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The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN



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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

Volume VI

AUGUST, 1912

Number 62



VACATION TIME

By Anna A. Maley

Candidate for Governor of
Washington

Vacation time approaches. A weary voice says, "I have not had a vacation in ten years," and the toil-haunted eyes attest the truth of the words.

Comrade, it is not labor alone that galls you. Poverty sits like a curse on your meager life. Old age rises chill and cheerless before you.

Long years have passed since Piers, the plowman, made his plaint, but tired feet still toil in the furrow. The field today is broader and the plow is a better tool. The harvest is abundant. The earth yields her gifts easily and the hands of labor bring forth the fruits. Yet on you trudge, like the horse, only whinnying a bit when you are hungry. You pace patiently to your stall at night and in leaden dreams retrace the day's furrow.

You toil all the time. That is, proportionate to all the labor time available you give more than your share. And why? Because some boss, the private owner of your job, can make more money for himself if he hires but one man where two or three should be employed. The boss hires you and turns other men away, idle and empty. The law which compels you to do more than your share forces other men to do nothing. You have no vacation. Their days pass in gaunt, hungry, hopeless vacation.

Many workers alternate seasons of feverish work with periods of enforced vacation.

The horses on the farm haul the hay to the mow. During the idle season, they rest and eat the hay which they have helped to garner. You human workers garner the food—a plenty of it. You are given some of the food to eat while you work—you work for your board. You do not, however, rest and feed during an idle season. The food is there; you have created it—but it belongs to the man in whose field it was produced.

The horse hauls hay to the mow. He eats it. You workers haul hay to that great mow, the market. You may eat it if you can buy; but, as you had to eat your wages while you worked, you have nothing with which to buy when the work is done. You go out to a vacation that is worse than grinding toil.

If you only owned the hay which you have put in the mow, what a glorious vacation you might have! Well, you may own it if you will

vote for a right to own the mow and the meadow.

You live in poverty. That is, proportionate to all the goods produced, you receive less than your share. And why? Because some boss, the private owner of your job, takes much of the wealth you produce and with it builds other mills and factories. In these he privately owns other jobs and robs other workers.

This boss takes more than his share. He reinvests it. He may waste it. He owns the meadow (the factory). He owns the mow (the market). You harvest the hay—on his terms. You take the hay from the mow—on his terms.

Times are dull now and freight cars are shunted onto side-tracks. You railroad workers are on "vacation." Your pockets are full—of holes. Your stomachs are full—of hunger ache. You section men get about \$1.25 a day, when you work. And meat is forty cents a smell. The woolen tariff schedules have ceased to interest you. Your dreams run all to cotton. You modestly hope that you will be able to buy calico for the baby, and that, between times of taking in washing, your wife can keep it mended.

Certainly. You are a railroad laborer. The Goulds are railroad owners. So you must "divide up" with the Lady Vivien. Your baby's back is calico-clad. Vivien's back is usually not much clad either, but to compensate for this nakedness she dresses the floor behind her in white satin. The train on her wedding dress was eight yards long, twenty-four feet. A long train. Why not? She belongs to a railroad family. The train was garnished with seed pearls and silver rosettes.

Comrade section man, forget your own bare tale and remember rapturously the glories of the Gould-Decies wedding. Brace up, man—you have had the privilege of helping to pay for a great function. And take heart. When again you get a job on the Gould system—when your "vacation" closes—Vivien may be ready to permit you to buy a divorce for her. You know how proudly you section men wore tattered overalls that you might contribute to the domestic-row fund of Anna Gould and the Count Boni de Castellane. But if you

may not pay for milady's divorce, you will assuredly have a chance to buy a few blooded horses for Lord Decies' stable, or dogs for his kennel. That man's name troubles me. I don't know whether it is pronounced Desees or Dutchcheese—but no matter; he's a lord anyway, glory to his name! I know he would not accept your house for a dog kennel, if you should offer it. There is "some class" to his dogs. And, come to think, your house is like your job—you don't own it; so his luddishness will not have an opportunity to turn up his royal nose at your offer.

Have you listened to the teaching of the McKinley-Mark Hanna-Harrison Gray Otis school of republicans? To-wit, that the prosperity of the poor must come through the prosperity of the rich. The rich grow prosperous by robbing you. The more they rob you the more prosperous you grow. That is good republican logic, and anyone but a dunderheaded workingman could understand it.

Vivien Gould, they tell you, has a right to her wealth. It is the Wages of Abstinence (from work). And the Wages of Risk (of your neck). Also she has earned life-long vacation.

Democratic leaders have their own peculiar ideas about vacations. Woodrow Wilson is reported on good authority to have given some young teachers on the Princeton faculty permanent vacations because they had expressed their belief in Socialism. Governor Harmon of Ohio used gatling guns to teach the street car men of Columbus how either to work or go on that long vacation.

Why don't you join the Socialist Party and help the class conscious workers of the world to put the job owners, the politicians and the gatling guns out of commission? You know in Butte, Mont., they elected a Socialist mayor and several councilmen. Comrade Mabie, one of the hard workers in their city campaign, summoned the workers in a rough and ready poem. Here is part of it:

JOIN THE PARTY.

Fellow workmen, we need you,
Join the party.
Would you make the tyrants heed you?
Join the party.
Scattered votes can never win,
Futile your's have ever been,
Here's your party—come, get in,
Join the party.

The Answer

Bertha Hale Brown

She sat quite still and silent while the man watched her curiously. From Capitol Hill the city spread fan-wise before her, spangled with the ever thickening lights as the shadows fell over the valley, reaching clear to the great barren hills beyond. All afternoon she had sat in the sun, trying vainly to warm her tired body. But the sun had no power to drive away the chill that comes from exhaustion and hunger. She had been without food since yesterday and so little then, and for many yesterdays before.

She was a product of the old and disappearing school of affectations, of absurd refinements and restrictions. Trained to think of marriage as the inevitable goal of woman's life, yet untaught, ignorant of the meaning of marriage, she became a wife.

As her contribution to the venture she brought a beautiful body of whose laws she knew nothing, a smattering of household accomplishments but no knowledge of domestic science, and a placid liking for the man she recklessly agreed to live out all the long days of life beside. It was an agreement she could not keep. The revelations of her marriage frightened and repelled her and the tedious period of adjustment was cruelly hard and impossible, for neither could learn the art of necessary concessions.

As she sat there in the creeping shadows, pressing her thin hands down into the young green of the turf, she had a vision of his face as he sometimes looked—a little tired, a little sad, a little bewildered. Life was impossible to both and slowly the gulf widened until the world lay between them.

She might have resumed her old life but for a foolish pride. She had lost caste in the narrow circle she had always known, for the divorced woman was a dubious thing, never to be quite trusted.

Romantic and impractical she remembered all the stories she had read of the Golden West, but when, her slender resources in her incompetent hands, she sought the fabled door she did not find it. On the same hopeless quest go thousands yearly, lured by the hope of better conditions or of restored health. They find that for every post there are two applicants and that the successful one is not paid enough to keep body and soul together.

At first she was quite brave and confident. She was "well educated," but with the education that unfits. She could not teach for an examination meant failure to pass. She could sing but found no chance to prove it. The department stores offered a possible opening, and she filed applications with all of the larger ones in the city. But she found that the girls were paid less than the cost of a decent room. Some of the girls talked to her about it and smiled wisely and sadly at her surprise. They asked her how she filled out the application blank and when she said that she had entered "no" in answer to the question as to "others means of support," shook their heads and said she would not get on. And she did not.

She was a good penman—that was the extent of her fitness for business. So there was no thoroughfare there. She could sew a little, and actually got a place, but was let out in a few hours.

At last she went to an employment agency. There she found plenty to do—but she was "inexperienced," and could not even get a place to wait on tables. Finally, when her funds were at lowest ebb, she was sent out as

maid in a big apartment building. Upon going on duty she was given a slip of numbers—the odd ones—from one to eighty-one. That meant forty-one apartments. Five had private baths. Number one was a suite.

All day she made beds and carried bundles of soiled linen to the clothes chute, carried slops to an ill-smelling, common bath two floors down; polished bath fittings and scrubbed tiled floors, swept and dusted and hurried, breathless, because she could not make time. Always she was late in finishing—late in getting to work again the next morning. She feared she was not making good, and the day she forgot the bath in number one she knew it. She was told not to come again.

That was a week ago. For two days she had been without money and without food. The rent on her room was due and the agent ugly over her non-payment. He looked at her white face and said they didn't like lungers anyway, and she'd have to pay or get out.

She had crept from her room as the broken and defeated slip from their places of concealment. About her surged the tide of the tourist crew, but she was alone and unnoted except for the man who had sat all afternoon on the bench she leaned against. After a time they had talked a little, as the lonely have a habit of doing, but he had seemed more intent upon her curiously pallid face than any thing she had to say.

Across the little park she looked into a place of light where white-clad waiters passed back and forth. The man pointed to it and said, "Come." For a long minute she hesitated, but hunger was gripping her, and though she laughed, a little uncertain and ashamed, she rose from her seat on the ground and together they walked away into the gathering darkness.

In the pallid light of early morning she lifted her heavy head from the pillow, and stared about her. There was no touch of familiarity in the strange room, hideous to her in the half shadows. A sickening wave of nausea swept over her and she fell back upon the pillow. There came to her dulled ears the slow, deep breath of a sleeper. She was not alone.

Over her surged the horror of realization—an obsession of fear. In the sordid light of a strange new day life leered at her with hateful meaning. She no longer had kinship with her yesterdays and her feet stumbled upon the threshold of a grim, forbidding door. Beyond that menacing portal waited unknown, undreamed-of horrors. Her writhing soul stretched out trembling hands in unavailing and hopeless appeal.

This was the answer.

A DAUGHTER OF THE FIRST WOMAN

Hero Myderco

Paradise? Yes, in our leafless, god-forsaken paradise of the modern world, where the smoke of engines is the rainbow, the yellow gas jets its stars, the rolling machines the cataracts and the rivulets. Jeanne, the distant daughter of Eve, picked in her dirty lap, year in and year out, the flowers of the day, the coins!

One day an angel came down from heaven across the sooty window panes of the factory window, as she was kneeling by the side of a black wheel, praying to God to release the

burden from her tiny shoulders and make her as beautiful as an angel. The angel was much moved to see a girl weeping so bitterly, and asked:

"Friend, why dost thou cry in the dark, as a young animal taken apart from her mother? Thy face is not beaming with the joy of life. Thy hands have lost the smiling dimples, and alas! thy lips, pale and trembling, are now singing for the glory of God—Why?"

Then Jeanne replied that while her grand ma was sick in her bed, her brother was gone to the navy and her mother was a seamstress; she, too, had to work to help her mother. And then, seeing the child was helpless against the laws of heaven, the angel whispered to her:

Promise me, then, my poor child! Thou wilt never step in here from tomorrow, and trust thy fate to me. Then I shall restore thee the golden peace of an angel heart which I enjoy. Remember, dost not work, but pray! Then thou shalt be as beautiful as myself, and dance among the invisible palaces."

But ere next morning she recalled the sacred promise of the angel and began to pray. Her mother came and commanded her to breakfast, and then, with a sandwich, to go to the factory.

"Why, you lazy thing! Hear the whistle. Now, run along and work hard!"

She thought of her prayer, but her numberless friends of boys and girls intercepted her as she shut her eyes.

"Tomorrow I will do it."

As a day was gone under the oppressively damp ceiling, she repeated this to excuse herself to the angel.

But the ever-escaping tomorrow was always the hard, toilsome today.

The angel saw the child acting against her promise and flew away skyward with much disappointment.

Many and many years passed thus, and her soul is now smeared with grease and oil like the machine in front of which she labors. Still, my old Jeanne repeats to herself those passionate cravings of childhood's dream with her parched lips: "Tomorrow, my angel—tomorrow, yes—I will be as beautiful as an angel, tomorrow!"

O! tomorrow? My, poor, poor Jeanne!

Resolved

That We Disfranchise the Men and Give Women the Ballot

This is the title of a bright, original, good-natured, but sensible argument done in booklet form, on

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By Esther Edelson

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VACATION DREAMING



The Tired Girl's Dream

Nancy Parker

So you are tired this morning, my dear? You stayed too late at the party last night and it's pleasant to cuddle down in your soft little bed. But were you ever really tired? You who are so young and have never done an hour's work outside of your own home?

Do you know what it means to be wakened in the morning when you feel the night has not begun, when you think you cannot get up even though the clock ticks insistently, "hurry, hurry, hurry or you'll be late!" And when at last you drag yourself out of bed you must pay for your stolen rest, for you must throw on your clothes in a careless manner; you who were once so dainty have no time to properly fasten your collar or more becomingly arrange

your hair, but hurriedly snatching a bite of breakfast you must rush to catch a car.

The ride down town is the pleasantest feature of the day—you see you are going to be on time, your work is not particularly distasteful and with the energy born of the fresh morning air, as you whirl by the shining lake and leafy park, your only wish is that you were free to take a long walk and you promise yourself that you will do so in the evening. But when the hard day has drawn to a close your energy is entirely exhausted and you wearily take the first car for home. Many well dressed, well groomed women enter the car and you feel conscious of your own untidy appearance. A bevy of young girls come

in laughing and talking of the dance they attended the night before or the one they will attend that night and you remember when you, too, could enjoy a dance even after a hard day's work, but now—you are too tired!

When you get home the house looks inviting, the table is spread by willing hands and a kindly voice urges you to eat and refresh yourself. "I will, I will; but oh, just for a moment let me rest!" You eat your dinner with the unappreciative appetite of a tired woman and look forward listlessly to the dreary evening.

There is an entertainment close by which you would like to attend but you are too tired to enjoy it, or if you did you would be out late and not able to properly do your work the next day. You know your dress needs mending and you should sew the buttons on your glove but you are so tired—let them go!

(Continued on page 15.)

The Women of Lawrence

The situation in Lawrence, Mass., is such as should appeal to every progressive woman. The problem of woman in industry is here very acute. Many women, thousands of them, in fact, are compelled to enter the textile mills in company with their husbands and brothers. They are not only aids in eking out the family income, but often the sole family support. Domestic life is under such conditions a travesty; as the care and devotion necessary to home and children are to a great extent impossible. Maternity and its responsibilities are too often weapons in the hands of the exploiting class and a burden upon the life of the mothers. The percentage of deaths among infants under one year of age is appallingly large, being higher than in the shoe or residential towns, and cities like Boston. Malnutrition among children is common. They are even starved before birth, through the under-feeding of the mothers. In brief, the position of women in Lawrence, Mass., is decidedly bad.

It is no wonder then that the women of Lawrence were conspicuous in many ways during the recent great textile strike. They had their orators and leaders, their rank and file, their killed and injured as did the men, perhaps more so. The voices of Elizabeth Gurlley Flynn, Carrie Hanson, Rose Cardello, Annie Welzenbach, Josephine Liss, and many others could be heard pleading the cause of the textile workers, along with those of Ettore, Giovannitti, Haywood and the other men. The women were conspicuous on the picket line. Many were their acts of daring; many the quick-witted stratagems by which they outwitted the forces of the opposition. Many the assaults on their lives and those of their children. It was Annie La Pizza whom the police killed. It was the women and children whom the police clubbed at the North Station. Were the deeds and sufferings of the women of Lawrence told in detail, they would make many a creditable chapter in the history of the great Lawrence strike.

The Women of Lawrence had a vote in all the affairs of that great strike. They voted with the men at its successful ending. Mrs. Welzenbach represented them on the committee which brought about this great achievement.

Nor have the activities of the Lawrence women ceased with the strike. They are still "on the job," despite their terrible economic and sex handicap. They are represented on the Ettore-Giovannitti defense committee by Miss Flynn and Miss Liss. In this defense work, they would enlist the support of every progressive woman. They plead for Ettore and Giovannitti, not as leaders, but as comrades who accorded them the same rights with the men and who look upon them as co-equals in industry and the management of industrial affairs. They declare that the death of Ettore and Giovannitti would be a blow at practical equal rights, such as has rarely been delivered. They, therefore, call on all progressive women to rally to the aid of Ettore and Giovannitti, to join in the protest against their attempted electrocution, and to swell the fund for their legal defense.

There exists in Lawrence a small but energetic organization, known as the Progressive Women's Club of Lawrence. This club is composed of the wives of merchants and manufacturers, who have banded themselves

together for the purpose of discussing and seeking to better local conditions.

During the recent textile strike each member considered herself "a committee of one" to gather funds for the needy strikers. They were successful in obtaining about \$200, most of which was given by friends and sympathizers outside of the city.

The incident of the arrest of Mrs. Annie Welzenbach and her two sisters at midnight, when the police took them from bed to the police station on the simple charge of intimidation, created a strong feeling of indignation in these club women. They circulated a protest, obtaining the signatures of many prominent women. It read as follows:

"To the Tribune Editor:

We, the undersigned, residents of the city of Lawrence, protest against the actions of the police in the case of Mrs. Annie Welzenbach and her two sisters, Emma and Lillian Steindi, who were arrested at midnight on the charge of intimidation.

"The only comparison we can find for such actions is in Russia, where we hear about the police entering homes any hour they choose to arrest people regardless of what their offense may be. As for such actions in America, there has never been a precedent. Even in the case of Richeson, when he was suspected of murder, the police made no attempt to enter the house at midnight, but rather guarded it, and waited until morning. In this case of intimidation, which is no grave offense, why could not the police have waited until daybreak to make their arrests instead of entering the house at the unseemly hour of midnight?"

This city has been degraded long enough through the meanness of certain authorities, and we think it is time an end be put to such

injustices, and some consideration shown its citizens."

(Signed.)

Later this club again protested against quartering a company of soldiers in the high school building which was used daily by the students. This protest was never published because of the timely withdrawal of the soldiers.

It was under the auspices of this club that Prof. Scudder and Prof. Hayes of Wellesley College gave their memorable addresses in the Colonial Theatre on Feb. 25, for which they were so greatly censured by the capitalist press.

The meeting was arranged as a protest against the brutal treatment of women and children at the North Station by the city authorities on Feb. 24. The meeting was a big success, the crowds were unable to gain admittance. They were so great that the militia began to disperse them before the hour set for beginning the meeting. The press tried to make it appear that the meeting had been arranged by outsiders and that the Wellesley professors had been lured to Lawrence by them. This called forth a vigorous letter signed by Mesdames A. Quinn, A. Kellot, B. Abel and M. Quinn, committee, in which the progressive women set things straight and shouldered the responsibility for the meeting.

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Big Business: "They always do as I say"

The above is as good a comment as can be made on the recent old party conventions. "Big Business" always pulls the string—and Big Business never stands for the working man and woman.



The Workers of the World

A Trades Union Department by Pauline M. Newman
Organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

More About the Corset Strike at Kalamazoo

It is because of the fact that the public in general, and the readers of *The Progressive Woman* in particular, are interested in the outcome of the corset workers' strike, that we present to them the present status of affairs:



The agreement between our union and the Kalamazoo Corset Company was accepted and signed in good faith on our part and with a determination

to carry out its provisions if permitted to do so.

The agreement was ratified by us over the protest of a large number of our members, but we felt that we owed it to the general public to permit the conciliation board to put its plans into execution.

In compliance with the terms of the agreement, one of our members returned to work. While this girl was waiting for work at her machine, the employes in the factory to the number of two or three hundred, gathered around her and heaped upon her all sorts of abuse. The general superintendent was told of the situation and appeared upon the scene while the demonstration was in progress. He then stopped the machinery, mounted a box and delivered a speech to the employes and made the statement that the "union can go to the dickens." He then asked the employes to decide as to whether the girl should be given work or not and the vote was in the negative.

The girl was then called to the office and asked to tell what she intended to do under the circumstances and she replied that she had come to the factory to work and that she was willing to work if permitted to do so. The general superintendent told her that if she was willing to work under the circumstances, he did not want her and she was discharged.

The above statement of facts was admitted by the general superintendent of the corset company at a meeting of the conciliation board.

Another girl reported for work and was asked to sign a paper not to belong to an industrial organization, and being met with a refusal to sign, the manager put her to new work, where she was met with the same reception as referred to above. The girl was finally called to the office and was told that she had better go home now and that her case would be attended to later.

Still another reported for work and before promising anything the general superintendent sent the forelady to have the employes say whether she should be given work or not.

When these facts were reported, Pauline M. Newman, general organizer, called a meeting of the sanitation board, which under the terms of the agreement is to act upon all such cases. The meeting was attended by the general superintendent and his assistant. One of the girls appeared before the so-called arbitration board and told the above story, which story was not disputed by the officials of the corset company.

At that meeting the general superintendent promised that he would try and straighten matters out in the future, the committee accepted his promise and held that there was nothing before them for action.

The committee urged our side to have more patience and that the company be given more time to make good.

It was at that meeting that the general superintendent stated that he "hardly thought it possible to carry out the agreement, by reinstating all former employes by the 17th of July."

That the company is not sincere in its attempt to carry out this phase of the agreement is borne out by the fact that new girls are being employed from time to time while the strikers are compelled to await the pleasure of the management for reinstatement. The company is also running extensive advertisements for help.

The gentleman who was to enforce the agreement is out of town, and is not apt to return so very soon. We have been forced to the conclusion that the committee is nothing more than a farce, having neither power nor authority.

The company has proven conclusively that there is no intention on its part to comply with the agreement and so we have declared it broken and decided to renew the strike.

We are planning to put about twenty-four girls on the road and to advertise the strike and to solicit funds to carry on the work.

We intend to let the merchants who trade with the Kalamazoo Corset Company, and who

by this time we presume are aware of the so-called settlement, know that the agreement was broken by the company and that the strike is still on.

And now, dear reader, think about the facts we give you and think twice before you form an opinion one way or the other. Remember that the company had agreed to reinstate all former employes under any circumstances and it has failed to do so.

Who ever heard of a manager who would let the employes run the business? Who would think the corset company would leave it to their employes to decide as to whether the strikers should be taken back? Does it not look as if there was a motive behind it? Why could not the general superintendent tell his employes to behave instead of putting it up to them and giving them the power to decide? But we know why, and that is our reason for renewing the strike.

Furthermore, the company has agreed not to discriminate against any of its former employes for belonging to an industrial organization and yet the first thing the general superintendent did was to ask one of the girls to sign such a paper. Is not this an open violation of the agreement? Talk about relying upon the word of an employer!

We intend to carry on this fight to a finish and it is only a question of time when the Kalamazoo Corset company will regret exceedingly its stubborn attitude toward its former employes.

The girls are now imbued with the fighting spirit more than ever before. It took them quite some time, but they are awake now and ready for the new fight. They understand now what it all means; they understand that a job means life, and that the employer who owns the job, owns the very life of the man or woman who is forced to hunt for a job in minister, professor, sociologist, or whoever order to live; they understand now, that the it may be, are all acting under the supervision of the master class. And it is out of their understanding that the workers, men and women, will put a stop to the inhuman working conditions and the causes that produce them.

BOOKS ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

The Man-Made World: Mrs. Gilman....	\$1.00
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Editor and Publisher, Josephine Conger-Kaneko



CAMPAIGN AND VACATION

Over 4,000,000, or 25 per cent of all the women of this country, are working for wages. A vast army of these women are young girls in unskilled trades. Another vast army are mothers of families, still others are middle aged spinsters who are living lonely, unsatisfied, abnormal lives. Working conditions today mean long hours, hard labor, low wages. Few women are working for the pure pleasure of it. For the young girl is the hope, fast fleeting at best, that something better lies ahead; for the married woman with children are hard facts and drudgery; for the middle aged woman without home life or love of mate or children, is disillusionment and gray sky.

Work, for the healthy, normal adult, is a natural, desirable thing. No one would evade it—under proper conditions. To create with the hands and the mind, to add conscious value to social productivity, to do, and to give, freely and spontaneously—this is the highest mark of the human. But to be chained to a treadmill by the force of circumstances, to grind in office, shop or factory day after day, for the sake of a living pittance, is not dignified toil: it is drudgery. Drudgery despicable, entirely hateful.

The women who must work under the present system have short vacations, frequently none at all. Through the hot summer weather they must toil, economise, stint themselves body and soul. Twenty per cent of the women of the United States are doing this. What can we expect of the future of a society that drives its women in this manner? What of the health of the women? Of the children they bear? What of the poetic relation that should exist between the woman and the man?

These are blighted and lost in the drive, the rush, the turmoil of present-day industrial conditions.

Yet Nature is rich—the woods are beautiful, food—fruit, grain, vegetation of all kinds are flourishing. Life is very splendid, everywhere but in the processes of the social life. Something is wrong. The wrong must be adjusted. Women must think, and help in the readjustment.

This is a campaign year. The great majority of men, and over one million women will vote for a presidential candidate. Will these vote blindly, or will they THINK of the consequences of their act? Great good or further great evil may be wrought by the turn of the presidential wheel next November. The Progressive Woman hopes its readers will think gravely over this matter. And will act with the intelligence that such gravity must inspire!

TO THE REPUBLICAN VOTER

"The American Economist" says, "Republicanism stands for a protective tariff, in which every worthy interest is cared for." And further: "The tariff does not and can not regulate wages. But this it can and does do: It creates employment and thereby increases the demand for labor. As the demand for labor increases so must the price of labor increase. To that extent the tariff affects and regulates wages." The above is a call to the workingman to vote for a high "protective" tariff.

Let us see. A high tariff means a high price for a commodity—wool, sugar, shoes, etc. What part of this high price goes to the workingman? He is employed at the lowest possible wage. If he is a union man he can force the wage up a few dollars. Even in that case a modern machine is installed and he is thrown out of work. Women and children take his place. He works by spells, or he is thrown out entirely. He becomes a dependent or a tramp. Still, he must pay the high tariff on food and clothes that is necessary to "protect" the industry that cannot employ him. Or, he can starve and go naked.

In his "Problem of the Unemployed" John A. Hobson says there are 2,000,000 men who form the reserve army of the unemployed. In what way can Republicanism help these men? Or the families of these men, who must pay the high tariff on an industry which cannot employ the husband and father?

The fact is the high tariff of which the Republican party boasts protects only the owner of an industry. It gives him enormous profits. It helps him to grow powerful. And it does it at the expense of the workingman and his family.

The workingman who votes the Republican ticket under the delusion that a high tariff "creates a demand for labor" had better acquaint himself with the facts in the case, before he blindly sells himself, his wife and children into the hands of the robber barons of our present industrial system.

A SANE SOCIAL SYSTEM

It has been discovered that John D. Rockefeller is worth \$900,000,000 and that his annual income is \$40,000,000. It has also been discovered that 870,000 babies die every year in the United States—most of them of preventable diseases—that is, they are the victims of poverty.

Can any woman discover the sanity in a system that will permit one man to place in cold storage hundreds of millions of dollars while hundreds of thousands of babies die each year from lack of nourishment and proper housing?

If any woman can do this, she has found the only possible impediment in the wheel of Socialist progress. For Socialism is possible only if the present order is wrong. There is a right way and a wrong way in social organization as well as in everything else. Socialists say that the system that will permit one man to take the profits of the laboring class to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars, while hundreds of thousands of babies die of want, is the wrong kind of system.

In its place they would put a system that gives every man and woman who works the full social product of their labor, and thus the hundreds of millions would belong to those who could make use of it, instead of hoarding it up for one man who can't use it.

Socialist postcards, 10c per dozen. Order from us.

A WORKER'S "GARDEN" IN A LARGE CITY

A Chicago school teacher tells of meeting an old grandmother walking up and down the sunny side of the street, carrying in her arms a wooden box filled with earth. "What are you doing with that?" she was asked. And the reply was: "Well, miss, you see the teacher gave Milly some flower seeds, and she said they would have to be planted where the sun could shine on them, and we ain't got no sun in our house, so I just come out every day and carry the box in the sun, so the seeds will grow and we will have some beautiful flowers."

That was Milly's garden. Not enough sunlight even in one window to make the seeds grow. And yet Milly and her little brothers and sisters were expected to grow in such an environment and to reach maturity, and make strong and splendid citizens of our great and free country. If they, too, refused to grow, and became warped and stunted, physically and mentally—well, and what if they do? Are there not other dark places, prisons and work-houses, sustained by the money of the people, to which they may be sent?

It is all wrong, this society which refuses to permit light and air and grass and trees and gardens to penetrate and become a part of the essential environment of the working class child. It is all wrong, and that is just why we have the prisons, the asylums, the reform schools. We must pay for the wrongness and the ignorance of our management.

AN EXCHANGE OF VISION

Wouldn't it be a good thing if the woman bound to the narrow confines of the home would look out into the world once and discover its needs? And wouldn't it be equally well if the man who spends ten hours of his waking day outside the home would look with conscious scrutiny into the domestic needs of his home once? Perhaps a better balance in the relation of husband and wife might be established in this way in some instances, also many other reforms *might be effected* by such an exchange of vision.

AN AUGUST NIGHT

J. C. K.

The hush of an August evening
Spreads across the earth;
The birds' songs fall to
Drowsy chirp and the mirth
Of little children to solemn quiet grows.
And from my soul the rack and moil
Of the busy day recedes,
And deep within a still, small mem'ry pleads
For things of the long ago—
For Her, and the life I used to know.

It's a queer spell that creeps in
E'en through the noise of the busy town,
On an August night, when the sun goes down.

Send for a bundle of The Progressive Woman to sell at your street meeting. It goes easily at 5c the copy.

How many subs. did YOU send in last month? See if you can't send a good list for August.

"White Slavery," by Byron Chrysler, one of the best books written on the white slave traffic, 25c. Order from The P. W.

Woman's Place in Politics—Its Basis

By Lida Parce

[With this installment ends Mrs. Parce's series on "Woman's Place in Politics." We believe these articles have been of great value to many of our readers. They have received favorable comment from many quarters. The first installment was published in full in the *Labor Leader* (England), and the July installment is to be made into a leaflet by the National Woman Suffrage Association. In commenting on her work recently, Lester F. Ward, author of "Pure Sociology," etc., said: "Whenever I see any of Mrs. Parce's articles I say, 'Here is a woman who understands.'" We hope to have more matter from Mrs. Parce in the future.]



Lida Parce.

We saw in the beginning of this series that the woman nature has had a race-long experience of sociality, the man nature a parallel experience of competition, and that the training of these two kinds of experience has produced a corresponding difference in the man and woman characters. That difference naturally expresses itself in a tendency to acquire, to own, to control, in man, and in a tendency to produce and to apply to the satisfaction of needs, in woman. Recently women are coming into ownership and control and men are learning to work and produce; but the deep-seated natural tendency still dominates the attitude and the life of the sexes. The world is still a man's world, and the man tendencies have framed our processes and institutions. Under the man domination, we have a system of production and distribution of the necessaries of life, not for use, but for the profit of the people who have capital invested in the processes.

Rent, interest, wages and profits are the four elements which enter into production; rent and interest are relatively constant, while wages and prices fluctuate according to the supply and demand of labor and of goods. This fluctuation takes place as long as competition is free. Profits are increased by lowering wages and by reducing the price of raw materials, by increased efficiency of the methods employed, and by raising the prices of the products. The purpose of conducting business is to increase the profits, and only one or more of these four means will produce that result.

Labor power is sold, just like any commodity, and the workers compete with each other for a chance to sell it. The more competitors there are, the lower the wages will be. It doesn't make any difference how much it costs to live, there is nothing in the system to prevent wages going below the cost of living, excepting the fact that if wages were to remain below the living line for a certain period the workers would starve off until the supply of labor was so reduced that competition would be reduced and wages would rise.

A system modeled on this plan makes the man merely an instrument of production. He is a tool for producing the necessaries of life, but his own life is quite unimportant, so long as there is one surplus laborer. That is, life, under this system, is less important than the means of sustaining life. Did some one say something about the superior logic of the male mind? Women are the mothers of workers; do they understand that his is what they are bringing them into the world for? This is not merely a theory. The economic system works so neatly; wages have been reduced and prices increased to such a point that very few of the workers have enough time or money to

SUMMARY AND CONCLUSION.

get enjoyment out of life, to pursue happiness. They simply yield their lives to the work, that is all there is to it for them. Their mothers bore them to work and die; that is all.

Those who produce the raw materials from the soil get their wages from the selling price. They compete with one another for a chance to sell and the more they compete the smaller the reward for their labor. If lower prices for materials and labor made lower prices of the product, there would be some compensations for the workers, but it doesn't; it simply means larger profits.

If there was free competition between the manufacturers of commodities the price would have to come down, to correspond to the cheapness of labor and raw materials; but there isn't. By means of the tariff they keep out foreign competition, and by means of "gentlemen's agreements," trusts and co-operation under various guises, they have to a very great extent eliminated competition in the selling of commodities. The result is that profits have increased extravagantly, wholesale prices have risen out of proportion to the prices of raw materials, wages have not nearly kept up with the rise in prices. The worker only receives about one-half the value of his product, which represents about one-half as much as its costs a family of five to live in a state of physical health, according to the estimate of competent economists. Millions of children are at work in the mills making up this deficit in the earnings of men; and they are not only overworked, but many of them are insufficiently fed and clothed. Thousands of other children come to school in all our cities so underfed that they cannot study, and over 50 per cent of city school children are found to be physically defective and in need of expert attention.

Machinery has taken the traditional work of women from them, and millions of them are now at work in the world, performing all the functions of industrial worker, wife and mother, and housekeeper, all at the same time. These women receive less for their work than it costs for even one person to live in a state of health.

The selling as well as the manufacture of commodities is carried on for profit, and the natural tendency of the system is to multiply the transactions through which goods pass on their way from the producer to the consumer as many times as possible. The more transactions the more profits, interest, wages, etc. And by this means a vast charge is added to the already high prices of commodities. The transplanting of industry from the home to the factory resulted in the concentration of population in the towns. The occupations involved in the handling and selling of goods entice many more to follow. Millions of those who migrate to the cities in pursuit of these employments are unable to secure work, and we have a vast "army of the unemployed."

These are some of the ways, blundering, hit-and-miss and stupid, but tragical and fatal ways, in which the competitive and egotistic spirit of man works out in practice when unrestrained and balanced by the mere social and constructive woman nature.

Who can say that this sort of thing has not gone far enough, that society has no need for woman in its public functions, that economics and politics are not woman's "sphere?" Is there any "sphere" in all the range of human life (excepting war), in which the social and constructive spirit is not needed to balance the competitive and egotistic spirit?

The faults of our civilization are not due to a lack of intelligence, but to an improper guidance of intelligence. In order to remedy its defects certain principles of ethics must be adopted as the foundation of its institutions. The first and most fundamental of these is the principle that every human being shall be regarded as an end in himself; and not as a means to an end. This principle sounds very simple and obvious, so much so as not to require even to be stated. And it is; but our economic and social and political institutions rest throughout upon denials of it. If it were to be applied to our economic system, it would cause a complete overturning of it. Wages and "economic rent" would be the two constant elements of production, and profits would be entirely eliminated in order to reduce the prices of the necessaries of life to the lowest terms.

If it were applied to the marriage institution the legal theory that "the personality of the wife is suspended during marriage" would instantly disappear and marriage would be seen to exist, not for the "suspension" but for the development of personality.

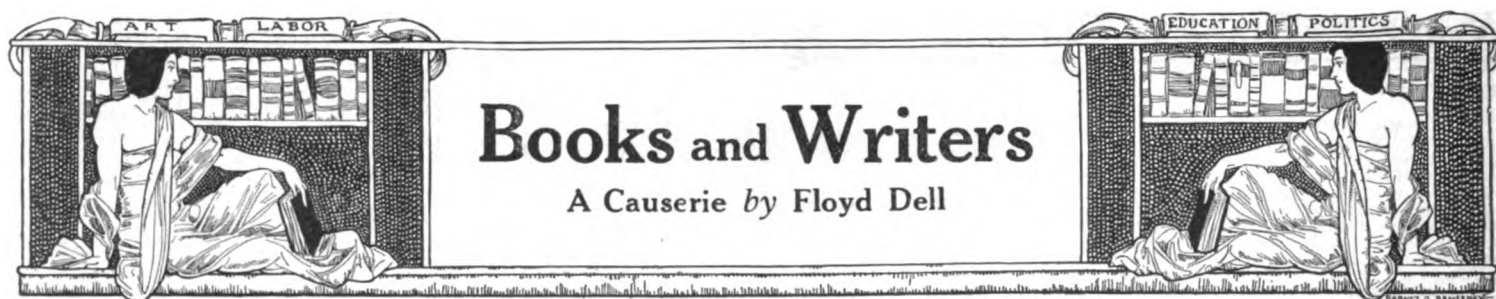
If it were applied to the theory of the state it would appear that government exists for the purpose of securing the development of the individual, every one alike, equally and fully. The form of government would then be a question of devising the best means of doing this, instead of being the question of enabling a few to control the many for their own profit at any expense to the many.

The principle was affirmed by Emmanuel Kant long ago, but he considered it of minor importance and made it the second item in his "Categorical Imperative." His first item was philosophically unsound, and the second fell into neglect and was forgotten with the first. But if a woman had formulated the "Categorical Imperative" this principle would have come first, for it is the key-note of the woman philosophy. Every child of every mother is an end in himself, in the eyes of woman. But in the days of Emmanuel Kant, not only Germany but the whole world was restricting the activities of women to "kinder, kirche and kuchen." The sphere of philosophy was reserved to man; and because he placed the emphasis on competition rather than on sociality, man has always put the wrong foot forward in philosophy.

However, women are now demanding an opportunity to affirm their principles in public affairs, to impress the woman nature upon the forms of our social institutions. And although they may follow the tendency of their natural philosophy unconsciously, it is as sure as fate that they will follow it.

When woman shall have spoken in our economic system, the job will exist for the man, rather than the man for the job. Life will be held of more importance than an accumulation of the means of life. Marriage will be for the development rather than for the "suspension" of personality. Government for the individual as an end in himself. And the process will be the social and constructive process of the woman nature, only modified by the competitive and egotistic principles sufficiently to give the whole balance and poise.

Dear Editor: I have received the bundle of papers, and am busy selling the sub. cards. I am enclosing what I have sold—thirteen cards in all. The papers are beautiful and every word most interesting. I am going to have little trouble in selling the rest of the cards. I'm very, very glad the women have such an able paper in the party.—Mary E. McN., East St. Louis, Ill.



[The books mentioned here can be procured through The Progressive Woman.]

THIS CAUSERIE should be written by my friend Hallinan, who has carried away to his summer home in the country all the books I intended to talk about this month. As it is I shall have to depend on my memory; and when that runs out, on my imagination. I have, however, a good memory and an imagination even better, so I do not expect the causerie to suffer.

The most important book which Mr. Hallinan has carried off is one entitled "The Great State." It is a collection of essays by H. G. Wells and others—including Sir E. Ray Lankester, Cecil Chesterton (brother of G. K. C.), Lady Warwick and Cicely Hamilton. These essays treat of property, industry, marriage, the countryside, art and other things in their relation to some sort of Socialist state in the future. (Harper Bros., price \$2.00 net.)

Wells is the best of the lot, but in this book he suffers the disadvantage of believing himself a Socialist. When Wells writes as a conservative, as in "The New Machiavelli," he is admirable, and very near to the spirit of Socialism; but he is never farther away from Socialism than when he writes as a Socialist. I distrust profoundly most of what he writes about the Great State. The chief trouble with Mr. Wells as a Socialist is that he knows nothing about the working class. He does not rely on working class instincts where they may be relied on, nor fear them where they should be feared. In fact, he does not believe that the working class is going to have the job of reconstructing society; if he did he would concern himself more with that class. His ignorance and indifference in regard to this class gives his writing occasionally an air of ineffable unreality; he is then very much like those pedantic sociologists (poor fools, who imagine that *they* are controlling our destinies) whom Mr. Wells damns so heartily.

The book has one great merit. It is utopian. It is not utopian enough, but still it is utopian. And now I must explain, for utopian has become of late in Socialist mouths merely a term of insult. To be a utopian is next to being an embezzler of the party funds.

I have no sympathy for Socialists who are merely utopian. The present working class movement, whatever it leads to, is more interesting than anyone's private dream of what it may lead to; and anyone who is incapable of taking such interest in the present working class movement is dead to the most vital thing in the world. But—to be a utopian, in the strict sense, means to have the imagination to construct a new society, and the courage to describe it. Both those things are needed. In truth, we cannot get along without them. There are hundreds of thousands of Socialists in America who are Socialists because they desire that prim and efficient society which Bellamy described in "Looking Backward." There are a few thousands who are Socialists because they desire that beautiful and happy society which William Morris described in "News From Nowhere."

And there are many others who are Socialists precisely because they want neither of these impossible states of society, but another state, which has not yet been described—which awaits someone with strong utopian genius to construct and describe in detail for us.

We have got past the period (in which the Anarchists still linger) of believing that the co-operative commonwealth will come because it is a good thing. No commonwealth will ever come into being just because it is beautiful and good. But we should like to believe that the commonwealth for which we are working *will* be beautiful and good.

It is not enough to say that it will be ideal. For ideals differ. There are some Socialists whose ideals are such that if their ideal commonwealth came into being I would straightway embark for some unsuspected isle in the far seas. And I flatter myself that they would be bewildered and uncomfortable enough in mine.

What we need, therefore, is detail. We need it all the more as we have now embarked from the shore of propaganda upon the sea of legislation. We must know what we want, in order that we may not waste our energies in working hard for something that we do not want at all. We in America may be shortly confronted with something like the English Insurance Bill—a piece of well-meant liberal legislation designed to dam up some of the sources of the great swamp of poverty; but a bill which many people believe will wreck the trade-unions and practically enslave the working class.

If our Socialist legislators are to deal with such a bill, they will need more than mere political sagacity and native virtue. They will need a mandate from a party which knows what it wants. We Socialists have entered into a struggle where for some time our activities will consist in throwing our strength to one side or another in the contest of established interests. We can, even so, set the clock ahead fifty years; or we can mess about and leave things pretty much as they are.

In any case, there are among us a few hundred people whose conception of the future state is different from Bellamy's, different from Morris', different from Gronlund's. These people have, for better or worse, worked out a conception of the co-operative commonwealth upon which they will act without hesitation when a legislative opportunity arises. Their action may surprise us; for the rank and file of the movement have lost touch with them. Victor Berger may yet be found voting against some projects for which Socialists of Bellamy's time would have laid down their lives.

But enough of politics. The thing that I am really anxious about is that it should be demonstrated to the prigs and pedants and Puritans in our movement that they are there by sufferance, in the hope that they will learn better.

There is a biography of Henry Demarest

Lloyd, by Caro Lloyd, which ought to interest many people. I have never been able to read Lloyd, but that is because I was young and intolerant, when he was still writing, and had no use for anyone less clever than Shaw, less wise than Veblen or less inspiring than Nietzsche. I am more tolerant now, and should welcome the warm-hearted eloquence of another Lloyd if he came along. Anyway, here is the story of his life, in two big volumes. (G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.)

"Henrik Ibsen: Plays and Problems," by Otto Heller, is another book explaining a man who really does not stand in need of any such office. If explained he must be, there is Bernard Shaw's "The Quintessence of Ibsen," which is often quite wrong, but which is just as valuable when it is wrong as when it is right.

I fancy that women, even more than men, exaggerate the importance of the truth—the truth in the vulgar sense of the fact. The important thing (and this I am sure the women do not appreciate) is to think.

More brain, O Lord, more brain! or we shall lose
Utterly this fair garden we might win.

That was George Meredith's prayer, and he meant it particularly with reference to women. Lest some lady, conscience-stricken, decide hereupon to take up a course of study, I will say hastily that study and schools will not do the job. Schools are an invention of the devil to keep people from thinking. Books alone will not do it, either. Books, and talking, *will* do it. But then, women do not know how to talk, either! And there you are.

Or rather, they do know how; but they don't do it. Any woman can talk if she is forced to do so by an intelligent man. But, except under such pressure, she will leave the divine gift of talk unused. For talk is not the uttering of words to fill up a silence, or the rehearsing of things memorized, or the exchange of verbal signals obscurely sexual. It is speech which is born of the thinking of the moment! The point is that people think differently (and better) in concert; and that if women rely on thoughts thought out beforehand they will never learn to talk. There are many makeshifts, some brilliant and all more or less effective, for talk; but they are not the real thing.

I am permitted to quote from an unpublished manuscript which is "the confessions of a woman." The passage runs: "I listened last night to two men talking, before I joined them. I listened, in the next room, hesitating to go in, because what they were saying had such a fine antiseptic ring, such a flavor of sincerity and so keen a wit, that I did not want to break it up. When I went in a few minutes later, I was filled with the determination to talk like that myself, and to make them talk like that. I did talk brilliantly, and they were very nice. But it was not the same thing. And I cannot find that they were to blame. We all know each other well, and they respect as

well as like me. So it was no silly deference to femininity with them. But—well, it was as though they had been skilled musicians, playing a piece together, and I, a conceited amateur, had joined in. I would not let either of these men hear me say such a thing for worlds."

There are other books among those Mr. Hallinan kidnapped which would be interesting to comment on. But perhaps this is enough for the present.

ON THE KING'S HIGHWAY

Ethel Rockefeller

On the king's highway there be many and divers—

For the road be free to all—

Simple and wise, and knave and clown,
Prophet and priest and seer.

And many and divers the things they seek—
And the spirit that shows in the seekers;
Courteous some and fair and fine,
With others a snarl, a sneer, or a whine.

Some for love and some for fame,
And some for man's highest good aspire;
Some will see self to 'the end of it all,
But for each 'tis his heart's desire.

Some will stay for a kindly smile,
And hands outstretched to another;
Others see naught but gold and gain,
They hold no man as brother.

On the king's highway will meet—and greet—
Prophet and priest and seer—
Yea, knave and clown for not always writ down
Is the thing ye surely are.

Wherefore, full oft will we give of our best
Faith and our heart's dear love—
Only to learn (and bitter as true)
We have missed, oh friend, the path to you.

Aye, a motley crew on the king's highway,
For the road be free to all—
Simple and wise, and knave and clown,
Prophet and priest and seer.

LEAFLET TO FRENCH-SPEAKING WOMEN

A leaflet appealing to French-speaking women to investigate and come into the Socialist movement, has just been issued by the National Office of the Socialist party. This leaflet was written by Sigurd Russel, organizer for the party of the French-speaking people. Wherever such people are found this leaflet should be distributed. Large size, four-page, 2.50 per 1,000.

ATTENTION HOUSEWIFE: To introduce our Dustless Dusters, we will send you one for a 10-cent stamp to pay postage, etc. Also send a silver dime and get one of our PATENTED SINK BRUSHES. Tampico fiber wound on heavy galvanized wire in broom shape. Excellent wear. Superior Products Co., 3710 Polk street, Chicago.

Every year 870,000 babies die in the United States—more than the total number of men who perished by wounds, imprisonment or illness during the four years of the Civil War.



A fable with an historic background.
(Written for children—grown up and otherwise.)

BY G. H. LOCKWOOD.

"And there were Giants in those days."

(Second Installment.)

THE STORY OF THE GIANTS AND THEIR TOOLS.

Even the animals and the snakes and all the living things would flee before this awful red dragon and mingle together without fear of each other. Nothing but the river's bank or the lake would stop this dread monster. When once he got started, he swept through the forest and scattered the Giants, who flew for their lives in every direction, never to return again to their old haunts, but of necessity to seek new trees in which to build their nests and new hunting grounds for their food. In this way they wandered very far apart and lost track of each other, each little group becoming an independent tribe, with only a vague memory of the existence of the parent tribe which was handed down from the parents to their children with other stories that made up the memory history, the "folk lore" of the race.

As time passed on, the Giants gradually lost their dread of the Great Red Tongued Dragon.

Sometimes they would find just a little spot of this mysterious Red Demon that seemed to have no substance in itself, but the power to consume and destroy other substances that came in its pathway. These Giants were very curious, and they grew bolder and bolder until finally they would approach the young demon and watch it as it consumed some old tree, for it seemed to be especially fond of trees. They found they could gather around it without any danger to themselves, and by experimenting, another peculiar trait of these Giants, they found they could feed the Demon with limbs and boughs of trees and that it would grow, but that it could not eat stones or dirt and that water would kill it.

They also found that in the evening this Demon destroyer would give forth a wonderful light and that wild beasts were afraid of the light and would not approach it, and that in the chilly evenings it would send out a warm and ruddy glow and that it was very pleasant to be near by.

They also found that when it had no trees and branches upon which to feed it died and they were sorry that it was gone, for it was only once in a very long time that they found this Demon, this wonderful consuming red mouth without any body that could eat up whole trees and even forests and, instead of growing larger afterwards, it would entirely cease to exist.

Finally they lost their fear for the Demon; so much so as to hunt for it, and when they found it they learned to wall it in with stones and dirt, which it could not eat, and feed it with boughs and thus keep it alive for weeks and months and years. And they lost their fear also of the beasts at night and came down out of the tree-tops and slept near the fire—for this Great Red-Mouthed Demon was noth-

ing more than fire kindled by lightning or spontaneous combustion.

And as these Giants came to understand the fire, how to feed it and control it and destroy it if they wished, and how it kept them warm and protected them from their ancient enemies, the beasts and the snakes, they learned to worship the fire which they believed came from the great fiery ball in the heavens above them. And they builded altars of stone on which they kept the fire constantly burning, and selected certain ones of their tribe to tend the altars that the fires might never go out. If the fires went out in their hearths, their places of stone and dirt where they congregated at night to sleep, their homes, as it were, then they could go to the altars and pluck a burning brand and replenish it.

And those who were selected to tend the altar fires eventually became very powerful. While the others were out hunting for food, the altar tenders had time to think, and they worked out great ideas about the wonderful FIRE GOD, who could banish the Demon of Darkness and bring light and warmth and joy, the God who protected the Giants and their children from the wild beasts.

And as these tenders of the altar fires had to live and had no way of going out and getting their living for themselves, they planned ways in which the other Giants would bring them food as an offering to the God of Fire. And these altar tenders finally, from their association with the fire and from their teachings about the fire and about themselves, came to be considered as sacred and holy beings in direct communication with the Fire God.

And these altar keepers told the other Giants wonderful stories (for these Giants were gifted with imagination and also dreamed dreams), and gathered them together at certain times and taught them to go through certain customs that they said would please the God of Fire. And these altar keepers taught the people that they must fear and worship the God of Fire and must hate and destroy the snake, who became the devil, the personification of evil, the most despised and dreaded of living creatures.

(To be continued.)

If you want The Progressive Woman to succeed work for it.

WANTED—A partner to invest about two thousand dollars in fruit and poultry farm and help run it. A comrade preferred. For particulars, address Box 66, Peyton, Colo.

TAPE-WORM Expelled
alive in 60
minutes with
head, or no fee. No fasting. 68 page Book for 2c stamp.
DR. M. KEYSMITH, Specialist, 126 N. 12th St., St. Louis, Mo.

For Socialist Locals, Program for August

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 20 cents, or in "Some Songs of Socialism," by Local Rochester, price 10 cents.

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

CAROLINE A. LOWE,

General Correspondent Woman's Nat'l Com.

[The Woman's National Committee is making every effort to place The Progressive Woman upon a firm, financial basis. In accordance with the advice of the National Executive Committee, the Woman's National Committee is assisting Comrade Kaneko in the formation of a stock company to be incorporated at \$10,000, stock selling at \$10 a share. In return for the money the subscriber receives not only the certificate of stock, but the full amount in sub. cards for The Progressive Woman.

The response to this offer has been encouraging. Comrades are sending in orders and state that they expect to flood their communities with our magazine, thereby reaching the women with the message of Socialism.

A number of woman's committees have given entertainments and sent the proceeds for purchase of stock. Comrade Ethel Whitehead of California, author of "The Way of Happiness," "The Arrest of Suffrage," "The Forging of the Key," and other successful playlets, has written one especially for the benefit of The Progressive Woman. A letter from her states that preparations are being made for its performance in Los Angeles, the proceeds to be given to our woman's magazine. She also gives the Woman's National Committee permission to publish it for the use of locals that desire to raise money to assist in this work.

We intended to publish it in pamphlet form and sell it to the locals, giving all profit to The Progressive Woman, but upon second thought we have decided to run it in the August number in place of our monthly program. By so doing it will reach many thousands more persons than it would otherwise. It will enable earnest, enthusiastic comrades all over the country to unite in giving a special benefit performance, and in this way make it possible to raise several hundreds of dollars before the first of September.

We urge upon the woman's committees and the locals to take up this matter immediately. Assign the characters to the most capable persons, see that the parts are well prepared and that everything is done to make the play a complete success.]

THE WAY OUT.

A PLAYLET IN TWO ACTS BY EMIL WHITEHEAD.

Characters Represented:

John Temple—The Enthusiast.

Ella Temple—His Wife.

Mary Gray—His Neighbor.

Nellie Smiles—His Comrade.

Time—Present. Place—America.

ACT I.

Room in the home of the Temples. Door at right, table with books and papers on at left. The room is neatly but poorly furnished. As the curtain rises there is a sound of angry voices in room at right. The door flies open, Ella enters and stands in doorway talking off R. She has dishcloth and dish in her hand.

Ella: Well are you going, or not?

John (Outside): I tell you I can't.

Ella: Oh, very well (slams door shut, crosses to table, takes out an Appeal to Reason, slits it across and put it in the stove). There, he shan't read his old paper, anyhow. (Crosses R. and exit.)

(Enter John, stands in door talking off to Ella.)

John: If you would only be reasonable, Ella.

Ella (Outside): It's no use your talking, John Temple. I'm sick of it. It's no use your talking.

John (Angrily): Talking! No one else has a chance when you get started. (Crosses L.)

(Ella enters with dish and dishcloth, stands in door gesticulating with dishcloth.)

Ella: Talk! It's lucky if I can get you to listen. How do you know if I talk. Always have your nose stuck in some old paper. Papers that aren't fit for any decent person to be reading. I never thought my husband would turn Anarchist.

John: Now Ella—

Ella: Don't talk to me. A woman can't understand politics, you know. (Exit.)

John: I've heard you say a woman's place is at home and not meddling with politics often enough.

Ella (Outside): Perhaps I have. But a woman don't want to be treated as if she were a plumb fool. I don't want any of your kind of politics, anyway.

John: You are very unfair. I'm sure I tried to explain things to you.

Ella (Re-enters, crosses to chair, sits down angrily): Yes, I heard nothing but Socialism day in and day out. I was sick of it and am still.

John (Goes angrily to table, looks for Appeal, Ella watches him maliciously): Where's the Appeal?

Ella: Where it ought to be. In the stove.

John: Ella, what right had you to do that? I wanted that paper particularly.

Ella: I don't care, I won't have that paper in my house. Appeal to Reason, indeed! "Appeal to Treason" is what it ought to be called.

John: Look here Ella, this is my house—

Ella: It's mine, too.

John: Oh, is it? I could go right out and sell it if I wanted to.

Ella: Well, why don't you?

John (Swallowing his wrath): Now, don't let us quarrel.

Ella: Well, then go with me to the show tonight.

John: Ella, I can't, I explained—

Ella: O yes, you explained. Here we have two tickets given us, Mrs. Gray will mind the children, and you won't go. I hate your old Socialism. You give all your money to it, you give your time, you talk of nothing else. I hate it.

John: But Ella, if you would just try and understand how important it is for women—

Ella: Oh, is it? John, when you started to go I wanted to go with you, and you said I would be the only woman there. You never have asked me to go. I listened to you till I got sick of it. I will die soon if you don't stop and then you can put on my tombstone, "Killed by Socialism."

John: Ha, ha! How could you be killed by Socialism? We haven't Socialism, Capitalism is what is hurting you. If you'd only learn about the class struggle, and economic determinism, and—

Ella: I don't understand such stuff and I don't want to. Go to your old meeting. Neglect your wife and children. Socialism breaks up the home, it's true. It's breaking up ours.

John (Impatiently): Ella—

Ella (Hysterically): Go on, go on.

John: Ella don't go on like this. I'm awfully sorry. If you'd told me in time I'd have arranged it, but I'm secretary, you see, and this is a special meeting.

Ella: Of course, it's always a special meeting.

John: Well, come with me to-night.

Ella: And be the only woman? Thank you.

John: We have a woman speaker tonight.

Ella: A woman speaker! Why, I thought there were no women in it. I'm not going;

wild horses won't drag me, it's bad enough for a man to take up with such things, but a woman—

(Knock is heard at the door, John opens door. Nellie Smiles outside.)

Nellie: Is this where Mr. John Temple lives?

John: Yes. You are Comrade Smiles, I expect?

Nellie: Yes. How do you do, Comrade.

John: Glad to see you. Come in.

(Enter Nellie Smiles.)

Nellie (As she enters): Excuse me troubling you, but I couldn't find the hall and as I had your address I thought I'd better find you.

John: That's all right, we'll go right down in a minute. Ella, this is Comrade Smiles. My wife, Comrade.

Nellie (Cordially): Pleased to meet you, Comrade.

Ella (Coldly, ignoring her outstretched hand): Good evening.

(The situation is somewhat strained when Mary Gray enters opportunely.)

Mary: Hope I'm not late. Are you ready to go?

Ella: I'm not going.

Mary: Not going!

Ella: No, John has a meeting.

Mary: Oh!

Ella: Excuse us please. Come in here a minute, Mary. (Exeunt R.)

John: Comrade, I hope you will excuse—

Nellie: Don't say a word, Comrade. Your wife is prejudiced, I see.

John: Yes, it's too bad, I—

Nellie: Perhaps it's your own fault, Comrade.

John (Astonished): My fault! I've tried and tried to explain things to her.

Nellie: And probably bored her to death. Served up Socialism with every meal.

John: Well, of course, I'm very enthusiastic. But I've given up. Women can't understand economics.

Nellie: Thank you.

John: Well, of course, you are an exception.

Nellie: I do *not* thank you for that. I am not an exception. Women can understand Socialism, and it appeals to them if it is presented in a woman's way. A woman can reach a woman when a man has failed.

John: Oh, I don't believe that stuff about special propaganda for women, they can be reached in the same way as men.

Nellie: Yes? And where are they, Comrade. How many women will be at the meeting tonight?

John: I don't know that there will be any, but—

Nellie: The question is, do you really want them? Have you asked your wife to go with you to the meetings.

John: I asked her tonight.

Nellie: Tonight for the first time?

John: Well, yes.

Nellie: And of course you have never thought of such a thing as subscribing for The Progressive Woman for your wife?

John: The Progressive Woman?

Nellie: Never even heard of it?

John: Why, I guess I have, but I never paid much attention to it.

Nellie: That's it, precisely. Now here is a copy of the paper. If you will glance over it you will see that it is written by women, about things in which women are interested. For instance here is an article showing how the juggling in the markets makes it hard for women to make ends meet in the home. The woman is usually the one who has to do that, and I think is, therefore, more readily able

to understand economics if approached in the right way.

John (Looking paper over): Well, there is something in that.

Nellie: There is *everything* in that. Suppose you try this paper for your wife.

John: Well—I subscribe to about all I can afford now and—

Nellie: But you can't afford to do without this. Think how much happier your home would be if your wife sympathized.

John: That's right. I guess I'll try it. Put my wife's name down for it.

(Enter Ella and Mary R.)

John: Ella, we have to go now. Are you sure you won't come?

Ella (Coldly): Quite sure.

Nellie (Ignoring her coldness and taking her by the hand): I am so sorry you don't feel like coming, Mrs. Temple. I'd have liked *one* woman to talk to. But I understand how you feel, I felt that way myself once. Pardon my intrusion, won't you?

Ella (Thawing slightly in spite of herself): Oh, don't mention it.

Nellie: Here's a copy of a little paper that your husband has subscribed for for you. I am sure you will like it.

Ella: If it is a Socialist paper I shan't read it.

Nellie: Oh, that is hardly fair. I think you will find this interesting. I am sure you find it increasingly hard to manage; this will explain why groceries are so high and how to remedy it. I'll leave this for you. I must go now, and thank you for letting me rest here. Good-bye.

Ella: Good-bye.

John: Good-bye, I'm sorry you won't come. Good night, Mrs. Gray.

(Exeunt John and Nellie.)

Mary: Well, I declare, she's kind of nice, isn't she?

Ella: Oh, I don't know (picks up paper and starts towards stove).

Mary: Oh, don't burn it, Ella. I want to see what that piece is.

Ella (Who is curious herself but is too proud to say so): Well, if you want to you can read it.

Mary: I can't stay now, I'll take it with me.

Ella: I'd rather you didn't. Come over tomorrow and read it, it will be more fun to read it together.

Mary: All right, we'll read it together and pull it all to pieces. Good night. Sure you don't mind my going, I *could* stay you know.

Ella: No, that's all right. Good night.

Mary: Good night. (Exit Mary.)

(Ella waits till she has gone, then picks up paper.)

Ella: I may as well see what it says. (She begins to read and becomes interested, walking off stage reading. R.)

ACT II.

Scene same as First Act Four months later.)

(Enter Ella, she is dressed as if for company, she turns at door and looks out.)

Ella: There, I guess everything is all ready. (Crosses L. Sits down, picks up a copy of The Progressive Woman.)

(Enter Mary Gray.)

Mary: Has she come yet?

Ella: No, not yet. Oh, won't John be surprised?

Mary: Yes, I expect he will. Is that the last issue of the P. W.? I didn't get mine yet.

Ella: Yes this is the new one. Isn't it queer, Mary, just four months ago you and I were bitterly opposed to Socialism and now look at us.

Mary: Well we had not had it put to us

right. We didn't understand how economic conditions affected the home.

Ella: That article on "Housekeeping Under Socialism" was what first interested me. Just think what conveniences we could have in our homes if the people owned and controlled electricity and did not allow greedy corporations to make a big profit.

Mary: Yes, we'd clean by electricity, cook by electricity, sew by electricity, and—

Ella: Oh, won't it be lovely when we do; and it *we* can't have it, why we can make it possible for those that come after us to have it. It makes one feel very small, when they think how stupid they were! Won't John be glad? Oh, you dear paper!

(Knock. Ella goes to door. Enter Nellie Smiles. L.)

Ella: Come in Miss Smiles, I'm so glad to

Ella: Come in, Miss Smiles, I'm so glad to see you. Sit down here and give me your hat. (Pushes her in chair and takes hat.) I can't do enough for being so horrid last time. Weren't you surprised to get my letter? This is my friend, Mrs. Gray, Miss Smiles.

Nellie: Pleased to meet you, Mrs. Gray. Yes, I was rather surprised, what does it all mean? I thought you were asking me to suppose to oblige your husband, but—

Ella: No, I'm doing it to oblige myself. *This* is what did it. (Shows Progressive Woman.)

Nellie: Oh, The Progressive Woman!

Ella: Yes, this is all a surprise for John. Mary and I are going to the meeting to-night and we have a lot of other women who have promised to come, too.

Nellie: Comrades!

Mary: Oh, don't that sound nice?

Ella: Well, I don't know if John will let me join.

Nellie: Let you! Why, of course he will. I have some cards with me. Suppose you two sign up, and then that will be another surprise for Comrade Temple.

Mary: I think it will be better if we wait till the meeting. Then it will encourage other women to join.

Nellie: Well, perhaps that will be best.

(Enter John L.)

John: Good evening, Mrs. Gray. (Sees Nellie.) Why, Comrade Smiles, how did you get here. I'm delighted to see you.

Ella: Now, John, hurry and get ready. Miss Smiles is going to take supper with us.

John (bewildered and delighted): Why, that's fine. I'll hurry. (Exit R.)

Ella: Now, *Comrade*, I expect you would like to wash your hands. Come this way. (She leads Nellie out L., re-entering immediately, runs to Mary.)

Ella: Oh, Mary, isn't it fun? Didn't John look surprised when he saw Miss—I mean *Comrade* Smiles here? Haven't we kept our secret well?

Mary: It's a great joke. Oh, something's burning—I'll go. Here comes your husband. He'll want to say something to you. (Exit Mary, R.)

John (entering): Say, Ella, this is awfully nice of you.

Ella: Is it?

John: Yes. I know how you feel about this.

Ella: Do you? (Takes hold of lapel of his coat.) John, will you take me to the meeting with you tonight?

John: Why, of course I will. There won't be any other women, though.

Ella: Oh, yes there will. Mrs. Gray is coming and lots more.

John: Why, what in the world—

Ella: John, I've been reading and thinking, and so has Mrs. Gray, and we just made all

those women promise to come. We've found out why Socialism is good for women, and, John, I want to join and help you work for Socialism, too.

John: Ella!

Ella: Are you glad? (Enter Nellie and Mary; stand listening.)

John: Glad, why I can never thank Comrade Smiles enough.

Nellie: Oh, don't thank me; it's not my doing.

Ella: Yes, it's partly your doing, but the chief thing was—

John: What?

Nellie, Mary and Ella (together): THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

John: Well, if that's what's done it, I say. Hooray for The Progressive Woman! I, for one, will do all I can to keep it going.

Ella: We all will. Now, three cheers for The P. W., and then come to supper. (They cheer and exit R.)

(CURTAIN.)

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CORRESPONDENT RESIGNS OFFICE

Miss Caroline A. Lowe, who was elected as National Correspondent of the Woman's Committee two years ago, and reappointed again this May, resigns from her office the first of August. She will take a much-needed rest for a month, and in September will enter the campaign, speaking in the Central States.

Comrade Lowe has given her whole time to the party for the past four years, and has made a reputation as an efficient official besides winning her way to the front as one of our best speakers.

While Socialists do not encourage hero-worship, they are not blind to merit and worthiness in those who assume responsible places in the movement. Comrade Lowe has been most conscientious, committing herself always to the will of the majority, always thoughtful of the basic principles of our movement. She has been painstaking in her work, and has graced her office with a dignity and seriousness which have helped to give it a place in the leading affairs of the party.

Comrade Lowe will be missed by her co-workers over the country. She will, however, take up her fieldwork with the same zest and earnestness she has shown in her official capacity, and will be an added power in the campaign.

Winnie Branstetter, who is to succeed Comrade Lowe, was formerly state secretary of New Mexico. She is now a member of the National Woman's Committee and also of the Chicago Daily World editorial staff. She possesses every faculty for "making good" in her new office. We predict that she will carry on the big things that have made their beginnings for the woman's movement under Comrade Lowe's service.

I am sorry to be bereft of my best friend, The Progressive Woman, for such a long time. I feel I am away behind and have lost, or missed, many a good article which I need to help me in this struggle for woman's freedom. I am praying for your success in your hard work of teaching us poor working women the right to be free and equal with our brothers. Find enclosed money order for The P. W. and one dozen souvenir cards. Fraternally, Mrs. M. A. C., Alta., Can.

Patronize our advertisers—and they will patronize us.



Who'll Call Off the Dogs?

HOW THE CHILD EARNS HIS VACATION

By Gerhard Unterman

It was on a Friday afternoon just as we were reciting the last lesson of the week, when a boy sent by the principal appeared on the threshold. He carried a stack of envelopes in his arms. He put five on the teacher's desk, saying something which we could not understand. The envelopes contained tickets to a theatre which were good for that night only. After the boy had gone the teacher gave each boy two tickets.

On the tickets were the following: Boys, Boys, don't miss the chance to see the great show tonight at ——— Theatre, 19th and ——— Aves.

A good many boys were overjoyed at the prospect of seeing the show, but some of us older boys had our suspicions, for we had seen many a show similarly advertised. So we went just to satisfy our suspicions. And sure enough we were right.

It was one of William Randolph Hearst's gags to lure boys into selling his scab sheet, the Chicago Examiner and American.

The pictures were tempting, consisting of

views of Boy City near Valparaiso, Ind. A lecture describing the views was also given.

After the show each boy that wanted to earn his two weeks vacation in Boy City, asked for a card which was to be filled out. The boys did not know what they had to do to earn this vacation at Boy City, but some of us found out that it was to get twenty paid-up subscriptions for Hearst's scab sheets. Some of the smaller boys were told that they had nothing to do at all, but to wait until they were called for to be taken to Boy City. This of course was all a big lie.

The card read like this: To Rev. J. E. Snook, Chairman of the Chicago Boy City Division, Room 520 Hearst Building: I would like to go to Boy City at Sages Lake, Valparaiso, Ind., July 1 to 14, and would like to know more about it and how to enter the contest for a free vacation in Boy City and also earn my own way. Name....., Address, Name of Sunday School class, club, or organization of which I am a member, Name of public school attended.....

By this little incident one can easily see that we have scab schools, scab theatres, and that the scab germ is pushed ahead with all possible means and energy.

OUR ADVERTISERS

The Progressive Woman has dropped its medical advertisements. We took them on because we needed the money—needed it VERY much. We have dropped them, not because we do not still need the money, but because we prefer not to carry them. We know that you prefer that we do not carry them, and we are expecting you to make up this financial loss by extra effort in behalf of the paper. Our advertising man says when we get 25,000 circulation he can secure for us, without trouble, the best line of mail order and other advertising.

Here is what you can do to help: Get your local to buy at least ONE SHARE of stock in The Progressive Woman Publishing Company. There is not a local in the land that should not be glad of the opportunity of putting The Progressive Woman into the hands of the women of its vicinity. With \$10 worth of stock are given 20 yearly subscriptions to this paper, or 40 half-yearly subscriptions. Read about it elsewhere in this issue, and help increase our circulation by getting stock sold.

Also get your local to order a bundle of papers for the year. Distribute these among your women, and then canvass them for subscriptions.

Furthermore, when advertisements of a legitimate nature appear in The Progressive Woman it is well for our readers to patronize them. Otherwise we can never hold them. One reliable firm advertising with us said our paper led their list last year, whereas this year they got no response whatever. Others have said practically the same thing. IF WE ARE TO CARRY A GOOD GRADE OF ADVERTISING, THE ADVERTISERS MUST HAVE YOUR PATRONAGE OR THEY WILL DESERT US.

But, first of all, let us increase our circulation. If you cannot take stock, send for subscription cards, and pay for them after they are sold. Everwhere—at street meetings, hall meetings, picnics—there should be one or two "live wires"—men or women—selling copies of The Progressive Woman and taking subscriptions.

Remember, we have lost more than we can afford to lose by cutting out most of our advertising. It is now YOUR part to make this up by helping to increase our circulation in all the ways you can. We MUST pay our bills.

A SPECIAL SUFFRAGE NUMBER

Next month we are to issue a special suffrage edition of The Progressive Woman. There are to be a number of interesting things in this issue, but especially interesting will be a picture and write-up of Anna Agnes Maley, candidate for governor of Washington on the Socialist ticket. Miss Maley promises to make a real campaign, and what she will do to the candidates on the old party tickets is creating some uneasiness in the minds of these same candidates. She is by far "the best man among them," says The Commonwealth (Everett, Wash.).

Articles on suffrage by prominent writers, and apt cartoons, will make our suffrage issue especially fine for propaganda in those states where suffrage is the issue this fall.

Send in your orders for bundles of the suffrage issue.

HAVE YOU BOUGHT A SHARE OF STOCK

In The Progressive Woman Publishing Company?

To become a partner in The Progressive Woman Publishing Company means to materially assist in carrying the propaganda of Socialism to women.

With every share of stock is given \$10 worth of subscription cards to The Progressive Woman. This is 20 yearly cards, 40 half-yearlies.

These cards may be resold or given away to women in your neighborhood.

Can you find 20 women today in your vicinity who are reading a socialist paper?

Can you realize what it would mean to have 20, 40, 80, 100 women in your neighborhood reading The Progressive Woman for a year?

IT WOULD MEAN NEW WOMEN MEMBERS IN YOUR LOCAL. IT WOULD MEAN MORE INTEREST AND ENTHUSIASM AT YOUR MEETINGS. IT WOULD MEAN MORE FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE THROUGH THE ACTIVITY OF THE WOMEN. IT WOULD MEAN A WOMAN'S VOTE FOR SOCIALISM WHEN THE WOMEN ARE ENFRANCHISED!

There are 1,158,487 women in this country who already possess the full franchise. There are 12,368,000 who have partial franchise. In the near future this voting strength is to be doubled, trebled, quadrupled. The voting strength of women soon will be equal to that of the men of the country. Can we afford to ignore it?

NOT IF WE WANT TO CARRY THE UNITED STATES FOR SOCIALISM!

The Progressive Woman is the mouthpiece for Socialism among women. Of the scores of women's journals published in this country, this is the only one pointing to the Socialist program for freedom from sex and wage slavery.

The Progressive Woman should be read by hundreds of thousands of women of this country. It should receive the enthusiastic support of every local in this country.

THERE IS NO LOCAL TOO SMALL TO BUY AT LEAST ONE SHARE OF STOCK IN THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY, AND THUS PLACE IN THE HANDS OF A SCORE OR TWO SCORE WOMEN THIS JOURNAL FOR A YEAR OR SIX MONTHS.

Here is the issue, comrade: Do you want the women of the United States for Socialism? Do you want the vote of the enfranchised woman for Socialism? If you do, you must lend your support to a literature that will appeal to the woman. The Progressive Woman already is doing a GOOD work. You can make it do a GREAT work—a TREMENDOUS WORK. GIVE IT YOUR SUPPORT AND WATCH THE RESULTS.

At your next meeting arrange to buy stock in The P. W. Pub. Co., AND ALSO ORDER A BUNDLE OF PAPERS TO BE DISTRIBUTED AMONG THE WOMEN OF YOUR TOWN EACH MONTH.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
111 N. Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

BLANK WHICH YOU MAY SIGN AND SEND WITH YOUR REMITTANCE.

Comrades:—Enclosed find \$..... for which put me (or local) down for shares of stock in the Progressive Woman Publishing Company, for which I (or the local) am to receive certificates of stock upon the incorporation of the said company, and yearly subscription cards to The Progressive Woman.

Fraternally yours,

.....
.....
.....

Letters are coming in from all parts of the country with orders for stock. The following are typical of most of them:

Dear Comrade: Your communication received by the Womans Committee of Local Rochester and acted upon as follows: That this committee will buy at least one of the proposed shares at the cost of ten (\$10) dollars, and use the sub. cards which you will send for that amount for propaganda work directly they are received. Also we will lend any support to your excellent paper that we may be able to. We are most desirous of seeing The Progressive Woman not only hold the headway it has been having, but to grow and develop in every way. This committee recently produced the drama entitled, "The Way to Happiness," very successfully. I am enclosing a program.

Dear Comrade: Immediately on receipt of your letter regarding The Progressive Woman I collected seven of the enclosed dollars from individuals, and three more whose subscriptions are not yet paid. A meeting under the auspices of the Woman's Socialist Federation was held Sunday night in the interest of the paper and twenty-four dollars were subscribed, \$17 of which are enclosed. I know we would have done better had not the party been squeezed hard at two recent meetings for the coming campaign. I will remit the remainder as soon as it is handed to me. Hoping for the success of the paper, I am, fraternally yours, S. E. B., Los Angeles.

[This comrade sent in \$10 for a share of stock previous to this. She is working against the results of a campaign that bled the party membership almost to its last cent, and they

are now facing a new campaign. Yet the woman's work is not forgotten. Will not other locals do as well?—Ed.]

Dear Comrade: I was much interested in your circular letter regarding The Progressive Woman and its needs. We had no woman's committee in Local Fort Collins, so I immediately organized one. We intend to take a \$10 share of the stock, and have the paper sent free to 40 non-Socialist women in Fort Collins. We expect to raise the money within two weeks and will forward it as soon as we have it. Hoping you will meet with the success the movement deserves, I am, yours fraternally, J. B. McG., Fort Collins, Colo.

Dear Comrade: Your letter with receipt for stock received. Find enclosed \$1.10 I received for selling the bundle of P. W. which you sent me. . . . Send twenty-five each month and I will be responsible for them. Fraternaly yours, O. M. F., Denver, Colo.

This committee recently produced the drama entitled, "The Way to Happiness," very successfully. I am enclosing a program.

At the last meeting of the local I made a motion that Local Rochester should buy a share of stock, stating that the women had already decided to buy one at least, and that our local had bought sub. cards for many other papers to be used as propaganda. I am glad to be able to tell you that the motion was adopted, and you will shortly hear from our secretary of the local. Wishing you every success. I am always, cordially yours, Mrs. E. O. B., Secretary W. C. of L. R.

THE TIRED GIRL'S DREAM

(Continued from page 5)

You would like to study; you feel you might even get out of the rut you are in if you tried hard enough, but oh, you're too tired tonight—some other time!

So after reading an hour or so you go to bed; you fall into a restless troubled sleep when some noise awakens you and you cannot get to sleep again. After tossing and turning an hour or more you get up, the night is beautiful and you kneel down at the window—the stars are shining over head and if you look long enough the ugly buildings of the city fade away and you imagine your are back once more in the country home of your childhood.

'Twas such a night as this that you were once awakened from your sleep by the voices of your young companions serenading beneath your window—you hear the tinkle of a mandolin, you see the peaceful village sleeping under the starlit sky, you even fancy you can detect the faint strains of that sweet, familiar song, "My Old Kentucky Home, Goodnight." Your head falls on your arms and you kneel there musing, you know not how long, until a train comes thundering by, a noisy party next door is just returning from a midnight revel, a clock somewhere in the house strikes ominously and you know you must go to bed, you must rest or you cannot go to work in the morning, so you crawl back to your tumbled couch with a feverish prayer upon your lips, "Oh God! Let met sleep, I'm tired, I'm tired!"

A little work will run our subscription list "way up." Are you willing to help?

A WOMAN'S DAILY

Only a few years ago the idea of publishing a daily newspaper for women would have seemed unreasonable to many people. Its materialization seems today perfectly natural and a necessity. The cause of this change is that, since then, feminine activity has affirmed and manifested itself in a truly marvellous way in all branches, literary, artistic, scientific, and in a considerable feminist movement, or more simply still, in Charity, Previdence and Educational Works.

The Journal de la Femme, the new feminine daily whose first number will appear in October next, is thus born at the right moment.

Printed on beautiful paper, well informed, entirely modern, documented and agreeable to read, it will be a complete newspaper in itself, giving every day, on 6, 8, 10 and 12 pages, together with articles and chronicles by the most reputed writers, the latest news, one page of literature, science and art, one fashion page, one page on theaters, music and concerts, two short stories, two serials, advices on hygiene and beauty, recipes of all kinds, and every day also, the latest information on the feminist movement in France and foreign countries.

Let us add that the Journal de la Femme will be sold only 5 centimes in France, and that foreign subscribers can have it for 6 months for 16 francs, and one year for 30 francs.

Full notice on this newspaper will be mailed post free on simple demand. Address No. 2 Place du Caire, Paris.

Flood the mails with our Socialist post-cards this campaign. Ten cents per doz.; 150 for \$1.

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- Beals' (May) **The Rebel at Large**, 17 short stories, "full of the fine spirit of revolt." 50c.
- Boelsche's (Wilhelm) **The Evolution of Man**, an illustrated book explaining Darwin's theory, with complete proofs. 50c.
- Boelsche's (Wilhelm) **The Triumph of Life**, illustrated. Shows how the life force conquers unfavorable conditions. 50c.
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The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.

Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 751 Clarkson Building, Chicago, Ill.

NO SUMMER CAMP FOR THEM

In the city of Chicago thousands of children are sleeping in hovels. Thousands of over-worked, underfed, dirty, diseased, uncared-for little children crawl into their beds in the dirty rags which they have worn in the streets all day. There is no care for these little children no cleanliness, no clothes, no beds. They are the children of the poor.

Dainty beds, linen sheets, cleanliness and care are given to the dogs of the rich. Florence Hopkins of Menlo Park, California, provides her dogs with all of these comforts, while Miss Jennie Crocker has the teeth of her dogs brushed twice a day, each with its own brush. Miss Crocker is an heiress of \$10,000,000. Society cares more for her dog than for the thousands of little children suffering from neglected teeth.

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