go to the sea. Mr. Roosevelt's sons, Mr. Bryan's sons, and the sons of senators and of congressmen, the sons of bankers, great merchants and manufacturers—the flesh of these will never rot at the bottom of the Pacific ocean. No, oh, no. Scarcely. They are too proud and shrewd to do anything of the sort—for fifty cents a day. The mothers and sisters and sweethearts of these thoroughbred boys will never weep in homes made desolate by the thoughts of skulls of loved ones shining and grinning at the bottom of the Pacific ocean.

Brothers, I warn you.

Refuse, brothers, refuse. Be proud. Refuse. Stand by your own class. Refuse. Bankers refuse. Manufacturers refuse. All the shrewd

"prominent people" refuse. You also should refuse to let your flesh rot and your bones bleach at the bottom of the ocean in the interest of these international leeches.

Lift up your meek faces, you tricked toilers of the world. The war trenches are yawning for your lives—a gulf in which the hopes, the happiness, the blood and the tears of your class will be swallowed.

Refuse.

When you understand, brothers, you will defend yourselves.

The day is dawning when the working class will not only shrewdly refuse to be tricked to the trenches, but will also proudly seize all the powers of government in defense of the working class. The working class must defend the working class. The state, the school, the press, the lecture platform and even part of the church, all these powerful institutions, are at present used to fasten and hold the burdens of toil and the curse of war on the backs of the brutalized and despised working class producers.

It is our move, brothers. Have we sense enough for self-defense?

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
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The Progressive Woman, Girard, Ks

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The Dick Militia Law

From "War—What For?"

All working men should read the annual report made by Mr. Elihu Root, secretary of war, in 1902-3. Mr. Root, shrewd, shameless and powerful lackey of the capitalist class, forcibly set forth in his report the great advantages that would result (to the capitalist class) from certain almost revolutionary changes that could be easily made by vastly increasing the "state" militia forces and at the same time constituting these "state" forces as an organic, instantly commandable part of the national army—to be used precisely like "regular" troops for any purpose desired by the capitalists in control of the national government. Mr. Root's report attracted instant wide and favorable attention. The capitalists were delighted. The workers were deluded. Immediately the report became the basis of the "Dick Militia Law" which was passed in 1903.

The author of "War—What For?" has urged capitalist editors all over the United States to publish this law. He has offered to pay for space at liberal advertising rates in which to print from ten to one hundred lines of this law. He has not succeeded in finding a capitalist editor who would thus reveal the treachery of his class lurking in this law. This law is a rough-ground sword against the rousing, rising working class in the United States, a law more important to the working class than any other law passed since the middle of the nineteenth century. This law is loaded with death for the workers when in future years the army of the unemployed or the ill-paid toilers gather around the mines and factories and roar for work or bread. Instead of work they will get sneers. Instead of bread they will get lead and steel—provided for by this Dick Militia Law.

The capitalists do not dare permit the working class to read and study this "Dick" law in the newspapers. Note some of the features of this law:

The purpose: "An act to promote the efficiency of the militia and for other purposes."

What is meant by "other purposes" will become clearer as the army of the unemployed grows larger. "Other purposes"—exactly: food for reflection when out of work and hungry.

SECTION 1.—"The militia shall consist of every able-bodied male citizen of the respective states, territories and the District of Columbia . . . who is more than eighteen and less than forty-five years of age."

The males of military age, all from eighteen to forty-five inclusive, in 1890 numbered 13,230,168.*

SECTION 4.—" . . . It shall be lawful for the president to call forth for a period not exceeding nine months such number of militia as he may deem necessary . . . and to issue his orders . . . as he may think proper."

The law was amended with an iron hand during the winter and spring of the hard times of 1907-8, when millions were thrown out of employment and into the muttering, angry army of the unemployed. For example, the nine-months limit was struck out of Section four, which is more food for reflection—for any one who has brains enough to reflect with.

SECTION 6.—"Any officer or enlisted man of the militia who shall refuse or neglect to present himself to such mustering officer

upon being called forth . . . shall be subject to trial by court martial, and shall be punished as such court martial may direct."

The law creates a vast reserve army now rapidly being perfected. The law, especially as amended recently, gives the president power greater than is possessed by some of the most dangerous and hated tyrants on earth today. Issuing a general order by telegraph and post, the president could suddenly place under orders from five to ten millions of the strongest men in the land—including the strikers themselves; and to neglect or refuse to obey such orders would mean a "court martial" trial with rigorous punishment. A court martial jury is not noted for gentleness; famously different from a jury of one's "old neighbors."

SECTION 9.—"The militia, when called into actual service of the United States, shall be subject to the same rules and articles of war as the regular troops." That is to say, for the time they are "on call," they are virtually federal soldiers.

The law as amended by congress in May, 1908, provides "that every officer and enlisted man of the militia who shall be called forth in the manner hereinbefore prescribed shall be mustered for service *without further enlistment.*" (Italics in report.)

"The call of the president, will, therefore, of itself accomplish the transfer of the organized militia which is called forth by him from its state relations to its federal relations. It becomes part of the army of the United States and the president becomes its commander-in-chief.

"The president is the exclusive judge of the existence of an emergency which would justify the calling forth of the organized militia.*

This law contains twenty-six sections, ev-

ery one of which should be studied carefully by the working class of the United States. The union labor bodies should urge local newspapers to publish parts of the law selected by the unions. The more the law examined the more food for reflection will be found in it.†

* C. D. Wright: *Practical Sociology*, p. 38.

† See report of secretary of war, 1908, p. 155. Italics are mine.—G. R. K.

‡ An excellent edition of the law with not analysis, history, and suggestions by Mr. Ernest Unmann, can be had for five cent, of any Socialist literature agent.

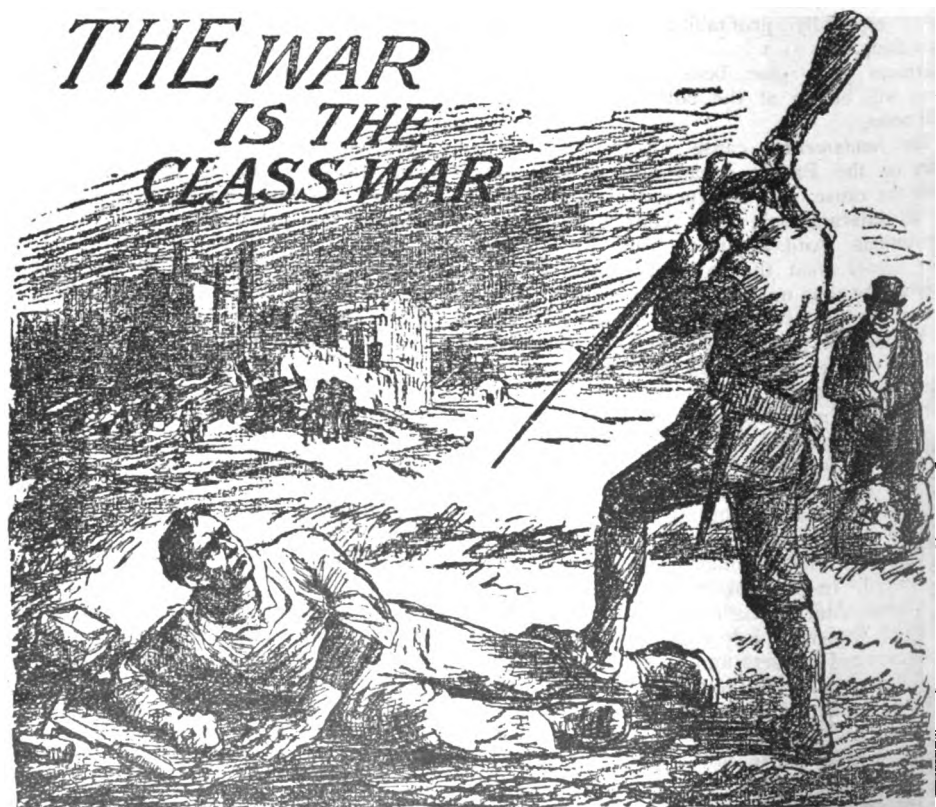
Send for a hundred copies and scatter them broadly among your neighbors and friends.

ACT NOW

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a sub blank that will hold four names. IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL TO THE WELFARE OF THE P. W. THAT YOU FILL THIS BLANK OUT AND SEND IT IN WITH \$1--- Essential that you DO IT AT ONCE.

Also, will every individual and local holding sub cards, or in arrears for bundles, please remit for same this month. Never before has the P. W. needed your assistance in financial matters as it does now. Let us hear from you.

My Dear Mrs. Kaneko—Please continue to send the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. We are very busy with our suffrage work here trying to raise the memorial fund next week and there is so much to do. Your paper is wonderfully clever and has made a splendid fight for the white star. The argument in the last number on the Colorado question was very fine and to the point showing the majority of men in the suffrage states. Very truly yours—Alice T. Perkins, Washington, D. C.



The Government Insult to Workers

"War—What For?"

Imagine J. P. Morgan, rifle in hand, do-picket duty on a dark, sleet-drizzling day. Imagine J. Ogden Armour, George B. Eastman and Thomas F. Ryan with heavy rifles digging trenches, stopping at noon to eat some salt pork, embalmed beef and stale crackers. Imagine Reggie Vanderbilt as a driver hurrying rations to the front and taking care of six mud-covered horses at the front. Imagine the strong younger John D. Rockefeller on the firing line with his breastplate to the hellish rain of lead from a machine gun. Yes, indeed—just imagine a regiment of big bankers and manufacturers dressed in khaki, breakfasting on eggs and bacon, then rushing sword in hand to form a cannon-bristled fort belching fire and lead and steel into their smooth, smug faces—for fifty cents a day.

Other, when you are ordered to the front in a glance around and notice the noisily ostentatious gentlemen who keep to the rear—where it is safe and delightfully comfortable. These patriots in the rear will sweetly say "See you later!" If you ever get back from the war, they will see you when they proudly give you a "welcome home." Mark Twain when war breaks out these "best people" do not say, "Come on, boys, come on—win for us." Hardly. It is "Go on, boys. Lead, go right on. We will be with you." If you are with us, they will be with you as far as the

railway station, and after that these "prominent people" will give the "brave boys" absent treatment.

The man in the factory and in the mine is the "hand," the "hired hand," of capitalist society; and when he shouldered a rifle for military service he becomes the steel-toothed jaw of capitalist society. *Soldiers are to the capitalist class what teeth are to tigers and beaks are to eagles.* Soldiers are often called "dogs of war" and they are, indeed, the watchdogs of capitalism—with barracks, armories and tents for kennels. Bankers, manufacturers, mine owners and the like despise the very thought of living themselves in the military "war-dog" kennels. Such men can not be tricked to the tents and trenches.

In wheedling young men to join the army and navy the national government is hard put to it; must even make fun of the poverty and ignorance of the humble toilers in the industries—and openly sneers at them. Here is a sample of the vile means used by the government to shame green young men into the army and the navy.*

"WANTED—for the United States Marine Corps—Able-bodied men who wish to see the world.

"Regular pay\$12 80
 "Post Mechanics, 50c per day.....13.00
 "Total\$25.80

"Which is better for a young man who can never hope to travel on his own account:

COST OF WAR IN BLOOD

"War—What For?"

The hot, red flood gushing from the torn sides of the working class, seduced or forced to attend "Death's feast" to slaughter and laughter in little more than one brief century of recent years, may be measured

the French Wars of the Revolution, 1793

Frenchmen1,800,000
 Other Europeans2,500,000
 Wars of the Empire, 1795-1815—
 Frenchmen2,600,000
 Other Europeans3,500,000
 European and American wars since

According to Lapouge's
 estimated9,450,000
 Grand (Extremely Grand)
 Total19,850,000*

This total does not show the spilt blood perhaps one hundred million men killed, in battle, but *not killed.*

It is especially important to consider also this enormous total of twenty million—round numbers—does not include many millions of *non-combatants* who in one way or another were destroyed during the wars in consequence of the wars, nor the immense number of non-combatants wounded but not destroyed, nor the vast amount of blood befouled and weakened with disease.

This gives us a "grand" total of forty millions (40,000,000) men, women, and children actually slaughtered or otherwise destroyed as a result of one hundred years

of battering-Hill in *Heredity and Selection in Biology* makes the total 24,000,000.

of "splendid and "glorious" and "grand" and "Christianized" war—and (blessed be the "mysterious will of God who reigns" but *doesn't* rule under capitalism) these forty million lives were mostly WORKING CLASS LIVES.

Forty million lives in one brief century slashed down by Mars, the "glorious" god of battles.

A torrent of blood has gushed from the deep, damned war-wound in the breast of the working class. And in this the morning of the twentieth Christian century we hear the mouthings of hypocrisy, but we see the strut and dare of crowned and flattered brutes and buccaneers everywhere.

"Base distrust, the red-eyed hound of hate,
 Rules in a world by phantom foes alarmed."

Everywhere we see the crowned and consecrated cutthroats preparing for war. Soon again the booming roar of "gun thunder" will terrify the world. Even now in Turkey, in Russia, in Spain and in Africa the blood of humble working class brothers is being splashed in the face of mankind.

Rouse, brothers, rouse!
 Refuse! Refuse to paint this sad world red with the blood of toilers fooled by the mocking flattery of gilded cowards.

Let us force senators, congressmen and presidents—let us force tsars, emperors, kings, lords, dukes and the industrial masters also—let us force every one of these shrewd, proud cowards into the bloody mire of the firing line and compel them to stay there till by spilling their own blood they learn what war is—for the working class.

The capture of the powers of government by the working class for the working class—that is our first move.

The working class must defend the working class

to enlist in the Marine Corps for four years where he will be able to see a great portion of the world and perform a loyal duty to his country—or, to drudge away on the farm, in the shop, and various other places for from ten to fifteen hours per day in all kinds of weather, and at the end of the month, or better still, of four years, not to have as much clear cash to show for all his hard and wearisome labor as he would have, had he enlisted? he (the enlisted man) is always clean."

There you have it, young farmer, young mechanic; the government throws it right into your teeth—the sneer that as a wage-earner in the shop and mine and on the farm, you are cornered; that with all your toiling and sweating you will always be a "dirty-faced tenderfoot" living humbly around the old home place, never having opportunity to see the world you live in; that you can not even hope to travel on your own account, simply because as a wage-earner you don't own enough of "your" country—you cannot get ahead far enough financially—to enable you to do so. If you want to see the world you will have to join the butchers in the service of the rulers. In its effort to tease and trick you aboard its great warships, into the "armed guard" work, your own government makes fun of your humble income and taunts you always for staying around home like a "sissy boy." The government also tells you that your face is dirty and that a military man's face "is always clean."

* Copied from a government advertisement in front of recruiting headquarters in Allegheny, Pa., September 7, 1907.—G. R. K.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

(Do you really know what your children are being taught in the schools? A Girard parent recently was shocked to hear his little daughter singing over and over, with treesome reiteration, the following song. When asked where she had learned such a thing, she replied that they sang it every morning in school.)

A soldier's life is a merry life,
 As he marches along with his drum and fife.

Chorus—With a rattle, rattle, bang, bang,
 Rumpy, dumpty, bang;
 A rattle, rattle, rumpy, dumpty,
 bang, bang, bang.

When he first enlists his head hangs low
 And he walks very slow and stoops just so.

Chorus—
 But he soon stands straight and his chest
 grows broad
 As he handles his rifle or swings his sword.

Chorus—
 When he's sent on the sea to a distant foe
 The ship goes up and down just so,

Chorus—
 When he lands on the shore and meets the foe
 They'll shake in their shoes and their back
 they'll show.

Chorus—
 He's as bold as a lion, he knows no fear
 Tho he thinks of the dear ones at home with
 a tear.

Chorus—
 But at last he comes home to all those loved
 best
 With a sash across his shoulder and a medal
 on his breast,

Chorus—
 Five copies this issue of the Progressive Woman and picture of Debs and Girard children on heavy tinted paper, 10c.

For Socialist Locals, Program for April

Woman's Protest Against Needless War

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 National Committee.

Opening remarks by Chairman:

We have gathered here this evening for the purpose of investigating the conditions prevailing in Mexico, and of deciding the correct attitude of the working people of the United States toward the Mexican Revolution. We are convinced that we are facing a grave situation in this country, and we no longer dare to ignore this fact. To every man, woman or child who reads the daily papers and the monthly magazines the truth is brought home most forcibly that all preparations are being made for war. At the present moment the war scare is directed toward Mexico—poor, down-trodden Mexico—a country whose natural beauties are unsurpassed, whose rich soil and tropical climate produce food in abundance, a country whose people have been robbed of their freedom and forced into ignorance and slavery. Again and again they have attempted rebellion, again and again Diaz has forced them into outward submission. Now their strength has grown until victory awaits them.

Under such conditions, in order to bring about the defeat of the patriots and to prolong the atrocious reign of the unspeakable Diaz, President Taft has sent thousands of United States troops to his assistance. It is against this outrage that we protest.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist party has issued an official proclamation, calling upon the working people throughout the country to arise as one man and denounce this outrage against liberty and justice. In every word of this protest we join most heartily.

Reading: Proclamation by the National Executive Committee.

Remarks by Chairman: For long centuries the world has dreamed of a day when all men would be as brothers. The working people are becoming aroused to a recognition of the fact that this day is at hand, and they call aloud to their comrades in every land to awake and join them in the work that must be done to establish a world brotherhood.

Song: Our Comrades' Call, page 59, Moyer's Song Book.

Remarks by Chairman: John Kenneth Turner, after a thorough study of prevailing conditions in Mexico, has given us a graphic description of them in his wonderful book, *Barbarous Mexico*. Let us listen to him as he tells us some of his experiences as he traveled from place to place. At times he represented himself as a wealthy man with money to invest. In this way he learned the most shocking truths from the men in power.

Reading: What Is Mexico?

Remarks by Chairman: Do you doubt that men, women and children are stolen from their homes and sold into slavery in Mexico, just

as the negroes were stolen from their homes in Africa and sold into slavery in this country? Then listen to the testimony in regard to the extermination of the Yaquis.

Reading: Extermination of the Yaquis.

Reading: The Contract Slaves of the Valle Nacional.

Reading: Over the Exile Road.

Remarks by Chairman: A beautiful story is told of a young girl, who, revolting against the unspeakable wrongs, led her people into an open attack upon their oppressors. A Joan of Arc of Mexico—and she instead of meeting death as her reward was carried away by the enemy and never heard of again. William Francis Barnard has just published this story in verse in his "Tongues of Toil," published by the *Fraternal Press*, Chicago, a book of poems, every one of them breathing a deep love for humanity and hatred of oppression. A revolutionary spirit pervades its every page, and the power of the poet is strikingly portrayed in the story of Margareta Martenez.

Recitation: Margareta Martenez.

Remarks by Chairman: When we charge the American government with being in league with Diaz in these dastardly crimes, there may be those who do not believe the charge. Let us see what John Kenneth Turner has to say on the American partners of Diaz.

Reading: The American Partners of Diaz.

Remarks by Chairman: Thinking men and women have been closely watching the trend of events, and all are convinced that the United States will find itself involved in a war in the near future, unless immediate steps are taken to enlighten the working people to the danger awaiting them. Over a year ago, Henry George, the son of the great single-taxer, after an extended tour of the Orient, declared that a war with Japan was inevitable. He stated that such a war was solely in the interest of Wall street financiers and would be of no benefit whatever to the nation at large. He ended with these words, "Now is the time for the American people to take a good look at the situation." In the January number of the *Coming Nation*, the noted journalist, Charles Edward Russell, has a most significant editorial along this same line. We will now listen to it.

Reading: Watch the News from Japan.

Remarks by Chairman: We have shown that the sending of troops to assist the Mexican tyrant is solely in the interest of the big business interests which will profit by it. Because Morgan, Guggenheim and other multimillionaires have \$900,000,000 invested in Mexico, our young workingmen are sent to Mexico to kill the young workingmen of Mexico. One of the most terrible books of all times, terrible in its denunciation of war and in the conviction it carries straight into the hearts of the working class, is a book by George R. Kirkpatrick called "War—What For." This book has been off the press but a short time and thousands of copies have been sold. In this book he issues a warning to the working class, and nothing could be more appropriate tonight than that we men and women of the working class should give heed to his words. After the next song, we will listen to the reading of this warning.

Song: The Marxian Call, page 4, Moyer's Song Book.

Reading: A Special Call to the Working Class.

Remarks by Chairman: If there is no danger for this warning, if no such danger confronts the workers of America, then how explain the infamous Dick militia law that Congress passed surreptitiously, that vastly increased "state" militia forces, and at the same time constituted them as an organic, instantly commandable part of the regular army, to be used precisely like regular troops for any purpose desired by the capitalists in control of the national government.

Reading: The Dick Military Law.

Remarks by Chairman: For the benefit of the mothers and fathers who are willing to sacrifice their boys upon the battlefield through a mistaken sense of duty or patriotism, we will show you a picture of a battlefield.

Reading: Description of a Japanese-Russian Battlefield.

Reading: Cost of War in Blood.

Remarks by Chairman: This evening we have been lost if we do not point out the way to free ourselves from such threatened horrors. There are certain definite things that we as working men and women can do. We will arouse ourselves and act without further delay.

Reading: What Shall We Do?

Remarks by Chairman: Comrades and friends, do you understand the purpose of the meeting tonight? It is to arouse in the hearts of every honest man and woman an earnest desire for a free people—not only a free people in trust-ridden Mexico—but a free people in trust-ridden United States, and a free people in every nation on the face of the earth. We want that desire to so possess you that you shall know no peace until you are putting forth every effort to accomplish this great end. No war is justified except war for liberty, such a war as the Mexican insurgents themselves are carrying on against the tyrant Diaz. We must act now. Let every man and woman here tonight write at once to our congressman demanding that the troops be called from the Mexican border. Let us explain the truth to our boys who are about to enlist to kill their fellow workingmen. Let us explain to the fathers and mothers, let us flood this city and the country all about with literature explaining the true cause underlying the wars into which the great capitalist interests of this country will certainly involve us unless we enter a protest that sounds around the world. WE CAN DO IT! Even as our comrades in France and Germany and in Norway and Sweden, refused to sacrifice their lives for the profit of the capitalists in their countries, just so we can refuse to be murdered that the great corporate interests in this country may fatten upon our blood. And what next can we do?

And the second is that the swift industrial development of Japan is beginning to be very uncomfortable to these gentlemen. Already Japan has excluded from the Orient more than one of our admirable Trusts.

Wait until she begins to tackle us upon the battlefield, let us refuse to fight the battles of the capitalists upon the battlefield, let us refuse to put them into positions of power where they can pass laws that force us to bear arms against our brothers. Let us unite on the political field against the enemy of the working class, in this country and in all other countries—the master class—the capitalist interests. We are many. They are few. Let us join hands. Let us organize upon the industrial field until every industry falls as ripened fruit into the hands of the producers. Let us organize upon the political field until the producers are brought into ownership and control of the social means

production and distribution, and we are led a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. To the comrades of Mexico, of Japan, of all countries, we send word of greeting and good cheer in the recitation of this evening's program.

Recitation: Comrades.
Song: The Marseillaise, page 26, Moyer's Song Book.
Song: We're Going to Win, page 62, Moyer's Song Book.

GRADES

"Tongues of Toil."

Over the parting oceans,
O'er the dividing lands,
We call to you, our brothers;
We stretch to you comrade hands.

Why should we strive for bondage?
Or war for the warring kings?
If we fight, let us fight for friendship,
And not for the meaner things.

Enough of the schemes of empire;
Enough of the lusts of trade,
Ye unto eye, our fellows,
And let a new pact be made!

The lore of the ages tells it;
All wisdom's voices call—
Human's ye stand together;
And, each against each, ye fall."

We live united in sorrow
Beneath the powers that destroy;
Let us come close together,
And live united in joy.

Enough of the bounds and borders;
Nay, no life stands alone.
Fear, men of the farthest nation—
We are made of one flesh and bone.

Away with the fear that parts us;
Away with our threatening might;
Shout good speed to us, calling,
Men of all earth, unite!

The world we have made awaits us
With all of its godly gains:
We have nothing to break but bondage,
We have nothing to lose but chains.

Hope be with us forever,
And strength, as the sun above.
The power of our hands be courage,
The pulse of our hearts be love.

Dear PROGRESSIVE WOMAN—I want to thank you for your special suffrage number of February, which I have just now had time to look over. You are doing a great work and ought to have support and gratitude of every woman in the land. And you will have it when women really take up and look around at what has been accomplished by the faithful, wise, patriotic few who are today bending every energy to bring about the emancipation of the race from age-long prejudice, cruelty and degradation.

California is in the throes of a suffrage campaign that promises to be one of the quickest, most enthusiastic and interesting in the history of the movement. Everybody says "You are going to win." And we feel it, thrilling the whole state through and through. I will send you a copy of the state campaign letter that is now in the printer's hands, very soon.

And I will also try to have a letter for you every month from some source, telling you of our progress and general activity. "God is in His heaven and all will be right with the world!" Yours in the hope of a glorious future,

ELIZABETH LOWE WATSON.

Barataga, Cal. President California Equal Suffrage Association.

DESCRIPTION OF THE JAPANESE-

RUSSIAN WAR

From "War—What For?"

Don't be in a hurry to enlist, brother. Wait a few more days. Two weeks after next will do. The "very best people" in your town are not hurrying to enlist. Can't you see the point? Before you enlist, or before you consent to have your son or younger brother enlist, be sure to read some books describing real war with improved murdering machinery. A brilliant war correspondent, Mr. Richard Barry, thus describes a modern war-storm in his book, descriptive of the Japanese-Russian war *Port Arthur, A Monster Heroism*, passim:*

"Toward three o'clock a second advance is ordered . . . nearly 15,000 men close in . . . now they are through (the wire fence) . . . half naked, savage, yelling, even Japanese stoicism gone. Up to the very muzzles of the first entrenchments they surge, waver and break like the dash of angry waves against a rock-bound coast. . . . Officers are picked off by sharpshooters, as flies are flecked from a molasses jug. . . . So up they go, for the tenth time. . . . Spottsylvania Court House was no more savage. . . .

Thus hand to hand they grapple, sweat, bleed, shout, expire. The veneer of culture sloughed as a snake his cast-off skin; they spit and chew, claw and grip as their forefathers beyond the memory of man. . . . The cost! The fleeing ones left five hundred corpses in four trenches. The others paid seven times that price—killed and wounded—to turn across the page of the world's warfare that word Nanshan. . . . A hospital ship left every day for Japan carrying from 200 to 1,000. . . . I lay in the broiling sun watching the soldiers huddle against the barbed-wire, under the machine guns . . . only to melt away like chaff before a wind. . . . The 'pioneers' met with the death-sprinkle of the Maxim (guns) . . . a machine rattled and the shale beyond spattered. I was carried back (in memory) to a boiler factory and an automatic riveter. Of all war sounds that of the machine gun is least poetic, is most deadly. . . . The regiment under fire of the machine guns retreated precipitately, leaving one-half its number on the slope. . . . Overwhelmed on all sides, tricked, defeated, two-thirds of its men killed or wounded . . . for out of that (another) brigade of 6,000 men there are . . . uninjured but 640 . . . Moreover in throwing up their trenches . . . corpses had to be used to improvise the walls . . . The dead were being used to more quickly fill the embankments. . . . Soon dawn came and with it hell. The battle was on again. Within his sight were more than a hundred dead and twice as many wounded. Groans welled up like bubbles from a pot. Arms tossed feverishly. Backs writhed in despair. . . . almost crazed by thirst and hunger, he a wounded soldier unattended for days on the battlefield) at length severed the arteries of one of his comrades newly dead, and lived on (that is, sucked blood from a comrade's corpse?). He found worms crawling in the wounds of his legs. He tore up the shirt of a corpse and bound them. . . . How like a living thing a shell snarls—as some

wild beast, in ferocious glee thrusting its cruel fangs in earth and rock, rending livid flesh with its savage claws, and its fetid breath of poison powder scorching in the autumn winds. . . . All the way up the base of the hill . . . they were almost unmolested. . . . This made them confident. But the Russian general . . . had ordered his men to reserve their fire till we got within close range, and then to give it to us with machine guns. . . . The aim was so sure and firing so heavy that nearly two-thirds of the command was mowed down at once. . . . Then came the thud of a bullet. It was a different thud from any we had heard up to that time, and though I had never before heard bullet strike flesh, I could not mistake the sound. It goes into the earth wholesome and angry, into flesh ripping and sick with a splash like a hoof-beat of mud in the face. . . . The parapets of four forts were alive with bursting shrapnel. A hundred a minute were exploding on each (at fifteen gold dollars apiece). The air above them was black with glycerine gases of the motor shells, and the wind blowing . . . held huge quantities of dust. . . . 'No, the truth about war can not be told. It is too horrible. The public will not listen. A white bandage about the forehead with a strawberry mark in the center—is the picture they want of the wounded. They won't let you tell them the truth and show bowels ripped out, brains spilled, eyes gouged away, faces blanched with horror. . . . Archibald Forbes predicted twenty years ago that the time would come when armies would no longer be able to take their wounded from the field of battle. That day has come. We are living in it. Wounded have existed—how, God knows—on that field out there without help for twelve days, while shells and bullets rained about them, and if a comrade had dared to come to their assistance, his would have been a useless suicide. The searchlight, engine of scientific trenches, machine guns, rifles point blank at 200 yards with a range of over 2,000—these things have helped to make war more terrible than ever before in history. Red Cross societies and scientific text-books—they sell well and look pretty, but as for humane warfare—was there ever put into words a mightier sarcasm!"

Read all of Mr. Barry's thrilling book and thus learn why the haughty "very best people", who despise the workingmen, socially, don't go themselves, up close, to the foul and bloody hell called war.

Books of Interest to Women

- The Origin of the Family. Engels. Price, 50 cents.
- Looking Forward. Philip Rappaport. Price, \$1.00.
- Woman Under Socialism. Bebel. Price \$1.
- Love's Coming-of-Age. Ed. Carpenter. Price, \$1.
- The Rebel at Large. May Beals. Price, 50c.
- Ancient Society. Lewis H. Morgan. Price, \$1.50.
- The Home. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Price, \$1.
- The Man-Made World. Gilman. \$1.
- What Diantha Did. Gilman. \$1.
- Human Work. Gilman. \$1.
- Woman and Economics. Gilman. \$1.50.
- In This Our World. Gilman. \$1.25.
- Concerning Children. Gilman. \$1.25.
- The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. Girard, Kan.

* Published by Moffat, Yard & Company, New York. Italics mine.—G. R. K. See pp. 82-83.

"The Tongues of Toil"

By William Frances Barnard

A Review by Arthur M. Lewis

All great national or world movements develop a literature. First we get an army of writers in prose and, when the cause is rooted broad and deep, come the inspiring and triumphant note of the poet.

The appearance of the real poet is a sure sign that the crisis of the movement is approaching. Not until the theorizer has laid the plans and the armies are fairly drilled does he fling forth the blast which nerves men to forget themselves in the greatness of their cause.

The poet is an absolute necessity in a social revolution. He is to the revolutionary army what the Athenian schoolmaster and bard with his harp was to the drooping soldiers of the Greek army.

The infancy of the Socialist movement in this country is well attested by the doggerel that has appeared in the pages of our press, except, of course, some isolated cases.

But a new era is dawning, and the voice of the worker is finding expression in battle songs that will live long after their singers are dead.

William Vaughan Moody's tremendous poem, "The Brute," and many of Edwin Markham's songs mark the entrance of the revolutionary spirit into American poetry.

It has remained, however, for William Francis Barnard to sound the highest, purest and most thrilling revolutionary note of our day. Here, at last, the toiler finds his wrongs denounced and his rights proclaimed in language that will not fade—in "perfect music set to noble words."

Neitsche said of the poets: "I never fish in your rivers but I pull up the head of some dead god." And it is wholly true that much of the world's best poetry is crippled by the presence of theological superstitions that maim and mar.

Mr. Barnard is evidence, however, that a true singer may have his songs set in the scientific spirit of the age. Not the gods, but the long-suffering workers, are the heroes of his verse. Here the author of "The Tongues

of Toil" rises above Markham and every other singer of songs of the people.

The volume contains so many powerful poems that selection in this space is very difficult. "Labor's Answer" is a reply to the false prophets who would lull the worker into a peaceful submission, which stands unequalled volume contains a revised version of this poem "The Red Flag," in its original form, has appeared in progressive magazines wherever the English language is spoken and written. This volume contains a revised version of this poem which leaves nothing to be desired, and will be the vocal expression of our revolutionary emblem for generations yet unborn.

Another poem we must name because of its unusual merit is "The Children of the Looms." Not since Mrs. Browning's immortal "Cry of the Children" has our literature been enriched by so tremendous a plea for the child slave. At the first reading it fires the brain and stirs the pulse like a trumpet call. When the children are at last redeemed posterity will not forget the singers who supplied the emancipators with their inspiration.

The murder of Francisco Ferrer was a fitting theme for the poet's muse, and several writers of verse rose to the great occasion. Barnard's poem on "Ferrer," in my judgment, easily eclipses them all. We have not only the poet's art, but also the throbbing sympathy of the man behind the artist.

These are only some of the many poems of a volume which as a body of revolutionary verse has no equal in English, not even excepting the fine volume edited by H. S. Salt.

Every Socialist in America should have a volume of "The Tongues of Toil" on his book shelves. Socialist speakers will find it especially valuable, as I have, when they wish to close a lecture with better effect than would otherwise be possible.

The Fraternal Press is to be congratulated on making the volume worthy of its contents. The tasteful cover and gold letters make a handsome volume for presentation to a friend, who may be reached where the grosser message fails. The book contains 192 pages.

From Historic Events

From "War—What For?"

The only safety therefore for the working people in all lands is to organize themselves into a political party, an international political party, of the working class, and *patiently build their party big enough* for each national group of workers to seize the political powers of government in their own country—always, everywhere, loudly declaring war against war.

There is but one working class political party on all the earth. That party sincerely proclaims: "Freedom for the working class! No more war!" And loudly and patiently that party sounds an immortal call of brotherhood to all the workers on all the blood-stained earth: "Workingmen of all countries, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain."

That working class party is the Socialist party.

Already this working class party, loudly calling, "Freedom in the shop and freedom

from the battlefield"—already this party is beginning to save the blood and tears and homes and joys of the working class.

Every working man and woman should learn—and teach the children to recite at school—the following page of history, four historic events:

FIRST EVENT: In 1847 two men, geniuses, wrote a very small, but powerful book.* The book was published in 1848. Kings, emperors, tsars and presidents have turned pale when their common people began to understand that small book. The first proposition is that astonishing book is: "The (recorded) history of all hitherto existing society is the history of class struggles." That is a great fact. Pack it into your mind. That sentence has opened wide the mental windows of millions of working men—and women. The last sentence of that book of social light-

* The Communist Manifesto.

ing is this:—"Workingmen of all countries, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain!" That is a sublime call. That call has thrilled lions of weary working class people. Year after year it thrills millions more. *Some day call will enter your soul.* Then you will find the meaning of this next event.

SECOND EVENT: In 1870 two distinguished assassins sent hundreds of thousands of working men to the boundaries between France and Germany to be butchered.† Even then—forty years later—the *shrewdest* workers in Germany, France and other European countries realized that war meant for the *working* class. Workingmen were banded together in the International Working-Men's association. These studious toilers warned the workingmen against the war. In 1870 they sent out a general announcement: "They (the members of the International Working-Men's association) feel deeply convinced that what will turn the impending horrid war may be the alliance of the working classes of all countries will ultimately kill war." The International issued an address saying: "French, German, Spanish workingmen! Let our voices unite in a cry of reprobation against war.

Workingmen of all countries! Whatever the result of our common efforts, members of the International Association of Working-Men, who know no frontiers, send you, as a pledge of indissoluble solidarity, the good wishes and the salutations of the workingmen of France." The British section of the International finely responded: "We join with you heart and hand in protestation. . . . Solemnly we promise that neither the noise of drums nor the thunder of cannon, neither victory or defeat shall turn us aside from our work for the union of the workingmen of all countries.

German delegates at Chemnitz, Saxony, representing 50,000 workingmen also made a reply: "We are happy to grasp the fraternal hand stretched out to use by the workingmen of France. . . . We shall not forget that the workingmen of all countries are our friends, and the despots of all countries are our enemies."

The grand old International has become the Socialist party of our day. The Socialist party is indeed the political party of the working class.

THIRD EVENT: In 1905-6 the Norwegian and the Swedish armies (workingmen, of course) were ordered to the front to butcher one another. They were assembled at the national boundary. Tens of thousands of homes were desolate. Fear was an agony in the hearts of a multitude of women and children. Reporters were present from all parts of the world to flash the news of the butchery around the earth. The capitalist trust was exceedingly glad, business was about to pick up. Gilt-braided buccant commanders were about to shout: "Forward! Fire! Charge! Slaughter!"

"Everything was ready"—it seemed. Then something happened—something so new and new in the sad and "somber" of mankind.

No sword was drawn.
No cannon roared.
No Gatling gun mowed down thousands.
No wild cavalry charged.
No hospital became a hell of cursing, groaning, screaming, mangled men.

Yet "everything was ready"—ready to defend the sacred honor of "royal" and "noble" coward parasites.

† Reread Chapter Seven, Section 4.

Everything was ready *except one thing*—consent of the working class.

The conscripted *Socialist soldiers* in both *ies* and the *Socialists* everywhere through-
both countries had *passed the sign of*
king class brotherhood all through *both*
ies and through *both countries*: "We
king class men are brothers. Let us not
the veins of our own class simply to
sly the vicious pride of snobbish masters.
us save our own blood and tears."

his international brothers' cry was like a
ndid flash of lightning at midnight. Broth-
saw brothers, working class brothers, in
night, the midnight of capitalism. The
of the working class in both these coun-
s flashed response: "Brothers! Broth-
! We understand!" The human race
ned to smile. The Swedish and the Nor-
ian soldiers mingled. These armed
kers fraternized. Armed men embraced
ed men. They shouted and wept—for joy.
hey sneered at the frowns of their com-
nders. Proudly and promptly they re-
d to butcher and be butchered.*
hat settled it. There was no war.

here can not be war unless the working
s agree to it. For of course you know,
ler, that the broadclothed capitalist snobs
these countries were too cowardly to
t the war themselves.

nd now there are many more happy
ies, happy wives, happy mothers and
y children in Norway and Sweden than
e would have been if the humble work-
people of these two countries had per-
eaped a precious lot of gilded cowards to
ite them and confuse them and then "sic"
n at one another's throats.

ery recently, in 1906-7, the Socialist party
Germany and France prevented war be-
ween Germany and France over the "Mo-
o affair." This is admitted even by dis-
hushed European enemies of the Social-
party. This threatened war might easily
e cost five hundred thousand lives—work-
class lives—and five billions of treasure
desolated hundreds of thousands of
es and darkened both countries with an
rational hatred lasting half a century.

ut the Socialists blocked the game.
gain and again in their international con-
sises the Socialists have protested against
and militarism as being, for the work-
class, nothing but a burden and a curse.**
I therefore now we stand erect in self-
spect. Now in sincere fellowship we ex-
l the right hand of brotherhood to all
workingmen—and to all the women and
all the children—of the whole world; and
all these we promise:

We will not fight.

We refuse to plunge bayonets into one
ther's breasts.

We refuse to slay the fathers of tender
dren.

We refuse to murder the brothers and
ers of women.

We refuse to butcher the husbands of de-
ed wives.

We refuse to "Hurrah" over victories that
ak the heart and blind the world with
rs.

We refuse the cheap role of armed guard
s the salaried assassins in the service of
plunder-bloated coward ruling class.

Fearing that the powerful suggestion might
h and rouse the slumbering working class the
talist press of the world kept silent as an eye-
n on the behavior of the clear-visioned soldiers
Norway and Sweden. Only the *working class*
s properly reported the sublime event. See
llenge, page 206 et seq.)

For an excellent and convenient discussion of
Socialist party's opposition to war and mili-
ism, see Werner Sombart's *Socialism and the*
talist Movement, pp. 193-211; Morris Hillquit's
talism in Theory and Practice, pp. 296-302.

What Shall We Do? Explain!

From "War—What For."

What must we do?

We must destroy capitalism and close the
class struggle.

In all the variations of the struggle or
wars of capitalism the working class are
hired, flattered, fooled, or forced to do all
the actual fighting.

This must cease—as soon as possible—
as a preliminary.

This will cease—when the conscious work-
ers successfully *explain capitalism and war*
to the confused and deluded workers. War
will cease when we have explained the na-
tional and international conspiracy of the
capitalist class.

War will cease when we rouse the work-
ers of the world by *explaining*.

By explaining we inform.

By informing we increase intelligence.

By increasing intelligence we increase
self-respect and the passion for a greater
life and for the freedom necessary for a
greater life

Therefore,

Explain—inside and outside the ranks—
everywhere—in shop, mill, mine on the farm.

Explain till emperors and presidents *dread*
their own conscripted and "volunteer"
armies.

Explain till murder for board and clothes
and \$16 a month looks vile.

Explain till young working-class men in-
side and outside the ranks see the light.

Explain till an advertisement for human
butchers and military fists becomes utterly
disgusting to the working class.

Explain till our class becomes class con-
scious—till its sees itself, sees its class in-
terest and its class power.

Explain till our class can not be fooled,
hired, flattered or forced to butcher or be
butchered.

Explain till our class, like the capitalist
class, understand the political method of
class defense.

Explain till millions of the roused workers
of all political parties clasp hands at the
ballot box in a political party of their own
class for the defiant self-defense of their
own class.

Explain till our class clearly sees and
proudly declares that we must destroy the
capitalist class-labor form of society and
reconstruct society on a plan of rational
mutualism.*

*See Chapter Seven, Section 12.

A Special Japanese Edition

The May number of THE PROGRESSIVE WO-
MAN will be devoted to Japan, to our mur-
dered comrades of that country, and the in-
dustrial and political situation there. There
will be translation of letters from Comrade
Kotoku, the leader of the radicals, articles by
Japanese comrades, pictures, and other mat-
ter that will be of interest to our readers.
We will make this number as original and in-
teresting as the subject will permit—and every
one knows that Japan as a subject is broad in
its range of interest.

Send in your orders early for this Japanese
edition. "Send me 150 copies," wrote Comrade
Arthur M. Lewis, the famous Chicago lecturer,
when he learned that we were preparing this
number. Many orders for the special woman's
edition couldn't be filled because they came in
after the supply was exhausted. Don't get
left on this special edition. 2c a copy, in bun-
dles of five or more.

Women and Socialism

At a meeting of the Collectivist Society in
New York a few weeks ago Mrs. Harriet
Stanton Blatch, the noted suffrage leader, said
that women are more generally inclined to-
ward Socialism than men, and that if the So-
cialist party were to center its activities in the
states where there is woman's suffrage they
would progress much faster, and then could
sweep the country from east to west. Char-
lotte Gilman Perkins also said that women
were more attuned to Socialism than are men.
To those acquainted with woman's historical
status these statements are perfectly compre-
hensible. Women have always been the ad-
hesive force in society, the co-operators, and
distributors of life's necessities. Men have
been the combative element, the aggressors
and conquerors of other men, the gatherers-in,
the individualists. Speaking from an histori-
cal, or scientific basis, we might almost say
that capitalism is in its nature masculine—
combative, aggressive, individualistic—while So-
cialism is feminine—co-operative, conservative,
social. Not only is the idea of woman's free-
dom taking root today, but the idea of the
feminine principle in social life, in production
and distribution, in our culture, in every phase
of our experience, is taking root, and promises
to bud and blossom before many decades have
passed.

Special Subscription Campaign

In the January issue of THE PROGRESSIVE
WOMAN we offered \$100 to the National Wo-
man's Committee if the locals and individual
comrades would send us 2,000 subscriptions
by the end of March. These subs were to be
sent in on special Campaign Cards, and on
blanks provided by the W. N. C. The W. N.
C. needed the \$100 and we needed the sub-
scriptions. We thought you could do it; 2,000
in three months is not such a great lot. But
you didn't do it. At the time of going to
press there are 700 names sent in on this
offer.

Well, we thank those of you who *did* make
the effort, and some other time there may be
a chance for every one again.

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

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gressive Woman, 10c.

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A SUGGESTION TO MOTHERS

Dear Editor P. W.—I would like to make a suggestion to our mothers in the Socialist movement, and that is this: Let the teachers hear of Socialism through your children. Send them the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN or *Coming Nation* and a great many of them will appreciate it. We should make our children the leaders in the schools. Teach them to express their opinions and the teachers will be forced to do likewise.

Some weeks ago one of our comrades taught he little boy that little recitation about Fred Warren. She (the teacher) gave him a perfect mark and asked him where he found it. The next morning his mother let him take his copy of the P. W. to school and his teacher read several of the stories in the children's department to the pupils, and returned the magazine several days later. Another comrade I know, subscribed every year for the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN and *Progressive Journal of Education* for his little girl's teacher.

We should not leave our children's education too much in the hands of teachers. We should not only teach our children the true facts of life to counterbalance the false ideas they receive at school, but also try to reach the teachers who are molding so many minds.

I want to congratulate you on your Uncle Reub articles. They are splendid! Keep them up.

Little Lillian was three years old the first, and uses her little table for a "soap box." She persists in giving such lengthy talks that we have to take her down with force some times. Fraternally yours,

PEARL ALINE LANFERSIEK.

Kentucky.

WOMAN'S DAY IN PHILADELPHIA

Although this was but the first celebration of Woman's Day by Philadelphia Socialists, it is our intention to make each succeeding one broader and finer until Woman's Day will be known to everyone in our city.

Until women have won the franchise, and are placed on a more level plane with men, there will be at least one day each year that will be devoted to lecturing and interesting non-Socialist women, anti-suffragists and those

not yet strong enough to carry the courage of their convictions.

For our Woman's Day celebration Charl Perkins Gilman, of New York, was the speaker and through her entire talk her words and theories carried so much reasoning and real understanding of the woman question that surely her hearers will never forget them. Herself an independent and remarkably capable and clever woman, we can hardly have been more fortunate than to have her.

She made it clear that the lower position that woman holds today in society is partly her sacrifice to civilization, the outcome of old customs and theories. The industries, including all the home industries have now become so highly specialized that it is no longer necessary to have a woman drudge in the home to assure the other members of the family comfort, and proper food. A companionship and feeling of equality never exist between the sexes—so long as woman is dependent and must learn to sacrifice herself to the wishes of her husband and family. Her question, "What do I think of a woman who marries her butler and retains him in this capacity after they are married," brought instant response in the audience, each one realizing that this surely as absurd as the marriage relations of today with the woman as the butler.

Further, she pictured the newer and better civilization; men and women working together everywhere, understanding and helping each other, the effeminate and masculine instincts giving way to the human ones. I would that I could quote more from her speech, her ideas are all so wonderfully impressive and so clear.

Paul Girard Hunt, of Chicago, who was in Philadelphia, for a short stay talked for some time, and helped to round out the meeting giving an understanding of woman from the man's standpoint and helping to arouse enthusiasm in the coming era, where all will give of the best they have freely and unselfishly, and consequently give rise to a much higher system of society.

ANNA COHEN.

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