

WHITE SLAVE NUMBER

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The Progressive Woman

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No. LVII



See Page 4

"Neither Do I Condemn Thee"

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

U. S. A.

PRICE 5 CENTS

50c A YEAR

FREE To Every Woman



**I Will Send You
ABSOLUTELY FREE**

One 50-Cent Box

Balm of Figs Compound

It is a medicine that has cured women's ailments—one that has to its credit nearly twenty years of success and a record of thousands upon thousands of cures, and so positive am I that it will help you if you are suffering with any form of women's ailments, that I will gladly send this 50c box free. I will send it free to prove that I can benefit you or any suffering sister.

You know what the ailments of women are and since from past experience I know what will cure them, I want every suffering woman to embrace this opportunity to get well and strong and enjoy 365 healthy, happy days every year.

My mission is to make sick women well, and I will gladly send you, your daughter, your mother, or any ailing friend a full 50-cent box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free. It is a remedy that cures women's ailments, and I want to tell you all about it, so that if you are suffering from any form of the well known symptoms of female weakness, you will know just exactly what to do. I want to tell you just how to cure yourself right at home, without the aid of a Doctor—and the best of it is, it will not in the least interfere with your work or pleasure.

Balm of Figs Compound is just the remedy to make sick women well and weak women strong and I can prove it—let me prove it to you—I will gladly do it and do it free, for I never heard of anything that does so quickly and surely cure women's ailments. No internal dosing is necessary. It is a local treatment, yet it has to its credit some of the most extraordinary cures on record. Therefore I want to place it in the hands of every woman suffering with any form of Leucorrhœa, Painful Periods, Ulceration, Inflammation, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Ovarian or Uterine Tumors, Growths, or any of the weaknesses so common to women.

NOTE:—I will also send you free our book entitled "A Perfect Woman." This book should be in the hands of every woman and will prove of great benefit to all who receive it. I want you to have one.—H. M. R.

I want to do this because I know just what it will accomplish when given a fair trial, and have every faith that it will do as much for you or any suffering woman as it has done for the many others who have given it the opportunity.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY

The following extracts are only a few of the comments of friends which I am constantly receiving from those who have given Balm of Figs Compound a fair trial.

"Since my own wonderful recovery I have persuaded many of my friends to try the remedy, and could tell of many remarkable cures by this simple, inexpensive treatment." Sincerely yours—Mrs. A. L. CRAM.

"I had been a great sufferer for 29 years prior to using your remedy but I am now a perfectly well woman and owe my life entirely to the simple use of Balm of Figs Compound." Sincerely yours Mrs. MARY E. SMITH.

"I feel that your remedy has saved my life and that I am indeed indebted to your representative for having persuaded me to give it a trial. It seems that I have never known before how glorious it is to enjoy perfect health, and you can rest assured that I will never lose the opportunity of telling others what it accomplished in my case." Yours truly, Mrs. MARY J. WITTE.

"Balm of Figs Compound was certainly a Godsend in our family and I hope every woman who reads this will be convinced that it is just as represented." Very truly yours, Mrs. FRANK P. GOODMAN.

This 50c Box of Balm of Figs Compound will not cost you one cent

I will send it to you absolutely free to prove its splendid qualities, and then if you wish to continue further it will cost you only a few cents a week.

I do not believe there is another remedy equal to Balm of Figs Compound, and am willing to prove my faith by sending out these 50c boxes free, so, dear reader, irrespective of your past experience, write to me, at once, today, and I will send you the treatment entirely free by return mail, and if you so desire I can readily refer you to many who can personally testify to the great and lasting cures that have resulted from the use of this remedy, but after all the very best test of anything is a personal trial of it, and I know a 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound will convince you of its merit.

Nothing is so convincing as the actual test of the article itself. Will you give Balm of Figs Compound this test? Write to me today and remember if you will simply fill out the attached coupon and return it to me I will gladly send you the 50c box of Balm of Figs Compound absolutely free for the asking, or if you prefer to write a letter you can address me in all confidence.

**Mrs. Harriet M. Richards
Special Box E 57 Joliet, Illinois**

COUPON

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Special Box E 57, Joliet, Illinois**

Dear Mrs. Richards:—As I am in need of a remedy like Balm of Figs Compound, I will be pleased to have you send me—free of any cost—one fifty-cent box by return mail.

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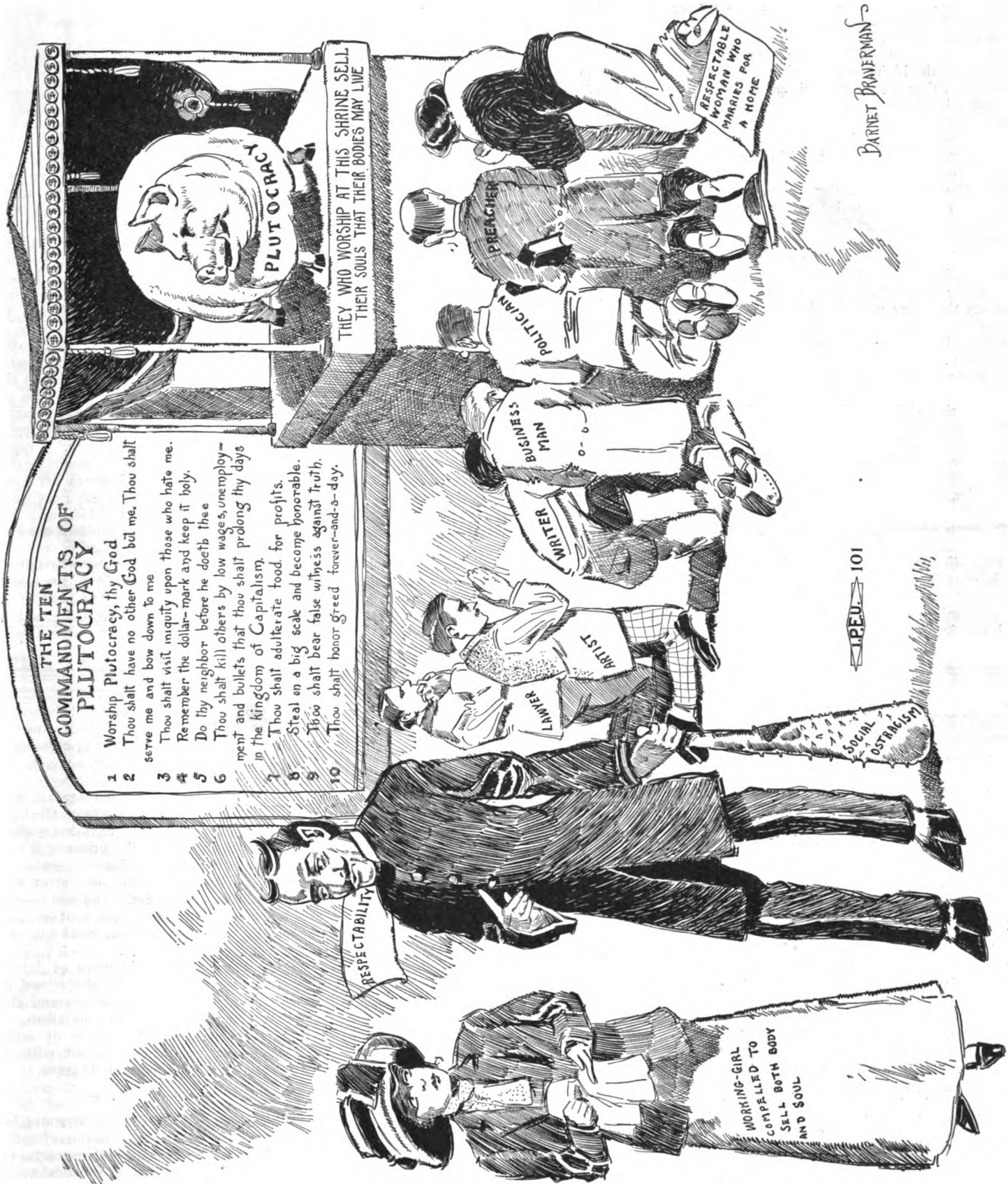
Age

work, hours, congestion, drink—in fact, everything that counts in the common life of the great mass of people. *Everything that counts in the common life is practical.* If dilettanti

reformers really understood this they would understand the scope and power of the suffrage movement. It is because of the persistent pressure of these real facts of everyday

experience for the majority of women that equal suffrage is inevitable and will override all attempts of old-fashioned individualist moralists to brush it aside.

"RESPECTABILITY" DRAWS "FINE" DISTINCTIONS



RESPECTABILITY: You, who are the weakest and least to blame of all, may not enter here. Your place is in the ante-room of "Outer Darkness." Get you gone.

The Girl Who Was Possessed

Josephine Conger-Kaneko

"To make a happy fireside clime
For weans and wife,
That's the true pathos and sublime
Of human life." *Burns.*

There were three of them. They sat together on a bench in a city park, listlessly gazing at the panorama of pleasure-seekers that passed before them. They were representative types of the high-class American working girl—that is, they were educated and followed those pursuits wherein the hand and brain are partners. Two were bookkeepers, one a high grade stenographer.

They were well groomed, good-looking and refined. Just now they appeared lonely and bored. The crowd about them did not form a part of their lives—at least there was no vital attachment between them. They watched it with the same indifference that a dweller on the prairie watches the blue monotony of the sky. They watched it because there was nothing else to watch, and the close observer could see that they were in the party to-day because all the other people were there; because they, like the others, wanted a diversion, and though they knew they would not find it there, they went anyway. It was the best they could do.

One of the girls—a tall, straight, healthy creature with full, sweet lips and clear, soft eyes—had become interested in a group of children who were playing near by. Intently, with a light in her eyes and lips apart, she watched their antics, their tumbling, childish gracefulness, their bright faces and towed heads. Gently she touched one of her companions and with a low half laugh, said:

"Julia! did you ever see anything so cunning in your life? Look at that baby; isn't he too sweet? O say, don't you know, I wish they were mine—every one of them."

With an impatient shrug Julia replied: "Oh,

you foolish! Who in the world wants a lot of noisy youngsters? I am sure I don't."

"I do! I do!" exclaimed the tall girl, stretching herself with a yawn and a half yearning gesture toward the little ones. Rising suddenly and straightening herself to her full height, she looked down upon her smaller companions with a rebellious expression on her whole being and exclaimed:

"I want them, I tell you. My arms ache for them, and my heart is like lead without them."

"Oh, sit down, Rose. People will think you are giving an impersonation of Lady Macbeth. If you like children so well why don't you get married and raise a family of your own, and quit coveting other people's. Goodness knows, Jack Graves wanted you bad enough—"

"Yes, he did. And I wanted him. * * * But what of it? There is a whole lot in this world besides two people wanting each other."

"What, for instance? I thought if you wanted a man and he wanted you that was all there was to it, and the parson did the rest."

"Well, you're mightily mistaken if you think that. That's the way it ought to be. But things are not as they ought to be. For instance, suppose you want to live after you've got each other—and there isn't enough to live on?"

"But Jack is a skilled mechanic."

"Yes, he is, and he got fair wages, too, when the shops were running. But in this expensive age even a good wage with a layoff ever so often is not much of an incentive to a conscientious young couple to go and get married. You've got to be a 'business man' and know how to invest and scheme and skin somebody in order to 'make your little pile,' as Jack says, and a man who is just merely skillful in doing his work doesn't stand much of a show. Jack tried 'business methods' for a while, but everything he touched failed. He

came to me broken-hearted and said, 'Rose, I can't get along. I'm a good mechanic and I know how to work, but I'm too stupid about money matters to marry any decent girl.' Then we talked it over and he decided to go to South America and try his luck there. * * * Oh, I wish we didn't have to worry over all this money business. Why isn't a good man's work a sufficient guarantee for a livelihood?"

"Well, Rose," persisted Julia, "you don't need to worry about Jack. There's old Mr. Banks, who's got scads of money already made and secure; he wanted to marry you."

"Oh, say, if you want to insult me, why don't you come right out and do it? If I wanted to sell myself I wouldn't seek a buyer as old as the hills and as decrepit as Rip Van Winkle. There are plenty of young men who are ready to buy, and you don't need to have them pinned to you for life, either."

"Rose Merrill!" exclaimed the two girls simultaneously, "what on earth is the matter with you? You act like one possessed. Why, it's shameful the way you talk—"

"Shameful, is it? Then you are shameful, too, and the whole of society is perfectly shameless, because it is selling its innocent girls all the time to old creatures with money and nobody says a word. Yet when I talk about selling myself to young creatures you have a fit. Pshaw! Every bit of it is prostitution, and the fact that society countenances one sort doesn't make it any more decent than the other. Possessed? Yes, I think I am possessed, and it is with the idea that things in this world are all upside down and wrongside out, and nothing is as it should be. I believe we are a lot of lunatics in an insane asylum. Well," she said, rising again from her bench, "let's go home and rest up for our next week's course of soul-suppression and hideous grind."

And they all walked jauntily down the graveled paths, through the noisy throng, and none of the great company knew that the tall girl was in any way different from themselves. And perhaps she was not. The soul of humanity is about the same—only she had expressed herself and the others were dumb.

Mammon's Slaughter Houses

Barnet George Braverman

Go into the crowded industrial districts of your city.

You will not have to wait very long before you hear the clang of an ambulance bell.

Suddenly windows are raised. Heads of women appear.

Doors fly open. Women come out on the door-steps.

All are watching the rapidly approaching ambulance.

Some of the women have left their work and in their hands are spoons and forks and scrubbing brushes. Some are holding babes in affectionate embrace.

In the eyes of these women is seen the fire of fear. The bosoms of some are heaving. The brows of others are wrinkled by anxiety. And they have good cause for anxiety. Tearing away at the heart of every woman is a great big question mark:

IS THE AMBULANCE BRINGING MY HUSBAND?

Yesterday the husband of one woman had his chest crushed. A piece of black crepe is pinned upon the door, for he is dead.

Last week, a breadwinner who lives a little way up the street was brought home minus a

leg. Here and there you see a boy or man leaning on a crutch. The hands of some are swathed in cloth. The heads of others are wrapped in bandages. Now you understand why doors and windows fly open.

The mines and shops and factories are slaughter houses of men and women.

Every year hundreds of thousands are maimed and injured and killed. The public knows little about these terrible accidents. Newspapers do not write about them except when large numbers are killed because newspapers are subsidized by men who own the industries.

Capitalism renders human life so very cheap and private profits so very sacred.

Several months ago, 145 girls just blooming into young womanhood, that fairest of nature's lilies, were burned to death in a New York factory.

A few weeks ago 200 miners were entombed in a mine at Briceville, Tenn.

In the United States 1,664,000 people are injured annually in the different industries.

Has the government employed any rigid measures to prevent such catastrophes? Real American interests are embodied in the lives of human beings; not in capitalist investments.

The United States government has never used a gun to protect the lives of American workingmen and women. It has never imprisoned a thieving plutocrat for sapping children's strength.

Guns have always been used against workingmen. Prisons have always been filled with workingmen. And workingmen have always made the guns and built the prisons.

Perhaps workingmen deserve guns and prisons. Perhaps they love the system which hounds and harrows them. And again—when they once see through the game of economic robbery they may stop making guns and erecting prisons.

When they realize their unity of interest, they may decide to run the shops and factories and mines to suit themselves and eliminate the slaughter houses of capitalism.

And then, perhaps, the hearts of women will no longer eat themselves out with fear while they watch the flying ambulance.

—:0:—

"White Slavery," by Charles Byron Chrysler, is an expose of the "business" of the traffic in girls. Statistics and extracts from police records make this a valuable treatise on the subject. Paper, 25c.

—:0:—

"Seven Financial Conspiracies," by Mrs. M. E. V. Emery, 10c.

Low Wages and White Slavery

Pauline M. Newman

Trades Union Organizer



SAY what you will, low wages are bound to go hand in hand with white slavery. Wages paid to women workers, and especially to girls in department stores, are NOT enough to live on decently.

The average wage paid to a girl in a paper-box factory, sweatshop and department store will range from \$4 to \$5 a week. In cities like Chicago, New York and Boston these girls must pay \$1.50 a week for a room. Out of the remainder they must buy clothes and food, pay their doctors' bills, get their amusements, etc. Clothes are expensive. The cost of living is high. Work is hard and tiresome. The hours are too long. Work is also monotonous because it is so arranged to-day that the worker is nothing more than a part of the machine. The desire for nice clothes is there whether the wage is little or big. The yearning for something more pleasing than making a garment or a paper box or selling over a counter is within a girl regardless of how much she earns. And the everlasting question arises, "What is to be done?"

Many of these girls pick up sufficient courage to tell the foreman or superintendent that they can't possibly get along on the wages they get, and they hope that he will give them a

raise. Instead of her hope coming true, he looks at her, sizes her up from head to foot and asks, with a friendly smile, "Why don't you look for a friend on the side?"

If you don't believe this, gentle reader, go and try a job in one of the big department stores and convince yourself of its truth.

Unfortunately for the girl of small intelligence, this suggestion works oftentimes. She doesn't bother the foreman again, but thinks over what he has said to her. In her imagination she sees herself with one who would really be a friend to her. She is tired of cheap moving picture shows and would like to be taken to real theaters, to nice restaurants, and to many attractive places. So she decides to do what other girls have done and look for a "friend." It is easy enough to find one, for there are thousands of "friends" whose chief business it is to pick up these tired-out, underpaid wage slaves and get them into a life of hell by giving them a "good time" for a little while.

The little shop girl's "friend" takes good care of her. He takes her to a theater and after the theater to a "swell" place for supper. There she meets many men and women who eat, drink and are merry. Music, dancing and wine are all for her. She is told by her "friend" that he loves her and that he always will. He buys her new and pretty clothes, and, in short, sees that her desires are satisfied. He finally persuades her not to go back to the store and work her life away. And what is the use of going home? Did she not have enough of wretchedness, misery, poverty and worry there? And so the girl, intoxicated with the excitement of the new life, quits the store and leaves her home to live

with the "friend." Then follows the tragedy.

There are many girls who do not go into this business because of getting nice clothes. They are forced into it because there are families to support and not enough to support them on—that is, not enough to buy the actual necessities of life. Some of us who have worked in factories KNOW THIS TO BE A FACT, for we have seen it with our own eyes.

In the year 1907 the statistics of New York showed that more than 65 per cent of the prostitutes came from the slum districts. What does that mean? WHO LIVE in the slum districts? The working class, of course. Low wages paid to the father, low wages paid to the girl, and THAT IS WHAT FORCES HER INTO THE RANKS OF THE WHITE SLAVE. Don't forget that.

What is to be done, then? GIVE THE GIRL WORKER A CHANCE TO LIVE, a SHORTER WORK DAY, WAGES SUFFICIENT TO COVER PRESENT-DAY NEEDS. Make her working and living conditions human and there will be little or no temptation to go out at night for pleasure or to look for a "friend."

How to do it? Join the union. Organize one if there is not one in your trade. Start to-day. Don't wait for to-morrow—to-morrow may never come.

Remember that white slavery is an economic problem. Yes, a bread and butter question, and the evil of white slavery, together with all other evils such as child labor, industrial robbery, political corruption, hypocrisy, will exist just as long as a system which produces these things exists.

The problem of white slavery will be solved when all economic problems are solved. And many other problems may be solved when the working-class man and woman learn to use their power on the economic as well as on the political field.

Intelligence and organization are the watch-words!

The Song of the Cook

Frances L. Walton

In gown that was shabby and worn,
And a baker's cap on her head,
A woman stood very early one morn
Kneading a batch of bread—
Bake! Bake! Bake!

With never an hour for a book,
And still with a voice with a feeble shake
She sang the "Song of the Cook."

"Work—work—work—
Before the break of day—
And work—work—work—
When the shadows are long and gray.
It's Oh, to live in a home
Where there's time for a little rest,
And where they don't make a fuss
Because at tea there's a guest!

"Cook—cook—cook—
Till the hands begin to shake!
Cook—cook—cook—
Till the back is ready to break!
Pie and salad and bread,
Bread and salad and pie,
Something to do the livelong day
To please the palate or eye.

"O men and women of wealth,
With all you need and to spare,
It is not pleasure and ease I crave,
But a lighter burden to bear.

Cook—cook—cook—
Ever striving to do my best,
Using at once my muscle and brain,
And taking no time for rest.

"But why do I talk of rest—
Sweet rest that I have not?
For it I dare not hope,
So dreary is my lot.
So dreary is my lot,
I'd rather die than live;
O God! that I should need relief,
And no one will relieve!

"Cook—cook—cook!
My fire is never out;
And what do I get? My food and clothes
(Fine clothes I must do without);
A small, low room, which is near the roof,
And a very narrow bed—
Cold in winter—in summer hot—
But I'm glad to rest my head.

"Work—work—work!
From early morn till night;
Work—work—work—
On cloudy days or bright!
Boil and bake and stew,
Stew and bake and boil,
Till brain is weary and nerves unstrung
From this life of endless toil.

"Cook—cook—cook!

When the ground is white with snow,
And cook—cook—cook—
When the summer breezes blow;
While out in the yard near by
The children shout and play,
As if to remind me of days gone by
When I was young and gay.

"Oh, just to take a walk
With a sister or friend that's dear,
Under the sunny sky,
Away from this kitchen drear—
For only a little while
To be free as in childhood's hours,
When I could run and play at will,
Or rest in shady bowers.

"Oh, but for one half-day
Alone with a book or a friend,
Where I could sit in an easy chair
And read or talk or mend!
A little mending would fix my clothes,
And change my looks, I think,
But I must hop and never stop
Preparing victuals and drink."

In a gown that was shabby and worn,
And a baker's cap on her head,
A woman stood very early one morn
Kneading a batch of bread—
Bake! Bake! Bake!
With never an hour for a book,
And still with a voice with a feeble shake—
(Oh, that its tone could sympathy wake!)
She sang this "Song of the Cook."

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MUST WOMAN EMANCIPATE HERSELF?

The great German Socialist, Bebel, in his book entitled "Woman," introduces the startling statement that woman was the first human being to taste bondage. And that her enslaver was her brother, Man.

Bebel further says that woman can no more expect that man will free her than that the working class may expect to be freed by the capitalist class.

What are women to do about the situation? This is a question that deserves serious consideration. * * * And evidently it is receiving it from the women themselves. There are 8,000,000 women in the federated clubs of the world who are seeking, first of all, for self-expression. For woman's right to live and work and exercise her functions as a human being.

Just how the women expect finally to attain their ends, perhaps they themselves do not know. But they are gaining ground, step by step, and as they make gains their visions and demands increase. Eventually they must be for full and complete emancipation—intellectual, political and economic. And working the problem out themselves will give them fuller control of their powers when their freedom finally comes.

In his "Social Revolution" Kautsky says that revolution is only revolution when it "proceeds from an hitherto oppressed class." Reforms, then, may be made by men which will alleviate the physical condition of women, political rights may be granted them, industrial equality may be thrust upon them by the sex that has held them in bondage so long, but these would not mean to woman what self-emancipation would mean. And for this reason: the woman who does not realize her slavery, who does not work for its abolition, cannot use her freedom intelligently when it comes to her.

A "man's Utopia," a "man's co-operative commonwealth," a "man's Socialism," might bring to woman ease and comfort, but not necessarily an awakened *social consciousness*. The actual work of the world could be done by men and machinery. Robbed by the factory of her old-time home employment, and unawakened to political and civic issues, woman would be reduced to a luxury, dependent through her sex upon the whims of men for support.

Such a reduction of woman to sex-parasitism would mean calamity to the social organism.

Yet there are men who, contrary to Bebel, insist that women keep their peace until men

shall obtain for them the ease and comforts of a better society.

Such argument is out of joint with reason. First, men cannot inaugurate a better society except they do it in harmony with evolution, and evolution today means the inclusion of women in social affairs. Second, the inclusion of women in social affairs means social consciousness, which comes only through experience and mental awakening.

How essential it is, then, that women arrive at this social consciousness, that they may help direct the affairs of the world, no small part of which will be the wiping out of all sex bondage, both that of the "protected" woman and that of the unfortunate sister of the street.

MISS TARBELL AND "WOMAN'S PLACE"

In a criticism of the modern woman in the January issue of the American Magazine, Miss Ida Tarbell assumes that the ruling passion of this new species of womankind is to do the same things that man does—she "studies his books, practices his professions, works with him in government." The inference drawn is that to woman the business of being a man is of more importance than the business of being a woman.

Does Miss Tarbell forget that man has just about usurped all the old-time business of the woman, leaving her practically nothing of it save the function of child-bearing? (And who is there to deny that if he could create a human being by mechanical processes he wouldn't take that function away from her also?) Women for thousands of years spun, wove and made the world's clothes. Women for untold ages ground the grain of the fields into flour and made bread of it. Men are doing these things to-day. The doing of these things was called "woman's work." They are no longer woman's work, for men have deprived her of them.

In depriving woman of her age-long activities nobody accused man of trying to become woman. Why, then, is woman accused of making "the business of being a man" her chief concern when she enters the professions and the trades?

"For the normal woman the fulfillment of life is the making of the thing we best describe as a home," says Miss Tarbell. But what is a home? With her old-time home employment being rapidly absorbed by men, with her children taken care of by the state for five hours a day during the larger part of the year, what is a woman to do in "making a home"? True, she may compete with a modern school in teaching her children at home, or she may vie with the factory in doing sewing at home, and the rest of it. * * * But if she is to do these things to a degree that will count, why not go into the schoolroom and into the factory, where conditions are better for the social performance of them? Or, would Miss Tarbell have us believe that the home is a place in which a woman stays and receives support from some man through the exercise of her sex functions? We have our own opinion as to what constitutes a "home," but it does not require that a woman stay in it to sew and wash and bake, nor to be simply the wife of some man.

Miss Tarbell is herself associated with men in the making of a great magazine. Judging from the title preceding her name she is *not* the maker of a "home." To be perfectly consistent with her views on the woman question Miss Tarbell should act upon the advice of Hamlet to "Get thee to a nunnery." But con-

sistency is said to be a jewel that does not adorn the brow of fair woman. We wonder if it is really true?

Miss Tarbell, of course, does not believe in votes for women.

A 'WOMAN'S PAGE'

The Milwaukee Leader, the new eight-page Socialist daily that "looks just like a real newspaper," has a "Page for Women" that could hardly be beaten by one of the Hearst sheets. Following are some of its headlines: Care of the Skin; What to Wear to the Opera; Social Doings and Club Affairs; The New Idea of Marriage; My Idea of an Ideal Husband; What to Eat; Styles in Walking Hats, etc., etc. No doubt the editors of the Leader are preparing the women of Milwaukee to vote "intelligently" when they shall be given the ballot in the near future. Aside from the woman's page there is an editorial page with a strong appeal to men, which leaves no doubt as to how and for what they should cast their ballots. It is a really good page and evidently meant to reach persons of human intelligence.

THE "COMMON ENEMY"

"I think," said Norman E. Mack, chairman of the Democratic committee, "it is time we Democrats stopped fighting one another and began a unanimous attack on the common enemy." The Public asks, "But who is the common enemy?" Is it the Republicans? Not in Milwaukee or Los Angeles, for the Republicans and Democrats fuse in those towns against the Socialists. While the politicians are trying to decide who the "common enemy" is, the women are every day strengthening their belief that it is those principles that force white slavery, child labor, discrimination in pay to women, low wages, high prices and the rest of the modern evils upon a suffering world.

The present ferment in China is the wonder of the age. The land where leisure is respected to such an extent that long finger nails are permitted to grow to mark one's right to idleness, where toil, on the other hand, presses hard upon the workers, where the slavery of woman is marked by the painfully pinched foot, where intelligent association of the sexes is unknown, where religious superstition rules in the place of civic consciousness—the question, How are they going to come out, who have suffered from such perversion for untold ages? is what every one is asking.

Alice Stone Blackwell, editor of The Woman's Journal, has joined the Socialist party. The financial agent of the Journal, Jessie Ashley, has been a Socialist party member for some time. This reminds us that Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman, editor of The Forerunner and writer of many novels and sociological books, is also a Socialist. Perhaps there is just a hint of truth in the assertion by the "antis" that "suffrage for women will lead to Socialism." We have enough faith in suffrage, however, to follow it to its logical conclusion. The will of the majority cannot lead us far astray.

There are seventeen million women of the working class who must be taught the reasons for their economic slavery. Are you going to help us reach them?

Woman's Place in Politics—Its Basis

By Lida Parce

(Second Installment.)



Because the history of the two sexes has been different, all the way up through the animal scale, and is still different in the human world, men and women have different social attitudes. The one sex is in a state of readiness to act in one way, the other in another way. Of course, if it is a question of the primary necessities of life, those for food and clothing and shelter, both sexes will act in the same way; but in any other sort of situation men and women will act differently, because the training of their experiences has been different. Women have been so trained by the experience of motherhood that their interest turns toward the welfare of people. Men have been trained by their experience in competing, and their first impulse is to get something for themselves. We need only refer to the course of history to see that this is true. As far back as human activity can be traced, woman is seen working to supply the daily needs of the people; it is she who produces the food and the clothing, for all the race. Man, on the other hand, is seen fighting for possession. The two great historical organizations of men have been the church and the state, in both of which the purpose has been to secure advantages to those in power which are not shared by others. They have admitted woman to the church only as penitents and contributors, never as sharers in the emoluments. And she has been recognized as a member of the state only as a taxpayer or a criminal. The General Federation of Woman's Clubs is the first great woman's organization of such a magnitude that it can be compared with the historical organizations of men; and of all the subjects on their program there is not one which has to do with personal profit or private advantage.

Business has taken the place of church and state now in the first interest of men; and in the business world men have so devoted themselves to the pursuit of profits that they have quite forgotten that the production and exchange of goods takes place primarily for the satisfactions of human needs. The teacher of political economy will assure you that the latter is the primary purpose of production, and then he will proceed to show you that "economic rent" is absolutely fixed by natural laws of society. He will prove to you the interest is fixed, by conditions over which the individual has no control. But wages are not fixed, because the supply of labor may be so much greater than the demand that men will be glad to work for less than it costs to sustain life, thereby placing the laborer at the mercy of the job, rather than making the work serve the purpose of the man, and that the owner of the machinery secures a profit for himself. When the manufacturer comes to sell his commodity he does not make the price as low as possible so that he may help to supply human need with the greatest efficiency, but he charges the highest price at which he can sell in order that he may increase the profit to himself. By so doing he puts the means before the end; that is a surplus accumulation of the means of sustaining life becomes more valuable than life itself. In Great Britain, in the early part of the last century, a royal commission was appointed to investigate the conditions of the men, women

and children working in the coal mines. The commission reported conditions in the industry that were inconceivably bad, that wrecked the workers, both physically and morally, and that blighted old and young alike. But the report ended with a pious expression of opinion that it was necessary that these things should be in order that the coal industry might thrive and the greatness of the British nation might be maintained.

Thus a wholly masculine system becomes an inverted system of society.

It is too apparent to need pointing out that politics is the servant of business. The "interests" secure the nominations for office of men who will "take care of business." Perhaps they supply the money for his election expenses,—they "put him over." The people obligingly cast the votes to elect him, and the man elected serves,—not the people who cast the votes, but the business interests which finance him. Thus it happens that politics, like business, is conducted, not in the interest of human welfare but in the interest of surplus accumulations, in the hands of individuals, of the means of securing human welfare. The human interest has become secondary to "profits."

Now comes woman into the arena. She is the mother of men; and she has no utopian schemes for becoming a millionaire at the expense of men. She does not dream of cutting down the wages of working people in order that she may have the means of endowing universities and libraries in her own honor. She does not evolve Napoleonic schemes for taking a half penny out of the loaf that feeds the working man's child, nor for adding a dime to the price of the wretched little split-leather and pasteboard shoes which the factory girl wears to her work. In short, she has no genius for finance. She has no ambitions in the direction of "Big Business." But when we first see her at work in an organized capacity she is trying to establish the first of the public parks and playgrounds in innumerable cities and towns. She is starting libraries and sending hundreds of cases of books for circulation into remote and isolated sections, she is measuring and weighing and otherwise testing the condition of thousands of mill children of the south, comparing them accurately, year after year, with children of the same ages in the schools, in order that she may have exact and exhaustive data to present to legislatures when she goes to them to try to get child labor laws enacted. We see her establishing the Consumer's League in an effort to protect those who perform the labors of production, working for pure food laws, carrying on a propaganda for the improvement of the civil service, for forestry and irrigation, and various other work for the social welfare.

And wherever women's clubs have taken up these lines of effort, popular interest and public sentiment have advanced along these lines. But when the women have tried to secure the legislation required to give effect to the public sentiment aroused, they have found themselves either wholly unable to do so, or able only after disproportionate labor and sacrifice and often after enduring studied and repeated insolence at the hands of the male politician. And if their purpose runs counter to the interest of business in which large capital is invested, they find themselves knocking at a stone wall, in which the smallest breach is made only after long and repeated effort. This has been

(Continued on page 13)

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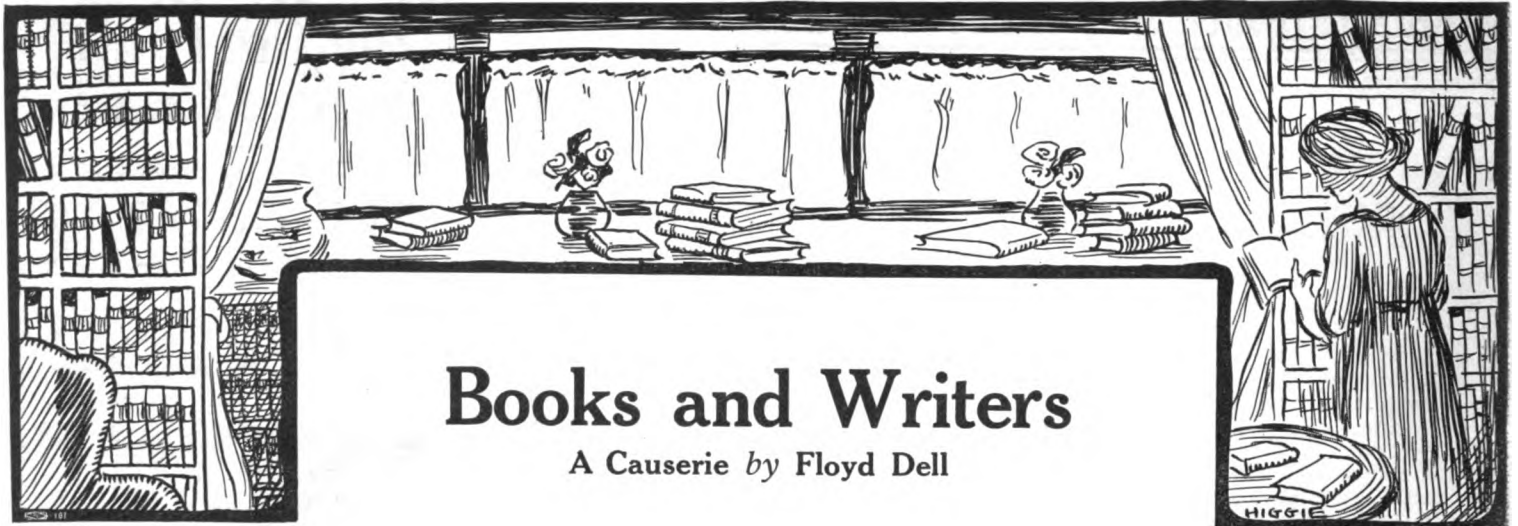
The Socialist women of California have issued a very artistic calendar, printed in red and brown on heavy tan paper. Appropriate quotations are found for each month. They sell at 25c each, or \$1 per dozen. Order from D. D. Reynolds, Cor. Sec'y William Morris Club, 1201 Dersadero St., San Francisco, Calif.

:o:

Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law.—Goldsmith.

:o:

The Progressive Woman is 50c a year; 25c for six months; 3c in bundles of four or more.



Books and Writers

A Causerie by Floyd Dell

Mrs. Gilman has just published two more books, "Moving the Mountain," and "The Crux"—both novels. The former I don't know anything about, but the latter I have read. Before saying anything about it, however, I want to quote something that Edwin Bjorkman wrote about Mrs. Gilman—for it gives the clue to my persistent interest in her.

"This intrepid herald of the new womanhood," he says, "this defiant antagonist of a world exclusively 'man-made,' possesses great stores of that sweetness and tenderness which have long been held most essential among feminine qualities. And though she has a wit as trenchant as that of the malest man's, and though she is blessed with a humor that twinkles and sparkles about her, it is the softness and sympathy of her smile one thinks of most when talking with her—that smile, with its assurance of understanding for every side and sex and class—and her eyes, out of which radiates that wonderful something which to man has evermore been inseparable from true motherhood. Furthermore, if you please, when not busy writing plays or novels or sociological works or magazine articles, this advocate of 'the organization of the domestic industries' will be found sewing her own clothes or running her own household in model fashion."

I do not pretend to have found all this in Mrs. Gilman's writings, but certainly her writings do have that sympathy, that lack of sex-prejudice of which Mr. Bjorkman speaks; and it is this which makes them grateful to men and women who do not like the note of sex hostility either in literature or in life.

It is no virtue, of course, to sit and sew clothes; any woman can do that. Nor, on the other hand is it any virtue to hate sewing—any woman can do that, too. But there are some women who can see the waste and tyranny of household work under ordinary conditions, and who can still not despise it utterly. Mrs. Gilman can help these women. She can teach them something about the future, without making them hopelessly discontented with the present. After all, housework is very much like any other kind of work—for certain people it affords an opportunity for the expression and the cultivation of personality. The cruelty comes in, Mrs. Gilman has made us see very clearly, when all kinds of women are indiscriminately forced to do such work without any regard for their various capabilities.

All this, of course, has been said, and much more pointedly, by Mrs. Gilman. But it is probable that there are many intelligent women who have never read "Women and Economics," or that delightful book of verse, "In This Our

World," or who have never seen a copy of that remarkable periodical, *The Forerunner*. Hence these remarks.

But about this new novel of hers, "The Crux": it is built on the same theme as James Oppenheim's book of two years ago, "Wild Oats." It tells the story of woman who is in love with a man and is about to marry him, when she discovers that he is the victim of a venereal disease. Like Oppenheim's book, and like Brieux's play, "Damaged Goods," it is more an argument or a sermon than a piece of art. It is not representative of Mrs. Gilman at her best, for, frankly, the theme is too big for her methods. But it is interesting, and it does give an opportunity, by its bold and yet delicate treatment of the subject, for spreading knowledge among the uninformed.

(May be had from The Progressive Woman Publishing Company, \$1.35 postpaid.)

Another book which has just been published, and which is the most interesting thing from a woman's pen that I have seen for a long time, is a book of poems by Marguerite Wilkinson (Margaret Ogden Bigelow), entitled "In Vivid Gardens." The "vivid gardens" are those of women's souls—of which the fragrance, she believes, has never been fully transmuted into poetry. It is an attempt to express the whole nature of a woman—a modern woman. An extraordinarily successful attempt, I think. Part is in Whitmanesque verse, but the most striking portions are in swinging rhythms and ringing rhymes. The love poetry is especially beautiful:

I have found me a man, a man to love me,
He giveth rich gifts and a priceless name,
He hath sworn that no other shall live above me,
No heart shall shelter a purer fame.

I have found me a man, I have held and made him,
What first was good I shall make complete;
No other woman like me hath swayed him,
Nor bowed his shoulders to kiss her feet.

I have found me a man, from himself I bought him,
Gold from the dross and better from worse;
No other woman like me hath taught him
The great white law of the universe.

I have found me a man, let creation hearken;
A man who loves me by day, by night,
In the rash, red dawn, when the shadows darken—
I have found me a man, and a soul's delight!

"For a woman is not as a man," runs one line of this poetry. It is true, and this writer has given a powerful and lovely picture of that which woman is. In Marguerite Wilkinson we have, I believe, one of the significant artists in the woman's movement of today.

(Sherman, French & Company, New York. \$1 net.)

Ellen Key, a writer who stands in the most intimate relation to the woman's movement

is represented by two small volumes, both of which may be considered as supplementary to her larger work, "Love and Marriage." One of these is "Love and Ethics" (B. W. Huebsch, New York, \$1 net) and the other "The Morality of Women" (Ralph Fletcher Seymour Company, Chicago, \$1 net.) Ellen Key is a writer of the utmost suggestive value, and will help women to form their conclusions on matters of prime significance; but the least profitable way in which she (or any other publicist) can be taken is to let her do one's thinking for one.

A play which has made a considerable stir in England, Granville Barker's "The Madras House," has just been issued here. It is a curious play, and some people will say that it is not a play at all, but a series of interesting conversations—an opinion to which I myself incline. It throws into contrast the conventional attitude toward women in civilized countries and that of the Mohammedans—rather to the advantage of the Mohammedan position. There is a great deal to be said for the Mohammedan position (which is rather different from what it is popularly supposed to be), and this play says it. In effect, it asks the question: "Are you going to turn your rotten hypocrisy into a decent and honest Mohammedan system, or are you going to do something still better. You've got to do something, you know." Like Bernard Shaw, Barker has a "grouch" on romanticism, and I think his argument is pretty much harmed by it. But it is a strong argument. Barker's "Three Plays" (containing "The Marrying of Ann Leete," "The Voyage Inheritance," and that fine play, "Waste") has also been brought out here. (Mitchell Kennerley, New York, \$1.50 and \$1 net.)

After all, the wisest among us is that man H. G. Wells. His "Ann Veronica" had too much bitterness in it, his "The New Machiavelli" was a great work clouded by indecision. But in his new novel, "Marriage," which is running serially in the *American Magazine*, he seems to be going to the heart of things. The last installment is fascinating. Women and money:—all the romance, and all the sociology, has not yet been extracted from that combination.

I do not know whether people who are interested in such things are generally aware of the reprints that are being issued of the Fabian Socialist Series. I have one before me, "Social-
(Continued on page 12)

The Examiner's Glass

Women are coming into the arena of public affairs, untrammelled by any responsibility for the immature and often erroneous social theories of the past. Those theories are not ours, and we are not bound to defend them. On the contrary, we find ourselves at liberty to examine them upon their merits, to judge them by the scientific standards of the present day, and to make such alterations in the social conditions created by them as human welfare and happiness may require.

They say that "good times" depend upon "confidence." Confidence in what? When the manufacturer has a ready sale for his products to the wholesaler he has plenty of confidence. When the wholesaler can dispose of his goods easily to the retailer, his confidence is perfect. When the retailer can pass the goods on in a steady movement to the consumer, his confidence is undisturbed. But if the people have not money enough to buy, the confidence of the retailer is shaken. He gives small orders to the wholesaler and the latter's confidence is weakened. The wholesaler limits his orders to the manufacturer; his confidence in his ability to sell is destroyed and so he stops producing, and we have a "panic." It all depends on whether the people have money enough to buy the goods which are produced. And if wages are high, the people have the money; if they are low, they don't. So, you see, there is nothing mysterious about "confidence." It is not a dispensation of a mysterious providence. It is controlled by mortals here below, and the employers of labor are the mortals.

There are four ways of increasing business profits. By increasing efficiency, by reducing the price of raw materials, by reducing wages and by raising the price of the product.

Business prosperity depends on the purchasing power of the people; most of the people derive their purchasing power from wages, and yet the Bureau of Statistics, of the Department of Commerce and Labor, does not gather any figures on wages. Where is the logic of the male mind?

They are charging us "all the traffic will bear." That's the system, you see.

A new thing that has come to women with the increase of freedom which they have gained is their appreciation of each other, when they meet on the ground of impersonal interests which they enjoy in common.

We have a new ironing-board in our domestic establishment. It is not a pretentious article of household furniture, but it is very useful in its humble sphere. Across the back of it is stenciled its name: "My Wife." Clever idea, isn't it?

There is some question, as we are informed, whether women will ever be admitted to the "White Man's Intellectual World." But there is no doubt of our eligibility to full membership in the White Man's Economic Hell.

We women want to know now what there is for us and for our children in this Man's World.

At a recent meeting of the Cook County Central Committee of the Woman's Party of Illinois, Dr. Crutcher gave an address in the interest of the Society League for Medical Freedom. There was a large attendance of

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"I had been thin for years, and began to think it was natural for me to be that way. Finally I read about the remarkable successes brought about by the use of Protone, so I decided to try it myself. Well, when I look at myself in the mirror now, I think it is somebody else. I have put on just 30 pounds during the last month and never felt stronger or more 'nervy' in my life."

FREE PROTONE COUPON

It will cost you nothing to prove the remarkable effects of this treatment. The Protone Company will send to anyone a free 50c package of Protone if they will fill out this coupon and enclose 10c in stamps or silver to help cover postage and packing, and as evidence of good faith, with full instructions to prove that it does the work. They will also send full instructions and their book on "Why You Are Thin," free of charge, giving facts which will probably astonish you.

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ward chairmen, committee heads and other interested persons, in spite of a low temperature and a bad blizzard. Dr. Crutcher met with an appreciative reception, although he left many of his audience in a state of bewilderment as to where they stood.

The philosophy of Dr. Crutcher and the league he represents is distinctly one of "laissez faire." He not only opposed a national bureau of health on the ground that it would afford an opportunity for the "regu-

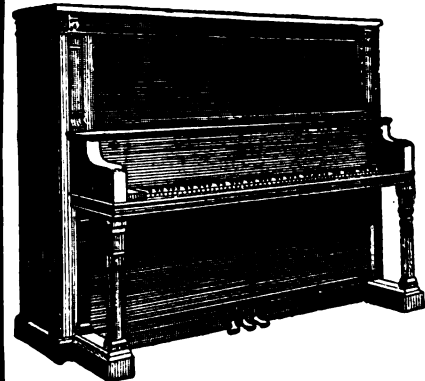
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lar" physicians to monopolize the practice under it, to the exclusion of all other schools of practice, but he circulated a leaflet in which is quoted an editorial from the Boston Times, protesting against medical inspection in the schools of that city and referring to school inspection in Chicago as if it were a guilty act. Dr. Crutcher justly pointed out that the monopoly referred to would be a tyranny and a dangerous one, not only to all other schools of medicine, but to the public. It would be dangerous because, among other results, it would tend to produce stagnation in medical science. It is well known that the practice of regular physicians has been greatly modified by the principles of homeopathy, and that many of them have added osteopathy and mental therapeutics to their list of remedial agents. If the field of practice had not been open to all practitioners these advances might never have been made. It is therefore of great importance that "medical freedom" shall be preserved in order that progress shall be secured; and it is of the greatest importance to women, who bring lives into the world at such great cost.

Free to You—My Sister FREE TO YOU and Every Sister Suffering From Woman's Ailments.



I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.
I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men can not understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhoea or Whittish Discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths; also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete ten days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cts. a week, or less than 2 cts. a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free, in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost, my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer, and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself. Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself. Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhoea, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use. Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies in your own locality who know and will gladly tell another sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all women's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours, also the book. Write today, as you may not see this offer again. Address

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Believes Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches; the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness; spots before the eyes, yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps; unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you \$3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, K-1875 Luck Bldg., Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power.

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

But to argue that because of the necessity for vigilance for the preservation of medical freedom there shall be no national bureau of health or no compulsory medical inspection in the public schools is going too far. The Boston paper referred to above says: "We doubt if it is ever necessary that well folks should undergo physical examinations, and if it ever becomes necessary there is no reason why it should not be done in the homes of the children, in the presence of their parents or guardians, and under

the supervision of the dear old family physician, who is kind enough and Christian enough to have already won the confidence of the children." This is, of course, about the stock argument of those who are opposed to the extension of the social care of the young, but it contains a number of errors. All children are not to be assumed to be "well folks" just because their parents do not know whether they are well or not. So far as medical examinations in the schools of Chicago have proceeded, 51 per cent of the children have been found to be physically defective and in need of expert attention. As for the "dear old family physician," he is either not attending to his business very well to let children come to school in this neglected state or else he is mostly a product of the imagination. Probably these defective children never heard of him or he of them.

The Woman's Party is interested in caring for all neglected children as to their health, their education, their possibilities for play and for decent living conditions. We cannot in-dorse a let-alone policy where either children or adults are suffering and neglected; but neither can we allow the official sanction to be placed upon one school of medical practice to the exclusion of others, all of which have discovered valuable truths and are applying them to the cure of diseases. The committees on "Public Health" of the Woman's Party and all other organizations of women doing civic work would do well to keep an eye on governmental health departments and give the warning if such a monopoly threatens. The recent order of President Taft excluding all but regular physicians from practice in the Canal zone gives cause for suspicion that such a danger might arise.—Lida Parce.

"Here's Something to Tickle You" 3c
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WANTED—Lady partner, about 48, to invest small amount in fruit farm and help run it. A socialist and free-thinker, without children, but with farm experience preferred. Address Mr. E., Box 66, Peyton, Colo.

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Georgia comprises within its boundaries those absolute guarantees of success, of health and of progress that have led the foremost economic students of the nation to hail the south's coming destiny as the next paramount feature in America's development.

It's simply a business proposition! You can buy land in Georgia, on easy terms, at a fourth or fifth of the cost of farm land in the west, and the Georgia land will be more fertile. You can sell out, if you want to, go to Georgia, invest only a part of your capital in a tract of land as large as and more productive than, the land you sold, pay a low rate of interest if you would buy on time, and salt the rest in the bank or expend a portion of it for improvements and the latest farm machinery.

But you may not be able to snap up these bargains perhaps next year, or within the next two or three years. The keen ones of the nation have their eyes on Georgia. Do you want to get in on the ground floor? Now is the time.

The opportunity is yours, whether in cotton farming, diversified farming, peach culture—pecan culture (and Georgia has the biggest pecan orchard in the world) truck-farming, poultry-raising—and the poultry industry is assuming marvelous proportions; the livestock industry—and this state is better equipped for it than any other state in the union.

It is impossible to name one pursuit, one door of opportunity, that is not open, wide open, in Georgia. The price of admission is less than in any other American commonwealth.

And Georgia's climate. Temperate to a nicety, virtually out-doors the year round. Not perennially sultry; not periodically afflicted with blizzards—just lenient, mild, moderate, with enough tang thrown in to keep the human machine at concert pitch.

This is the sort of Home-Seekers' Paradise to which W. H. Crumb & Company in their advertisement in this issue invite you.

In no other section will you find opportunity thrusting itself at poor man, rich man, average man, as opportunity thrusts itself in Georgia.

CAUSERIE

Continued from page 10

ism and Individualism," by Sidney Webb, Bernard Shaw, Sidney Ball and Sir Oliver Lodge. (John Lane Company, 75 cents net.)

Somebody asked me the other day for the name of a good book opposing woman suffrage. I said there wasn't any such book. Afterward I remembered G. K. Chesterton's "What's Wrong With the World," or rather certain chapters in it. Suffragists should be delighted with it, as with a foeman worthy of their steel. If they think he isn't worthy, they had better guess again. He is wrong, but with a solid and charming wrongness which is inextricably mixed up with rightness. (Dodd, Mead & Company, New York, \$1.25 net.)

For people who cannot afford to buy books, but must have them (of whom I am one). there has been no godsend in years like the Home University Library. It contains—but there, I will leave that to next month to talk about.

FLOYD DELL.

WOMAN'S PLACE IN POLITICS

Continued from page 9

notably true of the efforts to secure child labor laws. Within the last year, for instance, in the state of Tennessee, a law prohibiting the labor of children of fourteen years and younger at night was pronounced unconstitutional. The male jurist considers the profits on investments as of much greater importance than the welfare of children. In fact, the welfare of children is not an issue with him at all, while it is the paramount issue with women. But our laws are made and our society formed on the issues of men.

Through their first great historical organization, women are now formulating their issues. But not having the ballot they are not able to secure a decision upon them. Woman's Place in Politics then, lies in securing a decision upon her issues—the issues that pertain to human welfare. It is of little importance to women to vote on the issues of men. They don't care much whether laws are passed to give "protection" to this or that investment of capital. They aren't interested in legislation to enable individuals to make money in this or that way. And so it happens that in states where women have the ballot they haven't "purified politics" to any noticeable extent. Where the issues have to do with business they can not be "purified." For business will always "put over" its own candidates, for its own protection. It is obliged to do so. There is no other way. Only a social welfare issue can be kept pure. Such an issue is by its nature pure because it is impersonal.

When the women of Colodaro got the ballot they had already formulated their issues through their club organization; and they found their place in politics at once. Then they were able to pass, without further waste of effort, laws increasing the school appropriation, raising the age of consent, protecting children in industry, and many other laws, all having to do with the conservation of humanity. But Colorado is still a Man's World. The property interest still overshadows the human interest, and must continue to do so until, in the world at large, the latter shall gain the ascendancy. With the growth of organization among women, their power to formulate the issues will increase, and with the extension of woman suffrage their ability to secure a decision upon them will be strengthened until, with women organized everywhere and woman suffrage become universal, the human interest shall have gotten the ascendancy over the property interest and shall make property the servant rather than the master of all the people.

Mrs. Kate Richards O'Hare, associate editor of The Rip Saw, and well-known Socialist speaker, was recently elected member of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party. The N. E. C. is composed of seven members, the rest being men.

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This is a subscription contest, and if you desire to enter it send in your name and address on a post-card, and full particulars will be mailed to you giving the terms of the contest.

This is an opportunity of a life-time and one well worth your best efforts. You may live in New York or San Francisco, it makes no difference what the distance is, your transportation will be furnished both ways FREE. Contest opens February 1 and closes May 1. You must be a subscriber of The Progressive Woman or you are not eligible.

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Instructor in the Rand School of Social Science, N. York City, and Lecturer for the New York City Board of Education—with numerous engagements on Lyceum lecture courses

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WANTS COVER FOR FRAMING

The Progressive Woman for January is splendid. "Woman's Place in Politics" is just grand. Lida Parce is an intellectual giantess. Wish you wouldn't leave out the short stories by J. C. K. They are one of the best features, I think. "The Civilizing Process" and "The Other Girl" are realistic. Your cover this month is the best yet! And it is what prompted me to trouble you. Do you know if one could obtain a print of it suitable for framing? Good wishes to you and The Progressive Woman."—G. W. Conner, Illinois.

(The cover design referred to in the above is that of the statuette by Ella Buchanan, "The Suffragette Arousing Her Sisters." We think ourselves it is a beautiful and suggestive conception, and will be glad to have it printed on 8x10 cardboard, ready for framing, to sell at 10c each if there are enough calls to warrant it.)

"WOMAN'S DAY"

The last Sunday in February has been set aside for "Woman's Day" by that political party which stands for the equal political and economic equality of men and women. If YOU belong to that party, what are you going to do to celebrate Woman's Day?

Meetings have been arranged in numerous towns and cities which will be addressed by women on the subject of "White Slavery." Women realize more than any others the great menace of this business to society. It is their desire to STOP it.

This issue of The Progressive Woman is designed to meet the demands of these meetings. Bundles will be shipped at 3c a copy. Send your orders early so that the papers will have plenty of time to reach you before your Woman's Day meeting.

Those who enjoy books will read with pleasure the Causerie in this issue by Floyd Dell. Mr. Dell is the editor of the literary supplement of the Chicago Evening Post, and what he doesn't know about books, aside from the mere fact that they ARE books, is hardly worth considering. We are sure our readers will be glad to know that he is to favor us with these reviews right along—unless the pressure of work on the Post becomes too heavy to permit it. If there is any SPECIAL book you would like Mr. Dell to write about, tell us about it.

NEW POST CARDS

We have just issued a new line of Socialist and suffragist post cards. These are beautiful and artistic, as well as forceful in meaning. They comprise the following subjects: Two designs by Walter Crane, one entitled "The Race of the Nations Toward Socialism"; the cover design on the January Progressive Woman, "The Suffragette Arousing Her Sisters"; "The Ten Commandments of Plutocracy" (the full-page cut appearing in this issue); "The Prayer of the Modern Woman" (poem, by Josephine Conger Kaneko), and others. There are eight in all, and they sell at 10c per dozen.

THOUGHT PROVOKING BOOKS

By M. M. Mangasarian

- Woman Suffrage.....10 cents
- The Martyrdom of Hypatia.....10 cents
- How the Bible Was Invented.....10 cents
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Rationalist Press, 1220 South Homan Avenue, Chicago

FREE to every SOCIALIST



Every socialist in the world should get FREE this thrilling story of the "Ball and Tyler Rebellion"—an uprising of the people against the nobles and church in mediaeval England. Not one in a million has ever seen this rare document which is merely one of thousands of wonderful "original documents" in the

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which ALL socialists can get on an *easy*, co-operative plan. This marvelous library is an eye-opener—it gives the TRUTH that for ages capitalist influence has kept from the people to keep them under subjection. Here you see the gradual rise of the people thru 7,000 years, from slavery, serfdom, feudalism on to capitalism, all of which shows you as plainly as a cross-roads guide board how the Socialist Republic is developing out of the present system.

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Gives—for the first time—the real facts behind the ordinary surface events which you read of in histories—the *rock-bottom* facts red-hot from those daring men in all ages who had the courage to tell the TRUTH even though they lost their lives for it—and you know how many of them *did*. This daring work is

Published Expressly for Socialists

and other progressive people who do their own thinking. All socialist writers, editors and organizers use it and urge every Comrade to get it at once. Socialists in the United States and Canada are using more of this work than of all others combined. No other work gives more than 5% of this red-hot stuff.

The Socialist Victories

in Milwaukee, Schenectady, Berkeley, Pasadena and other cities were won because the comrades there have been studying all sides of economics and government—or to put it in plain words—Socialism. Then when the election fights were on they were able to show the rest of the people just what Socialism is and the reason for it. Men will vote right, you know, when they know what right is. They have not been satisfied with the government of greed, privilege and plunder—they have been merely kept in the dark, but now when the comrades open their eyes, they VOTE RIGHT.

Are You Prepared To Do Your Part?

The old capitalist papers and politicians are beginning to take notice—they are getting scared. The hardest licks must be struck NOW. Are you prepared to help? Berger, Spargo, Warren, Simons, London, Wayland, Gaylord, Untermann, Irvine, Lewis—ALL leaders say the best preparation you can make is to read the Library of Original Sources—"greatest work extant for socialists."

If you want to help—and we know you do—send today for the wonderful "Ball and Tyler" story and find out how you can get a whole library of the same kind on the easiest co-operative plan in the world. BUT only the introductory edition will be distributed on this plan, so write today or you may be too late, as the large edition is going like hot cakes.



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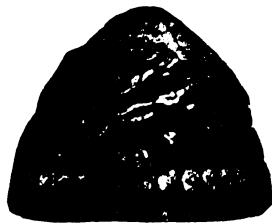
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All the above, postpaid, 80 cents each. The Road to Power, Kautsky, 20 cents, postpaid.

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WOMEN WILL VOTE DRY, SAYS LONDON

"Woman suffrage means prohibition, and that's the chief reason why I worked for it in California," says Jack London, the novelist.

"Women's votes will wipe liquor off the face of the earth quicker than any other agency. Woman suffrage is a stage of political evolution that is inevitably coming, and after that prohibition will be inevitable.

"It will tear up the social structure to root it out, but the structure will be better in the end, just as it improves a house when you remodel it and take out the old insanitary devices of your grandfather's time and put in modern plumbing. You have to tear up the house to do it, but you have a better house.

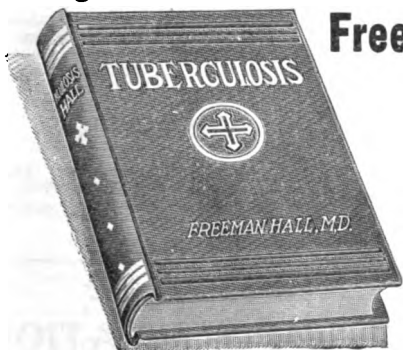
"Speaking of women," added London, "our friend Kipling has got himself into a lot of trouble on account of the poem he wrote about them. He's foolish to try it. I tried the same sort of thing several years ago. I wrote books about love and treated it from the biological standpoint. Well, I soon found that I had placed myself in a hornet's nest, and I had to give it up.

"You've got to take love at its face value, and you might as well give up trying to handle it scientifically. People won't stand for it. The only writer who ever got away with it was George Bernard Shaw, and he did it because even his admirers thought he was joking and failed to see that he was in dead, serious earnest.—Laffan News Bureau.

We regret to announce that, owing to a serious break in her health, Mrs. May Walden has had to sever her connection with The Progressive Woman for the time being. In the meantime please address all business communications to The Progressive Woman Publishing Company.

Consumption
Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure

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NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS
By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Consumption can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to The Yonkerman Co., 5304 Water St., Kalamazoo, Mich., and they will gladly send you the book by return mail Free and also a generous supply of the New Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

I AM WILLING TO PROVE I CAN CURE YOU

TO THAT END I AM GIVING AWAY \$10,000 WORTH OF MEDICINE

In order to show beyond all doubt that I am in possession of a medicine that will cure kidney trouble, bladder trouble or rheumatism, I will this year give away ten thousand dollars' worth of this medicine, and any one suffering from these diseases can get a box of it absolutely free. All that is necessary is to send me your address.

I don't mean that you are to use a part of it or all of it and pay me if cured. I mean that I will send you a box of this medicine absolutely free of charge, a gift from me to the Uric Acid sufferers of the world, so I can show them where and how they may be cured. I will not expect payment for this free medicine, nor would I accept it now or later if you sent it. It is free in the real meaning of the word.

For twenty-five years—a quarter of a century—I have been trying to convince the public that I have something genuine, something better than others have for the cure of stubborn, chronic rheumatism, for torturing kidney back-ache, for annoying calls to urinate. But it is hard to convince people—they try a few things unsuccessfully and give up all hope and refuse to listen to any one thereafter. Happily, I am in a position now to demonstrate to sufferers at my own expense that I have a medicine that cures these diseases. I don't ask them to spend any money to find out; I don't ask them to believe me, nor even to take the word of reliable people, but all I ask is that they allow me to send them the medicine at my own cost. That is surely fair.

To this end I have set aside ten thousand dollars, which will be used to compound my medicine. Much of it is ready now to be sent out, all of it fresh and standard. There will be enough for all sufferers, though there be thousands of them. And any one who needs it can get some of it free. But in order that I shall know that you have a disease for which this medicine is intended, I ask you to send me some of your leading symptoms. If you have any of the symptoms in the list printed here you need my medicine, and if you will write me I will gladly send you a box of it free with full directions for your use. Look the symptoms over, see which symptoms you have, then write me about as follows: "Dear Dr., I notice symptoms number"—here put down the numbers, give your age, full address, and send it to me. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 5039 Occidental Building, Chicago, Ill.

The ten thousand dollars I am spending for the compounding of my medicine is only a part of the money I am devoting to this cause, for the package of medicine I send you will be fully prepaid at my expense. From any standpoint you view it, YOU incur no expense or obligation. Just tell others whom you know are suffering who sent you the medicine that cured you.

I am promising to give away ten thousand dollars' worth of medicine, and I will do that; I am promising to send any sufferer who writes me a box of this medicine and full directions free of charge, and I will do that. I can say further that this medicine has been vouched for according to law as complying in every detail with all requirements. It will



DR. T. FRANK LYNOTT
who is giving away \$10,000 worth of medicine

stop rheumatism, it will stop pain and back-ache, it will stop too frequent desire to urinate; it will heal, soothe and strengthen. You will be better in every way for having taken it. There is not an ingredient that can injure; not one but will benefit. All that I ask is that you use it yourself so that you may be personally convinced.

Owing to the large number of requests, I have had ten thousand more copies of my medical book printed. This book is new and up to date and contains complete descriptions, symptoms, causes, effects and cures of kidney, bladder and rheumatic diseases. All who write for the free medicine will be sent a copy of this grand illustrated medical book—the largest ever written on these diseases for free and general distribution.

If you need medicine such as I have, if you are anxious to be cured and don't want to spend any money LOOKING for cures, write me. Read the symptoms over and let me hear from you today.

These Are the Symptoms:

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Burning or obstruction of urine.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—Prostatic trouble.
- 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
- 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
- 8—Pain or soreness under right rib.
- 9—Swelling in any part of the body.
- 10—Constipation or liver trouble.
- 11—Palpitation or pain under the heart.
- 12—Pain in the hip joint.
- 13—Pain in the neck or head.
- 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
- 17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
- 18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.

LIKES THE P. W.

Dear Editor—May I thank you for the good work you are doing? I have been getting your paper for four months and love it. It was our editor of the Everett Commonwealth who subscribed for it for me.

I asked her where to learn good Socialism and she answered, "In The Progressive Woman." She told the truth.

Will you send me a bundle of P. W. and tell me how to distribute or sell them? My boy and I are eager to help further the cause.

Yours for the love of humanity,
MRS. AGNES JENSEN.

Lowell P. O., Wash.

A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR, by Josephine Conger Kaneko. A 25c book for 10c.

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THE MOTHER OF THE LIVING. "And Adam called his Life Eve, because she was the Mother of the Living." This is the text of this wonderful book on child training, including prenatal influence. Printed on best Strathmore, dekeled; illuminated design in four tints, by Ralph Barton. Ooze sheep back and corners, seal brown silk lining, \$1.50. Paper cover, 50c.

AN INTERLUDE. "Magnetism, Marriage, Divorce." is the title of an important chapter in this book. "Your Interlude is Beautiful," writes Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Beautifully printed on deckle edge paper. Regular price 50c. A limited number go at 10c each. Address Josephine C. Barton, Station E, Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—Young Socialist lady as a partner; to invest capital in a racket store. More details by addressing "Partner," care P. W.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS ANY LONGER

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Recommend From Texas Farmer

Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.,
Marshall, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicted as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last November, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have laid it away—have had it off for two weeks and doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing it, I had lagrippe and coughed a great deal but it held all right. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people.

Yours sincerely,
J. E. LONG,

Bald Prairie, Texas.



The above is C. E. Brooks, the inventor, of Marshall, Mich., who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks' Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the materials of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks, 1021 State Street,
Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name

City

R. F. D.

State

Child Cured in 4 Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.
Brooks Rupture Appliance Co.

Gentlemen:—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

Cured At the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself

among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,
SAM A. HOOVER.

Jamestown, N. C.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.

No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.