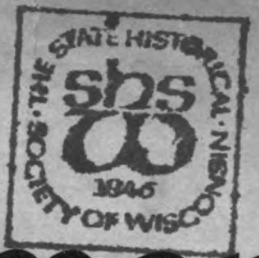


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# The Progressive Woman

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No. 63



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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
111 NORTH MARKET STREET . . . . . CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

# THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FREEDOM OF WOMEN

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## WOMEN AND THE BALLOT

**W**OMEN should be given the right to vote, not because they are like men, but because they are different. Not because they want to go to war, for instance, but for the reason that they do not want to go to war. We need an extension of the anti-military spirit in our government, not a duplication of it. Women should vote, not because they want to figure on the stock exchange, but because they do not want to so figure. We need to pit against the crass materialism of the more spiritualizing influence of the woman. Men should vote, not because they know how to loot the labor of little children in the interests of "business," but because they do not know, and never successfully teach their mother instincts so to the childhood of the nation.

All the differences there are in the woman nature and the man nature, should women vote. And all their likenesses—their intelligence, their humaneness, should they vote.

And because society has evolved to the stage where it demands the co-operation of the various qualities of the man and the woman for a complete, symmetrical whole, women will obtain the ballot.

And when social development has made capitalism unbearable, women will vote for its abolition.

## A MILLION AND A HALF WOMEN VOTE

**I**T IS estimated that more than a million and a half women will vote for the presidential candidates this fall. Were this vote thrown to one candidate we can easily imagine what it would mean. In 1908 President Taft's plurality over William Jennings Bryan was about a quarter of a million votes. Grover Cleveland was elected the first term by a plurality of only sixty-two thousand six hundred and eighty-three votes.

It is contrary to the policies of the suffrage organizations of this country to endorse any political party, or any candidate of a political party. The International Suffrage Alliance, in convention at Stockholm in 1911, decided that suffragists must be non-partisan. However, this does not prevent the sympathies of the women voters from flocking with one particular candidate or party, and it will naturally be that candidate and that party which holds out for the women and their efforts the greatest promise. At least the greatest promise as the women understand it. Like the workingmen, women voters may be misled for some time on false, covered or indirect promises. This is the possibility which we face today.

The "Bull Moose" convention in Chicago made a great display of endorsing votes for women. This fact alone may catch the votes of many who appreciate the stand of the Roosevelt convention (forgetting where Roosevelt previously stood on the woman question). But the endorsement by a political party at its national convention does not mean that any state will amend its constitution so as to enfranchise its women, nor that the constitution of the United States will be so amended that the states will have to enfranchise women. It means, more than anything else, that the politicians are keeping an eye on the million and a half women voters and are shaping their appeals accordingly.

What the working woman should keep in mind when she goes to cast her vote is, "What does it mean for me and the children?" For past decades the working class has been trusting its fate to the parties, with a shave-off here and there in favor of a reform organization. The result is the working

class is still at the bottom of the ladder, still begging crumbs at the rich man's door. Are the women of the working class to be fooled into voting as their men folks have done in years ago?

Of the million and a half women voters the large majority belongs to the working class. There is only one political party which stands on a firm working class basis; which is the outgrowth of the needs of the working class. It is the one party which will abolish working class slavery with all its attendant horrors.

The working woman who thinks, the working woman who is not easily misled, the working woman who loves her husband and her children and who values her dignity and own self-respect, will cast her ballot for those issues which are working class issues, and for those candidates who represent working class issues.

*Working women of America, unite at the ballot box for the economic freedom of your sex and your class!*

## PREVENTABLE DEATHS OF WORKERS

**A** BOOKLET issued by the New York department of labor says that over \$366,000,000 was lost in wages through over 13,400,000 cases of sickness among wage earners in the United States last year. Attention is called to the fact that reports of certain diseases of occupation are now by law required to be filed with the department by physicians now practicing in the state.

The report goes on to say that it is the intention of the department to inform manufacturers and physicians of preventive and safer industrial methods, whereby the lives and health of workers may be saved.

Do the manufacturers care about the lives of the workers, when it is a matter of workers versus profit on the industry? Rheta Childe Dorr, in "What Eight Million Women Want," tells a story which answers this question very nicely: A certain rich young man, when not giving his time to superintending his cotton mills in the South, interested himself in settlement work in a great city. One day he said:

"There is much about a commercial career that is depressing to a sympathetic nature. For example, it constantly depresses me to observe the effects of the cotton mills on the girls in my employ. They come in from the country, fresh, blooming and eager for work. Within a few months perhaps they are pale, anemic, listless. Not infrequently a young girl contracts tuberculosis and dies before one realizes she is ill. It wrings the heart to see it."

It was suggested that he might ventilate his mills to better advantage.

He replied that it was out of the question to keep the windows open, "because in our mills we spin both black and white yarn, and if the windows were kept open the lint from the black yarn would blow on the white yarn and ruin it." It was suggested that they might build separate rooms for the different colored yarns. At this the rich young man shook his head with the air of one who goes away exceedingly sorrowful.

"No," he replied, "we can't. The business won't stand for it."

There you have it in a nutshell. This was an altruistic young man, yet "the business wouldn't stand for it." So the girls continue to die for lack of fresh air, that the profits might increase and multiply.

The story of the "rich young man" is the story of all of them. The railway wrecks, the mine accidents, the thousands of deaths in the industrial world can be summed up in the one word, "Profits."

The only sure preventive of this waste of human life lies in the abolishment of the profit system.

There is a movement on foot to build in Washington a monument to the heroes of the Titanic disaster. Said heroes are Messrs. Astor, Heim, Butt, etc.—first cabin guests who "stood aside" to let first cabin women take their places in the wreck. It has developed that "stood aside" were unaware of the danger threatened and are therefore less heroic than first supposed. However, there were many engineers, etc.—who knew the exact situation and the Titanic were in, who yet stood by until the ship went down, never to rise again. These are the real heroes of the Titanic. If there is a monument raised for Titanic heroes, it should be to these unknown, unsung toil-holders of that unfortunate ship.

## A WORD TO OUR READERS

**L**ET us have fewer publications than ones in our movement" is the cry often been uttered over the Socialist papers that are sprouting everywhere.

The Progressive Woman was started for the purpose of making Socialists of women. Five years ago there was very little interest manifested by women of our country in Socialism, and almost none among them. Today there are thousands of women party members and hundreds are very active. This means that our initial work of getting the women started is done. We must enlarge our sphere of activity now, making our magazine of interest in a broader way, from both the political and literary standpoint. While we do not lose sight of our appeal to women to become Socialists, we shall be the better able to serve those already converted, and also we shall reach the many unconverted person.

The Progressive Woman Publishing Company is being reorganized on a basis that will make it the most democratically owned magazine in our movement. Here is a stock company in which thousands of individuals and locals may hold old shares, with no individual, or small group of individuals, holding a controlling share. The Progressive Woman from now on will, indeed and in truth, be owned by the Socialists of the United States. This fact alone should make it of tremendous interest to party members everywhere, to the end that they give it their support, and make it an unparalleled success. Socialists have learned the first steps in co-operation in the management of their party. The time is near at hand when they must learn co-operation in the management of many other things. A magazine which is read generally by the working class, which is of equal interest and value to all, which is, indeed, "the voice of the workers," should be owned and controlled by the workers. Next to the ownership and management of our party by the workers must come the ownership and management of our publications by them. This will be a step by step, until we are ready to take over and manage the whole productive interests of the country.

The Progressive Woman, greatly improves your a democratically owned, up-to-date ganda and literary magazine. A magazine the man, woman and child—the family unit—will find interest and value.

In return we ask your sympathetic co-operation in this undertaking and particularly call upon friends and supporters to push this work with doubled energy, thus continuing and enlarging success that made possible the little Progressive Woman.





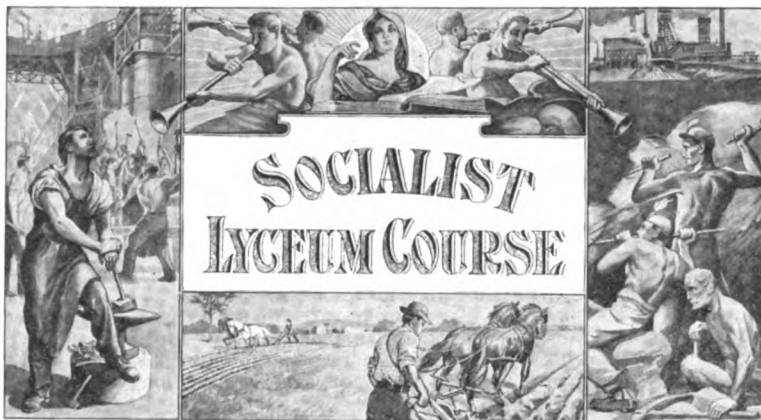
**SPEAKERS ON THE SOCIALIST**

**How Mrs. Brown Put the Kibosh on the Ice Cream Supper**

*By Winnie E. Branstetter*

I WOULD give anything if my wife were as good a Socialist as Comrade Brown's wife. Yes, Neighbor Smith, I tell you what, we've got to reach the wimmen and children with our proper-gander. Just look how the wimmen's aid society helps out with all the church affairs. What we need is an active set of wimmin in our local to give ice cream socials, quiltin's and coffee suppers. Then our local meetin' would not be so dull all the time and we would have some money in the treasury at election time. I tell you, after all is said and done, there ain't nothin' like the wimmen folks fer raisin' money. Of course, they don't seem to hev es good judgement about spendin' it as men do, but maybe that is because one of our dooties has been to attend to the buyin' and sellin' of the produc' of our own and our wives' labor. What do you think about it, Mrs. Green?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you, comrade, I think you need to study your Socialist textbooks a little more before you undertake to teach anybody Socialism. If your idea of woman's place in the Socialist local is of being simply an aid society to the party, you have another guess coming. We are tired of dishing ice cream and serving coffee. We are tired of being tacked onto an organization as a kind of side show. We are tired of sitting at the feet of men and listening to the wisdom that falls from their lips. We are tired of being petted and flattered when you want us to help you raise money or sell tickets. I notice that when there is a lecture or a business meeting of the local you are not half so anxious to have the women interested, particularly last year, when we had the Socialist Lyceum lecturers here that neither you, Comrade Smith, nor you, Comrade Jones, brought your wife to a single lecture, even though it was held in the opera house, where everybody goes. Why, even Mr. Tor, Inkercoin, whose husband runs the racket



store, was there, and said they were the best speeches she had ever heard. She said that if we would have the course this year she would help sell the tickets.

"Now, Comrade Jones, you may just as well hush us about the ice cream suppers and the coffee lunches; we women have made up our minds that every woman whose husband is a Socialist will help us sell those lyceum tickets, and the chances are that some evening you will not have even your regular supper, let alone ice cream. But you can afford to get your own supper if we sell tickets for the lyceum. I'll bet that the membership of our local increases 500 per cent during the next year. Why, that bunch of speakers the national office is sending us can't be beat in any lyceum course in the United States. The beauty of it all is that they have all kinds of speakers—professors, doctors, lawyers, preachers and working men—yes, a sure enough working man who laid down his work to speak for us—and a woman speaker, too. Did you see her picture? She is such a sweet-looking womanly woman, I know now that Reverend Dobbs will never again say that politics will masculinize woman after he sees and hears our woman lyceum speaker."

The above conversation took place in my home town last week; similar ones in 5,500 towns in the United States. You should secure the lyceum

**LYCEUM COURSE FOR 1912**

course if you wish to increase the interest, enthusiasm and membership of your local. These lectures being held in halls, being strictly educational and dignified, will reach the women in your town as no other method of propaganda has ever done.

**The Party Builder**

The Lyceum Department of the Socialist party is advertising the early appearance of a new paper, to be called **THE PARTY BUILDER**. The purpose of the paper, which will issue monthly, is to help active Socialists to greater effectiveness in their work. According to Comrade Katterfeld, who as manager of the Lyceum Department will direct the career of **THE PARTY BUILDER**, one object of the Lyceum is to build up the Socialist party through the getting of subscriptions for Socialist papers and books. This part of the work, the systematic circulation of Socialist literature, will therefore be especially emphasized in **THE PARTY BUILDER**. It is promised of the new paper that "every week it will be full of bright ideas, helpful hints, plans, methods of work, interesting experiences, etc., by active Socialists everywhere." The announcement also states that the paper is not to be a propaganda paper in any sense, that it will be of no interest to non-Socialists, but that every active Socialist will need it in his work. If that is YOUR classification, you will secure **THE PARTY BUILDER** every week for a year by sending 25 cents, either stamps or coin, to Socialist Party Lyceum Department, 111 North Market street, Chicago, Ill.

The Socialist Lyceum Course begins its second year in January. It has already sold over 55,438 subscriptions to Socialist papers, 19,796 cloth-bound books and 27,889 paper-bound books. It proposes to sell in the next year 4,000,000 books and 10,000,000 pamphlets. Read about this great enterprise on page 16.

# THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY By FLOYD DELL

ONLY a few days ago I sat in the Coliseum in Chicago, a witness to the birth of a new political party. The electric globes sputtered in the great roof overhead and lighted up the standards standing there like a young grove of street signs, marked "Maine," "Colorado," "Maryland," "Ohio," "Texas," . . . and the faces of the delegates underneath the standards and the crowd around and above looking like an agitated sea of pink bubbles. Every pink bubble was the face of a very earnest middle-class American, and when the name of Theodore Roosevelt was uttered by a speaker, at the climax of his oration, this sea broke into a storm, a tumultuous storm that lasted an hour. And when the protagonist of the American middle class, Roosevelt himself, stood

Note.—The term "middle class" is used here in the American sense, meaning that group between the great capitalists and the working class.

there on the platform, the sea became hushed and quiet. "I count it the greatest honor of my life," said a voice strained with sincerity, "to lead this movement, whether to defeat or to victory." \* \* \*

All day this vast assemblage of people had listened and looked and talked and sang and prayed and shouted; it was a picnic and a baseball game and a revival all in one, but of all these it was most the revival. And hour by hour, looking at these people gathered from every corner of America—business men, lawyers, professional men, politicians—all wrought up to an intense degree of excitement and filled with a fervor which can only be described as religious, it became increasingly clear to the observer that the American middle class had become self-conscious. No longer a collection of individual fragments, selfish and helpless under the oppression of greater capitalists, it had come together in a common cause, and now, strengthened by a sense of righteousness and of power, uttered its defiant terms to the enemy.

Upon the balcony front was tacked a big strip of canvas, and on this was painted the words, "Pass Prosperity Around." That was the gist of the platform on which the new party was established. It was an assertion of the intention of the middle class to get more of the products of our industrial system, and to see that the working class get more, too. "Labor \* \* \* 'the workman'"—these words were heard frequently in the speeches; and there was always the sense that the workmen were to be the allies of the middle class in this fight. "Women"—that word was heard, too, and it carried with it an eager welcome. "We are all fighting for the same thing," was the unspoken assertion. "We are going to see that everybody is treated right."

Socialists who were not at the convention may be excused for not realizing that it was a tremendous event. But it is not necessary that they should wait until the votes are counted this fall to realize how wide and deep a movement it is and how profoundly it affects the Socialist cause. It is not merely a matter of our failing to make an expected gain in the election. It is a question of a new alignment of political forces in America, upon the understanding of which our future success will absolutely depend.

To understand the Progressive movement means to be fair to it. And to be fair to it means at the outset to acknowledge that it is sincere. Cynicism of the motives of this new party is sheer stupidity. There is in this movement a most real and burning desire to do what they consider is justice to all.

More than this, it must also be understood that from their viewpoint this desire is not entirely absurd, *this determination not altogether futile*. We need not count on a reaction against the Progressive movement when their well-intended efforts have proved in vain. The Progressives will be successful in a certain measure in what they set out to do. If the movement fails in the elections this fall, it will succeed later; and it will actually institute the most vital of its promised reforms. Instead of an immediate reaction against Progressivism, we must look for its continuance in popular favor.

Now what are these reforms? Some of them look to an increase in democracy—the recall of judicial decisions, the election of senators by popular vote, presidential primaries, woman suffrage, the initiative, referendum and recall. These things are necessary to the middle class, which expects to win and continue in power through the aid of the working people. They are sincerely intended and will be for the most part accomplished.

Then there is the reduction of the tariff, the control of large industries by the government, and the establishment of a minimum wage. All of these things are possible, and all of them are of benefit to the middle class. The further existence of the middle class, in fact, depends upon the cutting off of the artificial sources of power to great industries which a high protective tariff furnishes; on the prevention of secret conspiracies between large industries, and on a broader and more stable distribution of buying power. It is not as though the middle class proposed to destroy the

*From vulgar arrogance, from cheap cynicism, from academic super-subtlety, from partisan intolerance, from fatuous loyalty, from expedient lying and from all the vices of propaganda, may our minds be cleansed.—Prayer for Socialists.*

trusts, or anything foolish or impossible. These proposals of the Progressive party are founded on that scientific study of economics to which we Socialists gave the original impetus, and to which we have contributed some of the keenest thought.

In a third class are the conservation policies of the party. These spring from that instinct for order, that large and far-seeing vision of which the middle class, in its best moments, is fully capable, and which is shared by some even of the great capitalists, like Mr. Perkins of the Steel trust.

And in a fourth class are the proposals to establish shorter hours, to secure industrial insurance and to abolish child labor. These are humanitarian in motive—for the middle class, at such a time as this, is humanitarian in its ideals.

Finally, all of these reforms are actuated by a desire to quiet labor disturbances, and by doing away with discontent in the working class to do away with the

## MEN OF AMERICA

By Max Ehrmann.

**M**EN of America, be men once more!  
See, here are women toiling everywhere;  
Before the law, mere harmless animals  
We hold subdued by playful courtesies,  
And fondle catlike in our idle hours.  
Come, let us break the chains, push wide the doors  
Of life and power, work and love to her,  
As to ourselves, men of America!  
Rip off the rotten dogmas of the past  
That keep her voiceless in our country's laws.  
If liberty be hers she will not cringe,  
But stand erect and equal by our side.  
If power be hers she will not sell herself,  
And he who knows her love must love, not buy.  
As if in fear, we keep her soul chained down.  
Not God Himself can stay the hand of time  
Uplifted now to strike her fetters off.  
Men of America, be this your task,  
To touch to public sound her voiceless lips,  
And right the savage wrongs of centuries  
That class her with the idiot and the brute!

Socialist movement, which the middle class instinctively rather than intelligently fears.

This may seem like a strong case for the Progressive party. It is no stronger than that case will appear to the working class in the next few years, if not at once. Democracy, a better wage, improved conditions of work and a better nation to live in generally—these will appeal to the working class.

What, then, are we Socialists to do?

We must remember, in the first place, what the function of the Socialist movement is. A part of our mission certainly is to urge reforms in politics and industry until they are taken up and carried out by the middle class. Now that the middle class is ready to get on the job, we must not whimper about the "theft" of our ideas, but must surrender them willingly, and turn our energy to the more important work we have to do. We should be glad that a class better equipped than we is to carry out some fundamental reforms which will enable us to accomplish all the better the rest of our task.

Next, we must remember that, however well meaning the middle class, it can never reform things enough to suit the working class. The working class will, after helping the Progressive party into a power, grow dissatisfied with its accomplishment—not because of its failure, but in spite of its success.

Tariff reduction, better pay, shorter hours, industrial insurance, these will not satisfy the working class. They will only give it an appetite for Socialism. Many tried the trick some years ago, with what result we know!

And, moreover, before the middle class regime has proceeded very far, it will reveal more clearly its ultimate form—a "benevolent feudalism"—and lose the sympathy and the aid of the working class. Once in power, its attitude toward the workers will change; they will cease to be allies, and become wards; and the

antagonism of the two classes, hidden before by the interests and aims they had in common, will stand out sharply. Just as the Liberal party in England (representing the middle class, like the Progressive party, and brought into power by the working class) has already started to turn the nation into a "Servile State," by taking away the powers of the workers and attending more or less benevolently to their interests from above; just so it is inevitable that the alliance in America between the middle class and the working class will break up, sooner or later, in political war.

But it is necessary that the Socialist movement in America should retain its integrity against that time; and to retain its integrity it is practically necessary that it should continue to grow. We must find means to ensure that growth. But what will these means be?

We have behind us the strength of the last ten years' propaganda; and that strength will stand us in many communities, especially where blunders and betrayals by the Progressive party occur, as they are bound to occur in spite of the efforts of its leaders. Our record in municipal reform will help us. We shall appeal to an increasing minority of people who will not be satisfied with the accomplishment of the Progressive party even at its best. And labor troubles will give us a following. These things will at least tide us over the period of our danger.

If we had a working class which knew that it was a working class, which had ideas and standards and ideals of its own, then it would suffice to point out to that working class the fact that the Progressive party is a middle class party. To any Socialist who understands the difference between the middle class ideal of the world and the working class ideal of the world, that fact is enough to hold him to his allegiance, in spite of the temporary good the Progressive party can effect. Such a Socialist realizes that the strengthening of the Socialist party is the only means to prevent a terrible, though unintended, betrayal of the working class by the middle class as soon as the latter has gained its ends. But the American working class does not know it is a working class, has no class pride, no ideas, standards and ideals of its own as yet. It imitates the middle class in everything, from its ethics to its window curtains. If we tell a working man that the Progressive party is a middle class affair, that does not bother him; he is rather pleased to belong to a middle class affair.

The thing to do, then, if we wish to stimulate Socialist growth, is to develop class consciousness among the working people. That is done partly by labor struggles, partly by propaganda effectively driving home the lesson of those struggles. But there are other means to which sufficient attention has not perhaps been paid as yet by American Socialists.

I now proceed to utter a word which will fill the hearts of all scientific Socialists, syndicalists and civic politicians in our movement with disdain. The word is co-operation. It is a poor word; and the use of it hitherto in America has been such as to warrant a certain contempt for it. But I do not mean merely those smart schemes by which a Socialist local seeks to make money to run a newspaper; failing, because their wives prefer to buy at some other store. Institutions of the kind to which I refer must spring from a deeper motive, and take more ample form, than that. There is latent in the working class—as evidenced by that last social center left them, the saloon—a social sense; and by taking advantage of this there may be created institutions having a solid economic basis, yet which do more than save money for those who use them: the more which they do is to create—as no soap box orations can create, as perhaps not even strikes can create—a community of interest, and a working class standard.

This working class standard—including ethics, ideas, tastes, and the true class consciousness—is the only basis for a growing Socialism in America. A body of such working men will certainly prefer a working class party to a middle class party. The development of such institutions will effectively serve to prevent the partial paralyzing of the present Socialist movement, and the later betrayal of the working class by a Progressive party which, its old altruism left behind, will be seen in its secret and sinister significance—progressing toward the Servile State.

A striking tribute to the success of a woman's electorate has come from the International Parliamentary Union—a world-wide organization of expert sociologists—which has declared that Colorado possesses the most humane, most progressive and most scientific laws for the protection of women and children of any state or country.—The Voter.

Have YOU sent in your neighbor's subscription to the Progressive Woman? Get it today. She will like the paper. Mrs. Kline



# WOMEN AND WAR By JOS. E. COHEN

THEY tell us that woman is not entitled to the ballot because she does not go to war.

Whereas the matter of fact of it is that woman is entitled to the ballot just because she does not go to war.

For consider:

War is one of those things supposed civilized men carry on because they worship their ancestors more than they should.

Civilized man's ancestors, barbarians and savages, used to consider everybody but their own blood kin their hostile enemies. Our ancestors did not confine warfare to such times as they grew tired of the monotony of peace. Rather they stopped only, between wars, long enough to catch their breath and raise another army of warriors. War was man's normal occupation; he fished a little, and he hunted some game, and once in a while he remained home long enough to marry. But making war was his pastime, his trade, and his principal accomplishment. That's why he was not civilized.

It remained for woman to do the really useful things—to produce the use values, by raising vegetables, domesticating animals and making inventions whereby to cook food, instead of gobbling it down raw, and to provide a receptacle for drink, instead of fetching a mouthful from the creek every time the lord and master of the estate growled because his tongue was dry.

While the female was bringing forth use values, the male was busy harboring what might be termed the exchange values of the time—additional food, in the shape of his fellow man of the same sex, additional weapons of fight, and an extra woman or more.

Of course, such an unholy state of affairs could not endure, and it didn't.

The outcome was, man advanced to what is termed civilization. And, were it not for ancestor worship, we would be much further along than we are, woman would have the vote, and we would be one step at least ahead of civilization.

But there is the awful thing of ancestor worship. So-called civilized beings are spending a great deal of their time and their parents' money trying to convince themselves that their forbears came over on the Mayflower, or are descended from Charlemagne, or crossed the Alps with Hannibal. When it might serve just as well, and cost next to nothing, to trace one's lineage back to the two human beings who came over on Noah's ark, or who engaged in the hand-to-hand conflict between Cain and Abel, or who crossed the Great Divide that parted the Garden of Eden from the Far Beyond.

And because of this ancestor worship, so-called civilized man still indulges in all manner of barbarian and savage practices, more for the purpose of making an impression on the female than for any other earthly reason.

One of these inexplicable and prehistoric practices is war.

Of course, man has excuses a-plenty for going to war, other than to display his courage and uniform before the ladies. (Anyone who believes the regular soldier is possessed of a superabundance of courage should read Bernard Shaw's "Arms and the Man.") The people who make a profession of wholesale human massacres would have us believe that the national integrity is at stake, or our commercial supremacy demands it, or we must carry enlightenment to the benighted denizens of a distant land.

When, as sane persons know, every war is a blot on the shield of our national integrity, every war destroys goods and produces nothing but misery, fevers, plagues and devastation of farms and cities, and we never send anything to a subdued people without shipping it upon a sea of poisonous rum.

So let us not try to swindle ourselves into believing that war is a holy practice, and that we sometimes kill our fellow beings because we are discharging our sacred obligation to a great cause.

We never kill people for any better reason than that they get in the way of our bullets, sabres, cannon, or bayonets.

Wars come about because workmen can be persuaded into doing the fighting. When the workmen of Europe, under instruction of the Socialists, decided that they would not go out and slaughter each other to make a holiday for their masters—well, there was no war between Germany and France, between Italy and Austria, between Norway and Sweden.

And here's hoping that the day is not far distant when the workmen in every country will refuse to jump into prematurely dug graves to furnish copy for war correspondents, who might be better employed digging ditches, or to tickle the cloyed palates of the ruling classes, who should be compelled to share the excitement of hoeing potatoes, on general principles.

In the olden days, the man who was the best warrior, who could destroy more of his fellow men

than anybody else, was chief of the tribe or nation. He was mogul, high priest, and keeper of the harem. Later on, the army constituted the ruling class of semi-civilized countries, or shared the governing power with the wealthy and other supposed distinguished classes. And now they would have us believe that only men are entitled to vote, because men alone do the fighting.

According to that theory, every private in the army and navy should be permitted to cast one ballot. Petty officers might be favored with a half dozen votes apiece. Superior officers of the next rank might be given a batch of a hundred ballots as their share. Colonels and captains and generals, rear admirals and admirals, and retired generals and retired admirals should be handed nothing short of



Jos. E. COHEN

a million votes each, while the President of the United States, as commander-in-chief of the army and navy, should be obliged to cast a majority of the votes in the electoral college.

And it may be said in all sincerity that one of the reasons, if not the principal reason, why such a policy is not advocated by the anti-suffragists is because they have not located a well-founded precedent for it in pre-historic days. If only they could see that our ancestors did something similar which was quite as foolish and outrageous, the antis might fall over themselves to propose the redistribution of the suffrage along the lines indicated.

Now, it is to be hoped that the one or two misguided suffragists who have been trying to show that Joan d'Arc and Molly Pitcher and some one else's aunt did go to war, and that, if need be, more women would go—that such misguided women will cease in their efforts. For, in the near future, any man who wants to engage his fellow man in mortal combat will be passed over to an alienist.

Woman's best title to the ballot is in her refusal to go to war.

Woman's right to the ballot is vested in her being the bringer of new life, not in imitating the male in destroying life. And, to use a figure, it is because she can lend a hand in rearing new thought, new enterprise and new institutions to maturity; it is because she is to help make the flowers of human joy bloom upon the lands hitherto laid waste by the devastation of war, whether war between nations, between classes, or the war of the worker against the body and soul-annihilating privately owned machine of the master—it is because woman is to help create a new social order and a new era

of achievement and progress that she must have the ballot.

Incidentally, the use of the ballot pays her way to operate the cord that will release the steam shovel full of the red sand of Socialism which will bury dead forms, such as require war to maintain the pretense of their existence, beyond the hope of resurrection.

## THEN TO WORK BY GRACE BREWER

THE hunger for money is gnawing at the vitals of our civilization. To satisfy that craving men have enslaved their brothers. Women have deserted their sisters' interests. Children have been harnessed to machines. Human flesh is bought and sold. Truth has become a stranger in business circles, while honesty has long been relegated to the rear. For the love of riches men have sold their birthright, women their bodies, nations their honor.

BUT what is past is past. Let our faces be to the future. Let us wage a warfare against the perverted tastes of the people who crave riches only. Let us erect a new code of honesty. Let us cry aloud from the housetops that the old order has been abolished. That henceforth the badge of honor, the brand of merit be carried by the men and women who work; who work to make the earth the home of the people; who work that all may enjoy all; who work happily and freely, knowing they are giving themselves thereby to mankind; who work out their own dreams and pursue their own fancies.

THE world is ours. Let us make it anew, even as we would a dilapidated house. Let us begin with the foundations, at the cause of all injustice which permeates our world today. Let us in truth become brothers and sisters instead of snarling wolves.

BUT the sun of this unjust rule of money is beginning to set. It is sinking out of sight in the mist of ignorance and selfishness. The day is soon to break. We shall then all forget the darkness in which we groped so long. We shall cease to remember the days when we ran pell mell after the golden coin. We shall only remember we have work to do and shall cheerfully turn to our labors of love. Brothers and sisters, one and all, we shall love each other for our true worth. We will love and assist all mankind. We will hand down a new order to future generations. We will strive for knowledge and experience, happiness and contentment, and peace serene will crown our efforts.

It is a beautiful world we live in, but somebody else owns the beauty.

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# ROOSEVELT and THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE PLANK

**R**OOSEVELT has declared for woman suffrage. This was to be expected. With six states in which women can vote and several others preparing to vote on the suffrage it was evident that in the election one, if not more, of the capitalist candidates would declare for woman suffrage, in the hope of securing the support of the women in those states. With a few more suffrage states women will hold the balance of power in presidential elections and then no candidate can hope to be elected who does not have a woman suffrage plank in his platform.

The Kansas City Star, a strong supporter of Roosevelt, has made the statement that the woman suffrage plank in the Progressive platform is good for ten states for Roosevelt. It is taking for granted that the six states already having woman suffrage and four perhaps that are about to vote on the question will be turned to Roosevelt by the women voters and through the influence women will have on the men voters.

Why has Roosevelt brought this plank into his platform? Simply because he needs the woman's vote and because now that they have in certain states the right to vote he for the first time recognizes them. It is a vote catching plank.

There is much point to the cartoon going the rounds that shows Roosevelt saying to the suffragist, as he stands on his platform, "Why, there you are—Delighted—Step right up." And the reply of the suffragist, "Thanks—Odd you didn't notice me before—I've been here all the time."

Roosevelt recognized woman only when he could make use of her to further his own ends. He said nothing about her in former elections.

But in every election for several years in this country there has been a party that has stood for woman suffrage. Every one of its candidates has been pledged to stand for woman suffrage, and the demand for woman's political equality is in its platform. Yet, notwithstanding this, barring a few exceptions, the Socialist party, although it has carried on energetic campaigns in which its speakers have always made clear that they believe in the vote for women, has been supported in its work only by the working women. Roosevelt recognizes woman only when he looks for office through her help; but the Socialist party in its beginning, when there was no hope of political victory or gaining of office, made woman suffrage one of its principles.

Why, then, did not all women come to the Socialist party? The reason is clear. Because their class interests barred them from supporting a party that stood for the abolition of exploitation.

Roosevelt now expects the support of women who believe in the vote for women. In this he has not perhaps reckoned with the educational work that the Socialist party is doing among women. Women want the ballot. No one wants it more than the working women. No one needs it so much. No one is more zealous in working for it than the shop girl who knows that her power to earn a livelihood

By MAY WOOD-SIMONS



frage, are we who are disfranchised not justified in supporting any party that comes out for suffrage and is likely to win? Is not the suffrage the greatest thing woman can now accomplish for herself? To be sure, the suffrage is a great thing for woman; it is absolutely necessary in order to make her capable of putting any political ideas she may have into action; but with two parties before the woman voter, the one led by a man who put the suffrage plank in when he thought it would be a good thing to secure votes for himself, who believes that the few should control the things with which the many must work, all of whose demands would still leave the working woman a wage earner or the even more oppressed wife of a wage earner; the other party that made the political and economic equality of woman one of its first demands; that would put the great industries in the control of the people and remove all the evils of the wage earning system—which will the woman choose?

I believe she will choose the party that stands for both political and economic freedom for both women and men.

The Woman's Journal points out that the endorsement of the suffrage by any political party does not necessarily mean that any state will amend its constitution so as to enfranchise women, and it does not mean that the constitution of the United States will be so amended that the states will have to enfranchise women, but that it only means that the equal suffrage movement is so strong "as to make it worth while for the politicians to take notice of it." The Woman's Journal emphasizes the non-political character of the suffrage organization.

But, replies some one, are you not asking for the endorsement of the suffrage movement of the country for the Socialist party? Not at all. Only for this, that women interested in the suffrage, working women, teachers, mothers, shall individually see the broader principles on which the Socialist party stands and work in it to secure the ballot.

It does happen, however, that the largest suffrage movement in the world is a political movement, the Socialist party. It is well recognized that the suffrage for women would not have been secured in Finland but for the activity of the Socialists. It is admitted by the ablest women who went to the coast to help secure suffrage for the women in California that it was the Socialists who made the issue a success, and the Socialist men were never found wanting to further the cause of woman suffrage.

The suffrage for women is now only a question, at most, of a few years. It is inevitable. To be sure there are still women who oppose the ballot for women. In the public library at Madison, Wisconsin, one of the states voting on the ballot this fall, I found but a few weeks ago great quantities of pamphlets opposing woman suffrage on the table marked "Votes for Women."

Woman will have the ballot. But the working woman is now, even before she has the vote, taking her first lesson in how to use it.

is handicapped by the fact that she is a political nonentity. No one so much desires it as the crushed factory worker who is compelled to compete with men and has no part in making the laws that govern the conditions of the factory. But Roosevelt will find that these women will ask him, What do you stand for besides woman suffrage? He stands for private property and the right of the industrially strong to exploit the weak, even though he has declared for a minimum wage for women, for the prohibition of night work, and an eight-hour day.

Roosevelt has not perhaps learned that these thousands of working women have been educated by the Socialist party; that, while they want all the benefits that may come through any measures advocated by the Progressives, these have long been advocated by the party of the workers; that while they want and will have the suffrage, also advocated by the Socialist party, that the great thing that interests the working women of the world is the abolition of the wage system. That Roosevelt has not dared to stand for.

A vote for the suffrage will win just as much when cast for the Socialist candidate, and, more, it will be a blow at the present capitalist system.

But, replies the woman who is anxious for the suf-

## ROOSEVELT and EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Barnet Braverman.

**S**HALL the woman suffrage movement appear ridiculous by supporting Roosevelt? Suffragists must decide this question right now.

For many years he has ignored and side-tracked this issue. Only two months ago he evaded questions of woman suffragists during his campaign in New York. But necessity is the guiding star for every politician and Roosevelt is no exception. He knew that the votes of Western women will be a factor in the coming November elections and the result is that today he is for equal suffrage.

Look at his record. It does not reveal one constructive act or utterance in behalf of women and children. Not so many years ago he went about the country upbraiding women for resorting to what he called "race suicide," never realizing that the fear created by economic insecurity is the principal cause behind racial sterility.

The suffrage cause is nothing to Roosevelt. He really does not stand for the economic demands of woman suffrage. The only cause dear to him is himself and his class. Suffragists must awaken to this fact. He is the law—the savior—the sound principle—the ideal—the practical idea. He is battling for the Lord and the Lord is Theodore Roosevelt. Using his record as criterion, one is led to wonder why such women as Jane Addams and Margaret Dreier enrolled themselves under his banner. While their action will not reflect upon the real fighters for woman suffrage, yet nothing would make the equal suffrage movement appear so ridiculous as to support an individual who has nothing in common with its ideals.



Shall the Woman Suffrage Movement Become Ridiculous



ROOSEVELT:  
"I was agin' you yesterday, but I'll be with you as long as you stick to the goat."



ANNA AGNES MALEY, teacher, business woman, lecturer, editor, is the Socialist candidate for governor of Washington. She is in every way qualified for the office. While socialists are not devotees of the "good man" idea in public office, they cannot help rejoicing over the fact that the broad experience and unquestioned ability of Comrade Maley places her far above any candidate yet put forth by the capitalists of Washington.

Comrade Maley is ready at any and all times to meet her opposition in public debate.

She is the candidate of the working class—and in the coming campaign she will make clear the fact that she is working always and ever for working class government of the state of Washington—The Commonwealth (Everett, Wash.).

We met Anna Agnes Maley for the first time about eight years ago when she came to Girard, Kas., to visit some admiring friends. (Girard, as every one knows, is a little town hardly discernable on the map, but well known to Socialists the world over as the postoffice address of a little Socialist paper with a big circulation. Sooner or later every Socialist in the United States who gets away from home once a year or so will have made it a point to visit Girard.)

Those of us who had never had the good fortune to have met Miss Maley were informed that there was a treat in store for us. Not that Miss Maley had at that accomplished so much, but because she promised big things for the future. "She is a brilliant girl, with a big brain," we were told.

We met her and were not disappointed. Her presence breathed that air of geniality which always puts a stranger at ease and gives him a chance in self-forgetfulness to study a new personality. Miss Maley was a good talker. If she hadn't found herself, she was on the road to that discovery. Her opinions were expressed with ease and confidence. She had thought them out beforehand—carefully. But she was a novice at "speaking in public," and when she was invited to address the local she read her address. Her paper was too long, too dry, too full of facts and figures, and "scientific Socialism." She had studied, learned her books, but she had not learned audiences. That was to come.

After the meeting there was a dance. And if the writer enjoyed watching Miss Maley dance even better than she had enjoyed the reading of the paper—well, that need not imply that the writer's intellectual appreciation was below par. Miss Maley really could dance. She had long ago mastered the technique of it, and she now gave it spirit, individuality, life.

And as she danced then with enthusiasm and the very joy of doing it, so she has later come to make speeches "before people."

Through years of hard work, of patient application, of actual experience, Comrade Anna Maley, candidate for governor of Washington, has learned the life of the working class, has absorbed its experiences, its hopes and fears, its deadly struggles and defeats, its efforts to rise to better things, its enforced despairs. She has studied equally the ways and wiles of the class and the conditions which ride atop the working class, keeping it in perpetual slavery. With this knowledge, and the technique of speaking mastered, she goes before her audiences, telling it in her spirited manner the story of the working class, and its splendid hope in the Socialist organization.

Aside from her abilities as a speaker, Miss Maley has been successful as an organizer, as the business manager of a daily newspaper, as the editor-in-chief of a weekly; she has been a school teacher, a stenographer and, incidentally, has learned many other things from the actual doing of them.

What could be more appropriate than that this splendidly competent woman representative of the working class should stand as candidate for governor in the coming election in a state where women are the political equals of men? If the working class of Washington knows its own interests it will vote unanimously for Anna Agnes Maley for governor. If the women of Washington know their interests they will do likewise; not merely because Miss Maley is a woman, with a woman's point of view, but because she is this, and, in addition, she is the working class candidate and knows the working class point of view quite as well as the woman's.

A personal word from Miss Maley on the attitude of the women and the Socialist party of her state toward each other is of considerable interest at this time. She says:

WASHINGTON Socialists are proving in the present campaign that their party is a suffrage party in practice as well as in theory.

When the women of this state were making their fight for the ballot the national office of the Socialist party sent me into Washington to speak upon suffrage from the Socialist standpoint. Socialists worked at the polls for the success of the

suffrage amendment and at their first opportunity they confirmed their good faith by nominating three women on their state ticket—Mrs. Minnie Parks of Seattle as treasurer, Miss Frances C. Sylvester of Olympia for the office of state superintendent of public instruction, while the writer has been nominated for governor of Washington.

My campaign work began June 12. I am working in the eastern part of the state and it is cheering to note the large numbers of women who attend



ANNA AGNES MALEY.

our meetings. One of the oldest women in Elberton confided to a comrade that for the first time in her life she wilfully missed going to church last Sunday to rest up for our Socialist meeting on Monday. She thinks she will cast her last vote for Socialism.

The convention of women's clubs of the state opened their platform to a Socialist speaker this year for the first time. Largely through the efforts of Mrs. A. E. House of Spokane, who is a member of the executive board, I had the privilege of addressing the several hundred women assembled, upon "The Social Significance of the Development of Machinery in Industry."

Between five and six hundred persons who had assembled for union church services listened to an hour's talk on straight Socialism in Walla Walla a week ago.

## A CONTRAST

Laura Simmons.

**A**CROSS the gloom a shadow flits; I glimpse a sodden face  
Wherein the years of sin, and care,  
and toil have left their trace;  
A wanton laugh; I mark no more, for yonder  
in the glow  
One waiteth me—my love, my star! with wel-  
coming, I know;  
Tender and fine is she; withal so stately sweet  
and fair  
My grateful heart thrills thanks to heaven to  
see her standing there.

If this be Woman, pure, benign—man's blessed  
beacon-light—  
Then—Christ! What that poor outcast soul  
that passed me in the night?

(Reprinted.)

## LIFE AND THE WOMAN

By Bertha Hale Brown

**L**IFE and the Woman stood upon the Highway.

"Alas!" cried the Woman, "I can go no farther."

"Do you wish to go on?" asked Life.

"Yes," she answered.

"Why?"

"Because there is work down the Road for me to do."

"Will not the work be done by another?"

"No! It is my work. None else can do it. But I am too tired, and there is no place to rest."

"Why are you so tired?" asked Life.

"Because of the load I carry."

Life stretched out its hand and touched something pressed against her heart.

"What is that?"

"That," and she sighed, "was once Ambition. It was beautiful and strong and led me far down the way. But it is broken and useless now and will never lead me again."

"Then put it down."

Again she sighed, holding it tighter still—then let it fall.

"And what is that?" asked Life again.

"That," she cried bitterly, "was Faith. It has deceived and betrayed me. It has made me give my soul in exchange for lies!"

"No," said Life, "that is not Faith. That is Delusion. Put it down."

The Woman shook her head, but the thing fell from her arms.

"And that?" asked Life.

"That," said the Woman in scorn, "is Friendship. See the guile on its lips and the treachery in its eyes. It is created from all the lies of the world—Honor and Truth and Justice. It is so ugly and has given me so many hurts."

"Again you are mistaken. Honor and Truth and Justice are not lies. But put it down."

"This," she said eagerly, "is Love. It is very beautiful and very sweet. But I must hold it very tenderly and walk slowly, for it suffers from the roughness of the Road. Though it is weak it is heavy—heavy. But I do not mind."

"Put it down," said Life sternly, looking at the formless thing.

With infinite tenderness she put it upon the earth, meaning to lift it to her heart again.

Again Life stretched out its hand.

"What is that?"

"This," she answered, "was Hope. It is dead. While it lived it hid from me the weariness of the Road. If only it had lived I could go on."

"Put it down. What is that?"

"This," she said, with blurring eyes, "is all I have left of the Burden. It is Memory and I do not want it."

"You need not carry Memory," said Life sadly, and pointed down the Road.

The Woman looked backward. Here and there along the way were green valleys she had passed through unseeing. There was a grim precipice and upon its brink she had walked blindly, because her eyes had been upon that which she had carried upon her breast.

Around her the world was grey, and the Road stretched far into a desert. Life still stood pointing.

With empty arms the Woman passed quickly down the Road, but Memory walked beside her.

## WHEN—

**W**HEN we wonder if our dreams will ever come true, the best answer to give ourselves is to get up and make them come true.

**W**HEN the world belongs to the men and women who do the world's work, there will be some possibility of making it a veritable cozy corner for everybody.

**W**HEN men and women co-operate in making a world, as they have co-operated in making the home, mothers need not be afraid of turning their children loose in the busy marts to finish the training which will make men and women of them.

**W**HEN a man falls in love these days it is more frequently with the girl that can help him meet the hard facts of life than with one who is noted for the delicacy of her complexion.



# THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT By Horatio Winslow

## FOX PHILOSOPHY

THERE was once a shrewd but respectable Fox who never did anything that the law forbade and who was so good that when Sunday came he seldom dropped less than a wish-bone into the collection plate.

One morning when out on business the Fox spied a fat Rabbit bounding along through the pine woods. In a flash the Fox was after him and in spite of the victim's doublings and spurtings soon had the Rabbit between paws and teeth.

"Now, sir," said the Fox fiercely, "explain yourself. What were you doing in my yard? Eating my shrubs and plants as like as not?"

"Oh, no, kind sir," responded the Rabbit. "Truly all the green things that I eat I find for myself over on yonder hill a good mile away. If you look you will see that there is nothing about here to tempt my appetite."

"Then what were you doing?"

"Please, sir, I was practicing running."

"And why were you practicing running?"

"So that I might be better able to get away from those who would like to catch me."

"So," thundered the Fox, "you were practicing to



escape me, were you? You were planning to cheat me out of a meal for my poor little ones at home. You were trying to break up my family, were you, you immoral wretch!"

And having quite justified himself the good Fox brought his jaws together through the Rabbit's neck.

## THE STONE AGE

TWO men saw that a certain stone in the road impeded traffic and that it was a manifest duty to clear it out of the way at once.

"This great boulder must be moved," said the first, "that is clear. Let us work side by side in this noble task whose accomplishment is to bless coming generations."

The second clasped his hands ecstatically. "O happy day! O thrice delectable hour! For years I have been seeking a helper in my gigantic task of tidying up this road. Comrade, I greet you. Together we will lever this stone out of the ruts."

"Lever it! Lever it!" repeated the first gently, though apparently with some surprise. "Why, you Poor Ignorant Fool! You Mollycoddle of an Old Woman! You Dull, Stupid Kowtowner to Custom! I shan't lay a hand to the job unless we use dynamite."

"Indeed!" commented the second, a note of displeasure evident in his voice. "Indeed, you Unmitigated Jackass and Agent Provocateur! You Flat-



Headed Thug of an Informer! You—with your Corrupt, Maggot-ridden Brain! You—for Sale Body and Soul to the Highest Bidder!"

"Yah, White-livered Spy," returned the first. "Yah, Labor Fakir! Blood-stained, Fawning Hound! Despicable Lick-spittle! Blackhearted Traitor! Everlasting Disgrace to our Glorious Movement!"

The second drew a long breath and began:

"You Miserable, Contemptible Paretic—"

The stone is still there.

## THE MERCHANT'S CONSCIENCE

WHEN one of our big cities was a little city there came to it a merchant who opened his store on the best corner of the Main Street. At that time everybody in the place was simple of taste and habit and very careful about spending money. It was no use for the Merchant to load his window with fancy goods; he drew no customers.

"The trouble is," said the Merchant, "that these people have no proper schools. They do not know that there is any way of life except the way they have always lived. We must have more schools. We must wake them up."

So he wrote a letter to the weekly newspaper and began to agitate for more schools and more town life.

At once the ministers of the gospel lost their tempers.

"You are irreligious," they said to the Merchant. "You are driving these people from their simple lives to sinful lives. You are teaching them things that they have no right to learn. Ever since the beginning of this agitation of yours the town has grown and church attendance has fallen off."

But the Merchant only laughed, for the people as they grew citified grew to want more and more



things, and they bought them from him. The city grew and the Merchant's bank account grew. The more schools there were the more pennies tinkled into his cash registers. The more the people knew the more they wanted to know and the more they wanted to own.

Finally one day a number of the people put their heads together and said, "Let us consider this matter. Why do we continue making the Merchant richer and richer? We have learned so much in the schools and so much from each other that we can manage his store quite as well as he can. Let us stop buying from him and establish a store of our own and buy from ourselves and use the profits for the common good."

When they carried this news to the Merchant he clenched his fists and screamed into the air. "Oh, sinful generation!" he cried. "Oh, presumptuous fools! Do you not know that what you are doing is wrong and unethical and a crime in the eyes of God? Do you not know that you are on the broad highway to Hell? In a word, do you not see that your proposal is hopelessly and condemnably irreligious?"

## THE COALITION

A NUMBER of worthy people whom it would do no good to name once owned a slave and from morning to night they were in a great stew about him.

"He must plow this furrow," said one, "and when he has done that he must do the next. And you must not pay him a cent."

"Not at all," said the other; "that is not rational treatment, and above all a slave must have rational treatment. He must plow the furrow, but he must be paid some money at the end of the furrow. At night we can slip on masks and take the money away from him, but I insist that he be paid."

"What does this talk all mean?" demanded a third. "First of all he is my slave and a tithe of all he does must be done for me. Moreover, between each furrow he must come to me and hear me tell him what a good time he is going to have in heaven."

"Time wasted—time wasted," said a fourth. "He has no business bothering about heaven. I will attend to all that for him because he could not understand these matters even if they were explained. Tell him to get about his business. When he is worn out we will find another one."

"Stop," said a fifth, "he must rest between each furrow—otherwise he will waste strength. He is not doing this thing efficiently."

"He must stop—true enough," said a sixth, "not because he is inefficient, but because he is tired and something inside tells me it is my duty as a humanitarian to instruct him in the method of a self-given scientific massage."

They were so lost in their squabble that they did not see a newcomer running toward them.



"What is this?" said the first fretfully. "Some other owner, I suppose, who wants a finger in the pie. Well, sir, and what do you wish the slave to do?"

The newcomer frowned. "I will let him find that out for himself after I get him free."

"You wish to free the slave?"

"That is why I am here."

The masters moved closer to each other.

"After all," they murmured, "our differences are trifling. We must stand together until this wicked newcomer has been disposed of."

## PERMANENT LODGER

THOUGH the Great Man had been most fearfully reviled during life, as soon as he was dead no one could say kind enough things of him. In fact, feeling ran so strong that before six months had elapsed a committee had been chosen to care for the great sum of money subscribed to buy him a memorial.

"And now," said the chairman, "the question is, what sort of a memorial shall we select?"

"Why not hire a factory inspector who shall see that no children are employed in the factories of the state? You remember that was one of the Great Man's hobbies."

"Tut! Tut!" growled the Prominent Manufacturer, as he nervously twiddled his watch-chain. "We mustn't stoop to anything so undignified as that."

"Then let us use the cash to prosecute loan sharks. They were a pet abhorrence of the Great Man."

"Tut! Tut!" said the Conspicuous Capitalist, whose fortune came no one knew whence. "I'm sure he wouldn't like such notoriety."

"Well, what do you say to spending the entire sum in getting out a cheap edition of his writings?"



Think of the millions we might reach. Surely the Great Man himself could not have thought of a better way of using the fund."

The parson shook his head. "Tut! Tut! What the Great Man wrote is all well enough for intelligent folk like us, but it mustn't be spread to the Common People. It would turn their heads. What is better, now, than a good old-fashioned monument?"

So they built an ugly and terrible monument in the market place, covered it with symbolic figures, and sealed the ashes of the Great Man in its base.

Yet they say, "You can't keep a good man down," snickered the Prominent Manufacturer.

"Quite right," said the Conspicuous Capitalist, "but if we can keep him down for another hundred years I'll be satisfied."

Nature is very rich, but that isn't the fault of the capitalists; they are exploiting her to the best of their ability.

It isn't what we think that counts for so much—it is what we put into execution.

Be the storm above or the cloudless blue,  
Like the hero of old we are unperplexed.  
"We just lie down" with our loss and pain,  
And bleed for an hour, and are up the next—  
To fight again!

—Gertrude Ford.

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# THE DARK CONTINENT By FLOYD DELL

THREE people sat at a kitchen table, eating supper. One was an eager-eyed, impetuous girl of eighteen, with unkempt yellow hair. One was a large woman with a face lined with weariness and anxiety. The last was a quiet little man in his shirt sleeves, whose hands showed the marks of the cobbler's trade.

"That Lucile—is she coming here again tonight?" At her mother's question the girl looked up. "Oh, maybe," she replied, in a voice which seemed to warn her mother that it was none of her business.

The woman glanced at her husband as though for help; but he was pretending to be intent on his rye bread and leberwurst and avoided her glance. When she looked back at her daughter the girl was regarding her challengingly.

"Well!" said the girl, with an impudent laugh. "Say it! Spit it out!" The two glances crossed like swords, and then the woman spoke. "That Lucile—she is not a nice girl."

The man pushed back his chair unobtrusively, took his pipe from his pocket and went out the back door. The woman followed him with her eyes, as though she had never given up the idea of finding help in him. Then she turned to her daughter and repeated:

"She is a bad girl."  
"Don't be a fool, ma."

With the bravado of an undisciplined child, she had uttered aloud the eternal secret comment of youth on the judgments of maturity.

There drifted in through the screen door the long growl of a dog, and then a shrill volley of barks. The girl jumped up. Her father put his head inside. "Come here, Goldie," he called confidentially. "Come, quick!"

"It's a dog fight!" cried the girl, and ran outside. "You stay here," called the mother; "I want to say something to you." But she was left alone. She started determinedly toward the door, but stopped. She sighed, came back to the table and started to clear it off. After a while, when the noise out in the alley had subsided, she called: "Come here, girl, and wipe the dishes for me."

Goldie came in. "I've got to fix the lamp for pa," she said. Her mother made no reply, and went on with her work. Goldie took the lamp, unscrewed the burner and filled it with kerosene from a can under the table. Her father came in and watched her. She smiled at him in a friendly way, while she trimmed the wick and with a piece of old newspaper rubbed the soot from the inside of the glass chimney. At last she lighted it and placed it on the corner of the table. The man took down from a shelf behind the door an old book, a German translation of Stanley's African adventures. Settling himself in a chair beside the lamp, he commenced to read, becoming quickly absorbed in the account of this fascinating and terrible region and the men who must enter and explore it at whatever cost.

The woman looked at the girl and then at the pile of unwiped dishes. "Well?" she asked.

"Oh," said Goldie impatiently, "I ain't got no time to do those old dishes. I've got to fix my hair."

She turned and ran upstairs.

The woman took up the dish towel and then turned to her husband. "Why don't you try to do something with her?" she demanded. He did not answer, and she continued: "You don't care what becomes of her." He kept on reading. "You don't care if she goes to the dogs."

He looked up mildly. "She all right," he said.

"Yes," answered his wife, indignantly, "you call it all right that she don't mind anybody and goes with bad girls."

"I don't think that Lucile is a bad girl," he protested feebly.

"Oh, you—you don't know anything. If you didn't read foolish books all the time, maybe you could see what's going on. I hear them talking on the doorstep when they think I don't listen. Dirty stories they tell, and that Lucile she shows my girl presents that men give to her. Do you know where they go by nights? To the parks and depots, and talk with strange men there."

He shut the book, putting a match in to mark the place. "What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"I want you to have some sense first. I want you to look after that girl. Maybe a whipping would do her some good."

The man sighed. He had, under his wife's direction, whipped his stubborn and wayward little girl at frequent intervals since she was six years old. But she was getting too old now. He remembered the last time he had whipped her, when she was fifteen years old. He forgot what it was for—some

tomboyish trick or other. But he remembered how she had cried. She had been locked in a little room, and she had screamed and sobbed for hours. He shook his head. All those whippings had done no good.

Goldie, standing at the crooked mirror upstairs, twisted her yellow hair into a radiant mass, humming as she did so a catchy, popular song. The words of that song, with their vulgar romanticism, the sense which they held of the fascination of casual lovemaking—even more, perhaps, the cheap enterprise of the music—were of a piece with the girl's thoughts. Her mind was full of a tingling anticipation of a new and strange world—an anticipation that spread in her thoughts, pushing back her weary memories of the long day's work in the cracker factory, and bringing in a revivifying sense of adventure. The thought of dancing, of the pretty dress she was wearing, of the "fellow" she was to meet again tonight, all mingled together in a kind of starry magic, which satisfied while it kindled the restless impatience of her spirit. There was in these things the tang that her soul demanded.

She came running down the stairs. Her father came to her, hesitatingly, and took her by the shoulder. "I want to say something to you." He pushed her ahead of him into the front room.

The girl looked at him quizzically. "Well, Captain?" she said. It was her pet name for him, sparingly used. He was instantly disarmed. He could not say to her any of the things his wife wanted him to say.

Some half-suppressed instinct in him went out in dumb sympathy to something in the girl. It was perhaps the gesture of recognition of one soul to its fellow when he went awkwardly over to the wall and took down from its supporting hooks a big shotgun. He had bought it years before, but had never once shot it off. He handled it affectionately, and turned to his daughter.

"When we get some money," he said, "we go out hunting together, you and me. Hey?"

She smiled indulgently at him, and he put it back. His wife might come and see, and she would make fun of him. "That man Stanley," he said, reminiscently, "was a big hunter—and a big fighter, too." He took the girl by the shoulder again and pushed her gently toward the door.

As they came back into the kitchen he saw that his wife had been listening, and that she was angry. "You are no good," she said to him, and then turned to the girl. "I speak with you," she said.

"Some other time," laughed the girl. "I've got to go now." She ran to the door.

"Wait!" commanded her mother. The girl impatiently turned the doorknob, and then looked back. "Well, what is it?"

"Do you want a beating?" her mother asked, with a note of angry decision in her voice. "I think I give you one."

The girl laughed uneasily. She was afraid of her mother when she spoke like that. "What's the matter now?" she asked.

"I think I put a stop to you going out by nights. I will hurt you so you want to stay in. I think I make you mind."

"I'd like to see you," said the girl, sullenly, looking at her shoe and twisting the doorknob.

"If you go," went on the woman, "you know what you get when you come back. Something worse than you ever got yet. How you like that?"

The girl looked at her with an air of defiance. "I'm not afraid of you!"

"You better be afraid of me. You know what I say I do. Now I think you stay home tonight."

The girl let go her hold on the doorknob. "But, ma," she began, protestingly, and advanced to the middle of the room. She looked appealingly to her father, who evaded the look.

At that moment there came from the street in front of the house a peculiar and familiar sound. Someone was "trilling." It was the sound which the mother had come to hate, and the daughter to await eagerly as the signal for those unknown adventures of the night.

The girl started with recognition. "It's Lucile!" she cried, and ran to the door.

Her mother caught her by the arm and pulled her back. "You don't go!" she said.

"Oh, let me alone!" cried the girl, fiercely, jerking herself loose. But her mother seized her again and held her tightly.

"You let me go!" cried the girl, savagely, struggling to free herself as her mother dragged her within the room. "Let me go, I tell you!"

Such a scene was not new to the man, and he did not try to interfere. Instead, he stood by, silent, and with trembling hands filled his ipe.

For the girl had become, in a moment, a wild animal, that twisted and bit and clawed. She was in

one of her ruries. The man lighted his pipe and turned away, trying not to hear the sounds of the struggle and the more dreadful sounds of obscene rage that poured from the girl's mouth. All the unconsidered vileness that had entered her mind in years of work and play was unloosed in such a moment as this. The two of them had fallen to the floor, knocking over a chair, and they rolled as they struggled. They came close to him, and he turned just in time to see the girl free herself, leap up triumphantly and gain the doorway. There she stood, safe, panting, while her mother tried in vain to lift her breathless bulk from the floor.

Lucile was "trilling" for her again. She stood there a moment, looking at the seated figure of her mother, who had a torn sleeve and a bloody scratch on her face. She herself had apparently suffered no harm in the struggle, and she had, with her flushed cheeks, a kind of wild beauty. Her glance shifted to her father, who started hesitantly toward her. Then she turned scornfully away from them, lifted her head and "trilled." The rallying cry of feminine adolescence floated across the quiet dusk which is the frontier of the night.

## THE RACE MOTHER By C. B. Hoffman

IN the Metropolitan Gallery, New York, hangs a picture, comparatively obscure, which meant much to me.

An aged woman in a cheerless room is bending over the embers of a low fire. In the glow the weary old face reveals a tragic loneliness and under it a strangely sustaining life—an inner sustaining. The twisted hands held to the fire would have fitted exactly about the body of a little child—which was not there.

Here is the typical mother, left alone in the feebleness of old age, while her sons and grandsons are out in the storm-driven world, struggling for mere physical existence, and her daughters and granddaughters—who shall say what fate betides them?

This mother! I called her "The Race Mother," for she is of every race and of every age. Old India knew her, and Persia, Judea, Greece and Rome. She was with the turbulent crusaders and the more turbulent revolutionists of France. She came to America with the first settlers and she is with us now. But even now, in the dawn of a new age, we do not fully acknowledge her, do not realize her service to the race.

She has carried her brothers and her sons, given them her strength, nourished them with her own food and the toil of her hands. She has shielded them against bitter winds and ravening foes. Their sins were her own deeper shame; their greatness and strength was of her conceiving.

Her sons and brothers have turned to her in hunger, sickness and pain, her mate in passion, but none have come to her as their equal.

That which was noble in the sight of men they turned to men. In the council of men they never asked her voice; in their devotion they suffered her to listen. She might learn, in the home, from him whom a man-made law has decreed to be her master.

These men were physically stronger, and they chose for themselves what insured to the intellectual growth of the individual. Her they left alone, stunted in brain growth and intellect.

But life, which is more than intellect, was in the keeping of woman—of the Race Mother. She had her silences—the bearing of children, the services for others, the giving of love. She loved her mate sometimes, her brothers often, her sons always, and served them all.

Loving much, she learned the law of life. Silences and much loving of men—she learned to love the race—the children of all men.

So while the men she bore fought each other, quarreled over theology, philosophy, statecraft, and refused her partnership in the affairs of the world, she came to know that love is giving; that as love pours out in service, the deeper understanding pours in and widens and deepens the soul.

From out of wide and deep souls great sons are born.

And these sons, born of spiritually great mothers, are today kneeling in devotion and adoration of the Race Mother, and with and through her shall inaugurate the New Age—the Age of Equality.

Then "the little old woman with hands held to the fire" will no longer be lonely. She will live again, in sons and daughters, in sisters and brothers, in wives and husbands who look with level eyes into each other's faces and journey joyously through a full and complete life, companions and comrades.

# AUGUST BEBEL, THE LION OF GERMANY

AN INTERVIEW  
By NICHOLAS KLEIN

**I**N a plainly furnished three-room flat on the third floor of No. 84 Hauptstrasse, Berlin, lives the man who is the most famous German next to the emperor. August Bebel is known to be the best parliamentarian in the German reichstag, and above all men in the world that Emperor Wilhelm fears, this little man Bebel is the one. He is called the "Lion of Germany" because the people have confidence in his ability to do things and "he is a fighter." The workers of Germany believe that when Bebel roars, the administration trembles. There is a modern legend that Bebel or his spirit is constantly at the entrance to the reichstagsgebäude, guarding the people's interests. His popularity in Berlin is so great that when simultaneously several public meetings are announced, they do not mention at which one Bebel is to speak. Not many boys or girls can be found in Berlin who have not heard of Bebel, the man who refuses to attend court functions given by the emperor or to don "knee breeches."

I had arranged with Bebel to meet him in the Parliament House, and one afternoon I handed my card to an elderly gentleman, with a luxurious growth of "Wilhelm-the-First" whiskers, who was garbed in a uniform that would make an American rear admiral look envious. He conducted me into a waiting room of the reichstag, forgetting the custom of waiting or even asking for a tip. I was astounded, as this was the first time this had ever happened to me in all Europe. After having waited about fifteen minutes, the silk curtains of the waiting room parted and I saw the snow-white head of Bebel and heard his hearty, "Well, how do you do, Comrade?" followed by a good hearty handshake. This man makes you feel at home at once, and even if your opinion of a Socialist is "a bewhiskered, red-shirted demon with dynamite bombs who wants to divide up with the rich," you must love this man when you meet him.

Walking through the reichstag building, he showed me the large assembly hall, the dining hall where each party has its separate table, the different reading rooms and libraries. On the second floor we came to committee rooms and meeting rooms for the different political divisions in the reichstag. "This room," pointing to a sign marked "Social Democratic Chamber," "is ours and we have grown so rapidly since 1891, when we first cast 124,655 votes, that the administration has been compelled to move us into larger quarters every election since. This is one of the largest and best rooms in the house," he continued, as we walked into a beautifully furnished and well decorated apartment, containing three large tables and about one hundred carved chairs, "and it was formerly used by the cabinet and the nobles. This high-backed chair," said he, placing his hands on a fine, hand-carved mahogany, "was formerly used by Bismarck at sessions of the cabinet. I am using it now in our party conferences."

One of his remarks that made an impression on me was made while we were walking through the café, where members of the reichstag were drinking wine and beer and chatting merrily. He was explaining some works of art on the walls and ceiling when he came to the table used by the Socialist members of the house. "Sit down here and have a black coffee with me," he said. "I am a temperance man and don't drink anything stronger."

Strolling towards the entrance to the session room he pointed to a book on a desk and turning to his name said: "You see, here's where we earn our wages. We get 3,000 marks (\$750) a session of six or eight months, and we are fined thirty marks for every day that our name fails to appear in this register. How do you Americans do it?" he asked me. I explained that our Congressmen had raised their salaries to \$7,500 a year, and that a member of Congress often makes his maiden speech and then is seen no more until he must appear on the floor in order to draw his salary. Bebel asked me if I was in earnest about this, and we passed down a long hallway under immense arches, into the center of the building where the great central tower is located. The hall was bare of all trimmings except a large silk flag which was presented to the people of Germany by patriotic German-Americans in grateful remembrance of their early days in the fatherland.

The reichstag building is one of the finest I have ever seen and Bebel took pains in explaining every detail, taking special pride in the immense library and its circulation.

We were seated in the lounging room discussing the future of both the United States and Germany. I was insisting that we were on the very brink of a period of "hard times," when a group of visitors in charge of one of the members of parliament approached us, and the latter, pointing to Bebel, said

loud enough for all to hear, "You see, this is Bebel, the Lion." The visitors examined him and started to discuss him as they passed on with side and back glances, as though he were an ornament in the building. Bebel smiled and remarked, "You see, I'm a regular fixture."

One of the objects of my visit was to induce Bebel to visit America and deliver a few addresses in the leading cities. So I took the occasion after the visitors passed out to invite him to come to the States, "as we were anxious to see him," was my way of putting it. "What do you want of me in America?" he asked. "Oh, we just want to get a good look at you," I replied. "I know you Yankees," he said with a chuckle. "You want to import me as a great curiosity and put me on exhibition at so much per look, don't you?" I confessed the truth. Then, seriously, Bebel said: "I really would like to visit your country in order to study the trust problem, in which I am very much interested, but I am growing old. I am seventy-one now, and one of my pet ideas still remains undone." "And what may that idea be, Comrade Bebel?" I ventured to ask him. "I want to write the history of my life," he answered. "You see, I have been so busy with parliament and politics these many years that I haven't started on this work yet, although I have set aside every summer in the past five years for a beginning. But the beginning is still far away and I am growing old and don't know when my turn to go will come." "Do you expect to begin your work this summer?" I asked him. "No, I expect to visit my daughter and take a good rest, and then probably I can get down to it next winter, for it will take me two years to build up the work. You see, Comrade, in the early days," and he stopped to ask me my age, "in the early days we were under constant police surveillance and it was bad to be caught with notes in one's possession, so I haven't notes to work on. But next summer I should like to visit the United States, to see the people and study them. It will be a great help to me in my work and you Americans are far ahead of the rest of the world in industrial evolution." "We should think ourselves fortunate," I said in return, "to have Bebel as our guest, and I assure you in advance that the United States will welcome one of Germany's leading men in a style befitting the occasion." I really thought that Bebel would be pleased at my little speech, but he smiled as only Bebel can, and said rather sharply: "Do you want to welcome me as you did Prince Henry?" Then, before I had a chance to answer, he added: "If so, I'll stay right here in Berlin."

"Tell these Comrades how much you Americans pay your Congressmen," said Bebel, with a look of satisfaction. "Just twenty-nine thousand marks," I replied, after multiplying a Congressman's pay into the German standard.

Then Bebel explained what I told him earlier in the afternoon, about how our representatives earn their salaries, and they all had a good laugh at my expense. "I'll tell you what I'll do," began Bebel, thoroughly amused by our discussion of American statesmen. "You Yankees send us a few barrels of those dollars you waste on your Congressmen and Germany will ship you a few of its kings—live kings, I mean, and in perfect order, too!" I also joined in the laughter which now had become very loud, but a bell called some of the crowd away for a committee meeting, and Bebel and I walked into a writing room to continue our discussion.

After having discussed war, we finally began talking about Germany and her future. "Of course, we cannot tell at this distance," said he in answer to my question, "just what we would do in case we got a majority in the reichstag, for great economic and political changes may take place between today and that time. You see, we have an old constitution made by the nobility and an upper house to fight, and the workers of Germany are not ripe for great changes."

I was surprised at this last remark, but he explained to me that the Social Democracy was practically part of the German labor movement and that a worker usually joined the party when he joined the union of his craft. "You see," said Bebel, "the class lines are so closely drawn here in Germany that a worker cannot help but see his political party in the Social Democracy. But if we got a majority, well, I suppose that we could do nothing better than buy out the king business." "Do you mean to say that the best policy would be to bribe the crowned heads?" I asked him. "Exactly," he replied. "We could pay them to retire on a pension. You see, we are far behind you Americans. You fellows can turn things about as you choose almost any election. You Americans already have what we here in Germany are just fighting for." "But you must not forget," I interrupted him, "that we in America have a Supreme Court composed of men who are appointed for life and who are not respon-

sible to the people, but whose business it is to pass upon measures already adopted by direct representatives of the people." "Oh, that is not so very bad after all," he replied. "Your nation in the main is composed of people who are seeking freedom and better economic conditions, and this, coupled with your educational facilities and industrial evolution that is second to none in the world, places you in the van of progressive nations. It is my private opinion," he continued, "that the United States will shortly declare for public ownership of public utilities and that it will advance so rapidly as to be the first nation to declare a Co-operative Commonwealth."

Of course, I rejoiced to hear this and told him as much. Bebel seemed very much interested in us and from his remarks one could see that he was well informed on American politics. "Now let's just make a comparison," he said. "Here in Germany the railroads, the railroad depots and even the eating houses are divided into four classes. You see a worker is driven to class consciousness here, while you Yankees have apparently but one class. That which you have already done is now our greatest need." And, leaning across the table with flashing eyes and pointed finger, he continued: "We here must struggle to dethrone militarism and the nobility, but, of course, we both must battle in the common cause of educating the workers to a full realization of their mission; we must teach them that they have but one enemy, and that is ignorance."

Our conversation was here interrupted by the ringing of the appropriation committee bell, and of course Bebel bid me "servus," and went to his committee work to "fight," as he had put it to me, against more naval and military money.

I had to leave Germany that very evening, so I could not accept his invitations, but I shall not soon forget that plain, honest face, that high forehead with the snow-white hair and the earnest handshake of Bebel, "The Lion of Germany," who is crowned in the hearts of the German proletariat.

His "servus" is an open invitation from the depths of his heart. He is earnest and sincere, and has far more followers than the ruler of Germany. Bebel has a great ideal, and he is giving his life towards its realization. This is why he is so loved by the common people. If Germany were selecting a president today the choice would fall on one man. There is no doubting the fact that the Republic of Germany would choose as president August Bebel. Such is the opinion of the people.

"Yes, indeed, it certainly is lucky for suffragists that Mr. Taft and Mr. Roosevelt wear trousers instead of petticoats, because if two women had engaged in such a mud-slinging contest we should have proved to everybody's satisfaction that we are too emotional to be trusted to handle a loaded weapon like the vote."—Dorothy Dix.

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**F**OR a purpose—voice of the Eternal speaking today—for a purpose I have brought Socialism into being.

No easy task was it. To make up this comrade host, alert ones were requisite—minds that were awakable, hearts prone to spiritual adventure. And such are not plentiful in an age gone mammon-mad.

They were far scattered, these candidates for comradeship. Across the world I sent my spirit in quest of them.

Day by day I sought; night by night. And I found.

**T**HEN I marshaled them into phalanx and order, these alive ones whom my spirit had discovered.

From the East and the West I mobilized them, a marching host whose line went out to the ends of the earth.

They spoke in many tongues; folk of all tribes. But I fused them into coherence. I arrayed them. I knit them into oneness.

As works a drill sergeant, even so I wrought upon these of mine a work of orderliness.

**I** HAVE for them a great task. Therefore I cohered them into great solidarity.

Under me, they are to do a military work. They are to batter down the citadels of selfishness, overthrow the forts of folly.

But a gorilla attack will fall impotent. United are the lords of privilege, the powers that prey upon my people. Close-fronted as the smooth wall of a rampart.

Against such, how should a mob make headway—a scattering multitude, leaderless, undisciplined, atomistic?

Therefore my insistence on orderly tactics. The multitudinous host I have regimented into a unit of high efficiency.

Dear to me is the rhythmic stamp of their feet in marching. To the beat of my pulse it keeps time. In mine ear it makes pleasant music.

**W**AS it sageness thus to enforce discipline? For answer, regard its results: Against a united foe, my comrade host today presents a united front.

And because thereof, that foe is quavering as he has not been known to quaver in other times.

The cohorts of greed smile when a mob uprises against them. Riot they know how to meet. Against scythes and slingstones they are invulnerable.

But against an orderly and concerted advance they are not invulnerable.

At folk-storm with its clamor and wildness they laugh. But when they behold drawing nigh to them an army in ordered formation, corps and battalions in concert—co-ordinated, obedient, cohesive—they laugh not. For they know that their overthrow is at hand.

**W**HAT then means a sound that has greeted mine ear? Murmurings? A mutineering? Malcontents in my camp, impatient of discipline? Recriminations?

Disrupters at work, sowing discordant desires, perturbing the peace of my following?

Yes. The sound has come up into mine ear. And some of my faithful have been disturbed in spirit thereat.

But I am not disturbed. I will act.

**T**HOSE whom I have gathered into Brotherhood of Red are militant spirits. Purposely I selected such. For 'tis a martial enterprise I am summoning them unto.

But militant souls are with difficulty kept in teamwork. Seeing that their militancy flames forth easily, even against messmate and pal.

Shall it be said then: "The Most High, Lord of the human advance, assembled an army of Reds to do battle against the Federated Folly of the day, to overturn the pillagers that have usurped the earth and have fortified themselves in the sites of power."

"But lo! his army came to naught. The sharp weapons of zealotry wherewith he equipped them were their own destruction. For they turned them against one another. They fell in mutual slaughter."

Shall it be thus said?

It shall not be thus said. For I am potently in command, Lord of the worker hosts. I have an arm with reach to it and I shall use that arm. I speak with interior voice to the hearts of my ten thousands. And that interior voice shall utter itself. Internecine broils will be soothed.

**I** AM a drillmaster. And I am harsh. I command that the disrupter be disrupted. He that tears my host asunder—let him be torn asunder.

The "comrade" who sees nothing to fight except comrades, from the Comrade Cause let him be ejected.

He who, when his counsels prevail not, makes threat to leave—let him leave. He belongs not under my banner of Fellowship. To wear my uniform he is not worthy.

**T**HEN—so they query—is criticism not to be permitted in the Socialist ranks?

I answer: It is not to be permitted. For now it is not timely.

Socialists are not perfect. But they are the most perfect thing I have upon the earth. For self-respect is within them—the root of all the virtues. And toadyism is far from their spirit—weakness of spirit, that root of all iniquities.

When shall have matured the fit time, I will take the blemishes in hand for amendment. In that day my spirit shall spare not. I will declare unto her all of her faultiness. Because I covet for her a holy perfection.

**B**UT now I have other work on the anvil.

I have brought my Socialists into battle's thick midmost. They are pushing the enemy hard. And are being hard pushed in return.

'Tis no time for mutual bickerings.

'Tis time for cohesiveness. And for naught else.

Is there not a common foe? And should it not beget a common indignation, to melt my hosts into oneness?

## BOOKS AND WRITERS—A CAUSERIE by FLOYD DELL

**"D**AS KAPITAL" is sometimes spoken of as "the Socialist's Bible." It is not, for two reasons. The first is that, even though it were in any sense a Bible, Socialists do not read it. In this they are not without justification, for the book is, in its strictly economic parts, to any ordinary human being, unreadable. Why any one except a mathematician should bother about those amazing equations of Marx's I do not see, nor do I see why any one should imagine that in explicating the Socialist "theory of value" these equations have any more than a suggestive validity. Value, like everything else, is too complex to be reduced to an equation, and there is as much truth in the soap-box phrase, "Labor is the source of all value," as in the maddening mathematics of Marx. The fact is, the Socialist movement is not based solely on Marxian economics, and though Marxian economics may fall, yet the Socialist movement goes on. There is good history and good historical philosophy in the volume which make it well worth reading. But we Socialists (as I said) do not read it.

In the second place, "Das Kapital," even though it were devotedly read by Socialists, is not in any sense a Bible. It has none of the qualities which make a book a source of consolation, of help, to weak human beings who are in need of consolation and help. I think that even to Socialists, cocksure as they are about everything, there come times when they feel very poor and helpless—when they need the strength which a greater wisdom than theirs can give them. In such times they do not want to be argued with; they want to be assured. It may be impossible for them to derive any comfort from the books which satisfied their fathers. Their problems are modern, their anxieties and distresses and hopes and fears are tinged with views of which their fathers (comfortable souls!) knew nothing. They must have a modern Bible or none.

Now there are books which have that quality, and which modern men and women can go to for comfort. Such a book is "Leaves of Grass." And another such book, less poetic but having perhaps a sustaining power even greater—because the author is more conscious of our modern trials—is Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy." These books have in them a balm that can heal the wounded spirit. They can console. They can lift up the heart.

But there is another book which many who are chary of spiritual lotions must prefer to either of these. That is H. G. Wells' "First and Last Things." Not only is this book one of the finest of modern philosophical works, it is also a great religious work. It is a religious book for those who find conventional religion a vulgar absurdity.

**T**HE things that unite you, O you of the Comrade Cause, are more than the things that divide you.

I command that you fellowship one another.

Have the enemies that are banded together to oppress you of a sudden become spotless, that you should turn your gaze on the spots in your fellows?

Has the foe ceased to assault you, that you have leisure now to assault one another?

Be militant. But let that militancy be turned against the adversary.

Pleasing unto me is your independence of spirit, your valiant forthrightness of speech. 'Tis a weapon of keen edge. I like its glitter.

But let that edge be turned against the oppressor. Else its sharpness will be your undoing.

I can use an army. A mob I cannot use.

**H**IGH and deep-founded are the walls of the City of Mammon—the stronghold that has long affronted my heaven. Vast are the stones of it, firm the cement that binds them.

But the tramp of my battalions shall tremble that wall, and shall bring its security to naught.

For the tread of my host shall be timed by me into unison. He who breaks step shall be cast out. As one man shall the column march forward.

Like the beat of a mighty melody shall be the tramp of their footsteps. Unitedly shall they tread, in compactness and serrated formation.

The solid rock beneath shall catch the beat, into sympathetic vibration the granite ledge shall be swayed.

And the walls of the City of Mammon shall tumble—word of the Lord of red comrades.

Here is the true tonic of the modern soul. Courage, hope, strength, all that is needed to carry one through the labyrinths of life, dark and terrible as those labyrinths sometimes seem, are here. To live boldly and yet serenely—to carry oneself with an upright soul when the sky darkens and the earth reels under one's feet—the teaching, the inspiration, the encouragement is in this book.

The other day I received the following letter: "To you (T. R. H.).—For the love of Bernard Shaw, stop using the confounded 'I' so many times. Who the dickens are you, anyhow—some would-be superman? You may be a good cuss personally, but the way you use the personal pronoun jars on one's nerves and creates the desire to show your infinitesimal place in the universe. Cut it out \* \* \* meaning the I—I—I—I—I—I. Truth is always impersonal."

Now it is plain that the writer of this letter does not understand egotism. I am an egotist truly enough, but that is not shown by the use of the first personal pronoun. In fact, for a real egotist, the use of the pronoun "I" is an exercise in humility. Your true egotist is accustomed to identify himself with the Spirit of the Universe. He says: "It is so." It is only in the effort to be humbly exact that he says, "I think so." It is time that the conventional idea about "I" and "egotism" were dismissed to the intellectual limbo where it belongs.

I have just been reading the August number of the Metropolitan. This is about the only magazine which I open without hesitation, without wonder if it is worth while doing, without a sense of unpleasant duty. I know there will be something good in the Metropolitan. The reproductions of Soralla's paintings—this month it is "After the Bath"—are delightful. The stories are more than likely to be good; the articles are pretty sure to be interesting. And the Socialist articles and editorials are eminently readable. It is doubtless a heresy, but I do read with more confidence, with less suspicion, the Socialist articles in an independent magazine, such as the Metropolitan, than those in "our own" press. We Socialists are a tyrannical lot; our readers are as prejudiced, and our editors as subservient to those prejudices, as capitalist readers and editors are. I have in mind a case—but no, I will not tell about it—the "Progressive Woman" is looking this way.

"A Little Sister of the Poor" is the story of the lives of working girls in the city. If you haven't read it, send 10 cents for a copy. The Progressive Woman Publishing Company.

# THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

A TRADES UNION DEPARTMENT by PAULINE M. NEWMAN, Organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

## STRIKES—AND MORE STRIKES.

IF WE were to review all of the strikes which are now in progress we could occupy not only three columns, but the whole issue of *The Progressive Woman*. There is hardly a city or town without one or more known strikes. And it should be borne in mind that we hear only of strikes which,



through exposition of especially wretched conditions, assume national character. There are, besides these, local strikes—strikes which do not attract attention, but which, nevertheless, illustrate the class struggle. Much has been said about the strike of Lawrence, the strike of the corset workers of Kalamazoo, the strike of the button workers of Muscatine, and last, but not least, the strike of the

federated newspaper workers of Chicago.

This last one is perhaps the most interesting. For theirs is a fight, not against one employer, but against a trust whose object is to destroy the unions of their employes. Theirs is not a fight for higher wages or shorter hours only, but a fight to maintain the right to organize.

Will the newspaper trust succeed? CAN the trust succeed? We emphatically answer, NO!

Other capitalistic combinations have tried that before, and have failed. Who does not remember the brutal efforts, the cowardly means and savage actions of the mine owners against their strikers in 1905? Hundreds were driven from their home towns, more were killed like wild animals, and all because the men had dared to belong to their union. Law and constitution were abolished, and bull pens, clubs and guns took their place. Lawlessness and savagery then reigned supreme in order to destroy the strikers' means of bettering their conditions—their union.

But what has happened since? Out of it all grew that magnificent organization known as the Western Federation of Miners—the pride of the American labor movement.

The newspaper trust has been, and is still using the same methods and brutal force as the mine owners did, and as their aim is the same—namely, to crush organized labor—so their efforts also will result in the miserable failure as did those of the coal barons.

The exploiting class can employ all kinds of dirty means to destroy the desire of the working class for a better and easier life. They can succeed in crushing a union (for a time, at least), but they CANNOT crush the spirit of revolt which is now so strong among the working people.

The organization of the federated newspaper workers MUST BE MAINTAINED, no matter how high a price the workers will have to pay for it.

The working people of Chicago can, and will, show the newspaper trust that they can build up a powerful press of their own; they can and will show the newspaper trust that when united they are a power, and that they have at last learned to use their power for their own benefit. Only by doing so will they succeed in combating the power of the master class.

Support the Socialist press. It can and it will do the job well.

For the past two months 9,000 furriers have been engaged in a bitter struggle against low wages, long hours, unsanitary surroundings and almost inhuman conditions.

It was after their wages had failed to supply them with bare necessities of life that they declared the strike. And instead of receiving consideration from their "bread givers," they were told to go and "look for other places."

The organized labor movement of New York and Philadelphia is with the strikers, and every intelli-

gent person is inspired by the enthusiasm and determination of the strikers.

The city authorities, and the whole force of police in this strike, like in all other strikes, are on the side of the employers.

Last week "justice" was dealt out by Magistrate Krotel in sending three strikers to the workhouse for ninety days, for the "terrible crime" of doing picket duty.

The following appeal has been sent out by the Socialist party and United Hebrew Trades of New York for the striking furriers. We reprint same from New York Call:

The 9,000 striking fur workers of this city must have financial assistance at once. Hunger has come as an ally to the fur manufacturers, and unless the labor movement generally responds to the appeal of the strikers through the Socialist party, the United Hebrew Trades and the general executive committee of the Workmen's Circle, the fur strikers will be starved into surrendering to their already gloating employers and forced to return to even greater exploitation than that against which they are now in rebellion.

Read the following appeal, and then act on it without delay:

"Nine thousand men and women are on strike. The entire fur industry is paralyzed. All that have any connection with the labor movement hope that

"The strike was called after a long dull season, a season of unemployment, just at the beginning of the busy time.

"The manufacturers are desperate. They knew from the beginning that to keep their shops open and look for strikebreakers would be vain. These bosses believe that they will starve the workers into submission. They have attempted to enter into partnership with the greatest enemy of the working classes—hunger. But this attempt must be frustrated.

"The workers have repeatedly demonstrated that even hunger will not deter them. The striking furriers are no exception.

"Shall we permit our brothers and sisters to suffer want? Shall their families want for bread? Or shall we come to their aid when they ask us for it? With the Socialist party and its tremendous influence, the Workmen's Circle with its great membership, with our unions, we must take part in this great struggle for better conditions.

"What is needed to win this strike is money. Let us, therefore, give it.

"Workmen, bring the question of the furriers before the next meeting of your union. Take up collections in the shops where you work. Let us create a fund to feed the furriers during this war. Demonstrate to the employers that the 9,000 striking furriers have behind them the entire labor movement. The furriers' trade jeopardizes the health of the workers. This is a strike for shorter hours. It must be won in the interest of the health of the slaves of the fur trade.

"The strike of the furriers is our strike, and the sacrifices that are to be made must be shared by all.

"Give these strikers bread and their fight is won.

"All moneys are to be sent to Max Pine, treasurer, care Forward, 173-5 East Broadway, New York City.

"Fraternally,  
"United Hebrew Trades,  
"Socialist Party of New York,  
"General Executive Committee of Workmen's Circle."

The above appeal is sufficient to stir the readers of the *Progressive Woman* to action. The time is here when a strike like that of the furriers is the strike of the entire labor movement. We must be prepared not only to sympathize with the strikers, but to support them financially as well.

Let those who wear fur, and who are so much comforted by its warmth, think of the men and women who make the fur, and who are forced to work for next to nothing. When, ah when, will the consumer think of the producer and act in his favor?



THE REAL SITUATION TO BE HANDLED BY WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

the strike of the furriers will be won. Those that wish to see this struggle end successfully for the furriers must help toward its success.

"The help that is now necessary and that is as necessary as life itself, is financial.

"The strike of the furriers is inspired; enthusiastic, more than was expected.

"The strikers individually are a credit to the movement, but they are poor, these strikers; so poor that in the beginning of the fourth week of the struggle they must have help.

"In this rich trade, where garments of sable, ermine and mink are made, costing thousands of dollars per garment, the earnings of the workers are so small that even at times when there is an abundance of work and the workers are steadily employed there still is a scarcity of the necessities of life in the homes of the workers.

We never know what is going to happen, but it is a good plan to be ready for it—by guessing.

Capitalism is a menace to the human race. The workers can abolish this menace by abolishing capitalism.

If you are pining for a change, don't sit down and think about it. Do something!

Every tomorrow may create a new progressive party; but only the existing working-class party will advocate the abolition of capitalism.

THE laborer is weakened by his environment to an extent that his death rate is much higher than the rate of other classes, as shown by the following percentages:

Merchants	12.1
Clerks, officials	13.5
Professional	15.3
Laboring	20.2

Thus are the very foundations of society constantly undermined.



# THE WOMAN IN THE HOME

MATTERS of SPECIAL INTEREST to the SEVERAL MILLION WOMEN WHO MAKE the HOMES of the COUNTRY

## YOUR CHILDREN

**A**FTER all is said and done, nothing in the world means so much to you as your little kiddies.

But you do not want to love them blindly, ignorantly. A wise mother is about the most precious thing the state can give us. Wise mothers mean a wise, clean, sane generation to come. A wise mother lives her life into the lives of her children; lives her love into them, her wisdom and her knowledge into them. For instance, your little folks will be starting to school these days. Are you going to school with them? That is, are you going with them in spirit, in sympathy and understanding? Or do you feel your duty done when you have fed and washed and dressed them, and set them upon the highway toward their day's destination?

There are many mothers who send their children to school to get them out of the way. They are anxious to get out of their way those little people they love so well; this is blind, selfish love. No mother has a right to feel this way about her children and their school. The school exists to accomplish in detail what you cannot possibly do for your children. But in a broad, general way you can add greatly to the force of the school influence, especially stimulating and encouraging the absorption of the best that may be found there.

One important thing you can do is to endeavor to start your child to school in perfect physical condition. Arrange a dietary for him which shall really nourish. This does not mean expensive food. Above all, it does not mean richly seasoned food, pastry or cloying sweets. Pure milk, cereals, vegetables and fruit are the best food for the growing child. All cooked food should be thoroughly cooked, and nothing should be fried.

Have your child examined for adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective vision or hearing, and all mouth imperfections.

The schools today do this for you, but the schools today are far from perfect, and while their help means much, that does not excuse the mother from an intelligent acquaintance with her child's physical condition. A very crying right of your child is perfect health and sound organs.

Proceeding along this line, evolve a sensible costume for your little girl. The popular middie blouse will appeal to her. Plain skirts with bloomers, instead of white petticoats, should go with this. A dark blue serge piped with red, and a red tie and hair ribbons, makes a serviceable and becoming costume for the average little girl. White middies are becoming, but they mean more laundry, which takes time from more valuable things. In order to give her children all the time and attention that is due them, the wise mother cuts down on all superfluous housework.

Aside from food and clothing, young children need a great deal of recreation. School children, especially, should be allowed to play most of the summer. Or, if there are duties, especially about the yard or the farm, with which they may help, let them be so arranged that they are not wearing on the muscles and nerves. Fatigue is caused more often by the manner and circumstances under which a task is done than by the task itself. Children should never be driven at their small tasks, nor made to feel that they are assuming a heavy burden.

Children can pass their entire childhood learning the wisest and best things of life, without the sense of toil ever entering in. Daughters may be taught all the complications of housekeeping, boys the things that men must know, and if taught rightly, they will feel that what they are doing is intelligent expression of human energy, rather than drudgery.

This method of teaching or training the child is employed in the new schools established in Italy by Maria Montessori, and has proven its efficacy without a doubt. In the next issue of *The Progressive Woman and The Masses*, we are going to tell about the establishment of the Montessori school, and give practical examples of the methods of training the children. The schools are in reality called "Children's Houses," so there is none of the suggestion of the hard and stiff prison-like life which the average school suggests. What is done in the "Children's Houses" in Italy may be followed largely at home by the mother with small children.

But of that later. In the meantime, mothers, develop the spirit of comradeship with your children. Their growth and development is as serious as the grown-up things you are doing. All of their little

affairs should be shared by you, sympathized in by you, directed by you. The school teacher of today may be doing her best by your children, but her powers are limited, and too often is her intelligence also. And you are the one to know all about that, and to make up for the deficiencies. Your child will repay you for it later.

## THE CHILD

**T**HE first right of a child is to be well born, and no child is well born whose father is underpaid, whose mother is overworked before and after its birth. No child is well born that is born into a home which has not been fitted for parenthood. No child is well born whose parents have not consciously and earnestly prepared themselves for the sacred duties of fatherhood and motherhood. Childhood has a right to be well housed and ought not to be compelled to dwell in death-dealing tenements which deprive the child of the chance to enter upon a life that shall be normal and healthful. The child born and reared in the average city tenement is denied a square deal.—Stephen S. Wise, Ph. D.

## THE STORY LADY

**T**HERE is connected with the public schools of Chicago a "story lady." It is the business—the very happy business—of the "story lady" to go from school to school and tell stories to the little folks.

Do you think they like it? Don't they? Well, they certainly do.

Every kind of story—historical, fairy, romance, adventure—is translated into child language, and the little ones not only spend an hour of joy listening to tales told, but they are being educated at the same time. They never forget the things they learn from the "story lady."

Here is a good suggestion for some one in every neighborhood: Start a "Story-Telling Club." A young woman writes in a current magazine how she started such a club, beginning with six children. Before long she had twelve coming regularly. The mothers were pleased and each child paid 25 cents a week to belong. In the winter they met around a bright fireside; in the summer out of doors. Original stories and stories from books were told. Finally there was considerable dramatizing and acting. The children also were encouraged to tell the stories themselves.

What this young woman did any one gifted with the power to talk and who is sympathetic with children may do. It is a vocation that should appeal especially to stay-at-home girls or mothers with young children who would like to include other children while entertaining her own.

## MUSIC IN THE HOME

The piano in the worker's home, paid for with hard money, eked out of the weekly wage, should pay for itself in the music it yields, and in the inspiration and spiritual development which comes from that music.

The "nickle" shows are being blamed for the cheap music with which the country is flooded. The five-center is not to blame. It is a senseless, mindless, helpless thing. It is, like the piano, at the mercy of those who use it, who make it. If the people who flock to the "movers" would merely ask for a better class of music, they would get it. I recently attended a five-cent show where I heard "The Marseillaise," "The Swan Song" from "Lohengrin," "The Miserere" from "Il Trovatore," "Home, Sweet Home," selections from *Cavalleria Rusticana*, etc. There was not a note of "Beautiful Doll," "Casey," "Everybody's Doing It" and the rest. Yet the audience was happy, and certainly the moral effect was infinitely better than if we had been regaled for an hour with the nauseating "popular" airs.

Let us not blame everything and everybody but ourselves for our shortcomings. There is good music, pretty music, extant. What is wrong with us is our tastes. Let's revise them, and let's begin the revision right in our own homes.

Mothers, it's up to you!

## YOU AND YOUR KITCHEN

**T**HINGS to eat are terribly high these days. Potatoes, pork, beans, bread, all the ordinary, every-day foodstuff by which we workers live, has gone soaring skyward "something terrible." Meanwhile our wages haven't been taking the aeroplane route, and this has left us dangling awkwardly between heaven and earth, as it were, trying to keep up with the high cost of living and down to the weekly allowance of our bosses. It is something of a problem.

According to the last available government statistics the average amount paid to each worker in the United States is \$519. With potatoes retailing at \$2 a bushel and butter at 50 cents the pound, as it was last winter and will be again next winter, there isn't much hope of sending our children to college, buying velvet rugs for the floors, and automobiles for joy rides with what is left after we have fed all hands round three times daily for the year.

But this is the problem the woman in the kitchen has to contend with—not how she is going to buy velvet rugs and autos, but how she is going to make the pay envelope stretch over the twenty-one meals a week for the entire family and have anything left for clothes and fuel and furniture and other small but important items. It is a big mathematical problem. Yet there are a few women who manage to work it; not without detriment to themselves, however. That is, the skimping and worrying and straining tells on them and helps to break down the youth that should be theirs and the health without which life is always a burden.

For these women in the kitchen we have no message of hope so long as the present system continues. If every woman in the United States could cut the family living down to \$519 a year, do you know what the employers of labor would do? They would cut wages down just a notch or two below that point; for it is the business of the employer always to keep the wage down to the bare living point, or a trifle below it. All that is left over they keep as their profits. That is what they are in business for. Haven't you often heard the expression, "We are not in business for our health"? They are not. Nor for YOUR health. They are in business for profits, and nothing in the world but profits. So the more the working class squeezes itself, the less it can live on, the greater the profits of the employers.

In spite of this fact many of you will go on trimming your expenses, saving a nickle here and there, etc. That is all right. So long as only individuals here and there do it, it doesn't react on the whole working class to any appreciable extent. But for a few women to save a few dollars for their families out of a pinched larder will never solve the problem of high prices and the hard life of the working class as a whole.

Nothing will solve this problem but the ownership of the means of life by the workers, by all the people. "Let the nation own the trusts," if we want to stop squeezing profits out of our kitchens for individual trust owners. The other day I heard an agent for a certain kind of washing machine say he was ashamed to offer the machine at the price that was asked for it, because it cost so little to produce it. The machine sold for \$3. What do you think he said it cost to manufacture it? Just 36 cents! The difference between \$3 and 36 cents is \$2.64. You pay that much to the owner of the factory in pure profits. If the people owned that factory, and there were no profits for any one (Why should there be? What does the factory exist for but to produce washing machines?) you would get your washing machine at cost price, or 36 cents. The same is true of everything else. We look upon salt as an inexpensive article, yet the Republican party makes us pay a 50 per cent tariff on salt, just to protect the salt manufacturers of this country.

It is a pretty tough game they are putting over the women in the kitchens. And they will do it just so long as the women in the kitchens stand for it.

Next month we are going to say some more on this subject of the woman and her kitchen and the problem she has to face. Coming right down to facts, the biggest of all our national troubles is right there where the food supply must be bought and distributed, and it is not going to be settled right until those upon whom this burden falls (the women) awake to their responsibilities and help in the solving of it.

When it comes to "dividing up" the workers are willing to divide their poverty with the billionaires.

# PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S COMMITTEE

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.

## FOR SOCIALIST LOCALS PROGRAM FOR AUGUST

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.

WINNIE BRANSTETTER,  
General Correspondent Woman's Nat'l Com.

### SUFFRAGE LEAFLETS

The Wage Earning Woman and the Ballot, by Caroline A. Lowe.  
Woman's Need of the Ballot, by Elsie Cole Phillips.  
Votes for Working Women, by Meta L. Stern.  
The Socialist Party and Woman Suffrage, by Lena Morrow Lewis.  
Price \$1.00 per 1,000.  
111 North Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

### WOMAN SUFFRAGE

Opening remarks by chairman.  
Song—"Arise, Brave Woman." Music on page 74, Moyer's Song Book. Sung to the tune of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."  
Arise! Arise! Brave Woman! There is work for you to do;  
Show the world that love is wisdom and Love's promises are true;  
Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world has need of you,  
And we'll go marching on.

#### CHORUS.

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!  
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! As we go marching on.  
Do you need a sound to rouse you? Hear the little children cry;  
Do you need a sight to stir you? See the old who hopeless die.  
Shall they call to you in misery while you stand heedless by?  
No, we'll go marching on.  
Man too long has fought unaided with the evil of the world;  
But together we shall conquer, all our strength against it hurled;  
And united march to victory, our banners bright unfurled,  
As we go marching on.  
We will give the world fair daughters and those daughters shall be free;  
They shall stand beside their brothers on the ground of Liberty  
And the cause of right shall prosper on the land and on the sea  
As we go marching on.

Then Arise; Arise! Brave woman! There is work for you to do;  
Show the world that love is wisdom and Love's promises are true;  
Break the bonds that hold you captive, for the world has need of you  
And we'll go marching on.

### WOMAN'S PLACE IN POLITICS

By Eugene V. Debs.

Consider for a moment the beastly debasement to which womanhood is subjected in capitalist society. She is simply the property of man, to be governed by him as may suit his convenience. She does not vote, she has no voice and must bear silent witness to her legally ordained inferiority.  
She has to compete with men in the factories and workshops and stores, and her inferiority is taken advantage of to make her work at still lower wages than the male slave gets who works at her side.  
As an economic dependent she is compelled to sacrifice her innate refinement, the inherent purity and nobility of her sex, and for a pallet of straw she marries the man she does not love.  
The debauching effect of the capitalist system upon womanhood is accurately registered in the divorce court and the house of shame.  
In Socialist woman would stand forth the equal of man—all the avenues would be open to her and she would naturally find her fitting place and rise from the low plane of mental servility to the dignity of ideal womanhood.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
At the bottom of the suffrage question and every

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

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

Song—"Strike at the Ballot." Page 24, Moyer's Song Book.

Recitation:

MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT.  
By William Francis Barnard.

In chains the heart of beauteous woman lay,  
Subdued by man and robbed of half its power;  
Love, that should spring up sweetly like a flower,  
Aborted lived, midst blasting and decay.  
Whose life broke free, she perished in dismay;  
Who spoke of freedom soon must sadly cower,  
Seeing the brow of her taskmaster lour,  
His hand upraised to smite her or to slay.

Among those lives abject, one, brave, arose,  
And cried, "Behold! This shall not always be:  
Woman arise; only the bold are free!"  
Nor insults, heavier bonds, nor bitter blows  
Availed to still her, where midst daunted foes  
She stood with voice that called futurity.

### MR. AND MRS. SAPSEA

By Israel Zangwill.

The idea that underlies the objection to women's suffrage is expressed with engaging frankness by Dickens' Mr. Sapsea, the auctioneer in "Edwin Drood." Mrs. Sapsea revered Mind, as embodied in Mr. Sapsea.

"When I made my proposal," said Mr. Sapsea, "she did me the honor to be so overshadowed with a species of awe as to be able to articulate only the two words 'O Thou,' meaning myself." After years of admiration, Mr. Sapsea tells us, his wife died of feeble action of the liver, still addressing him in the same "unfinished terms," and after her death it occurred to her husband that perhaps his superiority was what she died of. "There have been times," he says, "when I have asked myself the question, What if her husband had been nearer on a level with her? If she had not had to look up quite so high, what might the stimulating action have been upon the liver?" He carved over her grave:

ETHELINDA,  
Reverential wife of  
MR. THOMAS SAPSEA,  
Auctioneer, Valuer, Estate Agent, Etc.,  
of this city.

Whose knowledge of the World,  
Though somewhat extensive,  
Never brought him acquainted with  
A Spirit  
More capable of  
Looking Up to Him.

Of course, it is very pleasant to be addressed by one's wife as "O Thou," but, like so many pleasant things, it is not good for one. It was not good for Mr. Sapsea to imagine himself so superlatively sage; in fact, it only increased his natural silliness.

Today Mrs. Sapsea has turned suffragette. She no longer cries "O Thou!" She no longer leaves the phrase unfinished. Today it is "O Thou Hypo-

crite!" at gentlest, "O Thou Monopolist!" She no longer cranes her neck looking up so high, and I assure you it has quite a stimulating action on her liver. She is shaking off the lethargy of the ages, and it is making her healthier, brighter and even prettier. It is in vain that Mr. Sapsea shrieks desperately that he is superior in every department, and that her vote will make a hash of the affairs of the country, which he has been managing to such universal satisfaction.

There is a Heathen Chinese edition of Mr. Sapsea, and he tells us that the women of his country can never compete in walking or running with the men—they are an inferior race. But we tell Mr. Chang Sapsea, let him leave off crippling his women's feet in infancy before he decides that no woman can be a champion pedestrian. And let us westerners give our women freedom to follow their own genius before we decide they have none.

Those of you who have traveled in the East will be familiar with the strange ghostly spectacle of shrouded and masked women whose faces may only be seen by their lords, and who pass the bulk of their days hidden away in a harem, eating sweetmeats and talking petty gossip.

This shocked you; but will not the civilized observer of the future be equally shocked at the limitations we have placed upon the rights and liberties of our own women? They are only yet half out of the harem. Mr. Sapsea is only a monogamous Turk.

But the Turk's day is over. In our generation women have made their way into almost every department of life. After you have let them work in your factories and workshops, in your gardens and postoffices and counting houses, after you have let them practice medicine and study law, it is too late to turn them back or to refuse them the rights of their new position. Those who object to female suffrage, who say that woman's sphere is the home, should have kept her there. Too late to turn the key on her now—she is not at home.

The fact is, that important as is the sex division in some things, it does not stretch across the whole of life; sex has no meaning in politics, any more than in dinner parties.

Men and women pray in the same church and dance to the same music. Both sexes have far more in common than they have points of difference. Why should one sex be shut out of the polling booth? We demand votes for women, not because they are women, but because they are fellow citizens. It is nobody's business to inquire what sex a voter is any more than what color the voter's hair is. Once get it into your head that the claim of women rests not upon their being our rivals, but upon their being our comrades, and you will escape tangling yourself in a whole network of fallacies.

Song—"A White Ribboner's Pledge." Ladies' quartette. Page 92, Moyer's Song Book.

### ANTI-SUFFRAGE TALK

By the Rev. Marie Jennay.

(A humorous anti-suffrage reading or recitation.)  
My first argument against suffrage is this: Women would not use the vote if they had it, so what is the use of giving it them when you could not drive them to the polls? My second argument is this: If the women were enfranchised they would desert their husbands and neglect their homes and spend all their time at the polls. Now, you may say the polls are only open once a year. But, friends, I know women. They are creatures of habit. If you let them go to the polls once a year they will be hanging around the poll all the year round.

Now, these arguments of mine I have arranged in couplets in such a way that you may take your choice. You may take either one or the other. My second anti-suffrage couplet is: Women would use the vote just exactly as their husbands do, and it would only double the existing vote. Do you like that? If not, take this one: Women would differ from their husbands. There would be family quarrels leading to divorce. Do you believe in divorce or do you not?

My third anti-suffrage couplet is: Women are angels. Why, many men tell me that I am an angel, and I have a strong instinct which tells me it is true. And if you don't like that argument, take this one: Women are depraved. If enfranchised their votes would be bought, and the enfranchisement of



would introduce a corrupt element into our life. Oh, pause before it is too late. Fourth anti-suffrage couplet is: Women understand politics. Of course, every kind and every man knows how to vote, but there is not a sort of woman who knows how to vote. You gave them this power they could not do with it. Cannot you see the argument goes with it is this: If women were enfranchised they would seize possession of the political machinery, gain rapidly in power, and soon you find women governors of all our states and presidents of women would be president of the United States. Then what would become of the piled-up mass of the ages—man's progress that man has made for? It would go down like a pack of cards. Fifth anti-suffrage couplet is: Women cannot unite. They cannot band themselves together. Two women cannot even be friends! Women hate. Now, if you do not like that argument this one: If the women were enfranchised the men would be banded together on the one side and all the women would be banded together on the other side, and what would happen then? It would mean bloody revolution. Last anti-suffrage couplet is: First, there is nothing in the vote. Men tell me that it is not worth making any fuss about at all, and if you do not take this: The ballot is what gives man dignity and power. It is what makes man superior to woman, and if you enfranchise women how a woman look up to her husband? There would be nothing to look up to.

## A THANKSGIVING

By Theodosia Garrison.

Long enough have I lived and sought to know the value of things; I know the gold from the tinsel, to judge the clowns from the kings; I have I known and been glad of, joys of the earth have been mine, today do I give my thanks for a rarer gift and fine.

For the friendship of true women, Lord, that hath been since the world had breath, since a woman stood at a woman's side to comfort through birth and death, you have made us a bond of mirth and tears to last forever and aye— for the friendship of true woman, Lord, take you my thanks today.

How much have I found to be glad for, much have I sorrowed for, it naught is better to hear than foot of a friend at the door; it naught is better to feel than the touch of a sister hand that says, "What are words between us? I know and may understand."

For the friendship of true woman, Lord, that hath lasted since time began, that is deeper far and finer far than the friendship of man to man; for the tie of a kinship wonderful that holds us as blood-bonds may— for the friendship of true women, Lord, take you my thanks today.

Many the joys I have welcomed, many the joys that have passed, but this is the good unfailling and this is the peace that shall last; from love that dies and love that lies and love that must cling and sting back to the arms of our sisters we turn for our comforting.

For the friendship of true women, Lord, that hath been and shall ever be since a woman stood at a woman's side at the cross of Calvary; for the tears we weep and the trusts we keep and the self-same prayers we pray— for the friendship of true women, Lord, take you my thanks today.

## THE WHY OF SUFFRAGE

By W. E. B.

"WHAT is all this suffrage talk about, anyhow? Why, thirty years ago such a thing was not heard of. Our mothers and grandmothers were willin' to leave the votin' to father; they had enough to do to attend to their knittin'."

That is just it, my friend; in those days mother did have her knittin' to do, right in her home. She was the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker for her whole family. In addition to that she was the shearer, the carder, the weaver, the

dyer and the dressmaker. These industries and many others were "mother's special domain," her "sphere," if you please, and had been since the days when man decreed that she should be the fire-tender for the tribe.

With the gradual changing of conditions, with the closing out of herd and farm lands, with the invention of machinery and the consequent growth and development of cities, man has invaded "mother's sacred sphere." He has stolen her spinning-wheel and changed it into a factory, he has stolen her bread-board and called it a bakery, he has stolen her washtub and named it "steam laundry," he has stolen her knitting needles and called them lace factories, he has stolen her scissors, needle and thread and turned them into immense clothing establishments where the electric machinery is so perfect and so simple that little children are now doing mother's dressmaking. The "sacredness of the home" has been desecrated by modern invention and invaded by the hunter, the fisher and the warrior of yesterday.

Despairing under the decreased standard of living, woman's natural thrift and helpfulness forced her to follow her spinning wheel, her washtub and her rolling-pin into the factory, the laundry and the bakery. Unused to competition and bartering, she underbid her brother in the labor market, forcing wages down for her whole class. With the perfection of machinery the weaker woman, the mother and finally even the little girl displaced the male workers in many industries, driving them into the highways and the byways.

Goaded by the intolerable conditions of work, the low wages and long hours, the male workers proceeded to organize unions for their mutual protection. Bewildered by the fierceness of the competition brought about largely by the woman worker, man discriminated against her in these unions, saying, "Let her go back into the home where she belongs; she has invaded industry, man's special field." The master pits worker against worker, woman against man, unorganized against organized.

But at last the dawn of class consciousness begins to break. Man sees woman again his helpmate. He sees her robbed of her home and her work. He sees her most sacred emotions, mother love and desire for chastity, used by the master as whips to scourge her into conditions to which he would not submit. He sees this submission used, all against her will, to drive husband, father and son into the unemployed army; he sees her fear of the brothel used to reduce his wages as well as her own, and as his brain clears of unjust anger they clasp hands across the master's machine and utter the words "Brother." "Sister."

As fraternity develops upon the part of the worker, so also it develops upon the part of the master, and in the next fierce struggle of organized worker against organized master the master class is again in control—again he uses worker against worker, unorganized against organized, the militia and the police against the striker.

But class consciousness, having awakened, will not sleep. The unionist sees the struggle clearer. He sees the political as well as the industrial phase. He sees that so long as the laws are made and interpreted by the puppets of the master class, that long will the police and militia be used against the workers and in the interest of those masters.

He and his brothers organize on the political field. They call their political organization the Socialist party. They say "the function of our party is to represent the industrial interests of the WORKING CLASS in politics, and its principles are the social or collective ownership and democratic control of the means of production and distribution of those necessities of life which are socially produced and upon which all the people depend."

Profiting by the experience of the past, our union and Socialist brothers say: "Again these masters would use our women against us. They will enfranchise our sisters and use their ignorance of politics just as they used their ignorance of competition to defeat our purpose. We will not await the

struggle—we will take them into our politics now and they will learn, as we learn, the lessons of political action." Again man and woman, sister and brother, clasp hands across the master's machine and utter the word "COMRADE."

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BY ARTHUR BROOKS BAKER

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But economy of operation might appeal only to the scientist. The real test comes in the matter of results, and here the Socialist Lyceum is entitled to Medal No. 3, the largest and most shiny one of all.

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First—It gives the local something definite to accomplish. Each member has something to do, and the doing it brings him closer in spirit and fact to the organization.

Second—It gives system and motive power to the sale of literature. By its use some locals have disseminated ten times as many Socialist books and periodicals as they would otherwise have done.

Third—It offers a coherent course of lectures. Speakers working singly, each with no idea what was said by the last speaker in town or what will be said by the next, cannot possibly drive home their thoughts with the same purposeful directness as can the same speakers when working together on a definite plan.

Fourth—The Lyceum forces the attention of the public. So great is the amount of advertising distributed, so widespread the local activity, so large the crowds, that only the most hidebound capitalist papers can ignore it. It compels newspaper stories, and frequently the most effective remarks of the lecturer, addressed to only a few hundred at his meeting, are brought before a hundred thousand through the papers.

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