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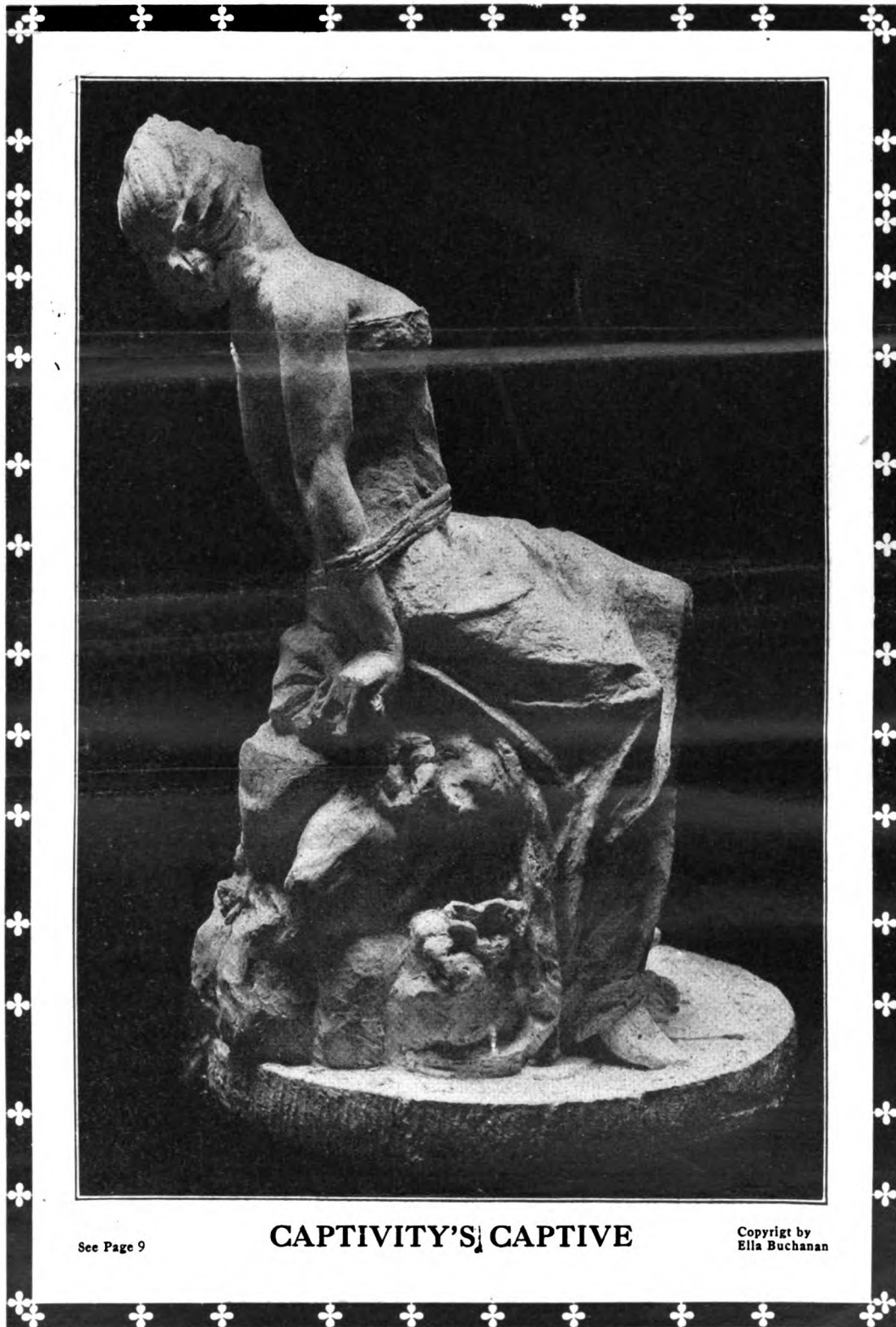
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CAPTIVITY'S CAPTIVE

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

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

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IN THIS, OUR WORLD By Charles T. Hallinan

FOR THE DOUBTING THOMAS

THOSE who belong to a movement which, like the Socialist, has a well-developed propaganda, find themselves wondering sometimes at the inner life and the motives of those who take up permanently the work of agitation.

Sometimes their attention is drawn to this by the rank charge that So-and-So is "making his living off the movement," the implication being that this is somehow an unworthy thing to do.

No doubt there are some who are more shrewd than generous in their attitude toward the movement. But as a rule the shrewdness is a petty shrewdness, a mere tarnish upon a career which has its years of real sacrifice and moments of high and spirited devotion. It is well to keep in mind those words of George Jacob Holyoake, who knew well the hard life he described:

Propagandism is not, as some suppose, a "trade," because nobody will follow a "trade" at which you may work with the industry of a slave and die with the reputation of a mendicant. The motives of any persons to pursue such a profession must be different from those of trade, deeper than pride, and stronger than interest.

Rather quaint, old-fashioned words, those, but they are nearer to the truth than the middle-class skepticism which drew them forth.

THE GIRL WHO HAS NO RIGHTS

WELL! WELL!

Those middle-class reformers who have been trying for years to get the federal government to take a hand in harrassing the trade of prostitution have succeeded at last in a most amazing fashion.

Their first step was to persuade the government to join in an international agreement with other countries to return all alien women who come here, or are sent here, for the purposes of prostitution. Each of the countries in the agreement is pledged to prosecute those responsible for sending the alien women hither. In that way, it is pointed out, the civilized world will stamp out those mysterious "syndicates" which are said to traffic internationally in girls and women.

So far all is plain enough.

But two years ago another step was taken. The bourgeois reformers persuaded Congress to pass the so-called "Mann act" or "White Slave Traffic act," which makes it a criminal offense for anyone to send a girl or a woman across a state line with the purpose of inducing her to enter upon a life of prostitution.

If a man sends a girl from Chicago, Ill., to a house of ill-fame in Springfield, Ill., he may violate a state law, but the federal government can do nothing about it. But if he sends a girl from Chicago to a house in Gary, Ind., he has engaged in a form of "interstate commerce" and the federal government pounces upon him.

All this, too, is plain enough. To be sure, it is a roundabout sort of a law, like so many federal statutes. The federal government has to steer clear of the right of each state to decide its own social matters for itself. It can only take cognizance, under the constitution, of matters which, like interstate commerce, concern the several states. And so it happens that while it is no more heinous to send a girl from Chicago to Gary, Ind., than from Chicago to Springfield, Ill., the federal government can do nothing about the latter.

But the federal government can do nothing about the latter. It can only take cognizance, under the constitution, of matters which, like interstate commerce, concern the several states. And so it happens that while it is no more heinous to send a girl from Chicago to Gary, Ind., than from Chicago to Springfield, Ill., the federal government can do nothing about the latter.

reconciled to one of the most extraordinary bureaucratic innovations which we have seen since Roosevelt made official lawlessness the fashion. That bureaucratic innovation is the so-called federal vice bureau which the Department of Justice has established.

This bureau, from its headquarters in Washington and Chicago, announces that it is engaged in making a card-index registration of all the women and girls in the United States who make their living by prostitution. Inspectors are going around securing from each girl her name, age, description and previous residences for a period of years. They are getting this not only from the girls in the recognized brothels, but from those who scarcely regard themselves as prostitutes—girls who are regularly employed in stores, for example, and are driven to supplement their earnings by the wages of the street.

Of course there is not a word in the Mann law authorizing such a registration.

It is merely a piece of convenience for the Department of Justice, which believes that when once it gets all the prostitutes labeled and ticketed it will have an easier time in running down cases of interstate traffic. Another probable motive is that of bureaucratic pride in the display of energy in harrassing a traffic which has more supporters than friends.

But this thing may well prove a far greater harrassment to the girls than to those few who traffic in them. Most American communities feel very strongly opposed to anything like an official registration of prostitutes, partly because it subjects the girls to blackmail, official as well as unofficial, and partly because it tends to submerge them in it for life.

This instinct is sound. It has the unqualified support of students like the great Havelock Ellis, for example. But here it is impudently disregarded by a federal bureau, and the bourgeois press has not the intelligence or the manhood even to criticise it, much less to protest.

The trouble is that people would rather be sentimental over the prostitute than be just to her.

Thousands of her sort marry and leave the old life, with its dangers, far behind them. Isn't there enough ignominy about the life without adding to it the knowledge that somewhere a card-index exists with the damnable evidence of one's past? The possibilities of scandal and blackmail are endless and no bland official assurances to the contrary are worth a pin.

But apparently the Magdalene—to borrow her poetic name—has no real friends among the bourgeois, no one ready to argue for her right to anonymity, to a veil over her past and an open door to the future; no one to contend that even she shall be treated by the federal government with as scrupulous regard for her rights under the federal law as Morse, the convicted banker.

Our Congressman Berger might well look into this latest development of bourgeois morality.

THE PASSING OF PURITANISM

MANY writers—and several Socialist writers among them—predict that when women are enfranchised, another wave of Puritanism will sweep over society.

They contend that while men have been slowly struggling out of the straight-laced attitude toward life which characterizes the bourgeois regime, the mass of women still cling conservatively to ascetic

ideals, and this in spite of the fact that those ideals have worked more hardships upon women than upon men, have made their lives gray and have penalized heavily their sisters.

Evidence to support this prediction is only too easy to find. Those ladies—those grim, indomitable ladies—who belong to Societies for the Suppression of This or That!—they are not lightly to be dismissed. What won't they do when they get the chance! George Meredith describes them:

"Ladies, I listened to a ring of dames;
Judicial in the robe and wig; secure
As venerated portraits in their frames;
And they denounced some insurrection new
Against sound laws which keep you good and pure.
Are you of them? Are they of you?"

"Sirs, they are of us, as their dress denotes,
And by as much, let them together chime;
It is an ancient bell within their throats,
Pulled by an aged ringer; with what glee
Befits the yellow yesterdays of time.
He who's for us, for him are we!"

But those who hope for a freer social life than we have ever had need not attach an overwhelming significance to this threatened reaction.

They should remind themselves, in the first place, that the processes which have been affecting the ideals of men have been modifying likewise those of women. This has gone so far that there are groups of women everywhere who stand as much opposed to the senseless asceticism of the last hundred years as any average group of men.

Who can deny, for example, that the vast body of working women have been going through something closely approximating that evolution which Joseph Medill Patterson traced so clearly in the character of the Catholic heroine of his novel, "Rebellion"? The business world, the world of free, large affairs, of reasonable discipline, of respect for self, taught that girl to regard as medieval and ignominious a code of marriage which otherwise she would have accepted without question.

We may despise the hypocrisies of this world of business. There are things about it which are still despicable enough. But, with all its shortcomings, it has a subtle chemistry for the disintegration of the outworn code it pretends to cherish.

The process, of course, opens up "problems" and raises "questions" and plays the deuce and all with the status quo. A thousand novelists are on the trail, noses to the ground and paws a-flying. Publishers shrewdly figure on how much of it they can exploit, and the scientists who have been studying the origin of morality find themselves at last with a wide and attentive audience.

Puritanism had its taproot in an economic order which is slowly changing. It represents, in part, the adjustment of the human spirit to an economic order in which men had not mastered their environment, in which they were struggling with a deficit. But today the problem is not the reduction of the "social deficit," but the distribution of "a social surplus." We have gone, as Patten puts it, from a "pain economy to a pleasure economy."

Of this new order the working class has a glimpse. It has, in the past, imitated the bourgeoisie in many things and accepted meekly certain standards which were opposed, not only to its material interests, but to its healthy instincts as well. Those who fear that the mere enfranchisement of women means any great check upon the working out of a new and freer social order are neglecting factors of great strength and intensity.

THE UNITY OF ASIA

By Herokichi Myderco



R. JIRO MATSUDA, care the Japan Weekly:
Come at once. Important.
Room No. 14, Imperial Hotel,
Tokyo.

That was all. Although my profession was that of a busy journalist, I never dreamed of receiving so mysterious a telegram as this from an unknown person at this famous hotel.

By noon, however, I left my office and made my way to the center of

Tokyo. When I reached there the magnificent marble clock in the semi-European hall had just struck one, and I was ushered into No. 14, on the second floor.

The room was spacious and well lighted. There was a sort of artistic seclusion from the dusty, commercial streets of the vicinity in the way the velvet curtains, foamy laces, and mahogany were arranged in the room.

As soon as the uniformed servant left, shutting the heavy door behind me, I heard a man address me: "Jiro! Jiro!"

A large, stout Chinese, dressed in the richest of mandarin red, with purple silk pantaloons, approached me.

An odd noise escaped my throat as my eyes wandered from the pale telegraph sheet to the strong Chinese face without finding the least connection between them.

"Jiro! Hiashi-ye'-na!"

The Chinese grasped my elbows and grinned with a peculiar, gloomy smile. He spoke Japanese elegantly—and my name!

Instantly my mind shot back through the nebulous waste of Time to a sleepy space, like the drone of old music, and seeking among the faint, dead shadows of the past, recognized in the stranger's deepset eyes my lost elder brother.

"My God! B—Brother! Brother!"

He then laughed heartily at my surprise, so much that I dropped my hat and cane on the floor, and then, with a strong, silent grip, he squeezed my hands after the English fashion.

"Hisashi-ye'-na, eh, Jiro! You are a big boy now, aren't you, eh Jiro?"

These words were repeated by him in every possible tone, as if he could speak no others, until I uttered in my turn, "What in the world are you doing here in a Chinaman's disguise? Why, since you left twenty years ago, we thought you were dead. What a surprise! Ah, but I am so glad to meet you again. Please explain everything to me!"

As my words were naturally trembling and high-pitched with emotion, he glanced around the room, looked down from the window, then cautiously drew his chair to my side and began to speak in his old, old, drooping, monotonous voice, which brought back the image of the sad, gray vistas of the hazy, youthful days of our home in distant Toma-mura.

"Now, not so high, Jiro! Walls might have ears, too, as the proverb goes."

His voice! His words! His gestures! In an instant there flitted through my brain with him the forgotten, melancholy sound of the waves of the wintry ocean and of the avenues of the gale-blown pines around our village where we grew up together.

"You see," he continued, "I am not a Japanese any longer, at least in my looks, I mean. I have just arrived from Manchuria under the pretense of being a Chinese capitalist, also a member of the revolutionists. My name in public is Mr. Yun-Toa-Shaw of Hong-Kong. And when I get back to China I am the commander-general of the Mongol Bover army, Division Ming.

"Now, above all, Jiro, I warn you not to speak to me before the public, or my Chinese secretary, in

Japanese. Assume the air of a chance acquaintance and speak either in Chinese or English, because I have a strong reason for hiding my nationality. Oh, how many things I have to tell you! It seems a century—no, an eternity—since we last saw each other. But, first of all, tell me how is our home—my mother and Ofuji. What a wretch! I never wrote to them nor to you for twenty years."

My reply came after many moments of painful silence, heavy with overstrained surprise. What could I do but touch my brother's hard, sunburnt hand, smile and weep in turn, while I vacantly gazed at him, my mouth agape like a fool.

"Dear old Taro-san! As to our home, I have very little to say. Mother died two years after you left us saying that you were going to join an exploration party at Hakodate. She worried about you till her last breath came. Ofuji-san is still waiting for you. She said the very next morning after you left us that you were coming back. Although mother begged and urged her to give up the hope of your return and marry me, she kept shaking her pretty head. And I, too, was strong enough to resist the temptation of her beauty, for I knew somehow, perhaps by an instinct, that you were surely coming back again.

"Then, after mother died, nothing remained to detain us in that poor, sea-smelling village except a meager stretch of rice field. So we sold it and came to Tokyo. Here I studied for ten long years, working in the public library at daytime. Ofuji-san tried pretty nearly every kind of job that a lady could get. Now, after long years' toil, she has her own home school at Shiba, Tokyo, and teaches a numbers of girl students in embroidery. Oh, if mother could only see you coming back! And Ofuji-san, too, how glad she would be to see you!"

When I finished I saw that he was deeply moved, and in his eyes, fixed upon the top of a somber pine tree in the garden, there glittered a man's watery tenderness.

"My poor mother is dead! Forgive me, mother! Poor, dear mother! And noble Ofuji! Oh, how ashamed I would be to see her! I simply haven't the face to meet her who was once upon a time my

fiancee! Forgive me, you, too, Jiro! But you are now comparatively well up in your position, are you not? The position of editor of "The Japan" is not so bad for a youth who worked his way up from the bottom of the desolate Toma village."

He looked at me now with his bold, soul-reading gaze, while he lighted his Manila cigar. There was apparently a deep gulf between us. What he was I knew not. To talk with him as a couple of youngsters again, silhouetting each other's tanned faces against the droning blue of the Pacific in the world of memory, was one thing, while to eye him in the rich, barbarous splendor of the Chinese robe was another.

"What have you up your sleeve now? I feel as if we live now in an entirely different world, of an infinite distance apart. Tell me about your situation."

"Hah, good! But, my dear Jiro, promise me one word before I speak to you. Do not reveal my plan to any one on earth! Good, then, I will explain."

At that he took out a morocco case from an inside pocket, and laid upon the table a booklet of fine tissue paper, lowering his voice as he spread it out with his hand.

"This is the map of Asia, and my first and last hope on earth! I am contemplating a Napoleonic unity of Asia!"

The booklet expanded about the size of a tablecloth, and I could see a precise reproduction of the one-third portion of the globe copied in most minute details, marked with many colored pencils here and there, as if snails had crawled upon it.

"What do you mean, brother?"

"I mean to establish a grand republic of our Asiatic races. Mark! Uniting all the minor monarchies, empires, kingdoms, foreign settlements, tribes, into a vast, strong union!"

I did not believe in him when the last words escaped his curved lips. Yet I knew that Taro took the Spartan blood of our father, who died bravely at the insurrection of the New-era with Buyo-Yenomoto. At this moment that sentimental side of his self, which he revealed a little while ago in a silent tear drop, could be seen no more in his five feet six inches of resolute manhood. His eyes gleamed upon the map, and the hands gripped tighter upon my knees.

"Brother, I cannot believe you."

"You can't? Ah, I thought as much! You, a yellow journalist, who knows nothing of the subterranean current of the political world, are not to be blamed much for it. However, Jiro, look me straight in the eyes, and swear to me that you are not talking to a mad man.

"Then do you think that with all my hard, grinding experience of the past twenty infernal years, which were spent in traveling from the frozen Behring sea to the last cape of Tasmania, I am talking sheer nonsense to you?"

"That may not be. But the proposition of the unity of Asia—this vast northern territory of the world—is rather a heavy one to lay upon a table and discuss it."

"Well, who discusses it? I don't. I am only showing you how much I have accomplished toward my purpose and how much more is needed for my success."

"Then you say that you have done something which—which—"

"Which will accelerate the unity of Asia, the dawn of the awakening of our yellow races, and am now preparing for the next step. That's what I mean."

"Does you plan bear any relation to the present Chinese revolution, then?"

Taro shook off the cigar ashes and was about to open his mouth with much vehemence, when suddenly the telephone rang in the adjoining lobby.

"Hello! Who? Viscount Tokuda? Yes, I am

Young Toa Shaw. You—what? I cannot hear well—

He spoke in the broken Chinese English I had often heard the Chinese college students speaking.

"Oh, the marquis is coming bye-an'-bye! Goot! Goot! So your honor think the loan is all light! How muchee? Fortee thousand million foels? Not fifty? Why? But the national liability is goot, you know. You will explain? With the marquis! Goot. Fow Sha de! Good-by! Wait, hold the wire! How about the ammunition?"

I was amusing myself a great deal at the sing-song rhythm of my brother's English, and was much astonished at what he was negotiating over the telephone. But as I raised by head from the map toward the door I almost shrieked, for there, close on the velvet curtain which hung between the lobby and the door, I saw two human figures opening the heavy curtains, as if some one were listening intently to my brother's telephoning. Instantly I got up and walked to my brother.

"Some one is li-tening to you over there!"

My whisper startled him, and he let the receiver go with the last word, "Well, then, I expeg you two by tomorrow morning. Good-bye."

Quickly we flung apart the heavy curtains, to find no one there. Then the door; not a shadow could be seen in the vast hallway.

"Are you sure you saw some one?"

"I saw two fingers, slender, womanlike fingers, right here on this spot, where one can just spy at you telephoning."

"It is funny. Lee, my secretary, is in the Imperial palace by this time, and Ming departed for Yokohama this afternoon. Oh, never mind. It is one of those visions which often act upon your over-excited brain."

Then he resumed the outline of his plan.

"Assassination in the Orient is not done deftly enough to utilize the skill of science. In most cases, therefore, the assassins are caught, except one in a recent case; that was the assassin of Prince Ito in Korea. A few Koreans were caught. But, poor devils, they were innocent. Who do you suppose did the work and cleverly escaped? It was I!"

"No one in the bodyguard of the dead prince noticed that there was a soldier who ran away to call a doctor. And the fools took the innocent bystanders."

"Although there is much danger in taking this drastic means in the world of politics, one is often justified when the culprit stands in the way with his despotism. Anarchy, however, which is the inevitable consequence of assassination, should be avoided, for this is only the means to an end. I act in len (shadow) when I am compelled to do so, but mostly play my part in Yoa (public)."

"Now, today, when the storm of the revolution is upheaving all over Asia, and requires a man's quick maneuvering, I am no less justified than was Napoleon in his false bulletins, in using the means of assassination. By that, Jiro, I mean to kill the present prime minister of the Chinese government, Soa Lieu, the greediest monster that ever appeared in the money-worshipping Chinese kingdom. I sent my man Ming this morning as an assassin, in the disguise of a special Japanese envoy to negotiate the national matter in regard to the uprising revolution. If he succeeds in the execution he will be guarded by my own army, which awaits at the gate of the palace, and will easily escape."

"In the meantime my plan is to capture the town of Pekin and kill Young Lee, the viceroy of Chih-Lis, which is in the province of Pekin."

"Then with my army I call for the assistance of the southern revolutionists, such as Sun-Yat-Sen, Riku Cho Shin Ic. When these nineteen provinces of China are entirely revolutionized, then will Asia wake up by herself. Look at Siam, Thibet, India, Turkey, Manchuria, Afghanistan! What are they waiting for if not for a brand to explode the strong, international bond which has been buried during many centuries under the heavy stratum of history, tradition, and racial heredity? And that, also, is the time when my hope of the annexation of Japan to the great new republic is possible!"

There was a huge dream shining in my brother's eyes. It was beautiful to behold the troops of wisdom, power, emotion, cunning, love of freedom, all enveloped in that dream and marching upon the map of Asia as he talked. My multi-colored imagination, incited by his manly voice, was traversing the distant area of the tall areca palms, silent, sun-blazed desert, gray, smoky Indian ocean, jumbling streets of Canton, desolate shadow of the ten thousand ri China wall, discovering everywhere the red, red flag of the great Asiatic republic glittering in the sun.

Suddenly we simultaneously jumped to our feet, for we heard a loud knocking at the door.

"Lee, I guess."

With this murmur my brother walked toward the door. As he opened it a man, clad in a European uniform, tottered into the room as though he was swooning.

"Ming! What is the matter?"

(Continued on page 16)

THE CONSERVATION OF SOCIAL ENERGY

By SAMUEL W. BALL

NATURE is prodigal. She expends an enormous amount of energy accomplishing a comparatively insignificant result. Nowhere in nature is the principle of economy employed. Nature wantonly destroys in the perfection of a single species or specimen. The sun radiates an inconceivable amount of heat and light, of which amount the earth receives but an infinitesimal portion. The variety of nature's activities is unlimited, resulting in multitudinous phenomena only a few of which are perpetuated. Trees are loaded with pollen, of which but a small portion is utilized in fecundation. With lavish hand nature sows the seed, but with the harvest she has no concern. Rabbits breed very rapidly, but the rabbit population of the earth remains stationary. The codfish lays millions of eggs, but only a few thousand mature. Rivers wind and twist and turn about and travel many times their distance from the sea. The plan of nature, if it may be called a plan, appears as a series of guesses or experiments, with no regard to cost. Lester F. Ward says: "The economy of nature is the absence of all economy."

Out of this infinite variety of nature's activities arises the brain of man. Through untold centuries the forces of nature in action, interaction and reaction, combined to produce the phenomena of mind. The human mind possesses the property of foresight and the ability to economize time and to make the forces of nature serve definite ends. In the human mind for the first time in nature is purpose manifest. Out of purpose is born a new principle—the principle of directed energy.

Nature employs a maximum of resources and gets a minimum result, but man, mind directed, takes a minimum of resources and gets a maximum result. Thus we see that the processes of nature and of men's minds are directly opposed. Nature is wasteful and extravagant; mind is economical. Nature is purposeless; mind is purposeful. Nature expends energy at random; man conserves and directs it.

Nature's resources are unlimited; her processes occupy aeons of time. Man's resources are limited; his activities are for but a day. This tendency of the human mind to economize time and energy is manifest in everything man seeks to accomplish. Human effort is constantly directed toward an easier, better or less expensive method of satisfying man's wants. Man introduced system, order and economy into the world. He plants his grain and reaps his harvest in the most favorable seasons. He conserves heat by both clothing and shelter. He bores his way under mountains, or bridges his way across streams, or builds a canal as straight and direct as circumstances and his knowledge of science will enable him. He loads his locomotives to the maximum and as he progresses he cheapens the cost of all he uses. He seeks to satisfy his wants with the least possible difficulty and pain to himself.

Up to this point in man's development his efforts have been for the most part directed toward satisfying his individual wants. As an individual he seeks his own ends without regard to his relation to society. In this, as we shall presently see, man is overlooking facts which if recognized would enable him to satisfy his wants with less discomfort to himself and with less waste of energy. There is a point beyond which he may not go in seeking his individual good, without results which react to defeat his own object.

Man is becoming more and more a social being. Larger and larger numbers of individuals are becoming dependent upon conditions which affect the whole or a large part of society. The individual can no longer progress without the aid of those about him, nor can his own welfare be sacrificed without a corresponding injury to society. Before he can advance from his present condition he must recognize his social relationship and learn to utilize the strength or power resulting from concerted and directed mind activity.

No family or group of individuals can progress far if any considerable portion of their number be for any reason deprived of life, health, knowledge, freedom, moral aspiration, or opportunity. When we reflect what a percentage of our population is allowed to be withdrawn from useful service to society through incompetence or indigence, we realize to some extent what a loss society suffers through failure to provide adequate means for the preservation of life, health, and welfare of its members constituting "the unfortunate class."

It has been aptly said that the thief is the "genius of the slums. His mind and energy, if rightly directed, would be a valuable asset to society. The lives lost annually in accidents which might be easily prevented constitute an enormous sacrifice on the

part of society that can be compared only to the prodigal waste of nature.

That society should continue to permit children to grow up in an environment destined to develop abnormal mental and physical tendencies, to dwarf the mind and crush out the finer sensibilities, as well as seriously to impair the health of those on whom is to rest the future of our nation, is inconsistent with the progress we have made in the application of scientific principles in the management of our great industries.

If by "scientific management" we should save to society that large army of our number who are now herded in jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, workhouses and military barracks, the value to society would be stupendous. That a large and growing number of unemployed are permitted to tramp aimlessly over the country or to seek labor that lasts but a short portion of the year and are left for the rest of the time to starve or prey upon the rest of society, is a sacrifice in energy like to that which the sun expends in lighting limitless space.

The standing armies of the world perform no constructive service, but are withdrawn from active, useful life for the purpose of wantonly destroying the most valuable asset of society—the lives of its members. Armies and navies at best but protect against invasions, the while insidious evils within our borders grow up and threaten the very foundation on which our institutions rest.

The ancient and barbaric custom of destroying lives that cannot be controlled is a confession of the ignorant and savage state in which we still dwell. Science has demonstrated that criminal tendencies are due to disease or to conditions that are not overcome by punishment. Statistics prove that punishment and the fear of punishment do not prevent crime, yet as a nation we make no attempt to establish a penal system based on these conclusions.

The application of mind to social betterment is the crying need of the age. The time has come when scientific management must be applied to the affairs of society as well as to industry if we would continue to progress.

It is not sufficient to leave the work of social improvement to a few benevolent persons of means but unequipped with scientific knowledge to guide them. Charity is at best but a soothing syrup, a palliative of evils that are sapping our social energy and destroying our national security.

In society as well as in our individual lives we must substitute for the planless methods of nature, the economical methods of the mind. Man has brought system, order and economy into the industrial field and there is now before him the splendid possibility of achievement in applying his mind to the task of introducing science and art into the management of our social institutions.

Nature advances as she wastes her energy; her object is to produce variety. Society will only advance as we learn to conserve our energy and to direct it into channels which will insure the welfare of every member. Our object should be the perfection of mankind.

The man who waits for the other fellow to free him usually sinks deeper into the mire.

THE SOCIALISTS

By Barnet Braverman.

We have come and the burden we've taken,
And we never will lay it down
Till the crowns of thorns have been shaken
From the brows that sorrows have known.

From our dreams we rise in the morning,
And strong is our purpose and true;
We must stop the woes and the moaning
Of the many who slave for the few.

We are come with a message of freedom
From the thrall of a black slavery;
For the men who toil and the women who toil
Shall yet decide to be free.

So we hope and we dare and we labor,
Each in his own little way,
To lead on the forces of Labor
To the sunrise of Freedom's new day.

POLICE DEPARTMENTS AND DECENCY

By EMIL SEIDEL

A GAIN the city of New York, the master accomplishment of capitalism, has arrested the attention of the world and furnished food for gossip.

As a result of the Rosenthal murder, the veil that hides the social underworld from public view has been lifted.

As a further result, the world has been given an opportunity to get a glimpse of conditions which everyone knows to exist, if he knows anything at all.

Nor is there any reason in particular why New York should blush; her crimes are not peculiar to her. This same thing can be found to exist in every other city of the continent.

The only cities in which any attempts at real improvement have been made are those in which the Socialists have succeeded in making themselves heard and felt, for there the social conscience is waking up.

THE virtuous citizens of New York City have felt themselves called upon to come to the rescue of capitalist virtue.

They have held an indignation meeting. They feel instinctively that their police department, the mainstay of the present order, has come into bad repute.

Therefore they have held the meeting. At it District Attorney Whitman was the hero of the hour. He proved himself equal to the occasion. Very craftily he diverted the attention from the real ill to a side issue when he said:

"It is not a question of who or what Rosenthal was, or who may be mayor, or who may be police commissioner, or who may be district attorney; it is not a question of Becker or a few men who may or may not have been accomplices. It is a question of whether it is possible for four hired murderers to commit an atrocious crime in the heart of the city and get leisurely away. That is the challenge to the civilized nation of the twentieth century."

The very fact that the issue could be voiced through such shallow platitudes and then be applauded; the further fact that no one present has taken a more serious view of the situation; these facts alone prove the utter moral bankruptcy of the respectables of New York.

Lyman Abbott who was also present, said something about "prohibiting gambling, and then allowing it to go on," being hypocrisy. He said further, "It is up to us to declare that the law shall be a terror to evil doers."

The good Dr. Abbott may rest easy. Today the law is a terrible terror to the poor of the land. To the rich, whom it dare not touch, it is a huge joke.

EVERY one present at the indignation meeting was permeated with the dignity of the hour. "The speeches were heard with respectful attention and interrupted only by **DIGNIFIED** applause," so said the press reports. That is very proper; and we dare say that if any one present should have dared to snigger at the comedy, this body should have been thrown out forthwith.

Then a vigilance committee was appointed. This committee has the duty to "call upon the police department to put forth additional efforts looking to the arrest of all those implicated in the Rosenthal murder." So this committee is really to do something!

The climax of the farce came when a telegram was read. A banker wired his determination to "co-operate with the authorities to correct permanently the infamies lately revealed." This did not apply to the revelations of the "muckrakers," let the reader understand.

A bishop was also heard from. Then the meeting adjourned. The self-satisfied citizens went to their homes and laid themselves down in their snug beds and slept the sleep of the righteous.

And while they are sleeping, that night and every other night, the same old game goes on in the underworld, in the same old way. It is the game of "BIG growing fat on LITTLE."

And we can see these same indignant "respectables" get up the next morning, after a night of good rest in a soft bed, in a cozy home in the finest part of the city, and turn out to play the same game in the higher realms of finance, commerce and industry. Dr. Lyman Abbott's law terror does not apply to them.



ONE is at a loss to decide which is the most amazing: the ghoulish greed, the brutal stupidity or the hypocritical decency of this so-called prominent class.

This orgy of graft, crime, gambling and vice is only the reflex of that deep-rooted economic system, based on profit, rent and interest, the system for which these same respectables would sacrifice everything that is sacred and holy.

The police forces of our American cities are today an organization of brute force, used chiefly for the purpose of maintaining this damnable system.

There is today no beneficiary of this system that does not expect a chief of the police to help him break a strike of his employees. Such abuse of a public department by the privileged citizens of a community is itself a graft. These employers are the ones that have debased the police forces of our cities to such a degree that it is almost impossible to develop them into a force for the furtherance of progress and civilization.

There isn't a city in the land today where the superior State authorities would permit a mayor, were he so inclined, to use a police department for the purpose of elevating or even maintaining the present standard of living of the working class.

The degrading abuses to which our police departments are subjected, and against which even a great number of the rank and file in their manhood revolt, secretly if not openly, cannot fail to have a debasing influence upon the morals of a department as a whole.

The fortunes that even some of our best police officials have been able to amass and which are out of all proportion to the salaries they receive, are prima facie evidence that something is wrong. Where did they get it?

They are only human. If surrounded by graft it is only natural that the disease should catch them.

IF we ever wish to place our police departments outside the pale of graft, it will be necessary to go at the work far more thoroughly than has been done up to the present time.

As to a purpose, our police departments have barely risen above the plane of a catchpoll of the law. They are the hands that are supposed to do the dirty work for the law.

The law itself is never endowed with brain. Only too frequently those who have written the law, themselves display a deplorable lack of brain.

Whether or not the law is just or equitable, one of its principles is that it must be enforced. A police officer serves the purpose of enforcing it. He is the better officer, the more numerous are the victims that he catches in the meshes of the law.

How training will affect men and make a difference in their conduct is not difficult of demonstration. An instance: A man has dropped prostrate to the ground. A police officer seeing him suspects him of being drunk. A physician sees the same man and his first thought is that he is sick.

Either of the two may be right or wrong. Both will discover the truth; only with this difference, that the physician will discover it upon examination, while police officers are known not to have discovered the truth until they found the man dead in the station cell.

There is also a difference in the treatment that the two will accord the victim. The police officer arrests the man while the physician ministers to his need.

In order to maintain the terror for the law it is

necessary that brutality play a prominent part in the training of a police officer. This is so well understood that many an officer whose manhood revolted against the spirit of it, has resigned rather than hold what is otherwise considered a well-paying job.

WOULD we eliminate graft from our police departments? Then let us stop bungling.

To begin, make a police officer serve a higher purpose than has hitherto been the case. Then let one-half of a police force be women. Then train the entire force to guide, minister, teach and admonish rather than threaten, punish and arrest. We need more of the qualifications that go to make fathers and mothers, physicians and teachers in our police officers.

Then let us eliminate from amusement, recreation and relaxation the commercial consideration. It is a crime to civilization that all of the entertaining inventions are today used for the purpose of making a profit and enriching individuals.

Then let us throw open the school buildings to the use of fathers, mothers and our youth. Develop the social center.

We are spending in our cities all the way from \$1.50 to \$2.50 per capita every year to maintain our police forces. Instead of these making our men and women better, we find that they themselves begin to rot.

One-half of the money today spent for the purpose of apprehending criminals, would go much further if spent for prevention of crime. Will we ever learn the lesson?

IT is not difficult to foretell what the upshot of New York's police scandal and indignation meeting will be.

The prosecuting attorney will follow up his exposures with a rigid prosecution of the victims caught. He will, if he knows the game, succeed in getting the culprits convicted and sentenced.

The families, who for the most part are innocent, will be left to weep and live down the shame of their fathers.

The district attorney has reached the first round in the ladder that leads to political success. At the proper time he will be called upon by the progressive citizens to head the ticket for reform.

In the meantime the canker of graft, crime and vice will continue to eat deeper and deeper into the body social.

Respectable merchants, manufacturers and bankers will continue to make all the trade will stand, while the landlord will rent to those that can afford to pay most, not barring criminals and prostitutes.

Prostitution and gambling will flourish as before; and as the trade demands it procurers will furnish the necessary white slave victims. Police officials will get their rake-off as before, either in trade or its equivalent.

Vice itself is altogether too commonplace to be an effective drawing card for public indignation meetings. Therefore the respectable citizen will continue to enjoy his sport, his club, visit the theaters and sit at banquets.

Everything will be just lovely for those for whom the law has no terror. Then some sensational suicide or murder will again shock society. Again an indignation meeting will be called and the good citizens will be in attendance, passing resolutions condemning some officials. The whole show will be re-enacted.

Thus the decay of capitalism continues. Nothing can stop it.

If civilization is to be insured and progress to continue it cannot be through capitalism. The very forces that are at the bottom of capitalism also prepare the working class for its mission. The working class through its philosophy of Socialism will furnish the stamina that is required to carry the world farther and civilization higher.

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THE NEW WOMAN of THE OLD SOUTH By Covington Hall

IN the long and bitter struggle of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers against the Southern Lumber Operators' Association none have suffered more or borne their part in the battle more heroically than the wives, mothers and daughters of the fighting lumberjacks of the South.

In the long and terrible lockout, lasting from July, 1911, to February, 1912, when hundreds of families were reduced to the direst want and misery by the silken savages of the lumber trust in its brutish effort to starve the men out of the union and back into submission, the women, with their babies living on cornbread and molasses, still urged their husbands, fathers and brothers to keep up the battle for "A man's life for all the workers in the mills and forests," no matter what the cost, no matter what Kirby, Long and their brother wolves demanded as the price of liberty.

When the blacklist was added to the lockout, when thousands of workers were hounded from state to state, when the only way a man could get a job was to dishonor himself by taking an oath of allegiance to the lumber trust, by swearing obedience and loyalty to his sworn enemies, the women took up that other battle cry of the Union: "Don't be a pecn—be a MAN!" and the desperate fight for justice still went on.

When all law was suspended, when the states of Louisiana and Texas abdicated their authority to the Southern Lumber Operators' Association and allowed this combine of grafters and gunmen to proclaim martial law throughout the timber belt, when the worst in this scum and slum class came to the surface and the reign of terror that reached its climax in the "riot" at Grabow was inaugurated, when no one's life or person was safe anywhere in the empire of the lumber trust, the women still urged the men on to battle and in many instances took their places beside them on the "firing line."

When sixty-five of our best and bravest boys were arrested, thrown into jail and charged with murder on account of the "riot" at Grabow, when men were torn from their sick mothers, wives and children, taken from their homes in the dead of the night by the deputy sheriffs of the Association, still the women did not quail but shrieked defiance at



Union Prisoners in Lake Charles Jail, and the Big Dinner Given Them by the Women of De Ridder, La.

Copyright by Geo. Hanen.

their enemies, still louder rose the cry of the Brotherhood: "ONE BIG UNION, life and freedom for ALL the workers!"

This, the splendid fighting spirit shown by our women in this fight, this alone should have caused the lucre crazed lumber kings to pause and consider the demands of the workers, for the rebellion of the women, the insurrection of the home maker and keeper, has ever been the last sign preceding the bursting of the storms of SOCIAL REVOLUTION; but the stand of the women only seemed to madden the hyenas of the Association more and to increase to blinder fury, if that were possible, the lawless apostles of "law and order."

And still and so the fight goes on. The Association through the putrid "Democratic" press howling for "law and order," yet only able to maintain its infamous peonage system because the governors of the Southern States have allowed it to overthrow all laws, all civil rights, all constitutional guarantees, even to those natural rights that are respected even by the bushmen of Australia and the Apaches of Paris.

Hiding behind the cloak of race prejudice, beating the tom-toms of "white supremacy," the Association has murdered in cold blood, white men whose only crime was that they sought to organize all the

workers in the mills and forests, in which way alone they could remedy the frightful conditions under which all were forced to labor by the oligarchs of the South. Prating forever of patriotism, waving the flag on all occasions, hercely denouncing all Unionists and Socialists as "destroyers of the home," many of these eminently desirable citizens have not disdained to add to the wealth they "lawfully" acquired by stealing forests, by running such "legitimate" side lines as bawdy houses and "blind tigers," and this, we are told, is "Christian civilization," against which to protest is blasphemy and to revolt is high treason!

Belial, the god of lust and hypocrisy, had he set out to plan a system intended to destroy and degrade the race, or Pharaoh and Joseph when they started in to skin Egypt to the soul, could have learned something in the science of making bricks without straw while feeding the workers on stones and keeping them in torment from the Southern Lumber Operators' Association. Its whole policy has been to destroy the homes of the workers and degrade them to a level below the free beasts of the fields, and the women, in taking their places beside their men on the battlefield, have but acted on that mother instinct that forever watches over and warns the race of impending danger. And well and nobly have these women in the forests of the South done their duty. All that is in their power to do they have done and are doing. Feeding and caring for the families of the victims of the massacre of Grabow, gathering funds and pleading for the boys in jail, challenging the Association to do its worst and to do it at its peril—this is the part the women of the South have taken and are taking in the fight the forestmen of Dixie are now making against the peon kings and their infamous and degrading system. A greater battle in a nobler cause was never fought.

What answer will the women of the North, the East, the West give to the cry of the fighting forest-women of the South: "Save the lives and liberties of our boys in jail! Their only crime is that they fought for labor, for liberty and for you!"

KIER HARDIE, M. P. By J. C. K.

IT IS sometimes interesting—and startling—to take an inventory of one's mind on a subject, look over the result, and trace its origin.

When I was introduced to Kier Hardie, M. P., I found myself going through a lightning calculation of this kind: Here was a member of Parliament! And not a bit like—was it from the Laura Jean Libbey school that I had gotten my life-long impressions of a member of Parliament? Anyway, hadn't the notion somehow clung that an M. P. was a very "different" kind of person, sort of uppish and far-away, and silk-hatted and embarrassingly self-important, and carrying always about him an atmosphere of romance? Not having dealt in M. P.'s since the hopeful Libbey age, when life is a dream and nothing is impossible, I had not felt the need of a revision of ideas along the M. P. line—until now.

Here was a REAL member of Parliament, and a very live and distinguished one. I knew that an immediate overhauling on the matter was necessary if I was to have an intelligent appreciation of facts as they are.

And yet, there are, after all, M. P.'s and M. P.'s. The Libbey school is right. There is the purely ornate creature whose best argument for existence no doubt is that he furnishes copy for the romantic school of authors. And then there is—Kier Hardie.

He said, "How do you do, Comrade?" And I said, "How do you do, Comrade?" And it was exactly like meeting any soap-boxer that might have dropped in off the road for a new batch of instructions and a bag of literature.

Kier Hardie is a Scotchman, and he looks the part, with his short, sturdy, almost powerful body, and his thick iron-gray hair and beard. He was raised in the mines in the north of Wales, had no school opportunities, and learned to read only after he was well grown up. After that he founded the Independent Labor party of England, which in numbers is much larger than all the other British Socialist organizations combined. He also started the Labour Leader, the organ of the I. L. P., and he represents the I. L. P. in Parliament.

In speaking of woman suffrage, Mr. Hardie said it was very probable that the bill would go through enfranchising English women. The government bill establishing manhood suffrage would give about 4,000,000 men the right to vote. An amendment is to be introduced for the Labor party favoring adult suffrage for both sexes, and the fate of the amendment rests with the Irish party. If they vote for it or leave individual members to vote as they please, it will be carried; but if they vote solidly against it, it will be in grave danger. In reply to a question regarding the condition of the English workers, he said:

Recent strikes, nearly all of which, except the last, have been successful, have brought about a great improvement, not only in the wages of the workers, but in the conditions of their employment. This is partly the result of direct action through the strike and of political action through Parliament. The miners and the railway men both obtained the settlement they did through political action, whereas the failure to secure political action in the recent transport workers' strike led to the complete defeat of the men.

Our M. P. has a most genial nature, and is always happy to meet people and talk with them. At an informal dinner in one of the Chicago restaurants he beamed and smiled and shook hands and talked with the "comrades" and the union men and women who took advantage of the occasion to spend a social hour with him. When the orchestra played "Annie Laurie" and "The Marseillaise" he led in the applause.

In reply to the question whether the I. L. P. accepted the class struggle, Mr. Hardie said: "We certainly do. In fact, the Independent Labor party subscribes to the entire program of the International Socialist movement."

Kier Hardie is a workingman, representing the working class. His business in life and in Parliament is a serious one; he has done and is doing tremendous things. And this marks the difference between Kier Hardie, M. P., and those lily-fingered, silk-hatted creatures of the miscalled nobility whose existence is chiefly justified within the covers of the romantic novel.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS FROM THE SUFFRAGE FIELD By J. C. K.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEFEAT IN OHIO

AUGUST BEBEL in his "Woman and Socialism" says that women were the first slaves. Before men were enslaved women were serving their masters with bended back and aching hearts. It was inevitable that the slavery of men should follow upon the slavery of women.

And it is equally true that men never can be free from the yoke of bondage, until their mothers and sisters are also free from it.

Over in Ohio men defeated the efforts of women for political enfranchisement. The men who are the masters of other men defeated the women. The tremendous liquor interests were against the votes of women in solid phalanx. "Big Business," which has the workingman bound hand and foot, was against the amendment. The Ohio Board of Trade came out openly against it; even the street cars carried a card suggesting the defeat of the suffrage bill.

Why?

The liquor interests are afraid of the woman vote. Nowhere has the suffrage movement aligned itself with the prohibition movement, yet the promoters of vice via the saloon instinctively dread the political power of women.

"Big Business," which fattens off the working class, is afraid of the woman vote for several reasons: First, "Big Business" is almost invariably connected either intimately or remotely with the vice interests, and naturally fears to have the woman vote interfere with its dark offspring. Second, the majority of women voters would belong to the working class, and the working class today is growing conscious of itself.

The working class woman vote no doubt would be more difficult to handle than the working class man vote. It is less embarrassing to offer a mess of unsavory pottage in exchange for the man vote than it would be to make the same offer to women. Even the organized workingman who should know better will at times vote against his own interests and with those of his masters. Certainly this was the case when the central labor councils of Dayton, Ohio, refused to indorse the amendment for woman suffrage in Ohio. No one but a mad person would expect to win a woman labor council against the enfranchisement of workingmen.

While Socialism does not dictate any man's religion, it holds that men and women have the right to control their own political views. It indorses the stand of Margaret Haley of Chicago, when she said in a recent speech: "I will take my religion from Rome, but my politics I will choose for myself."

The interests of the majority of women of the nation held in the primary elections of Illinois. The working class is the majority of our population. Therefore all the interests that uphold and are upheld by the present capitalist system of exploitation, are opposed to the interest and welfare of the majority of the women of the nation.

If the women of the working class are sufficiently keenwitted they will not need a stronger demonstration of the above facts than were given in the Ohio election on the suffrage amendment. The same situation held in the primary elections of Illinois. The big business and the vice interests of the cities defeated the submission of a suffrage bill to the people.

In California and Washington, where the cities are fewer, and the rural population is larger, the vicious interests and "Big Business" had less chance of success, though they worked desperately, and won out in the cities.

The meaning of the Ohio defeat then, is that the interests of womankind are not identical with those of the vicious elements, nor with those of "Big Business," nor with those of the Catholic church, insofar as the latter interferes with the political and economic rights of women.

Where, then, should the women of the nation stand, and with what elements may they cast their lot?

Socialism, which would abolish the vicious elements through the abolition of the profit system, stands invariably for the full political and economic freedom of womankind. The saloon element will invariably make its fight against Socialism even stronger than it makes it against suffrage. And for stronger reasons. It KNOWS that Socialism will destroy the profits in its trade, and thus destroy the trade itself.

"Big Business" will fight Socialism to the bitter end, as it fights woman suffrage, because Socialism means the death of "Big Business," as it is conducted today, with its few reaping the golden shekels and

the multitude exploited to the point of mere subsistence.

For the millions of women of the working class of this nation there is no hope save in full political and economic freedom—and these the present capitalist system will never grant. But these the International Socialist Party holds as a vital part of its program.

THE South is lining up for woman suffrage. Maryland, South Carolina, Tennessee, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana, Florida and Texas all have their strong suffrage organizations. The women of the South are good fighters, once they are stirred, and we expect to see them leading the progressive forces in that part of our nation in the near future.

IN IDAHO the women have decided to nominate a state ticket made up exclusively of women. That is one of the evils which the opponents of woman suffrage have often predicted.—Exchange.

But why an "evil"? How long, pray, has it been since we ceased having tickets made up exclusively of men? And no one thought of referring to the habit as "evil."

SUFFRAGE VIA VAUDEVILLE.

SEPTEMBER 9 opened a new week of experiences for the suffrage associations of New York City, when these intrepid women held picturesque performances at Hammerstein's Vaudeville Theater. Every evening in the week a "turn" was given to the suffragists, who entertained an entirely new type of audience with speeches by well known actresses like Mary Shaw, Fola La Follete and Beatrice Forbes-Robertson. As a result of the speeches a great many suffrage journals, buttons, badges, etc., were sold to an erstwhile indifferent audience. Truly the suffragist is abroad in the land, and she is making headway.

PRINTED THINGS.

"THE LINK" comes to us from the Socialist women of England. It is a monthly magazine edited by Norman Young, and carries the following motto: "A bond between organized Socialists. A light on the way to homes of Great Britain." There are some good things in it, well written, and we wish it boundless success.

"THE FORERUNNER," published by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and "The Woman Voter," organ of the Woman Suffrage party, are splendid in their September issues. Mrs. Gilman writes the entire contents of her magazine, and there are stories, essays, poems, book reviews, etc., each of which is fine in its own way. "Ideas That Hinder Socialism," in the September issue, is of especial value to Socialists as well as the general public. The "Woman Voter" gives us a "Wage Earners' Number" for September, and is full of good matter on this subject.

A LEAFLET by Alicia Park on "What New Laws Do California Women Want?" is of interest, in that it proves women capable of understanding the needs and uses of the ballot. If the test of suffrage is in what the women are going to do with it, we are having the test in California. This leaflet is printed on enamel paper and sells at 10 cents a dozen. Address the author, 611 Gilman street, Palo Alto, Cal.

SENTENTIOUS SENTENCES

By Anna Morton Barnard.

A great womanhood will make a great motherhood.

Even her defamers were born of woman.

"Too dirty for women" reflects small glory upon man.

The franchise is neither the first nor the last of woman's desires.

Anti-suffrage reminds the thoughtful of anti-opportunity.



THE SUFFRAGETTE AROUSING HER SISTERS

Where woman's weakness becomes her pride the thought of freedom shocks her.

Woman's power in the home is what the moon is with light borrowed from the sun.

Perhaps some men oppose freedom for women because of what they themselves have done with their freedom.

A cook stove and a cradle may be a world in themselves, but that world is too small to live in.

It is not strange that all the tyrants among men are with the anti-suffrage movement, and that they applaud it loudly.

How can we mother the race if we are not to have practical experience of what that race needs? Blind mothers do not lead their children.

The "conservatism of woman" is the conservatism of those who have been taught to look up to masters and lawgivers for their views.

Socialism as a race movement calls woman to the work of uplifting the race, realizing that masters only uplift themselves.

Resolved
That We Disfranchise the Men and Give Women the Ballot

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"ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD" By Bertha Hale Brown

THE mines had been double-shifting for months and the men were feeling prosperous and happy. Work had never been better. True, in one sense, it was not good, for the mines were in bad condition and there was no time to lay off the men for the needed repairs. In two months more the old contract between owners and men would expire and against the inevitable time of conflict the owners were making preparation.

So, blindly perfecting the weapon to be used in their defeat, the men worked on, two shifts each day, under loosened top, grimly facing the menace of the deadly gas listening breathless as the rock cracked and threatened above them. Always they knew as they left their homes that the brief good-bye might well be the eternal farewell.

But today, in a glitter of wintry sunshine, the mine lay idle, for the vampire that lurks and bides its time in the dark of the pit had claimed its own. About the slope a tense throng pushed and scrambled for a clearer view of that dark path below. Upon the ground a woman sat, her old and knotted hands pressed against her breast, her eyes dulled by many

minute. Then again they took up their load of broken clay and slowly passed on upward to where the woman sat upon the ground.



THE October day was half gone and painfully she counted up the few pounds to her credit for six hours toiling in the broad white field. She had entered with the first light, for the heavy dews made the cotton weigh double and she wanted as much of that as possible—little enough at best. The heavy sack, hanging upon her thin, round shoulder, dragged upon the ground and it and her scant skirts, her coarse and broken shoes, were sodden. The sun beat fiercely upon her—across the fields heat waves danced in the glare of the southern noon and the air was clogged with the dank odor of decaying vegetation. Here and there a bent figure shouldered his sack and made his way to the weighing pen. From the big white house upon the hill came the clangor of the dinner bell and the weighman left his scales.

The woman stood looking across the fields. She was alone. A quiver passed over her tired body and with the resignation of long endurance she laid down her task. It was a long way home and her feet in the broken shoes ached cruelly. The sun that had scorched her but now had no power over the chill that gripped her. She raised her thin arms in a gesture of unutterable weariness and then lay down upon the moist ground, pillowing her head

upon the wet and earth-stained sack. After an hour or two the sun would touch her again and she would rise to find shelter from it while the fever burned itself out. Perhaps that would be in time for her to pick a few more pounds before night came down.

HE was so wee a mite and in the chill April wind of early morning his thin little garments were a mockery. He might have been five years old but was the incarnation of a thousand years. Out from his blurred eyes the crushed and tortured millions looked into a world not theirs. Pressed against his half covered breast he had a half dozen rolls in his scrawny hands. As he stumbled up the rickety steps, a woman, coming in out of the night, paused, her brooding eyes upon him. The child struggled unavailingly with the black door, gripping tighter the uncovered rolls to



his breast, and the woman turned the knob for him before she passed on. The street had set its iron heel upon her marred face; the child was a deformity, a caricature of humanity, yet cheated maternity and outraged childhood looked into each others eyes.

But, "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world."



tears; in the monotone of prolonged suspense that has ended in despair, she muttered over and over again, "O my heart, O my heart."

Silence, portentous and grim, fell upon the throng as, from far down in the depths, in the lurid glow of flaring lamps, men came bearing their burden. In the gloom they put the pulseless thing upon the ground while doctors bent above it for a long

The PRESENT MOVEMENT in POLITICS By Barnet Braverman

THE WHY OF THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

CAPITALIST hack writers and politicians are displaying, as usual, the brainlessness for which they are noted. This time said brainlessness is shown in their opposition to Theodore Roosevelt and Perkins, owners of the so-called Progressive party.

Credit belongs to Roosevelt for being a keen student of the crowd. Roosevelt is not the impulsive individual that opponents portray him to be. Few men are more calculating than Roosevelt. He knows the crowd, and capitalist writers and politicians think the crowd is the same today, tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow. But Roosevelt knows what the crowd thinks, feels and yearns. As president he knew that the crowd had it in for the trusts. So for nearly eight years he pacified the crowd by hurling tirades at the trusts, while he accepted campaign contributions from the owners of the trusts. And today Roosevelt knows that the crowd wants a change in the present economic regime. He knows the crowd wants industrial justice. If he be elected—and no one can forecast that he will be defeated—the crowd will be treated to theatrical talks by Roosevelt on industrial justice.

Roosevelt is adopting the same method of fighting Socialism that Bismarck employed in Germany some thirty years ago. Bismarck advocated many reforms, but he stood for the perpetuation of the capitalist system. Roosevelt is advocating reforms and talking about "industrial justice" and "love for truth," but he does not say a thing about the elimination of the present economic system.

Industrial justice will begin to prevail when the man who does the really useful things of the world is paid for the full value of his social product. Roosevelt declares that the small dealer must have industrial justice. He says that big corporations must have industrial justice, and he wants the worker to have industrial justice.

As long as it is to the interest of the capitalist to get all he can out of the worker, it will be to the interest of the worker to compel the capitalist to pay him more wages and reduce the hours of labor.

So you see that each has a different standard of right and wrong. Each has a different code of industrial justice. And industrial justice to the small dealer means that he be left alone to make all he can out of the worker without being molested by the big combine.

What does the Progressive party mean by industrial justice?

The truth is that the phrase "industrial justice" is a figure of speech, just as "bust the trusts" and the "fight for truth" are figures of speech with Roosevelt. The real mission of the Progressive party is to fight Socialism. Perkins and Roosevelt know that the masses are becoming very receptive toward Socialism. They know that Socialism is destined to grow. So in their attempt to prevent its growth they had several Socialistic planks inserted in the platform of the Progressive party. Read the platform of the Progressive party and see how very non-progressive it is—see what a mass of contradictions it contains.

Instead of fighting Roosevelt, Perkins and the Progressive party, the capitalist class and the petty, disgusting bourgeoisie ought to flock to the Bull Moose standard. The Progressive party is a more effective weapon with which to fight Socialism than are either the fossilized Republican or Democratic parties. But capitalists will antagonize Roosevelt until they wake up some fine morning to see that he is the same old Faithful as of yore.

PRESERVE COMPETITION

ONE feature in the platforms of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties is this: They dwell upon the necessity of maintaining competition. Taft, Wilson and Roosevelt laid special stress upon this in their acceptance speeches.

Alas! it is too bad that the president, the governor and the ex-president have such a poor sense of humor. The idea of talking about the necessity of preserving competition and the small dealer!

Nearly every high school boy knows that competition is practically a thing of the past. Yet Puddin'-

head Wilson, Puddler Bill and Softstick Theodore would inaugurate an economic insurrection if they could. The only thing to do in order to restore competition would be to make the trusts give way to thousands of little, narrow, petty dealers. Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt should advocate the destruction of all machines, looms, engines and mammoth factories. They should really tell the American people what they mean by wanting to restore competition. To go back to competition would mean to resort to insurrection, destruction and retrogression. This plan can only be favored by economic dunces—and we have plenty of them holding high positions in the university, press and government.

SOCIALISTS CONSTRUCTIVE

SOCIALISTS do not advocate destruction of the trusts. They do not advocate insurrection, but revolution. Insurrection is always harmful. Revolution is always progressive—always builds, constructs. Socialists propose to change the ownership of the trusts instead of fighting them. The historic mission of the trusts has been to harness the forces of nature and place them at the service of man and to show how much better situated the human race could be without competition. The trusts today often pass into different hands, but the workers they employ remain at their tasks as though nothing had happened. And the ownership of the trusts by the people will take place with as little disturbance.

The competition against which Socialists stand all the time is the competition of men and women for jobs. Roosevelt, Wilson, and Taft have never gone on record against this kind of competition. They want competition for everybody. But the plain truth would be more nearly expressed by stating that these three candidates do not know what they are talking about.

It is easier to listen to advice than to take it.

The thinking man is not easily enslaved.

TO THOSE WHO BREAK RANKS By Bouck White

THROUGH the Socialist Party—voice of the Eternal speaking today—through the Socialist Party I am entering the area of politics. That was my intent, in calling the Comrade Cause into being. My purpose, to move over into the zone of the secular.

I was weary of the church as a habitation for me. Because the church was a thing set apart, a Sunday concern, engrossed with things "sacred" as opposed to the things that are workaday.

SACRED? Untasteful was the term to me. I know not a compartment of "sacredness" shut off from life's secularities.

Where man works and suffers and dies, there is the zone of my interest. Thither my thought goes out. 'Tis there my heart would abide.

Dearer to me are the workdays than the restday. For out of the workdays are the issues of life.

Give me the six days in each week, the devil may have the seventh.

THAT is why the church became too small for me. It was confining quarters. My soul was cramped.

I needed room. Breathing space. Amplitude. Life's out-of-doors.

Musical in mine ear is the workshop's clangor. In my nostrils steam from the cylinder is fragrant.

Pleasing unto me are the semaphore lights in the switchyard. The creak of the crane is tuneful. I like the smell of sweat.

Not alien to me are the merchandisings of earth. The traffic of the streets is a vision of delight. Motor trucks I admire.

I am a worker. With workers I am companionable.

THEREFORE I set my heart to move over into the six-day life of the week.

Long time enough had Sunday been my dwelling place. Long time enough had the walls of the church circumscribed me.

Said I: "An ampler abode I will build me. I will stretch out the walls of my church. My sanctuary shall encompass the whole of life."

"Unto me the great city shall be a cathedral. Its thoroughfares shall be the aisles. Towering chimneys shall be for steeple and spires. The signalings of harbor craft to each other shall be notes of the full-throated organ. And street lamps shall serve me for altar-lights."

SOcialism is this new cathedral I am building. Its architecture, the scopeful abode I have planned for my habitation.

For Socialism takes my decretals in earnest. Into the workingday doings of earth she carries my commandment of fellowship.

A religion between Sundays—that is she. Goodwill to take the place of throat-cuttings. Collective joy instead of this gehenna of throttlings.

And the ballot the weapon omniootent.

POLITICS? Why should I not enter politics?—word of the living Creator. 'Tis a polluted area? Then exactly therefor does it need me.

Is politics aught other than the collective will harnessed and at work? 'Tis the scheme whereunder people live together. Have I no interest there, no part in the dramas that determine the issues of destiny?

I say it unto you: I have a part therein. And shall have.

For the levers of power are there. And of power I am avaricious—insatiable with a lust that knows no satiety.

THEREFORE have I guided my Hosts of the Red into ballotbox doings. Into a political party I have framed them. A party extending into the land's remotest nook, and with all encompassing touch reaching to whatsoever is of mortal concernment.

Month by month I am adding to them—a growth of solid fiber ringing the tree each year, incorporating into the trunk's firm substance.

BUT no political party like the old is it. Distinct is the divergence. Wide, the cleavage. Socialism calls itself a party, and is.

Through the machinery established by law, it operates. But here the likenesses end.

The parties of the old are run by the office-hungry. Mine is not run by the office-hungry.

The parties of the old are supported out of the pockets of pillagers. Mine, out of the folk pocket—a thing small in the unit, but in the aggregate consequential and mighty.

The parties of the old are for campaigning purposes. Mine with a twelvemonth tirelessness seeks to train into citizenly pathways.

The parties of the old are content with reform. Mine, with revolution.

WHAT, then, is this that I see—some dropping loose from the Comrade Host? Going back into old paths of reform?

Not pleasing unto me are those who break ranks. I covet a following that is steadfast. Severely deserters from an army are handled. Socialism is my army.

They who straggle from the column shall have no place on my muster-roll. To go away from the ranks of the Red is to go away from me.—I, the Eternal, am speaking it.

FOR I am not on both sides—word of the Master of ages.

With the party that stands for fellowship industrial stand I—against this devilry of competition.

With the party that stands for the producer, stand I—against the nonproducer.

With the party that stands for a world-family, stand I—against the blood-smeared patriotisms.

With the party that stands for the profitableness of beauty stand I—against the beauty of profit.

With the party that stands for the toiler stand I—against them whose houses are filled with the spoil of the poor.

WHEREFORE, of those who desert my Comrade Cause, I will exact a reckoning.

Will they forsake the torch of the light bearers for marsh lamps that lead into bogland? Ever a faithful guide is the pointing-star in the heavens. But will-o-the-wisp is deceitful.

The parties of mammon promise much. And perform little. With noise and pomp they seduce the simple. Their banners wave high. With redfire they illumine the night. And thereby take many captive.

Not thus runs my Comrade propaganda. In poverty the work is wrought. With pain and privation.

But I am with them. The seed that is watered with tears shall receive of me largest increase.

I HAVE seen a "reform" party starting. With much blare it has launched. With tumult it is enticing some from my Ranks of the Red.

'Tis the Third-termer's attempt to roughride it into the White House.

I will deal with that Third-termer. He shall know that my democracy is no field for seething ambitions.

With a headlong man, the descent into hell is swift. Delirious is his passion for grandeur. It shall be his destruction.

And this is the word that shall be pronounced over him: The trampler has been trampled. The deceiver has been deceived. The eater has been eaten.

NOT for a brief day has my Comrade Host been assembled.

Slow is its advance. But with never a footstep backward.

'Tis a pioneering task. And oftentimes the way is desolate. But I am with them—the High One Eternal is speaking.

They who waver not, but abide with me and my chosen, these shall be near to me, dear to me. I will seal them. Their names shall be ever before me. In life I am with them, in death they shall not be forgotten.

But with the quitters I will deal quite otherwise. Because they turn from me, I will turn from them.

I will number them with the backsliders. From the communion of comrades I will cut them off forever.

OUR COVER

THE figure on our cover this month is from a statuette by Ella Buchanan, and is called "Captivity's Captive." It represents a woman tied on a heap of money bags, the whole resting on a silver dollar. In the Socialist movement we speak of woman as "the slave of the slave"—meaning that the woman is the greatest sufferer under the capitalist system. Miss Buchanan has very strikingly reproduced this idea in her "Captivity's Captive."

After the Progressive party has spent a number of years in getting its reforms passed, the workingman will wake up to his real class needs.

*Battle Hymn of the Workers

By George Cram Cook.

I.

Too long we have labored for you, men who own,
Too long you have made us unfree;
The harvest is near of the seed we have sown—
The seed of the state that shall be.

CHORUS.

The song that we sing is the death of your day;
The sledge that we swing is the smash of your sway—
Blow after blow till your chains let go,
And the hold of your gold gives way.

II.

With toll of our yesterday's toil, men who own,
You purchase our toil of today;
The wage that we take is our sinew and bone,
Our blood 's the wage that you pay.

Chorus—

III.

The earth you have grasped in your greed, men who own,
We need for the dwelling of man;
The fields and the cities of steel and of stone
We take—and you keep if you can.

Chorus—

IV.

Too long we have labored for you, men who own,
You're fat with the food we create;
The harvest is near of the seed we have sown—
The seed of the Socialist state.

Chorus—

*The above song by George Cram Cook is being sung at the Seidel campaign meetings. See announcement elsewhere.

THE SUFFRAGE CREED

BY MARY B. HUNTER.

HERE is the suffrage creed:
I believe in votes for women.
I believe there is nothing mysterious about politics.

I believe that politics today is civic housekeeping.
I believe that the old idea of politics must change.
I believe a vote is the only language which legislators heed:

I believe that a voteless woman is a speechless advocate or protestant.

I believe in government of, by and for the people, and that women are people.

I believe that it is my business to see that laws for better home making are secured and enforced.

I believe that it is my business as a woman living in this year of grace 1912 thoroughly to inform myself on such matters.

I believe that as I contribute to the general fund by paying taxes on all I eat and wear I should have some say in the spending of it.

I believe that it is not honorable for me to expect to gain my wishes through indirect influence—that is, at the expense of another person's wishes.

I believe that inasmuch as equal suffrage has proved that it has promoted the general welfare in such countries as New Zealand, Australia and six of our own states, we, the women in the remaining forty-two states, will prove ourselves equally public spirited and capable.

I believe that if there were any way of securing these things other than by voting, the world would have found it out. but until it does, I believe in votes for women and men.—New York Sun.

THE YOUNGER GENERATION By Emanuel Julius

THE youngsters are doing things. In fact, the youngsters are setting the pace for old ones like you and me. When I—an old coger of 23—want to do something, I hunt up a bright-faced kid of 16, tell him my difficulties, and soon everything is O. K. He'll hit it on the head with a loud bang, just in the right place. Oh, it's lucky we've got kids in this world who know it all, and don't give a rap about anyone or anything.

The funny thing about it all is that when their plans are whispered about, we old ones shake our thick heads and say: "Poor kids! They're going to the eternal, demnition bow-wows!"

And then—bingo! We wake up! Then, of course, we shamefacedly inquire: "Say, bo, how'd ye come to do it?" And the youngster won't even stop to explain—he just larfs, darn him, just larfs.

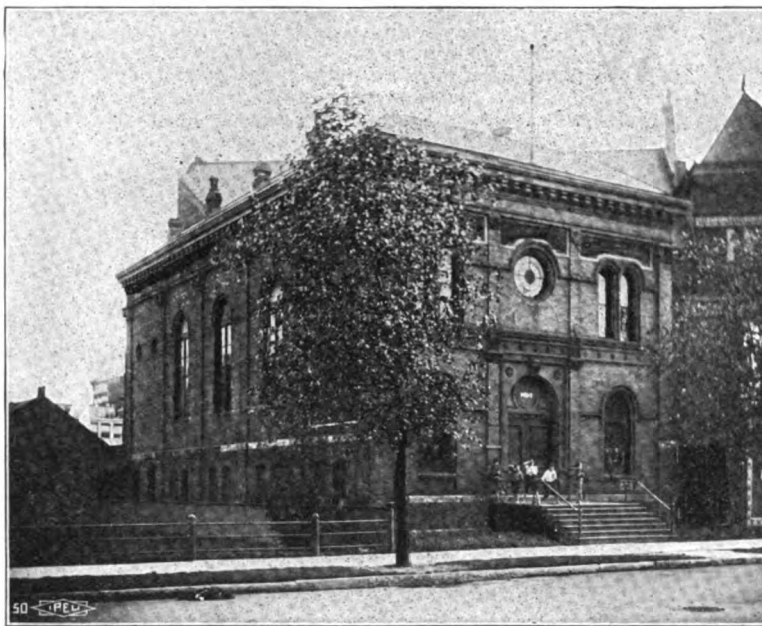
And now, kindly cast your glimmers on the cut accompanying this effusion. Is it a new Vanderbilt mansion? No. Is it a Carnegie library? Again, no. Is it a Christian Science tabernacle? No. What is it? Oh, tut, tut! Just a building the youngster Socialists of Chicago decided they'd like to use for headquarters. That's all. A mere bagatelle for kids. Two more tuts!

What's a polar expedition among kids? What's the problem of existence among young 'uns? Bah! What's the riddle of the Universe among the short-trousered citizenry? Some more bahs!

A bunch of young Socialists rush in where an army of Syndicalists fear to tread, and—snicker if you please—they get there with both feet and lots of elbow room.

Everybody thought the Young People's Socialist

League was going from worse to wienerwurst when it hit upon the scheme to buy a \$10,000 building in the heart of Chicago's West Side, at Washington boulevard and Ogden avenue. But the new quarters will be occupied by October 5.



THE NEW HOME OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIALIST LEAGUE OF CHICAGO.

The youngsters purchase a sky-scraper just like you buy a bag of peanuts.

While you are racking your brain trying to dope out a scheme to collect enough money to buy suffi-

cient white paper to get out the next issue of a puny weekly of about 543 circulation, the Young People's Socialist League is getting ready to give its members a lecture hall, billiard room, library, gymnasium, shower baths, club rooms and the like. In this new home the Y. P. S. L. will conduct dances, parties, banquets, bazaars, masquerades and dramatic performances, according to a booklet just issued.

And that isn't all. Oh, no! There are to be orchestras, a singing society, mandolin and guitar clubs, classes in economics, art, English, sociology and what not.

According to Joe Rogers, that strenuous young Socialist, this new Y. P. S. L. headquarters has a large hall which will seat 700. He adds that a reception room for the girls, another for the boys and a parlor for both will be furnished on the third floor.

An article about a Socialist organization cannot—aye, dare not—close without an appeal for money. This custom has been held sacred since the eventful day when Karl Marx decided to stop shaving. And so, if you have a spare thousand-dollar note around the house, don't let it gather any more dust. Send it to Charles Schuler, 205 West Washington street. He'll demonstrate how courteously a young Socialist can say "Thank you." If you can't send a thousand dollars, 50 cents will do very nicely. But send it today.

Suggestion is the lever that starts the world moving.

To work is ennobling; to toil is degrading.

AN ACCIDENT (From the Spanish of Eusebio Blasco)



HE clocks were striking 10 that morning as I walked down the Avenue de Villiers to the Boulevard Malesherbes. How cold it was! The statue of Alexander Dumas looked as if the author of "Monte Cristo" had just stepped out of his bath. The servant maids, with their white caps and clogs, ran rather than walked, their arms crossed and their hands under their armpits. The coachmen held their reins in their left hands, and with the right they hammered the opposite breast. The horses were like locomotives, puffing columns of vapor from their nostrils.

Up there on a building, on the edge of the roof, several workmen in white blouses were placing the zinc on the guttering, six stories from the ground. One of them, singing in a fine baritone, defied the cold:

"La Dame blanche
Vous regarde;
La Dame blonde
Vous regard."

And a garçon from a neighboring cafe, passing with two or three brooms on his shoulder, stepped out into the middle of the square and called up to the singer:

"Oh, Mathieu!"
And the workman called down:
"Hello, friend!"
"It's a bad time to be up in the air."
"Yes, it is."
"How is Marie?"
"Pretty as ever."
"No news?"
"A christening after a while."
"Congratulations."
"Thanks."
"Be careful!"
But he was too late!

Just as he was saying "Thanks," the young man tried to change his position, slipped on the ice-covered zinc, lost his balance, fell against the scaffolding, grasped at a cord, missed it, slid off sideways, and, turning over in the air, fell to the sidewalk with a crash that brought all the neighbors to the doors and windows.

There was an immediate hubbub. "Man killed!"

All the other workmen, the foreman, the apprentices, came down hastily on ropes and planks. Men ran from all directions to the scene of the catastrophe, salesmen, hair dressers, upholsterers, coachmen leaping from their boxes, servant girls, soldiers, a priest, two gendarmes, the apothecary across the way, gentlemen in furs, a lady returning from mass, boys, beggars, I—two hundred people in a minute and a half.

The poor fellow lay on the sidewalk, lifeless, in a great pool of blood.

A really handsome man, strong, well built, apparently not twenty-five years old. His head, covered with a silky, fair mane like the hair of an artist, was split open and the brains were oozing out.

After the first terror a great silence fell on the crowd. The curious passers-by who had work to do began to leave; there remained to guard the dead the gendarmes, the commissary and the men employed on the house. Some one brought a stretcher and four companions laid him on it.

"Where are they taking him?" I asked.
"To his house."

And, unable to resist the impulse of my heart, I fell in behind them and followed the sad improvised procession.

Nothing could be more solemn than these stretchers one meets now and then in Paris, followed generally by a weeping woman and eight or ten laborers. Such a sight impresses me more than a funeral.

We started. The four strongest laborers carried the stretcher. Next came the two gendarmes, their hands thrust each into the opposite sleeves because of the cold, their heads lowered and keeping step. Then the architect of the building, who happened to be visiting it at the time of the disaster; he led by the hand a child, perhaps his son. Then followed twenty workmen or more, in their white or blue blouses and the trim martial bearing of the Parisian laborer, whose fine presence is proverbial, hammering the asphalt with their firm tread.

In a low voice, and with a certain fear of disturbing the solemnity, I said to the man who walked at my side:

"He looked like a fine young man."
"An excellent man and a clever workman."
"How much did he earn?"
"Six francs a day."
"I understand that he was married—"
"A month ago."
"A month!"

"Yes, sir, a month. We were all at the wedding. His wife is a beautiful girl who works at home for a dressmaking establishment. They say that a child is coming—"

"Poor fellow!"

"It will kill his blind father and his mother. His mother is eighty-five years old."

"Poor woman!"

"And she lives on what he gives her."

"Where are we going?"

"To his house. It is near here, in the Rue de Levis."

And we were almost there. As we passed through the narrow streets of Batignolles the neighbors came to the doors and studied the procession with sad eyes. The Rue de Levis, long and narrow, with its gutters of dirty water bordering the narrow sidewalks, recalls the provinces of Italy or Spain. The foreigner who comes to pass two gay weeks in Paris does not even know of the existence of these humble suburbs, with their coachmen's taverns, their narrow, dirty portals, their huddled houses and their wooden balconies. * * * At ten o'clock in the morning the public which frequents the district is not the most attractive; flesh dealers and traveling hawkers, ragged children and women who call out to each other sympathetic comments on the sad occurrence.

And the house of the dead man comes in sight. The workmen point it out, the neighborhood begins to suspect that a friend is involved. The dead workman's name leaps from mouth to mouth. The procession grows larger, and there on the second floor we see a beautiful young woman, fair as gold, with a white cap adorned with narrow lace, which sets off the graceful head divinely. She is just offering a leaf of garden succory to a bird who sautes her from his cage with loud chirpings.

"It is SHE!"

She hears the noise and sees the stretcher; she bends forward out of the window; she looks, but does not guess what has happened, smiles at a neighbor who asks her who it can be, and answers that she does not know.

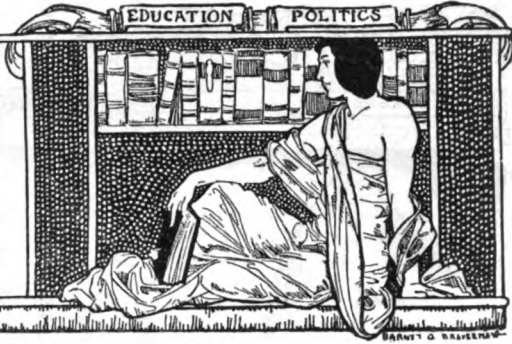
Alas! when she sees us stop under her window and recognizes among the mourners the friends who attended her wedding a month ago, we hear her rush down the stairs two at a time. She comes out to the stretcher pale as death. She pushes a gendarme violently aside when he tries to break the

(Continued on page 15.)



BOOKS and WRITERS

A CAUSERIE :: By FLOYD DELL



I FEAR we are being left behind, you and I, dear readers of the Progressive Woman! There are those to whom feminism is an old story. We know the type of man who will vote for Socialism but who will not talk about it; the man



who says, "Yes, it's got to come. But I wish to goodness it were here, so that all this fussing about it would stop!" Well, there is a woman to correspond—a woman who is bored by the theme of woman's emancipation. "I wish we could hurry up and be emancipated, and have it over with," she says. "All this palavering about it makes me

tired." This attitude, I must admit, rather staggers me. At first I am inclined to concede everything and say: "Would that every woman were like you, and the Great Change would be a fact accomplished." But in saying that I do my nature an injustice. For I am of the period. * * * This is notoriously a period of transition, a time of travail. Now it might well be imagined that a period engaged in giving birth to the future would look forward eagerly to the result, but would resent the pangs. Not so with this period! It cherishes every pang, and looks about on the paraphernalia of accouchement with secret pride. It receives visitors at the bedside, and entertains them with detailed accounts of the proceedings. It would not miss the lying-in for anything.

If I may be permitted to drop this genial metaphor, I will speak of a certain poet of my acquaintance. (This may appear to be a digression, but wait!) He told me that he was a Socialist, and he showed a greater familiarity with the Golden Age, as he calls the Co-operative Commonwealth, than any one else I know. In the Golden Age there would be an opportunity, such as does not now exist, for the exercise of his gift, untrammelled by commercial exigencies. Also, it would be a glorious thing all round. For further particulars, see a long dramatic poem recently published by him, entitled "The Breaking of Bonds."

But as for the practical details of contemporary politics, he would have none of them. Whether the children of the South labored in the cotton mills or not mattered (he was sorry to say) not at all to him. Whether the strike out at So-and-Not was won or lost made no difference to him. If the town established a municipal milk supply, or bought its street car system, he did not care. He was thinking about the Golden Age.

The trouble with him, as my friend Fritz remarked, is that he was born forty years too late. Forty years ago he would have made a perfectly good Socialist. Forty years ago Socialists were interested in the Golden Age, alias the Co-operative Commonwealth. He would have been among his kind. Now he and the Socialists of his town fail to understand each other. If political Socialism bores him, utopian Socialism bewilders them. They are of the period.

Now, the poet may be perfectly right. In thinking of the Golden Age he may be fitting himself to be an inhabitant of it; and the other Socialists in his town, fretting about present conditions and spending their time distributing pamphlets from house to house, may be smothering their souls in propaganda. And so may the woman be right who said: "I wish we would hurry up and be emancipated. All this palavering about it makes me tired."

But it doesn't make me tired. And I am not impatient about emancipation. * * * Perhaps that is because I am a little cynical—I cannot imagine a woman emancipated. If I were to be shown one in the flesh, I should say, still incredulous, "There ain't no such thing!" But I am tremendously interested in the struggle by which women are seeking to make good their claims to be fellow-human beings with man. At a thousand points their effort breaks down, and they claim the privileges and relapse into

the status of a superior (inferior) being. I do not in the least blame them for breaking down in that effort; I merely point out that they do.

Certainly their task is hard enough, for they have to assume successfully a double burden. They are the child-bearing sex, and they have to keep on functioning as mothers. But they must also make good as thinkers, as artists, as workers. To be a successful mother is easy enough, and to be a successful woman worker is easy enough. But to assume the double burden which the sex must assume if it is to justify its promises—that is a different and a much more difficult task.

But the most fascinating, because the most subtle, aspect of the woman's movement is the matter of personal relations between men and women. From trivial things like lifting the hat to serious things like marriage, the whole business is complicated by sexual privilege. It is to the interest of women that this special privilege, in all its forms, be abolished; otherwise they will continue to be a superior (inferior) sex, and not the equals of men. But will they abolish it?

The answer is, they are really trying. And that effort, in all its manifestations, conditioned as it is by a thousand different economic, intellectual and temperamental situations, is endlessly interesting * * * to me and to you, dear readers of the Progressive Woman, if not to the intransigent woman whom I have been engaged in disagreeing with.

But I am forgetting. I was to write about books this time. Curiously enough, the editor expects a literary causerie to contain something about books and writers. So I will talk about a certain book which I picked up the other day in the office of our contemporary, Life and Labor. It is "The Autobiography of a Working Woman," by Adelheid Popp, and is apparently not yet published in this country. It is a translation of a book widely read in Germany, and having a preface by August Bebel. The author, Adelheid Popp, is an active propagandist, a leader in Socialist agitation and organization among working women. She was a child of a very poor family, and went to work at an early age. She tells of the incidents of poverty very fully, but not (I think) so very well, and of her later life as a Socialist leader, not very fully and not so very well, either. But her description of the years from the time she first heard of Socialism to the time that she became a leader, are different and very good. They make the book a document of the most real and absorbing kind. Just how a girl who is more fully acquainted with the affairs of the royal family than with anything else outside of her own life, who reads highly colored romances, and who goes to the German Lourdes to pray—how this girl gets interested in Socialism, attends meetings, makes speeches to her fellow-workers at the factory, writes for the Socialist press—all of this is set forth in detail, vividly and truly. It is one of the most interesting things in the world—conversion to Socialism—and here is a true account of it by a woman. I hope the book will be published in this country.

This woman, by the way, was most of all hampered, so she tells us, by the hostility of her old mother to her Socialist activities. The mother, who "under the most terrible conditions had borne a child every two years (to the number of fifteen) and had then fed it at the breast for sixteen or eighteen months, to be saved longer from another confinement—this woman, crippled and prematurely bent from hard work, could picture no other lot for her daughter than a good marriage." The old woman grew very much ashamed of her daughter because she made speeches instead of keeping house for a husband, and made her life miserable by her constant reproaches.

Knowing of the young woman's problem, two of the great leaders of the movement, Friedrich Engels and August Bebel, came one day to talk to her mother. "They wanted to make the old lady understand that she ought to be proud of her daughter. But my mother, who could neither read nor write, and who had never understood anything of politics, could not understand the good intentions of the two leaders. Both were famous throughout Europe,

their revolutionary writings and speeches had aroused the authorities all over the world; but they met the poor old woman without making any impression on her. She did not even know their names.

"When we were alone again, she said, disdainfully: 'So you bring old men here.' In her eyes it was always a question of a wooer for me with every man who came, and as it was her most earnest longing to see me married, everyone was looked on in that aspect. Our two visitors—one of whom was an old man, whilst the other could have been my father—did not appear to her to be suitable as a husband for her young daughter."

I have just been reading "A Woman of Genius," by Mary Austin (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.40 net). As I have written about it elsewhere at length and with doubtful effectiveness, I will confine myself here to saying that it is a very good novel, and one which the readers of this journal should not miss. It gives the point of view of the actress who would marry, but who will not give up her art, her work; and, not being able to convince her lover that her work is as important as his own, takes what of happiness she can get outside the bounds of marriage.

It is greatly to be desired that some of the dramatic criticisms of the late William Maily should be published in book form. He understood the modern drama—a form of art which has drawn inspiration from and yielded it to modern woman—as no other critic in this country did. He had a notable part in the Socialist movement, and in the woman's movement, rightly understood, as well—for all clear thinking about the problems of modern life is a contribution to this movement.



OUR BOOK COUNTER

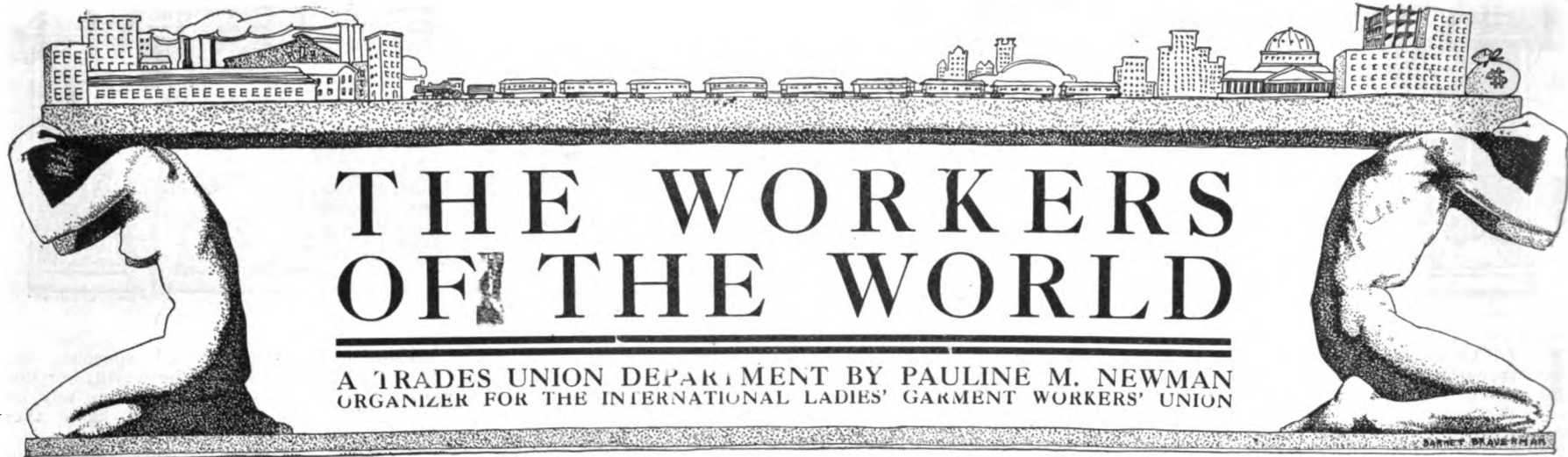
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THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

A TRADES UNION DEPARTMENT BY PAULINE M. NEWMAN
ORGANIZER FOR THE INTERNATIONAL LADIES' GARMENT WORKERS' UNION

THE FURRIERS' STRIKE

IN THE last issue of the Progressive Woman we spoke of the struggling furriers who were on strike at that time. We also printed an appeal which was issued by the unions and the Socialist party of New York.

We are therefore exceedingly pleased to report that the strike, which lasted more than three months, is over—and with a complete victory for the strikers



It is the way the strikers hung together and the way they picketed the factories that made the victory possible.

For more than three months the men and women of the furriers struggled along almost without strike benefits; for more than three months they religiously

watched the factories, so that no scabs could enter, thereby breaking their strike. And at last they can congratulate themselves on their splendid victory—for a victory it is indeed.

And while the employers, too, demonstrated strength and unity by standing together with the other employers, they could not combat the power of the many. And so, after a bitter fight on both sides, the employers had to submit to the following demands:

- From fifty-four hours per week, to forty-nine.
- To be paid for all legal holidays.
- To establish a board of grievance.
- Double pay for overtime.
- To establish a joint board of sanitary control.
- Two dollars a week for every worker to constitute the increase in wages.
- To have a dues collecto. in the shop.
- Price list to be made out by the workers.

When one stops to consider the horrible conditions that prevailed in the factories before the strike, and when the above was gotten after three months' effort, simply because the workers bargained collectively, there is every reason to believe that the workers are at last awakening to the fact that **NO ONE ELSE** but themselves will better their conditions.

We only want to hope that every furrier striker will become an active member of the union, and will not forget that without a powerful, permanent organization behind them the present victory will not last long.

THE CAP MAKERS' UNION

That conditions in a trade where the workers are thoroughly organized can, at times, be improved without having annual or semi-annual strikes, has again been proven by the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers Union, when one of the speediest and most important victories ever scored by a labor organization was won without a strike.

The cap manufacturers granted the demands made by the above named union for a half-holiday on Saturday all year round; to be paid for all legal holidays, and the firms to furnish all sewing machines for the operators free of charge.

There was a time when the men and women employed in the cap-making industry had to pay for oil, needles, thread, electric power, and furnish their own machines. They were not organized then. The hours, too, were long, and after paying for all

the necessary machinery out of their meager wages they were left with next to nothing.

Even our "dear ladies," who still believe and will for a long time yet go on believing that the workers could not possibly get along without employers, and who, instead of asking for more money should be thankful for what they get—even they think it unfair for an employer to charge the workers for thread and all the rest that belongs to the operating of a machine. Needless to say that the intelligent workers of that trade saw not only the "unfairness" but the injustice of the thing.

It was at that time that Rose Schneiderman, then a cap maker—now a trade union organizer and an ardent Socialist—aided greatly in the agitation for a thorough organization among her co-workers. And in a short time the members have succeeded in organizing practically all the workers of the trade.

Since then the cap makers have become known as the strikeless union in local labor circles on account of the numerous victories which have been won by them without strikes in the past few years.

A great victory was won by the union in 1907, when the employers agreed to furnish free thread to all the workers and reduced the working hours by one-half hour each day.

In 1909 the cap manufacturers agreed to give the workers free electric power. It has been the custom in the past to charge each employe 50 cents a week for power, but this, too, is a thing of the past.

In 1910 the men and women of the cap-making trade demanded a 10 per cent increase in wages and GOT IT—without a strike at that.

But let this be borne in mind: That the reason the cap makers' union attained all these victories without having to strike for it, was not because the employers happened to be "humane." Oh, no; as a rule they stop being "humane" when it is a question of paying a living wage. The workers had then, and have now, **A STRONG AND POWERFUL ORGANIZATION BEHIND THEM**, and the cap manufacturers realized their weakness in fighting them. That is all.

As a matter of fact, no employer is willing to give in to the demand of his employes—unless forced to do so.

Every group of workers ought to follow the example of the cap makers' union and **ORGANIZE NOW**. You already see what organization has done for them. It can do as much and more for you.

WILLIAM MAILLY—A TRIBUTE

William Mailly's death was a terrible blow not only to the Socialist movement, but also to the trade union movement.

A worker himself from his childhood on, he was imbued with the spirit of the working class, and for the last twenty years lived for the working class, worked for the working class, and died for the working class.

William Mailly was at one time a miner, and there are local unions among the United Mine Workers of America today whose success is due to the tireless agitation and devotion of our departed comrade—William Mailly.

Practically without school education, he had achieved the editorship of many a Socialist and labor paper, and had of late been known as a well-equipped journalist and lecturer.

During the great shirt-waist makers' strike William Mailly gave all of his time to the strikers. Nor was he particular as to the kind of work; he only knew and felt that there was a lot to be done, and he did it.

That the loss is irreparable, and that the grief is being felt by both movements, was demonstrated on Sunday, September 8, when thousands of people

marched to the crematory where the body was cremated.

In the line of march one could see many banners of the trade unions which Mailly had served so faithfully. Speeches were also made by representatives of the Socialist party and the labor movement.

Many comrades who are known in the Socialist and trade union movement—such as Max Hays of Cleveland, Sandy Heiman of Haverhill, Jim Carey of Boston, Charles Sehl of Philadelphia, and others, came to pay their last tribute to their friend and co-worker—Mailly.

The thing that hurts most is that Mailly was so young—only forty-one years! How much he could yet have accomplished!

But Will, "our Will," is not dead! His work will live forever, and also will he in the memories of those who knew him.

All we can see now is that the world was so much better, so much richer, when he was here!

JANE ADDAMS

We were not at all surprised when we heard that Jane Addams had seconded the nomination of the self-appointed candidate for the United States presidency—Theodore Roosevelt.

Nor did we expect Miss Addams to come out for the Socialist party—although it is the party of the working class, for whom Miss Addams seems to care a great deal.

If in her twenty years of uninterrupted work among the poorest of the poor, if in her twenty years of curing the effects rather than the cause, she has not yet discovered that Socialism is the solution to the problem of poverty, she is the one to regret it, not we.

But this is not the point. Who is Roosevelt, that he should receive the indorsement of well-meaning and fair-minded people? Who is Roosevelt, that he should be proclaimed as the friend of the poor, of the aged and of the suffering? Who is behind the Progressive party? Who will control the party? Who will finance the party? What was Roosevelt's former attitude toward the question of woman suffrage?

Did Miss Addams ask herself these questions before she seconded the nomination of Roosevelt?

Moreover, what did Roosevelt do for child labor while in office? What did Roosevelt do for the unemployed while in office? What did he do for organized labor while in office? To our knowledge—**NOTHING!**

He claims to know everything and knows nothing. He claims to be a friend to everybody and is a friend to nobody—save himself.

He is an ambitious, self-seeking creature—that's all.

(Continued on page 16.)

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THE WOMAN IN THE HOME

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

THE MONTESSORI SYSTEM

LAST month we said we would talk about the Montessori system of teaching children. This system is delightful because it is possible for the mother, as well as the teacher, to carry it out.

Maria Montessori believed there was too much stress being put on the children's minds, and too little on the training of the senses. The first revolution she made was the turning of the "Children's House" into a playroom. But she made it a playroom filled with busy workers. The "books" are toys, toys with a purpose. While the children play with them eyesight, muscles, fingers and hearing become developed. For instance, there are "outline letters," cut from stiff cardboard. These are learned both by looking at them, and feeling them. When the child has acquainted himself with a particular letter in this way, he proceeds to trace it on a blackboard, and thus, as the Montessori followers call it, he "explodes" into writing.

Other lessons in form are learned by handling different outlined toys, each with a definite shape, the name of which is taught the child while he is handling it. For instance, a saucer is round, a tray is oblong, etc. A board, covered with rough sandpaper on the one side and polished smooth on the other, is given a child three years old. He feels the rough side, and the word "rough" is spoken to him at the same time. Then he feels the smooth side, and thus learns the meaning of the word "smooth." Other words, in which the senses take part, are taught in the same way. There is a game called "Silence." The window curtains are pulled down, everything becomes quiet and a piano is played very softly. Then the teacher whispers in a scarcely audible voice, calling one of the children by name. With the sense of hearing alert, the child hears and responds. Keeness of sight is developed in the same practical way. In the semi-darkness of the room a brilliant red banner is held up. Then a bright blue one, etc. The light is then let in by degrees and the fainter tints are shown and named.

Practical lessons are taught in various ways. For instance, a child will spend some time absorbed in fitting buttons into buttonholes. At first she fumbles; it is a difficult piece of work for small fingers, as every mother knows who must "button up" jackets and shoes every morning. But the child learns it. And it is taught to tie pieces of cloth with ribbons, and many other things that will develop some action in dressing and undressing itself. Lunches are served in the "Children's Houses." The children themselves set the tables, serve the food, and clear up the tables. The doing of these things is a great achievement for the children. If mothers would test how great, let them give a child, say of five years, a bowl of water to carry on a tray. Very likely the child will spill it. The little ones are taught to wash and dry their lunch dishes, and they display great skill here, too.

To children working together in this way, it is as good as play. It is, indeed, play. Conversation is permitted, but they are too absorbed in their tasks to become boisterous. Naturally, children cannot be held too long at one line of play. When they show restlessness at a task there is a change, perhaps a march, or singing, or a short frolic out of doors.

Our first Montessori school was opened in Tarrytown, N. Y. One followed in the heart of New York's slums, and others are rapidly springing up throughout the country. The day when the small child must sit propped up for hours staring at printing in a book, with the supposition that it is being "educated," is passing. This is the day of "doing" things, and of knowing by doing.

YOU AND YOUR KITCHEN

SOMEbody wants to know how it is, if the average wage paid to workmen is \$519 a year, that so many employes get as much as \$1,000 and over a year.

It is because millions of workers get very much less than \$519 a year, and, according to statistics, there is always a standing army of more than 2,000,000 men out of work. You did not know, you woman in the kitchen, that the condition of your larder depends considerably upon the starvation of your brother workers and their families, did you? Well, such is the deplorable fact. For instance, there are a thousand men in your village. There is a factory that employs only five hundred men. If your husband is one of those who are employed you will have bread and beans and spaghetti and other working-class delicacies in your pantry. But

you are having these AT THE EXPENSE OF THE MAN WHO IS NOT EMPLOYED IN THE FACTORY. He has to starve, or leave town to get a job. And so, the way our industrial system is managed today, every luxury, almost every necessity we have, is bought at the starvation expense of another working-class family. That is why a great many working men can receive more than a thousand dollars a year when the average wage is only \$519. But the GREAT MAJORITY of working-class families DO NOT receive over \$1,000 a year, even when several members of the family are wage earners.

Recently a current magazine had a page devoted to "Meeting and Beating the High Cost of Living." There were prize letters that showed how it could be done (?). The following letter took the first prize:

CO-OPERATIVE BUYING.

"We—four families of us—buy all our goods on the co-operative plan and reduce our expenses fully one-half. Soap by the 100-bar box costs \$2.50, by the single bar, 5 cents. Crackers by the twenty-five pound box cost \$1.50, by the single pound, ten cents. Lard bought direct from the farmer costs 10 cents per pound, but if bought by the fifty-pound can at the market, 14 cents. We buy all our winter's supply of potatoes, turnips, home-cured meat, etc., in the fall, and because we four families buy in lots sufficiently large, it enables us to buy direct from the producer, and the saving is truly worth while.

For "laddie," one serge suit with two pairs of trousers, carefully brushed and pressed, will last a year. For "lassie," choose materials that wear well—wash ginghams and chambrays with a dainty frock for best. Let them go bare-footed during the hot summer season; it not only promotes their general health and happiness, but saves shoe leather as well! Wait until the season is slightly advanced and purchase yourself a good tailored suit for one-half the original price, and, with dainty waists and a summer frock, you will be well dressed."

Now, if we were running an orthodox capitalist sheet for the woman in the home, we would say this method of defeating the high cost of living is just lovely. But we are not running such a sheet, and we know that while individual families may be benefited in this way (and we reprint the letter here for you to try it out, if you want to), we also remember that if all the families in the United States were to co-operate in buying from capitalist owners in this fashion, to cut down their expenses, the wages of the workers would very soon be cut down to the minimum cost of living. For instance, in England one can live very much cheaper than in this country, but wages are also much lower. We are told that the average male clerk receives about \$7 a week in England—because he can just about buy what he needs with that.

It is a fact, however, that many of the women of the working class are going to make a desperate effort to provide for their individual families in the best possible way, while we are waiting for the Great Change that will make it possible for every larder to be well supplied, everybody well fed and nourished. If many go down in the struggle, there are others who, by dint of effort of every kind, will survive. And those readers are looking in every direction for immediate help, immediate relief. They are scanning this page to see if we can save them a few pennies here and there in their effort for survival.

Can we do it? We can do it only as the above prize letter does it. Co-operative buying is one of the best methods of cutting prices. Also the smart buyer will watch for bargain days, especially in the large cities, when one can often save a good many dimes on purchases. Sometimes prices are cut in halves. All of these points the bright woman in the kitchen must, and does, watch out for, if she realizes the necessity for doing so.

These little habits of "thrif" have developed so far in some European countries as to result in great co-operative concerns OWNED AND RUN EXCLUSIVELY BY THE WORKERS. The women of these countries have made their men-folk understand that the kitchen is the most vital point of capitalist attack, and to bide over the time till the workers could own everything they have established "co-operatives" which have developed into immense concerns, furnishing not only food and clothing for the workers, but their social recreations as well. And the working class is strongest and most independent, naturally, where these centers are most highly developed.

In another issue we will say more about these working-class co-operatives, because they are the most helpful of all to the woman in the kitchen.

MATILDA MUGGINS

Matilda Muggins (may her looks improve!)
Awoke one night from fleeting dreams of love,
And saw, within the moonlight near her bed,
A spirit writing in a book of red.
In words of flame it wrote, with mien inspired.
"What names are those?" the damsel then inquired.
The spirit, answering, stayed its gleaming pen.
"The maids whose beauty fires the hearts of men."
"And am I one?" she queried. "Nay, not so,"
The spirit said. Matilda spoke more low,
But hopeful still, and begged in accents bland,
"Write me as one that cooks to beat the band."
The spirit wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great scroll of white,
And showed the names whom the praise of men had
blessed,
And lo! Matilda's name led all the rest.

—September Lippincott's.

THE SERVANT CLASS

DID Nature intend that woman should be personal servant to man? If not, mankind has played a tremendous joke on Nature, for everything has been arranged from time immemorial to the end that the personal service business falls on the woman.

There was a man who worked eight hours a day. He worked at a desk, and his heaviest labor was running a typewriter. This man invariably had a shabby, run-down look about his clothes. A friend questioned him about it, and he replied that his wife didn't keep them up for him.

Now, that man's wife was a tiny creature, weighing slightly over one hundred pounds. She did the washing, scrubbing, mending, cleaning, baking and sewing for a family of five. She and her children were noted for their exquisite neatness and her friends wondered how she managed it. Certainly her hours were not limited to eight.

When it was suggested that the husband might brush up his own clothes and take a stitch here and there, especially as to buttons, he replied that it was not a man's place to do such things. That it was beneath his dignity. Of course, a tired woman, down on all fours scrubbing a dirty floor is not falling beneath HER dignity. (If you do not believe she is, ask any self-respecting woman who has to do it, what she thinks about it!) And, after scrubbing the floors it is not unwomanly for her to sew buttons on her lord and master's coat or vest while he rests on the front porch after his strenuous (?) eight-hour typewriter day. At least, this is the way the law is interpreted by MAN.

Fortunately the time is coming when the woman who must work—and certainly every human being should perform some useful service—may exercise her abilities in other than harsh, ugly, menial labor which has been woman's lot for so long. Modern inventions are making housework lighter, and the professions are opening the way for the woman to have a great deal of home work done by machinery. That is, instead of doing their scrubbing, washing, ironing, etc., many women are even now seeking employment in offices, and paying to have the heavy work done in large establishments run for this purpose.

There are those, of course, who cry that the home is being broken up by such proceeding. It is not. It is only keeping the women of the home younger, stronger, and infinitely more "dignified" than the old lines of personal servitude ever could.

WOMAN'S place is in the home!
True, but suppose the 8,000,000 wage-earning women quit work and went home.
Could the men support them?

Besides, good government is needed to protect the home.

The homemaker should be a voting citizen.—The Woman's Journal.

Those who think have struck the first blow for freedom.

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THE SOCIALIST PARTY,
111 North Market Street, Chicago, Ill.

"THE ARREST OF SUFFRAGE"

BY ETHEL WHITEHEAD

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.

Molly Maloney... Irish Washerwoman and Suffragette
Miss Adelaide Walton.....Suffragist
Mrs. Charles Smythe {Antis
Mrs. Thomas Browne } Policeman
Tramp

Scene—A park in any large city. Park benches are disposed about the stage.

Time—Late afternoon in early summer.

(As curtain rises Adelaide enters. She is quietly but tastefully dressed, wears a large yellow rosette, a "votes for women" pin, and carries a bundle of Woman's Journals and Progressive Woman. She crosses to center as if to pass out, pauses and looks at benches.)

Adelaide—I might just as well get rid of these; there is no one about. (She puts a paper on each bench.) There! Oh, how warm it is! (Sits on bench L at back.)

(Enter Molly at L. She is shabbily dressed, though neat and tidy, and carries a large bundle of dirty clothes. She crosses wearily to R and drops on bench R. F. Sees paper; picks it up.)

Molly—The Woman's Journal. Shure, an' that's the paper!

(Enter Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Smythe at R. They are both dressed in the height of fashion. Mrs. Browne is much excited, Mrs. Smythe somewhat amused and bored.)

Mrs. Browne (as they enter)—I tell you, something must be done to arrest this suffrage movement.

Mrs. Smythe—Well, don't get so excited; it's too warm. I think we should continue our non-resistant policy.

Mrs. B.—I tell you, something has to be done. (See papers.) Look here. (Crosses to bench L; picks up papers; Mrs. Smythe follows.)

Mrs. S.—What is it?

Mrs. B.—What is it! A copy of the Woman's Journal. And what's this? Progressive Woman, Suffrage Edition! I tell you, those women are determined to thrust the ballot upon us, to destroy our peace and quiet. How can we develop those womanly characteristics that appeal to men, that will uplift the race, that—Oh! (Crumple papers savagely.)

Molly (aside)—Appeal to min, it is? Ocn!
Mrs. S. (who has seated herself on bench)—Come and sit down and get cool.

Mrs. B.—Cool! Really, Nita, you are dreadfully annoying. Here is our peace and security threatened—

Mrs. S.—Oh, do sit down! (Pulls her down on seat.) Now, be reasonable. There are too many womanly women, too many chivalrous men, for this to happen.

Mrs. B.—Oh, look at them all over the seats, and that woman reading one. (Crosses to Molly.) My good woman, don't read that; read this. (Offers her an "anti" leaflet.)

Molly (taking it)—Shure, an' I'm much obliged to yer, mem. I'll rade them both.

Mrs. B.—Oh, but you mustn't read those others; they are atrocious.

Molly (eyeing her whimsically)—Shure, an I allers rade atrocious things, mem.

Mrs. B.—My good woman, you don't know what you are doing—

Mrs. S. (annoyed)—Fanny, do come and sit down! Molly—Yer see, mem, my pace an' quiet are already distroyed, so p'raps it don't matther.

Mrs. B.—You must not read those papers, you poor, ignorant thing! Give them to me. (Tries to take papers.)

Molly (resisting)—Ignorant! It's yerself that's ignorant, I'm thinking. I'll throuble yer to lave go t'nim papers.

Mrs. S. (who has risen, laying hand on Mrs. B.'s shoulder)—Fanny, have you taken leave of your senses? The next thing there will be a crowd here and you will be making a speech.

Mrs. B. (apologetically)—Well, it's disgraceful. Who ever dared put those papers here? I don't want to vote, and I'll have to if those women keep on. I wish I had hold of the shameless creature that put these papers here.

Adelaide (rising and coming forward, much amused)—How do you do, Mrs. Browne.

Mrs. B.—Oh, good afternoon, Miss Walton.

Adelaide—You seem to be upset.

Mrs. B.—I should say so—all these papers on the seat here! It's disgraceful!

Adelaide—I suppose the fact that you couldn't get your resolution passed at the meeting this afternoon has nothing to do with your excitement.

Mrs. B.—Of course it has! It's abominable! (Suddenly an idea dawns on her; she turns and looks sharply at Adelaide.) I expect you know something about these papers.

Adelaide—I do. I am the shameless creature.

Molly—Shure, an' it's the lady hers'f ought to be ashamed thrying to kape a dacent woman from rading a paper.

Mrs. S. (who is greatly disgusted and shows it)—Fanny, are you coming?

Mrs. B.—Oh, yes; in a minute.

Mrs. S. (crossing to her and putting hand on her arm)—Fanny, really, I am surprised at you making such a scene.

Mrs. B.—Oh, be quiet! I don't care! Adelaide Walton, it is a pity you haven't a husband to prevent your doing such things.

Molly—Prevint her! Shure, an' I'd like to see anyone thryin' to prevint her—or me, ayther!

Mrs. S.—Fanny, if you do not come I shall go without you.

Mrs. B.—Oh, wait a minute! We've been trying non-resistance long enough. I can't think, Adelaide, how you can have the audacity to want to thrust a responsibility upon us we do not want.

Molly—Och! Thrust nothing! Yer don't have to vote if yer don't want to.

Mrs. B.—How dare you!

Molly—Dare I! Dare, is it! Shure, an' didn't yer address me hurst?

Mrs. S.—Really, this is disgraceful! Come along, Fanny. I am sure Miss—er—Walton is welcome to plaster the seats or anything else with her ridiculous papers. They can't do any harm; even the radicals are turning against them, now they see how the women defeated them in Milwaukee and Los Angeles.

Adelaide (warmly)—That is not fair to charge that to the women. In both cases it was the two parties combining that defeated them. In Los Angeles it was the first time women voted. The men had a chance to vote at the primaries and win out, and they didn't. Don't blame the women; it's not fair. They very nearly doubled the vote.

Mrs. S.—Well, I don't see how you can expect the support of radicals. Everyone knows that women are not progressive.

Molly—Shrue, an' that's a noice thing fer a woman to say.

Adelaide—Really, Mrs. Smythe, I don't think you are very well posted. In Australia and New Zealand women always vote for progressive measures, and in our own country facts show that women always look to the welfare of the community.

Mrs. S.—Well, perhaps they do. I don't care! Come along, Fanny. Just look at all those people listening!

Mrs. B.—Wait! I believe you are right about that, Adelaide; but, oh, think of the sanctity of our home, the sacredness of motherhood; think of our sacrificing our womanly attributes to vote, to jostle

against the rough men. No, no! Women should be protected, cherished; our husbands and brothers must shield us; they are competent to do so. Women are as tender flowers, to be shielded from the ills of life—

Molly (interrupting)—An' who is going to protect this tinder flower?

Mrs. B.—My good woman—

Molly—Shure, an' I suppose it doesn't matther about me. What about all thim tinder flowers that scrub floors, an' wash clothes', work in factories, an' kill thimselves so that you may have things? I s'pose they're different.

Mrs. B.—Why, of course, that is not right; but they should stay home, and voting won't remedy it.

Molly—Stay home, is it? An' s'pose yer ain't got a home; s'pose yer have to git out an' work to keep a roof over yer head. What is going to remedy it? It's the only way yer can express yerself to amount to anything—by votin'.

Adelaide—You seem to have caught a Tartar, Fanny.

Mrs. B. (embarrassed)—The woman is impertinent. You know very well, Adelaide, it is a woman's sacred duty to uplift the race. If it is at the expense of some it can't be helped. We need peace and quiet—

Molly (who can stand it no longer, rising to her feet and gesticulating)—Pace an quiet, is it! An' it can't be helped if it hurts some! What sort o' pace an' quiet is that? So long as yer let others suffer you can't never till but what the same thing'll grab you. Pace an' quiet! I know you both. You are Mrs. Smythe on the avenue, and you are Mrs. Browne on the boulevard. I know yer. Shure, an' don't I wash thim delicate frills fer yer, and spind me toime an' twist me back a-ironin' thim? I ain't no toime fer swate white dresses meself, but this very minit yer wearin' things I stood up all noight to iron. Pace an' quiet? An' yer don't want responsibility! Shure, and phwat about me? Here I wurk an' wurk, an' save an' pay off on me little home, an' thim me ould man gits drunk an' sells it.

Mrs. B.—Oh, he couldn't!

Molly—Och! Shure he couldn't! But he did! He's a voter, yer see, an' I ain't. I niver hilped make the laws, but, begorra, I has to sthand thim!

Mrs. S. (finding her voice)—You impertinent creature—you! You'll never wash clothes for me again. (She tries to go, but the crowd has her hemmed in.)

Molly—Thrue for you—I wouldn't soil me hands!

Mrs. B.—My good woman, you don't understand this question.

Molly—Och, shure, an' me hide's thicker than a tin pan, but I can understand some things whin they are rammed in. Understand! Shure, I understand. Yer too lazy, too afraid to sile yer hands. Yer willin' I should, though. Yer afraid to face things, yer dont want responsibility, so yer want to thry an' stop me from gittin' a chance to vote for better things for meself an' for you. Yer' deprive me of my rights just because you haven't spunk enough to face things!

Mrs. B.—Not at all.

Molly—Wouldn't yer?

Adelaide—You see, these ladies think we women haven't got the force to be able to enforce the vote if we had it.

Molly—Force, is it! Force! An' phwat force is it we want? Shure, an' whin me ould man come home afther sellin' the house he sthruke agin force, I tell yer. (The crowd howls.)

(Enter Tramp. He is very drunk.)

Tramp—Hooray! Hooray! What's the r-row? Molly—There's one of yer voters. I expect he votes.

Tramp—Vote! (hic) Sure I (hic) vote.

Molly—What'd yer vote for?

Tramp—Im—(hic)—material—(hic); vote for a beer.

Molly—There! Why don't yer stop him from votin'?

Tramp—Can't stop me (hic)! I vote (hic). I'm citizen (hic), I am.

(Mrs. S. and Mrs. B. are edging out of crowd; Molly steps in front of them.)

Molly—Wait a minit, ma'am, while I finish. I'm a washerwoman; you never sile yer dainty hands. You an' her don't know phwat it is to go out in the world to fight for yersilf an' yer childer, an' yer sneak off an' talk about not wanting responsibility thrust on yer. Bah! Let me till yer, yer can't escape responsibility. If women nade pace an' quiet, all women nade it. Come with me, an' I'll show yer homes where there's divil a bit ov pace an' quiet; it's all worrk, worrk. It's yersilf has a quiet home, an' all the money yer nade, an' all the harrd work done for yer. But what about us that does all the worrk? Och! Bad scran to yer; we make it possible for yer to have all the noice things, an' yer howl as if yer were kilt entoifely, because yer afraid yer'll have to vote. Shure, an' yer don't have to ef yer don't want to; but we women who wurrk, we are the force that kapes things going. No forcel Why, labor is phwat makes everything, an' the force that builds up the world should have a vote. We nade it as much as a man who works. The pace an' quiet yer have is at the expense of thousands of sufferin' men, women an' children, an—

(Enter Policeman.)

Policeman—Here, what's this? No speaking allowed here. Have you a permit?

Molly—Permit—permit, is it? No. Can't a body indulge in a little quiet conversation?

Policeman—You are standing up, waving your hands an' talking loud. You must stop.

Molly—Oh! Ef I sit down an' spake quiet an' don't use me hands, I can spake, can I?

Policeman—Here, move on!

Tramp—Let the lady spehak (hic). Very interestin'.

Policeman—Hoola! Here, you come along with me. (Seizes tramp by coat collar.)

Tramp—Leave me alone; I'm a voter. Leave it to me ladies; I'll protect you. Woman (hic), sthay at home.

Policeman—Here—come on! An' you (to Molly) stop speaking—do you hear?

Molly (to Mrs. B.)—There's a noice specimin ov yer purtectors. How would you like it if it was all the purtectin' yer had?

Policeman—Move on, I tell you! No speaking without a permit.

Molly—Och! Git along wid yer. It's not spakin' I am. Shure, an' I can't help it if all these payple foind me conversation so intherestin'.

Policeman—Move on, now, or I'll arrest you.

Molly—Arrest me! Arrest me, is it?

Policeman—Come, move on or I will.

Molly—Och! Don't be gittin' excited, policeman, dahrlin'. Shure, an' I'll move on. I've unburdened me moind. (Crosses over to center.) I'd just have yer know, mem, yer can't arrest the suffrage movement; it—

Policeman (crossing to her threateningly)—Move on, will you, or I'll have to arrest you.

Molly—Och. I'm goin'. (Crosses to R.) I just want to tell yer, yer can arrest me if yer loike, but yer can't arrest the suffrage movement.

Tramp—Hooray!

(Molly exits. Policeman collars tramp and crowd breaks up as curtain falls. Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Smythe, very much embarrassed, make a hurried exit.)

(Slow curtain.)

WE SERVE NOTICE

THERE are those who feel in their bones that a Socialist journal for women ought to be a pale and polite reflection of the ordinary "straight-away" Socialist journal for men.

If their vague sense of the fitness of things could be voiced, it would be that articles which are not quite "scientific" enough for the International Socialist Review nor quite "rampant" enough for the publications of Girard, Kan., would do very nicely for the domestic consumption of that timid and tender trinity, the wife, the mother and the sweetheart.

We think differently ourselves. There are Socialist women, it is true, who are as well protected from the harsh winds of ideas as the most sheltered bourgeois. They are taught the Socialist creed and encouraged to repeat it on every occasion. But that is not always an intellectual process. Some Socialist women are as effectually hobbled in their ideas as the middle-class woman who translates everything into the terms of a tepid Calvinism.

But that condition ought not to exist. The woman who has become a Socialist ought not to be treated like a child or deprived utterly of whatever sense of humor she has left. She has her own range of interests and she ought not to be ashamed of them or taught to dispose of them by a species of hari-kari.

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN believes that the day of vital journalism for women has arrived. In their hearts the Socialist women believe that, too. Therefore, watch us grow!

AMONG OURSELVES



The Socialist Party now has a dues-paying membership of 100,000. It is estimated that about one-tenth of this membership are women. And this in the face of the fact that here is no movement on earth that offers so much to the woman as does Socialism.

Political freedom, for which the women of England are suffering martyrdom and to which the American women are devoting untiring energy, is offered as a matter of course in the Socialist program. Economic freedom, without which no woman is free, no matter what her station in life, is also a part of the Socialist program for women.

Why, then, this dearth of women in our membership?

Is not the lack of education the principal fault of our small feminine following? For a decade we have diligently educated the workingman. We have appealed to him from every possible angle of his needs; we have worked on his prejudices; we have belabored him, plead with him, reasoned with him. We have FORCED our propaganda upon him in season and out of season. Today he is with us strong. As a sympathizer, as a voter, he is with us in much larger numbers. We are being repaid for our efforts in his behalf.

But the working woman? Small has been the output of literature especially for her. Few and uncertain our appeals to her. In spite of the fact that

Take their subscriptions. (You will find this easy if you try it once.) Then get the local to buy a bundle for free distribution each month. Get the names of the members and visit their wives. If the women will not subscribe, ask their husbands to do it for them. Too frequently women haven't the money.

Now this is a small thing to do. But if one woman in each local will attend the next meeting and get one or two subscriptions for The Progressive Woman, it will mean an increase of from 6,000 to 12,000 in our circulation. So you see the immense value of this effort to your paper. For this is YOUR paper, doing YOUR work, and it should have YOUR hearty and continuous support.

Visit the next meeting of your local, dear reader, and TAKE A SUBSCRIPTION FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

SUBSCRIBE FOR YOUR FRIEND

By Grace D. Brewer.

The Progressive Woman is the only paper published today whose sole mission is to introduce Socialism and all that it means to the women of this country. For that reason alone all Socialist women should make a special effort to push the Progressive Woman among their non-Socialist friends. Suppose every Socialist woman in the United States today would subscribe for one of her woman friends who is wide enough awake to read a good magazine when it is presented to her. That would really mean so little to the Socialist woman in cash, but when she stops to count up what such concerted action would mean to the Progressive Woman, the Socialist movement and womankind, the result is astounding. Now, Socialist women everywhere, why can't we make this effort?

We, as Socialist women, claim we are very much concerned about getting other women interested in Socialism. We wax eloquent and grow enthusiastic over the subject of what Socialism would mean to women, and yet we stand serenely by and with folded hands say we would like to see the Progressive Woman succeed, but we each expect the other to do the pushing.

Let each one of us remember that as Socialist women certain responsibilities rest on us, and no one else can do our tasks.

If we feel obligated to a single Socialist publication it must necessarily be the Progressive Woman, since it is the only one we can carry to our women friends with the information that it is filled with special pleas pointing out woman's need for Socialism and showing what she can do within the party ranks.

Now, let every Socialist woman send the Progressive Woman the name of a friend together with the subscription price for one year. Then we will stand back and watch this publication grow.

AN ACCIDENT

(Continued from page 10.)

first impression, and opens with her little hands the curtain that covers the face of her life.

She falls senseless. They carry her away. Every one busies himself with her and the dead man. What universal eagerness to help and serve, and how clear it is that unfortunates are bound together forever!

The architect draws a twenty-franc piece out of his pocket and drops it into his own hat. Then he passes before each man in turn, and says: "Gentlemen, for the workman's family." Each man's hand seeks his pocket; no one refuses. One gives three francs, another two, another one, another fifty centimes. A Savoyard, who collects alms with the help of an accordeon, steps forward and gives his two coppers. The collection produces a hundred and twelve francs in five minutes. It is time for everyone to return to work and the street is deserted again.

Who knows what will become of the poor widow, of the child to come, of the poor blind man? Who troubles himself about the man who dies in these branches of a work which raises palaces? When a soldier dies they at least sneak of a glorious death.

As we are leaving we hear the pavement rumble under the wheels of a private coach which is driving down the street. The coachman, wrapped in furs, can scarcely restrain the zeal of two magnificent horses. At the door a little old man clothed in an otterskin greatcoat, looks out and asks what has happened. The architect salutes him by name, tells him of the accident and holds out his hat. The old man, after hesitating a moment, gives him five francs. The coach moves on.

"A hundred sous!" exclaims a fishwoman who is crying her wares along the street. "And he's worth ten millions!"

"Who is the man?" I asked the architect as he passed me a moment later. He looked at me with a strange gleam in his eye.

"He's the owner of the building," he said quietly.

SING at Your Campaign Meetings

NO campaign meeting is complete without the enthusiasm that singing brings. The "Bull Moose" convention helped along its enthusiasm a hundredfold by the singing of paraphrased hymns. During this campaign Socialist everywhere should employ the power of song to help along success.

"The Battle Hymn of the Workers"

By GEORGE CRAM COOK, Author of "The Chasm"

THIS is the title of a new workingclass song that bids fair to occupy the same place in America that "The Internationale" has in Europe. It is the song we have been looking for.

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one of our greatest books by one of our most renowned Socialists was written on the woman question, we, as a propaganda movement, have not followed up this advantage, have not done what we could to arouse society, and the working woman in particular, on this most vital of questions.

Today, however, there is tremendous need of agitation among women. Over one million women in the United States now vote for President. Many more are going to vote in the near future. We must teach these to use their voting privileges in their own behalf. We are beginning to do this. From the National Office is being issued quantities of leaflets of appeal to women, and numbers of pamphlets are being written on the woman question in its political and economic phases.

But the GREATEST medium of agitation and popular education is always the journal, the newspaper, or magazine. The Socialist movement has The Progressive Woman, which today reaches more than 15,000 women with the message and appeal of Socialism. And this with VERY LITTLE EFFORT on the part of the organized membership.

The personal word I want to say to YOU, dear reader, is this: Take this copy of The Progressive Woman to your local. Show it to the members.

THE UNITY OF ASIA

(Continued from page 4)

"Escape, general! Escape, quick! The police are after us!"

As I heard the man speak in Chinese, I picked up the map from the floor, pocketed it, and faced my brother.

"What is it?"

My brother did not answer me; instead he caught Ming's arm and said in Chinese: "What is the matter with you?"

"I am shot. The fact is, general, that confounded fool of a Lee has betrayed us all. He told the Tokyo police all about us. Just as I was going to catch the train for Shubashi I was caught by a detective. I didn't mind him, but there was a gang of them. So, before they got me, I pushed that fellow down and ran. But one of them unluckily fired—I got it in my back. No time to talk now. Run from the window. They are in the hotel now. They are after you. Lee told about Prince Ito, too."

"Why? Did the dog get money?"

"He got money. Besides he didn't like to see a Japanese heading the movement. Hurry, I think I hear them now. Leave me alone. I am as good as dead now. The window!" With his last effort the man pointed to the window, where the gray twilight was already hovering, and then, with a groan, fell upon the floor.

"Just then many footsteps stopped in front of the door and were followed by violent knocks.

"Open the door, in the name of the law!" someone shouted.

My brother hurriedly tore open the dead bogus envoy's dress coat and drew it over his Chinese robe, while I unwound a rope from a Chinese trunk in a closet.

Then we cautiously opened the window. The coast was clear. The mist was dense, and the garden below was a confused mass of nocturnal green.

After we tied the rope around the table I let my brother slide down first. When I got half way down I heard a voice in the room shouting, "Go around by the garden; they went out of the window!"

We ran together through the hotel garden, which was dimly lighted by electricity. We sighed when we got out through the yard inclosure of the hotel, with the relief of convicts who have safely escaped.

But no sooner did we look at each other than we heard footsteps hurrying after us. Again we ran. We ran into the bustling streets of twilight, amid the flood of pedestrians, omnibuses, cars, until we, in the complete darkness of the street in which we arrived, lost sight of each other.

Since then I have heard nothing of my elder brother. The Chinese revolution was settled with unexpected rapidity. Once again Asia closed her heavy eyelids in a somnolent peace. Everything on this side of Ural sank again into a profound Oriental laziness.

But I am still waiting for my brother's return—to give him back the war map of Asia.

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JANE ADDAMS

(Continued from page 12.)

His record on the question of organized labor is a hostile one. While in power, either as president or governor, he had many a time ordered the militia to shoot down strikers, or, as he, Roosevelt, classified them, "undesirable citizens."

The party is financed by G. W. Perkins, a director of the Harvester mills. The conditions in those mills are worse than in many other mills. The ten-hour law for working women has been violated there more often than in other places. Girls working there have testified that they only get fifteen minutes for lunch, and that the highest wage is seven dollars per week. And yet Perkins and Roosevelt are to care for the overworked girls and tired children! The irony of it all!

Until now Roosevelt has sneered at woman suffrage. Now, when he knows there are over a million women who vote, he becomes an advocate of "votes for women."

And women like Jane Addams can't see it! If we ever doubted as to her knowledge, or rather lack of knowledge, of economic and political conditions, we no longer doubt.

But this, too, will pass. We are not despairing. The working men and women are waking up, and they will show to men and women like Roosevelt and Jane Addams that reform for them will not do, for they want ALL that they create, and not an iota less!

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