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# The Progressive Woman

A Monthly Magazine of Human Appeal Devoted to the Economic and Political Interests of Women

Vol. VI

JANUARY, 1913

No. 67



“IF UNIONS ARE GOOD FOR THE FATHERS OF WORKING GIRLS, THEY ARE ALSO GOOD FOR GIRLS.”—J. L. Engdahl, in “That Fifty Per Cent.”—Page 5.

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# THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

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## IN THIS OUR WORLD



By  
CHARLES T.  
HALLINAN

### CLAMOROUS DIVORCE REFORMERS.

Moved, in large part, by the pressure of wealthy Protestant business men who dislike the waste occasioned by the disunion, overlapping and competition of the Protestant churches, the great Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America held its quadrennial gathering in Chicago last month.

It seems to have been an impressive exhibition of religious earnestness, combined with an instinct—generally speaking—for progressive social reform. There were many planks adopted in the "social platform" of the conference which would not have been accepted by any single church conference a decade ago. Truly, the Protestant churches have gone a long way toward what old blessed Bliss of the extinct American Fabian Society would have called in the 90s, a variety of "Christian Socialism."

The most conservative committee of all, the committee most dogmatic and least open-minded, seems to have been the Committee on Family Life which was completely in the hands of the "narrow divorce" people.

Their whole report was in the familiar "alarmist" vein and full of passages like this:

It is characteristic of this age to regard the institutions of society as the products of an historic evolution, which has been guided and determined by principles purely economic and prudential. The acceptance of this doctrine, carried to its logical conclusion, makes legitimate any further modifications of those institutions which time and circumstances may appear to require. From the categories of such a theory the church demands that marriage shall be exempt. It is of divine origin and must not be amended at the bid of clamorous revolutionists.

There is a naivete about this passage that is almost overwhelming on first reading. "From the categories of such a theory," says the Committee on Family Life, "the church demands that marriage shall be exempt." What does the committee mean? Does it mean to claim that the institution of marriage has not been modified in the past? It cannot mean that, surely, for the Biblical accounts to which it refers give plenty of evidence that marriage has not always had the form it has today.

No, what the committee was trying to say was this: that it deplored the idea that, having achieved the conception of monogamy, we should ever permit any modifications thereof for the sake of "economic" or "prudential" ends. "It is of divine origin," thunders the committee, "and must not be amended at the bid of clamorous social revolutionists."

And the committee hurries to throw its whole weight in favor of narrowing and limiting divorce.

Matter of fact, the only people who are nowadays on the subject of marriage are the divorce reformers.

They have been classified by a scientist—in a purely scientific spirit—as "the alarmist, the professional reformer and the moral and religious dogmatist."

The rest of the world wags on, modifying its divorce laws so as to give women greater equality with men (as, for example, the unanimous report of the British Royal Commission of Divorce) and, in general, reflecting more or less unconsciously in its conduct the truth of the very statement so ardently but fruitlessly assailed by the committee, that marriage is constantly modified by the despised economic and prudential considerations governing the lives of men and women.

### WHEN'S A SOCIALIST NOT A SOCIALIST?

A correspondent writes in to say that she read "with sympathy and secret amusement" our indignant repudiation last month of the suggestion in the capitalist press that the "Socialists of Wisconsin had voted against woman suffrage."

"In theory, you are perfectly right," she said, "and my heart and hand are with you. No true Socialist could conceivably vote against woman suffrage. But you ignore the real difficulty in the Wisconsin situation, which is that many calling themselves Socialists actually did vote against the woman suffrage amendment. Victor Berger carried a good many precincts in Milwaukee which went against the suffrage amendment, some of them by a two-to-one vote. I hate to admit this, but surely The Progressive Woman would rather know the truth! It is this situation which we Socialists have to explain!"

A wholesome and chastening letter! But it needs no comment from us, since our correspondent has herself drawn the distinction perfectly. No true Socialist could possibly vote against woman suffrage, and the result in Milwaukee merely means that the comrades there—as elsewhere—have much work to do in educating the recruits in the basic principles of the movement, not the least of which is that of the political equality of the sexes.

### FOR MEN ONLY.

The summons comes from Germany to join a new society. It is for men only. It is called "Die Gesellschaft fuer Reform der Männertracht," and it has a secretary, and issues "brochures," and is stimulating discussions in the German radical papers on its theme, the

reform of masculine attire. It denounces the present-day attire of men upon historical, hygienic, esthetic and utilitarian grounds!

To belong to this society is to exhibit the courage of a super-man. Specifically, the society proposes to substitute "smock frocks," or "blouse suits." We shall be able to describe the attire more closely when the German illustrated papers come over. For "evening dress" the society proposes knee breeches and high-buttoned jackets. The hat is abolished, which is not a bad idea, as many who have tried it can testify. "Comfort during the hours of work," says the secretary, "and esthetic fitness during the hours of ease," are the objects to be sought.

It seems scandalous, does it not, that anyone should start a "dress reform" movement among men? For here is the truly conservative sex! It is so conservative on this subject that it has built up in its own collective mind the solemn conviction that its clothes are always comfortable and usually graceful. So welcome to "die Gesellschaft fuer Reform der Männertracht." We cannot join it, but we gladly egg others on to do so!

### THE NEW YEAR.

Thankful should we be that we can see only dimly the outlines of the new year.

We know, to be sure, that it will contain many familiar things. There will be agitations, and distributing of "literature," and much running around on committees, and voting on referendums, and a little expelling now and then, relished by the best of men.

The new year will have all these things—and more. It will have its surprises—what some one has called the "constant variables" of life. We look forward to them, recalling with relief Nietzsche's words: "A thousand paths are there which have never yet been trodden; a thousand salubrities and hidden islands of life. Unexhausted and undiscovered is still man and man's world."

### Has Your Local Celebrated PROGRESSIVE WOMAN DAY?

If not, you should bring the matter up.

Write us today and we'll tell you why your local should celebrate a day for THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN and how to go about it.

# A Happy New Year to You

But, come! Let's Talk About Those **HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916**—and **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY**.

From the Circulation End By **Barnet Braverman**.



**DID YOU** notice how the so-called Progressive Party appealed to women voters during the 1912 campaign?

Did **YOU** read the planks favoring women in the Progressive Party platform, which was supervised by Perkins, the patron-saint, whose mills at Auburn, N. Y., exploit women and children?

And don't **YOU** see that capitalist interests, which control the Progressive Party, recognize the necessity of pacifying woman's rebellion against existing conditions by conceding measures in favor of women—measures which will never make good because a profit for the woman, the child, the man is always a loss to Mammon? **YOU KNOW THIS FACT.**

That is why the sham reforms of the Progressive Party should be exposed. **YOU**—and every Socialist can show the 1,500,000 women voters that the Progressive Party is determined to preserve a social system which places a discount upon the lives of human beings and a premium upon profits, stocks, and bonds.

These 1,500,000 women voters are willing to fight sham and hypocrisy.

Will **YOU** show them—through **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**—that the Progressive Party is full of it?

These 1,500,000 women voters will eventually embrace Socialism if **YOU** will bring it to their attention.

Will **YOU** do so now? Now is the time and this is the hour to show women voters that the Socialist movement is a human movement—a movement swayed by the master passion of social service. And if **YOU** begin to do this—and keep on doing it—**YOU** will help materialize our slogan: **HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916!**

**YOU** will have a chance to make yourself exceptionally useful on **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY**, which Socialists always celebrate throughout the United States on the **LAST SUNDAY IN FEBRUARY**.

On **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY**—every Socialist will bring a woman voter or a suffragist to a Socialist meeting, lecture, banquet, or entertainment, and persuade her to buy a copy of **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**.

On **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY**—every Socialist Local should subscribe for one year's monthly bundle of **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** at 3 cents a copy—a mere trifle.

On **NATIONAL SOCIALIST DAY**—every man in the Socialist Party will be urged to subscribe to **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**, that he may learn to understand the sex struggle and its relation to the industrial struggle.

On **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY**—every Socialist woman should be absorbed in the task of getting six subs. for **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**.

**NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY** has always been a big day, but it is to be the biggest day of 1913 for the Socialist Party, because a master effort will be made to enroll women voters as members; to help make **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** self-supporting—to make it the strong right arm of the Socialist Party—to further the campaign for **HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916**.

Have your Local prepare for **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY** . . . now!

Have your Local send in advance bundle orders for the **NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY NUMBER** of **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** . . . now!

Have your Local order a bunch of yearly and half-yearly sub. cards from **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** . . . to sell at your meetings.

Meanwhile, do something yourself . . . now!

Paint "**HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916**" on your walls, emblazon it on your door; frame it over your sideboard; say it to your wife; say it to your husband; think it to yourself; burn it into your mind; express it in all your actions.

Put on your hat and coat. Go to your neighbor and get him or her to subscribe to **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**. If you can't do this—then take your pen, ink, paper, and envelope—please hurry about it; subscribe for some one you know, or renew your own subscription. Enclose the amount—address, seal and stamp the envelope—and **DROP IT IN THE POST BOX TONIGHT.**

## AN APPRECIATION OF A LITTLE WOMAN'S GREAT WORK

By **GRACE D. BREWER**

Verne Sheridan-Sterling is the smallest bit of humanity that could possibly be called a woman. However, aside from her physical stature she could not, by the widest stretch of imagination, be called small.



Her vision is broad and clear—world-wide—in which the sufferings and needs of mankind are played up in glowing colors. Her big, humanity loving heart seeks to bring about a state of society wherein an equal opportunity may be the inheritance of all, and at the same time her ministering hands and mind dole out succor and aid to all she can personally reach.

Comrade Sterling is one of the most ardent devotees of Socialism. Employed as an actress—on the road many months at a time—she keeps up a vigorous agitation that should put those more favorably situated to shame. She has a mailing list of hundreds of names to whom she is addressing and mailing literature when not on duty.

All the members of the company, as well as stage hands, wherever she goes, soon find out she is a Socialist! They get some part of the philosophy from her lips.

In a letter received from her a few days ago she said: "I'm mailing out the last sub card on hand today. Will be in St. Louis next week and expect I'll work my head off, for there are many new subscribers I must get."

She is so earnest no one can doubt her. An agitator whose ardor is never dampened—but who keeps her eye on the goal—while daily and hourly doing her share of the work necessary to bring her great vision into clear view of all.

Get 8 One-Year Subs. for **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** and have "**A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.**"

This book has 838 pages. It tells you how to cure **YOURSELF**. It opposes medical fads, vaccination, and the use of anti-toxin. It is free from technical rubbish—and teaches prevention—that it is better to **KNOW HOW TO LIVE** and **AVOID DISEASE** than to take any drug as cure. It teaches the value of **AIR, SUNSHINE, and WATER** as medicine, and the chapter on **PAINLESS MIDWIFERY** is worth the book's weight in gold.

The author of this splendid work is **Dr. J. H. Greer**, formerly Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases in the College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill. He has been an active Socialist for years and is the author of several Socialist books.

"**A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE**" embodies all the sincerity of the man who wrote it. **IT IS A GREAT BOOK.**

**WHY** should **YOU** not have it?

**Why** not get busy **TO-DAY** and hustle those 8 subs. in—and **HAVE THIS SPLENDID WORK?**

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP OF THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

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(Signed) **JOSEPHINE CONGER-KAN**

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9<sup>th</sup> October, 1912.

**ERNEST A. HOERICH, N<sup>o</sup>**  
My commission expires January 8, 1913



# HIS SECRET

By EMANUEL JULIUS

I.

STEVE approached the foreman and huskily said:

"I'm through. Gimme me money."

"But," the other feebly protested, "the boat's only half unloaded. What d'ye say to working the other three days?"

"Naw! Three days is nuff fer me. Fork up six plunks—"

There was nothing else to be done, so, with an oath, the foreman paid Steve what was due him, exclaiming:

"There ain't a bone in yer body but what it ain't lazy through

and through. Yuh never was no good, and ye'll never be no good—yuh good-fer-nuthin', yuh!"

Steve leered at him, but ventured no reply. Money in his hand, he slouched away from the pier.

A dollar went to Mrs. Flanigan for the rent of a dingy, dirty room. The rest bought two pounds of tobacco, three quarts of whisky and a supply of grub. Loaded with packages, Steve shambled into his gloomy, ill-kept room, lit a candle, placed his purchases on a rickety table and threw his greasy, tattered coat on a small packing box that modestly did the service of a chair.

II.

STEVE was twenty-six. His body was strong. But he had a face not very pleasing. To begin with, it was very dirty. Through the dirt one could discern the signs of youth. This was no easy task—but they were there—and you could see them if you looked close enough. His eyes were small, black beads hidden in their sockets. The teeth were all there, but they were tobacco stained and black. Only fragments of his disheveled hair could be seen. The bulk of it was covered by a cap. As Steve was lighting his pipe, he noticed an insect creep up his shirt. He made no effort to remove it.

With a yawn, Steve crept into bed. His scrawny shoes were still on his feet. But there was no danger of his dirtying the bedclothes, because there weren't any bedclothes. To soil the mattress was impossible. The limit had long been reached.

Steve puffed his pipe in a drowsy manner. The tobacco smoke crept into his eyes and nostrils—soon the pipe was out, his eyes closed, his breathing deepened—and Steve was asleep. He slept for fourteen hours.

Steve awoke because he was hungry. After eating a half loaf of bread, his hunger was appeased. Then followed a long, gurgling draught of whisky. After he felt it burn its way down into the pit of his stomach, he leaned over for his pipe. Soon he was smoking again.

Something indescribable happened. Something really perplexing. Something puzzling. His mind moved—his brain—what shall I v? Thought? No! Steve's mind could not Meditated? Reflected? Pish! Impossible. He dreamed a day dream? No. Still, at the ceiling in a dazed way, and—ly must leave it to your imagination.

But one thing was certain—Steve was in paradise. And he intended to remain there until all the grub was eaten, all the tobacco smoked and all the whisky consumed. That was positive. That was his program this time, as it had been scores of times in the past. Then would he stagger out of bed, go to the wharves, help unload a boat for three or four days—and back to bed for another week. That was his program. But—

III.

A GIRLISH voice rang out.

"Mrs. Flanigan!"

Steve listened.

"Mrs. Flanigan!"

It was the same voice. Some one was in the hallway. Steve did not move.

"Mrs. Flanigan!"

Steve puffed in silence.

"Ain't yuh in the house?" came from the hall.

The knob of Steve's door turned. A second later a girl of about twenty was standing on the threshold.

"In here, Mrs. Flan—"



She stopped short when she saw Steve sprawled out on the bed.

"I—I—"

Steve looked at her in differently. With a slow move, he sat up in bed and ventured:

"Maybe she's gone to the grocery."

The girl, Steve noticed, was sniffing.

"Gee!" she exclaimed, under her breath. "It smells in here like a pig pen!"

And with that, the door shut with a bang, quick steps pattered down the hall, and all was silent again.

Steve's mouth opened slowly. The pipe fell into his lap.

"The damned cuss!" he murmured, in amazement.

IV.

"WHO'S that kid?" Steve wondered. His interest was aroused. He vaguely recalled a head of black hair, wistful blue eyes, a cute little nose and small, pouted lips. She wasn't tall, nor was she short.

"The little cuss had gall to say that," thought Steve, looking around: "Some people've got poky noses," Steve concluded. "It's a wonder she wouldn't mind'er own business."

And with that he fell into bed, with a loud crash.

Steve relighted his pipe. The latent curiosity in him was aroused and determined him to learn who and what this "blamed little cuss" was. So, when Mrs. Flanigan passed his door an hour later, he stopped her with this inquiry:

"Say, Missus, who's the kid that was here this mornin'?"

"Sure, an' she's not like the likes of you," she answered, abruptly. "She's a dacent, hard-wurkin' girrul what earns 'er livin' in a box fact'ry—"

"What's 'er name?"

"Little business is it of your's—"

"Huh."

"Sure, it takes the likes of me to know the likes of you."

And that was an end to it. Steve returned to his bed, his pipe, his whisky and his grub. But something in him was moving. Something was calling. What was it? Instinct? Maybe.

I don't know. But it was something strong, powerful, all-mighty. It made him restless. He felt like moving.

Suddenly it dawned upon him.

"Jimminy!" he exploded. "I'm stuck on the little cuss!"

V.

THE girl's words remained in his mind.

It was impossible for him to forget them. "It smells like a pig pen," he repeated, slowly. "What'd she mean?"

Steve peered about. He saw nothing particularly offensive. He sniffed. Nothing obnoxious reached his nostrils.

Hesitantly, he left his room and stepped to a front room which he presumed was occupied by the girl. Warily, Steve opened the door and peeped in.

The room was even smaller than his own, but he noticed everything was in exquisite order. Things were tidy, clean and cheery. Here and

there was a magazine picture tacked on the walls. Ribbons and spangles decorated the corners. And, above all, a delicious odor pervaded the atmosphere—an odor only woman knows how to create.

Steve lowered his head and thought for a moment or two. He saw something move on his shirt. It was an insect. With a quick move he ended its existence.

(Continued on page 14, column 1.)

# IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

By JOHN M. WORK

EDITORIAL NOTE: This article is the first of a series on "Is Socialism Right or Wrong?" by John M. Work, National Secretary of the Socialist Party. The series will continue every month for the year 1913, and when completed will be printed as a booklet.

## CHAPTER I. SOME DEFINITIONS



FIRST, let me define my terms.

What is the meaning of the word Socialism?

Some people say there are fifty-seven varieties of Socialism, corresponding to the fifty-seven varieties of a certain gentleman's pickles.

But that is a mistake.

There is only one

kind of Socialism. Various Socialists wear various adjectives in front of their names. But they are all after the same ultimate object. They differ only about the method of arriving.

Of course, the word Socialism is used in different senses.

In that respect, it is like many other words.

Take the word union, for example. Sometimes, when you use the word union, you mean a trade union. Again, you mean the United States, which is often called the union. And yet again you mean a marriage between a man and a woman, which is frequently called a union. The word is simply used in different senses. It is perfectly easy to tell, from what goes along with it, in what sense it is used.

The same is true of the word Socialism. It is used in different senses.

Sometimes when we use the word Socialism, we mean the Socialist movement, or Socialist sentiment. If I say to you: "Socialism is grow-

ing rapidly," I mean that the Socialist movement, or Socialist sentiment, is growing rapidly.

Again, when we use the word Socialism, we mean the analysis which we Socialists make of the industrial process. That is what we mean when we speak of scientific Socialism. If I say to you: "Every writer on economics and sociology during the past half century has been consciously or unconsciously influenced by Socialism," I mean that every such writer has been influenced by the Socialist analysis of the industrial process.

But, usually, when we use the word Socialism, we mean the social or collective system of industry which we Socialists are trying to introduce. If I say to you: "Socialism will give the useful mental and manual workers the full value of their labor," I mean that the social or collective system of industry which we Socialists are trying to introduce will give them the full value of their labor.

In this latter sense, in which the word is most commonly used, Socialism means the social or collective ownership and control of those industries, which, under private ownership, are used by the private owners for the purpose of getting for themselves a portion of the value of the labor of others. For example, the steel industry is owned by capitalists who do nothing useful, but who use their ownership of the industry to take, in dividends and profits, from those who do the real mental and manual work of the industry, most of the value of their labor. The other exploiting industries are used in the same manner. And Socialism, in the sense in which the word is most commonly used, means that all such industries shall be socially or collectively owned and controlled, so that those who do the real mental and manual work shall receive the full value of their labor.

What is the meaning of the word Capitalism?

By the word Capitalism, we mean the present capitalist system of industry, under which we are now living, wherein the mills, mines, railroads, mercantile establishments, and other great industries, are owned by capitalists, or combinations of capitalists known as corporations or trusts, who hire people to do the work and pay them a fraction of the value of their labor and keep the rest themselves.

What is the meaning of the word Capital?

When the word Capital is used, a great many people merely think of money. They have an idea that money capital is the only capital there is. Of course, there is such a thing as money capital. But it is only a small portion of the total capital.

Capital, as a rule, consists of property—and of industries which are used for the purpose of making more money—in other words, for the purpose of exploitation.

What is the meaning of the word Exploitation?

By Exploitation, we mean the fact of a few capitalists gouging the rest of the people out of most of their earnings by owning the things which they have to use or which they have to have.

The capitalists own most of the industries. Their ownership of the industries enables them to take for themselves most of the earnings of the rest of the people. This is exploitation. So long as private ownership of the industries continues, the rest of the people have to submit to this exploitation in order to get a chance to earn a living. But they have the power to abolish this exploitation by making the industries collective property, owned by all the people and run for the benefit of all the people.

## THAT FIFTY PER CENT

By J. L. ENGDAHL



IT IS said that the working class must emancipate itself.

Carry it still farther. Say that the women of the working class must emancipate themselves.

Carry it farther yet. Say that the working class woman must emancipate the working class girl—even the working class child.

Woman is 50 per cent, man is 50 per cent of grown humanity. More than 50 per cent of the burden of the world presses down the shoulders of working class womanhood. Less than 50 per cent of the struggle for existence is freighted upon the strength of working class manhood.

The industrial struggle of labor has practically ceased being a man struggle. It is not even a boy struggle.

It is more the struggle of the woman, the girl, the child.

"Send the children back to school and organize the girls!" should today be blazoned big across the banners of militant toil.

Forget for the moment your ambitious forms for the organization of the ranks of labor. Dwell now upon the mind of labor—the brain of toil.

If the brain of toil was a working-class brain, thinking working-class thoughts, dreaming working-class ambitions—then all the rest would come. Toil would organize as one, it would strike as one, it would vote as one, it would move forward en masse.

But the brain of toil is a complex brain.

Woman is crowded out of the home and forced to join in the daily toil of the world, and her brother scoffs at her.

Girls are forced into the tobacco industry, the printing industry, the cigar making industry, and numerous other fields of human endeavor, and the fathers of other girls in these same industries refuse to consider them as of the working class.

In many factories and shops there are only girls at the machines, only girls at the work benches, and the fathers of other girls—the fathers who have been displaced by these girls—cannot yet see that they are both of the working class.

There are fathers who feel they are of the working class, but when they send their daughters into the big business offices of the cities, into the big telephone exchanges, into the big stores, into other big factories, shops and mills—then they forget that their daughters are still the daughters of the working class.

And after the girls, go children trooping into the marts of trade, the stores, the factories, the shops, the mills, into nearly all the dungeons of toil and the morgues of mirth. Even they are of the class called the working class. Yet the father doesn't believe, doesn't feel, doesn't think, doesn't know they are of the working class.

So the task of the taskmaster becomes an easy task. The big brain of the great working class is a muddled brain. It is not a clear

brain, because the thoughts within it are conflicting thoughts.

Let us reason simply together. If organization is good for the working-class father, it is good for the working-class mother.

If it is good for man, it is good for woman. If unions are good for the fathers of working girls, they are also good for the girls.

If unions are good for the fathers of toiling children, they are also good for the children.

If men must stand together to protect their manhood against the taskmaster, then women must stand together to protect their womanhood, girls to protect their girlhood, children to protect their childhood.

All men, women, girls and children of the class that labors must be as one in the struggle of labor for the benefit of the laboring class.

Some men—many men in the strongest battalions of labor today do not know this; they do not feel it. But they will learn.

That 50 per cent, the women, are learning it more and more. The girls, too, are learning it. They will both teach the children.

Then, as the burden of the taskmaster slowly continues to shift from man to woman, so that she bears more than the 50 per cent and he less than the 50 per cent, then she will begin to teach him, too.

The working place of the worker is his place of education. There he will learn more and more that he is only a toiler; that his daughter is but the daughter of a toiler; that his child is but the child of a toiler.

# THAT WASHINGTON STATE CAMPAIGN

By ANNA A. MALEY  
Recent Socialist Candidate for Governor in Washington

OFFICIAL figures issued from the office of the Secretary of State give the total vote of Washington as 331,790, the presidential candidates polling as follows: E. V. Debs, 40,445; Theodore Roosevelt, 113,698; Woodrow Wilson, 86,840; William H. Taft, 70,445.

Among the Socialist state nominees, Horace G. Cupples, standing for land commissioner, received the highest vote, 46,872. The lowest Socialist vote, 37,155, was cast for the writer, who had been nominated for the office of governor.

Other state nominees received as follows: J. E. Arnett, for state auditor, 40,683; Mrs. Minnie Parks, for state treasurer, 40,668; Frances C. Sylvester, state superintendent, 40,061; Frans Bostrom, secretary of state, 39,595; Adam H. Barth, lieutenant governor, 38,655.

The sin of the gubernatorial nominee, in being born a woman, seems to have been visited in some degree upon the head of her running mate.

Frances C. Sylvester carried her own county. In a previous campaign, as candidate for mayor of Olympia, she carried three of the six wards of the city.

The vote seems to have gone inversely to the campaigning done. Comrade Cupples and Comrade Arnett were both absent from the state during the period of the campaign, while my own platform work began June 12, and continued almost without intermission until November 4.

The women of the state observed the usual lines of political cleavage and were for the most part uninfluenced by the fact that there was a woman candidate in the field. Probably a majority of the railroad men of Washington voted for Comrade Debs, but Governor

Hay "made a killing" among them by his support of the Full Crew Law and his advocacy of the maximum train.

Robert Hodge, the Progressive candidate, had been a miner and was well known as a "good fellow" in many labor camps of the state. His political enemies induced his wife, from whom he is separated, to make an open attack upon him, and the most widely circulated papers of the state featured her stories. While these alleged exposures undoubtedly cost Hodge some votes, they also drove into his camp many persons who are disgusted with this outworn and unworthy method of campaigning.

Men were not wanting who are unreconciled to woman's participation in public affairs. One of these at Bossburg opined that "the Socialist party must be hard up for material when it must nominate a petticoat for governor." His reference to garments was altogether worthy of one strongly addicted to the habit of voting for "animated clothes pegs."

A Socialist baiter in a shingle mill at Bothell saw fit to decorate one of my advertising posters with tobacco juice. Some time afterward a comrade passing that way, paused to pay forceful, if not eloquent, tribute to the decorator. He expressed an ardent desire to "meet the coward and take it out of his hide." Walking disgustedly away, he growled: "Aw h—l, what's the use of wasting energy on a fool who has already spat out all the brains he ever had?"

Senator Miles Poindexter stated in a public address that he respected the Socialists for their intelligent investigation and analysis of economic conditions. He recommended that

Republicans and Democrats also become students. One of his auditors, attempting to follow his advice, approached a busy Socialist with the question: "What would you Socialists do with the railroads?" "Oh, that's simple," was the answer. "We'd build them and then walk."

Fred Warren had an open date following his Spokane meeting. The Spokane Local telegraphed Pasco: "Fred Warren will be in Pasco tomorrow night. Get busy." Pasco is a town of about 3,000. It "got busy." More than 300 persons assembled to hear Warren. A Republican meeting which had been announced for a week by bands, banners and front-page advertising had an audience of eight.

At Chehalis the Saturday evening preceding November 5th, 600 attended our meeting, while 30 persons turned out to a Democratic rally. "We have the rallies, but you have the crowds," said the dejected speaker, who adjourned his meeting and came to our hall.

Despite some friction in the Socialist ranks in Washington, the campaign was fruitful and full of inspiration. Comrade Debs in 1908 received 14,177 votes. Two years later the state vote was 15,994, while in 1912 a woman Socialist nominee for governor received 37,155 votes. Our campaign was clean, being devoted to principles only. Not a nickel was spent by any candidate in a personal canvass. The various tickets in the field afforded all shades of political belief and opportunity for expression. Yet the sex question disappeared in the face of the class issue, and the comrades of Washington feel that their state will be well toward the front when the grand march of Socialism for the national capital begins.

## THE ECONOMIC SIDE OF THE MOTHER QUESTION

By CLYDE J. WRIGHT

SOME things happening in Buffalo and Rochester during the past week that recognize what mental, physical and sexual degeneracy leads to are illuminating. I speak of the New York State Teachers' Convention, which I was privileged to attend at Buffalo, and the Rochester campaign of the Public Health Association, which I came in contact with indirectly. Though superficial economically, many points were fundamental. Humanity is waking up.

It is not a degenerated humanity that can be saved, but the humanity that is commencing to degenerate that can be reclaimed. Two of the present living generations have been already sacrificed to the first stages of degeneracy; there are reasons to believe that the reaction will be recovered.

The public is actually getting scared. No matter how much profit commercial cunning can make money earn, if women decline mentally, physically and sexually, there will be no humanity. The present decline of both men and women is like pouring acids on the roots of the tree that bears the fruit, and every succeeding crop will be worm-eaten and covered with knots.

Breeders say: "Don't 'sic the dog' on the thoroughbred cow, nor scare the hen that lays the eggs." But, oh, the American shame of it, when such vulgarity as this can be promulgated defiantly and defended, being a truth, that we prize a cow and a calf higher than a mother and her baby, and that commercialism forced a solution for protecting, promoting and improving the beast, while the human being recurs as a second thought.

There were 3,000 visitors at the Buffalo convention. They discussed the child, but did not discuss mother's child. Miss Susan F. Case created a silent sensation, recognizing "We are awakening to the danger of the border line children." That same day I traveled over what used to be the notorious "Maiden Lane" in search of the child's mother. I found, in one four-story block of just fifty rooms, fifty mothers, fifty distinct families, living promiscuously almost in quarters unfit for cows, according to the food authorities. And if, from such a stable, cow's milk would not be fit for your breakfast coffee, what about the nutrition for nursing babies? How about the "border line?"

Dr. August Hoch observed: "Mental hygiene has many points of contact with hygiene in general, not only in the sense that the bodily condition, naturally, reacts upon the mental state, but also in the sense that in the prevention of insanity a considerable portion of our task does not belong, strictly speaking, in the realm of mental, but in that of general hygiene." When the M. D.'s discovered that mosquitoes carried typhoid germs on their legs, Ben Butler advised, regarding New Orleans, that the proper remedy was to clean up the city and destroy the germs. As the tree toad reflects the color of the tree, so do children not only reflect the environment of undernutrition, impure nutrition and vileness of the unsanitary home and alley, but far more vital is the fact that the child reflects the qualities of its mother's brain and body.

It is not particular causes, but general causes, that affect matters of hygiene. The

small pay of labor means unsanitary flats and the greed of commerce means poisoned food. It would require a drayload of peroxide of hydrogen to eat up the germs in the average Buffalo or Rochester set of flats on the alleys for just one day.

Among the mental exhibits at the New York State Teachers' Convention, a placard read: "The census of 1910 showed more insane persons in the United States than the total number of college students enrolled in the United States." And remember Dr. Hoch says that "bodily conditions react upon the mental state." Charles Darwin proves that creatures become like their environment, also that like begets like, and environment can either add to or take from; evolution is both forward and backward, either slow or rapid, according to environment and intelligent direction.

Bottle-raised babies are witnesses of degeneracy, and to feed babies at milkless breasts is another crime. Women whose strength is exhausted and whose minds are worried, whose homes are cheerless, whose food is impure and unnutritious, whose lives are unhappy, are reproducing their kind; their kind are populating the earth with fretting babies and peevish adults. No less is the father affected. This is an effect that is directly and indirectly reaching the society of both the rich and the poor, and it is this broad social problem that is driving to Socialism people who care nothing for the poor, poverty-stricken, degenerating individual as an individual, but who see that society is an organism, no healthier than its average, and the whole contracts the worst disease affecting any of its parts.



# WOMEN OF OTHER LANDS

By META L. STERN

Formerly the world was our world.  
Today the world is our home.

## The Socialist Peace Congress.



ANNONS were booming, death and destruction, misery and disease were rampant in the Balkan lands, where men were murdering one another according to the methods of legalized murder, called war. The great, political powers of Europe, military states with great armies and navies at

their command, were meanwhile engaged in a diplomatic contest, planning how to divide the victor's spoils between the victor and themselves. On the battlefield and in the chambers of diplomacy we beheld the same ancient brutal right of might—the right that governs the actions of ferocious animals, the right that reigned supreme among our primordial ancestors, ages before the dawn of civilization.

At the same time a most extraordinary gathering of men and women met at Bale, in beautiful Switzerland. They came from many lands and many climes; they spoke many languages and represented many different countries and nations. But they all stood for the highest social ideal of modern civilization; they all voiced the mighty, world-wide protest of the intelligent, enlightened working class against the horrors and the barbarism of war. In an ancient cathedral this peace congress of Socialists convened. The "servant of God" who preached in this particular cathedral had been loath to open the portals of the "house of God" to the Socialist apostles of peace. But his congregation, wiser and more righteous than their spiritual guide, recognized that if Christianity means anything, it means obedience to the commandment, "Thou shalt not kill," and fulfillment of the benediction, "Peace on earth." So they opened the portals wide and welcomed the Socialists in their midst.

These Socialists, who came from Germany and

France, from England and the Scandinavian countries, from Italy and from Russia—what message did they convey to the world through the medium of their congress? The message that the workers of the world are tired of being maimed and crippled and slaughtered for the power, wealth and glory of their political and industrial masters; the message that the workers of the world have no grievance against one another, but are comrades and brothers at heart, and are determined to join hands around the earth and declare against war.

Among the delegates to this peace congress were fourteen Socialist women. As elected representatives of the working class, these women condemned war on the same grounds as their working class brothers. But as women, they voiced the cry of all womanhood against the needless slaughter of those we love. For every man, maimed, crippled or killed in war has been some woman's darling son, some other woman's husband or sweetheart. For every murdered man there is at least one broken-hearted woman. As women, then, the fourteen women delegates to the Socialist Peace Congress conveyed this message to the world: **The women of the world are weary of paying the price of war. They are weary of sacrificing their husbands and fathers, their brothers and sons for the power, wealth and glory of the masters. They refuse to continue to be silent and helpless while men murder one another, leaving them widowed and their little children orphaned.** Therefore, the women of the world are joining hands around the earth with the workers of the world in the name of humanity.

Among the Socialist women delegates was Clara Zetkin of Germany, who, in her capacity as international secretary, represented the Socialist women of all lands. The Socialist women of Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Italy, Denmark, Sweden, Holland, Norway, Finland, Russia, France and England endorsed Comrade Zetkin as their official representative. The Socialist women of America could not send their official indorsement because the congress convened at such short notice that there was no time for correspondence; but Clara Zetkin, nevertheless, was sure of the hearty co-operation and approval of her sister comrades on this side of the Atlantic. The following is a condensed extract of the speech

delivered at the congress by Comrade Zetkin in the name of Socialist women:

"We have always regarded it as our honor and our privilege to stand united with you men in your labors and struggles for the ideals of international Socialism. But never have we joined hands with you more joyfully than at the present moment, when you are leading the proletariat of the world in a holy crusade against war. We are with you, heart and soul, just because we are women, because we are mothers. Throughout the ages it has been our destiny to bear and care for new human life. This task has been our burden, but also our happiness. The eternal motherliness within us is roused to revolt against the wanton destruction of human life as practiced by war. Have not all these lives that are being sacrificed once been sheltered beneath some mother's heart, born and reared by some mother's anguish, love and hope? When we look beneath the surface of political events we recognize capitalism as the main cause of modern warfare. Warfare is only an extension of the murder practiced on the worker by capitalism even in times of peace. It is the extreme exploitation practiced on the masses by the possessing classes.

"In opposing war as women and as mothers, we do not only think of the torn and bleeding bodies of our loved ones; we also think of their murdered souls. For the ideal of brotherly love that we implant in our children's souls as one of the fairest fruits of civilization is sullied and trampled upon by the very existence of warfare.

"As women and as mothers, we are firmly united with you in your war against war. Indeed, you cannot be successful without the women. In the souls of our children, trained to hate human murder and to uphold human brotherhood, trained to feel themselves an integral, indissoluble part of the international proletariat, we are winning the future for you and are leading you to ultimate victory."

Our European comrades have decided to hold gigantic demonstrations against war, particularly against the possibility of a general European conflict over the Balkan situation, in all countries, especially in all large industrial centers. Socialist women will take a prominent part in these demonstrations and will thereby render a true service to civilization.

# A NEW YEAR STREET IN YEDDO

By HEROICHERO MYDERCO



HE sun glittered on Kiobashi street. The houses were decorated with the green, virtuous pine leaves, the fresh, masculine bamboo, and the fragrant ume—the New Year trees of Yeddo.

Beneath the waves of the deep turquoise roofs, the dainty red, blue and purple of the girls' sleeves danced like swarming butterflies—now flashing in the sun, now paling in the shade. The faint improvisation of a nightingale wafted through the colored streets like the odor of spring.

"Honorably happy New Year!" Every paper door on the street echoed the greetings within; and on the petals of the hyacinth, slumbering on the window sill of a house, the calm, golden New Year sun settled down comfortably in peace.

Somewhere in the street the cracking sound of ice and the clattering of sake flagons was heard. Then they were followed by the shrill, merry laughter of women, children and men. There were no harsh squeaking of wheels, no banging of gates, no cries of children, no noises of drunkards today, and the people, rich and poor, all dressed in their ceremonial robes, bowed and exchanged long, long greetings, each word accompanied by grandiose bows.

It was the holiday of the gods. It was the heyday of demons. And for epicurean

Yeddo people it was the first of a happy New Year. To the street of Kiobashi many itinerant actors, *manzais*, and singers crowded, peopling the gay, broad avenue of gates and shop fronts with their mirthful dancing and songs. There was a man with a monkey, a troop of *manzais*, a female dancer, and a masked singer. As they flew along, pausing at the New Year trees of each house, the clean white *shoji* of the houses would reveal the faces of the curious women and children, little by little, until they joined in their turn with the thronging mass of picturesque vagabonds. All of these people tipped the actors and singers with their sunny smiles, which were in turn accepted with many happy bows.

There came, however, a queer old monk, dressed in a shabby black gown, who did not accept the alms of the people, and silently passed along the street. He had a long staff in his hand, on the top of which was stuck a grim, rusty skull. The people at first thought he was one of those novel actors who endeavor to hit the public with a new fun. But when he did not accept money from them, they knew him to be a monk.

"What a fantastic idea! O, honorable *bonze*, please tell us why you carry that gruesome thing on this particularly joyous day?"

Some woman inquired thus. The old monk blinked his owl eyes, and said:

"I am Ickiu, the saint! Do you recognize me?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! You are the famous *bonze* of the Zen sect."

Some one made a bow before him, which the *bonze* returned in a solemn manner. One by one, the pretty sleeves and black silk robes

gathered around the curious-looking man of Buddha, and the street was soon packed by the crowd. Seeing the multitude, Ickiu opened his mouth.

"Harken ye, sensuous people of Yeddo! This is the New Year day! But nothing saves your life from the miserable clutch of death except the light of Buddha. Ye know that your bodies will be changed into skeletons as the year changes from the spring to the dead winter. Listen to the poem which I shall recite to you:

"The New Year tree!  
Thou art a milestone  
On the way to Hell!"

"Remember this, ye pleasure-loving citizens, together with the horrible sight of this skull!" And then, pushing quietly his way, he vanished into the winding by-street.

Shouts, laughter, sneering, exclamations, prayers of the crowd, rained upon the street—and when the noise settled, like dust after a shower, the calm mid-day sun shone over the petals of the hyacinths once again with its eternal brilliancy.



**WHITE SLAVERY**, by Charles Byron Chysler is a striking expose of the terrible vice traffic carried on throughout the world. Over 300 pages. Price, 25c. The Progressive Woman Pub. Co., Chicago.

# JUST A WOMAN

By MAY WALDEN

A THIN, shabby, little woman came to the door and in a voice that at once attracted attention and showed its owner to be a person of refinement, introduced herself with some hesitation as Mrs. Fredericks.

"You are Mrs. Wells, are you not? I have heard of you from Miss Black," she explained, "and she told me that you are interested in



A Strong, Robust Fellow With the Mind of a Child.

Christian Science. I came to ask you—I thought you might—Miss Black said that you had helped a friend of hers, and if you could do something—maybe you have some books on the subject." She paused, studying the face of her hostess intently.

"Oh, yes, I have some books," Mrs. Wells said, "but I can't say that I am interested, and I'm quite sure that I can't help you in the way you wish, for I'm not a practitioner," disclaimed Mrs. Wells.

"But if you have once been interested, isn't it possible that you could do something for me—for my—I wan't to tell you about my son, Mrs. Wells, if you have time to listen. I don't want to take up your time—perhaps some other day when you are not so busy?" seeing Mrs. Wells' hesitation, and shrinking at the thought of a refusal.

Mrs. Wells was one of the busiest of busy women, but—"I should like to hear about your son, Mrs. Fredericks," she said, gently.

In disjointed sentences that became fuller of confidence as she talked to this friendly lady, Mrs. Fredericks told something of her story: How her son was ill—not physically, but mentally—a strong, robust fellow with the mind of a child—how she had lost her property after she had reached the age of thirty-five; how she had struggled on and on, trying first one thing and then another to support herself and Tom, who was dearer to her than life itself; how she battled with discouragements, gaining a little for awhile and then losing more than she had gained; how her friends had begged and finally tried to force her to put Tom in an institution, so she could be freer to work for them both; how her relatives had passed away or forsaken her and her friends forgotten her—friends forget so often when one no longer has the means to entertain them—and how her mother-heart clung to the one being who loved and needed her. "No," she said, with trembling lips and tears in her eyes, "I can't part with Tom. He is all I live for, but I thought you might know of a way to help him, or tell me of some one who could."

Mrs. Wells searched her mind for some one who would help without pay. She thought of a genial, hearty M. D., who had given up practicing with drugs because he found that his personal magnetism and jolly laugh did more for his patients than all the poisons in the universe. If he could be found, he would be willing to help for the love of helping—but where was he? At last accounts he was in Honduras. She promised Mrs. Fredericks to look him up, and gave the little lady her copy of the book he had written, saying, "It will interest and help you if it doesn't help Tom."

After apologizing for taking up Mrs. Wells' time, the shabby little lady went away, saying she would come again next week. Mrs. Wells hurried to her interrupted duties with a sigh. For an hour or two she fought with her mind while it dwelt alternately on Mrs. Fredericks and her story, and her own work, which must be done. She finally settled down to her task so resolutely that Mrs. Fredericks was forgotten—not for the day, but until she appeared at the door ten days later. Mrs. Wells gasped at the sight of the rusty gown, the more rusty bonnet, the pathetic face, and the thought of her own negligence. She gently asked her visitor to be seated and to tell how things were going with her.

Mrs. Fredericks spoke cheerfully of her work the past few days. She had had a streak of luck canvassing for extracts and face powder. She had read the book and wanted more than ever to see the author of it. She was sure he could help Tom.

Mrs. Wells picked up the telephone directory and looked for the name of the genial doctor. Yes, there it was. Taking a nickel from a little box on the table, she was soon talking with some one who answered his 'phone.

"Is the doctor in town?" she asked. "When will he be back?" "Can I see him then?" "Oh, I understand. No, it isn't necessary," and hung up the receiver.

Mrs. Fredericks' face lost its animation—faint at best—when Mrs. Wells told her the doctor was in Honduras, that he would be back in three weeks for three days only; that he was going back at once, had given up practicing and gone into the real estate business—mining speculation—so it would be impossible to try to see him.

"I am very sorry, Mrs. Fredericks. I wish I could think of some one else who could help you."

"Yes, I wish so. I thought if I could see him only once he might give me enough encouragement so I could take hold of this work better and earn more money."

Mrs. Wells understood for the first time that it was for herself that Mrs. Fredericks wanted to have help. She was distinctly down and out, and realized it beyond the hope of ever reclaiming herself by herself.

Mrs. Wells talked to her encouragingly. "You have done well the past few days, and you will do better this week, I'm sure."

"I wanted to buy a stove this week," Mrs. Fredericks said. "I found one I could get for three dollars, if I take it at once. If you could loan me a dollar toward it I will pay you in a week," she promised.

Mrs. Wells took from her lean purse a dollar and handed it to the shabby little woman with the feeling that she would never see it again.

Promptly to the minute Mrs. Fredericks returned the loan. Her face looked more hopeful than Mrs. Wells had yet seen it.

"My niece is coming to live with me and help us out," she said.

"She is a teacher of physical culture. If I

can only get some pupils for her she will come soon. I want to get some cards printed with her picture on them and some envelopes, so I can mail them out. I am sure she will succeed. Could you tell me of a printer who could do it and would be willing to wait for his money?"

"I think I can get it done for you," said Mrs. Wells. "I will pay for it, and you can pay me when your niece gets her pupils."

Arrangements were made. The cards were printed and delivered, and Mrs. Fredericks carried them home. It was a big load for so slight a lady. Mrs. Wells was sure the little person was starving herself all the time to feed Tom. "Tom is such a big fellow and had such an appetite," she once said, but she never would accept an invitation to eat at Mrs. Wells' expense.

• • •

Mrs. Fredericks dropped out of sight and mind. The bill for the cards she had not paid, nor a dollar on her gas bill which she had borrowed the last time she had called on Mrs. Wells.

Months passed. Finally a Miss Black came in one day. She had met Mrs. Fredericks' niece some time before.

"Mrs. Fredericks died two months ago. She simply faded away. I think she starved herself and hadn't vitality enough to resist a heavy cold that she caught one raw, wet day."

"And where is Tom?"

"The niece has taken him to care for."



A Thin, Shabby Little Woman Came to the Door.

Shortly after the real story came out. A brother of Mrs. Fredericks was released from the penitentiary in one of the middle states. He had been a wild, handsome young fellow and had gone wrong by the road so many fellows have taken—"a shady deal." He, the scapegoat, had been sent up for fifteen years. Many people had lost their all in the transaction. Tom Fredericks' relatives had given up all of their property to clear his name. His sister and his niece—the ones who clung to him through all his shame and disgrace—were still giving up to the time of Mrs. Fredericks' death. His nephew, Tom, had given up his intellect, unwittingly and unasked, through the sorrow his mother carried, with him, the months before his birth.

• • •

Every day women sacrifice themselves for their loved ones. The world—the gay, careless, selfish world—lets them.

Will it always let them?



# SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN

By CARL D. THOMPSON



HERE are over five million women wage-earners in the United States.

They may be called self-supporting women, and, indeed, many of them not only support themselves, but families as well. Thousands of these women wage-earners are mothers whose husbands have died, been killed, or seriously injured

in their industrial struggles, so that upon them falls the burden of supporting the children. Many are called upon to help support invalid fathers and mothers, or perhaps to help brothers and sisters.

In short, 5,000,000 women in America are up against the whole economic problem of life in all its grim, stern and sometimes brutal realities. These women must earn a living. To do so they resort to almost every conceivable type of occupation.

Some of them make garments to earn a living; some keep books; some teach school; 900,000 are engaged in various agricultural pursuits; 113 are wood-choppers; 786 are dentists; some are lawyers; over 2,000,000 are domestics; some keep hotels; 8,000 are janitresses and sextons; 123,000 are "laborers"; 879 are watchmen, policemen, firemen, etc.; 2,915 are "hucksters and peddlers"; 190 keep livery stables; 323 are undertakers; 545 are carpenters and joiners; 167 are "masons"—hodcarriers, I presume; 193 are blacksmiths; 8 are boilermakers, and so on.

Five million of them—horny-handed daughters of toil!

Now, these folks in their struggle for a living encounter the difficulties of a bad economic situation just as truly as do we men folks. A reduction in wages hits a woman bricklayer,

I presume, just as hard as it does a man bricklayer. A brick of that kind on a woman's head is just as much a brick as it is on a man's head, is it not?

An increase in the cost of living hits these women just as hard as it does the men who are working for wages.

Very naturally, therefore, these women are becoming conscious of their needs. They are struggling to better their conditions; fighting to keep up their wages; fighting to make the few dollars they get go as far as possible to cover the increasing cost of living.

And, very naturally, too, in these struggles they encounter the political situation.

Not long ago in New York state, after a long and earnest fight on the part of the wage-working women of that state, they and their friends secured the passage of a law preventing manufacturers from employing women at night. The courts declared the law unconstitutional.

Miss Mary Duffy of the Overall Workers' Union, speaking before the Senate Committee for Woman Suffrage, complained of this bitterly, saying: "The courts have declared that law unconstitutional. We have no votes to change the constitution, so we must depend on our union to protect us. We are ruled out in the state, and why shouldn't our trade union get all our feeling of patriotism?"

These women realize that they are never respected so much as when they have the ballot. They realize that their petitions to the state legislatures and the national congress are never quite so effective as when they have behind them the power of a vote.

How quickly a political organization responds to woman's demand when the women have the ballot was shown very strikingly in the recent presidential campaign, in which the Progressive party came out for woman suf-

frage. There were many thousands of women voters in the western states, where progressivism is strong.

And besides, working women, more than others, need the vote, for they have no time to give to the indirect ways of getting laws passed that will improve their economic condition. They haven't the time nor the means to go to state capitals and municipal councils, to buttonhole this member of the state legislature and that, and use all sorts of influence. The only way they can make their influence felt is to vote straight for the measure, or the man, or the party that they know will pass the law they want.

Nor does the argument that women do not want the responsibility of voting thrust upon them have any weight with this kind of women. This argument is often used by the women of the leisure class, who say they do not want to be bothered with voting or political responsibility.

Bless their dear hearts! If they do not want to vote, and don't want to be troubled, let them not be troubled. They may stay at home.

Miss Duffy spoke well in reply to this kind of women one time before the congressional committee, when she said: "One of the ladies in opposition has just asked you to save her from the cares of citizenship and leave her free to carry on her charity and philanthropy. Charity for whom? Why, for such as me! But, gentlemen, we don't want charity; we want justice."

It is justice, then, that these women want—these self-supporting women. And they want and need the ballot because it multiplies their power to secure economic justice.

Strength to their hands, I say, strength in the form of the ballot for these women and for all women!

## SISTERHOOD WAS KEYNOTE OF SUFFRAGE CONVENTION

By WINNIE E. BRANSTETTER  
Socialist Delegate to 44th Annual Convention  
of the N. A. W. S. A.

The keynote of the 44th Annual Convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, held in Philadelphia during November, was sisterhood. Class differences, petty jealousies and life-long ambitions were forgotten in the inspiration of work and plans for future activity.

Liberty Square, the birthplace of our vaunted democracy, guarded by the city council and police force almost as a thing sacred, was turned over for our noonday meetings. Thousands of men and women assembled to hear this newer cry for liberty. Busy men trampled underfoot grass and flowers in their eagerness to hear the plea for justice from women active in the struggle.

One was impressed by the parliamentary knowledge and business-like methods displayed by these women coming from the shops, offices and homes of our nation to counsel together and devise plans for propaganda, organization, finance, and campaigns.

Our friends of the press and the gallery were prone to compare us favorably with those national political gatherings of men "high up" in the political and financial life of our nation, where ink wells, small missiles, and "shorter, uglier words" are hurled at "honorable opponents."

The delegates were women of keen intelligence and showed a knowledge of civic and political issues. They were honestly aligned

with every political party, but any attempt to swing their organization from its non-political attitude, or to submerge in any way the sole purpose of the organization was unanimously denounced.

The insurgent element is quite Socialistic. Those revolutionary forces fermenting our union and fraternal organizations are also at work in the Suffrage Association.

We have an immense work before us, comrades. Suffrage is one of the biggest issues before the American people. With nine states giving full suffrage to women, thus throwing into the general elections of our country nearly 1,500,000 women voters, with a direct effect upon our national and state issues, we cannot afford to close our eyes and remain silent. The woman is in every instance the bread purchaser; in many cases she is also the bread winner. She demands the ballot. It is not for the Socialist Party as the political expression of the working class (men and women) to question her as to what use she will make of it. We do not require a sick man to become a graduate of a medical college before we administer to his physical needs. In the same spirit let us administer to the political needs of our nation. If, after a hundred years, men are only beginning to lisp the word democracy, we certainly should not longer delay our work of lifting the mothers and sisters of men to a position where their education will begin.



Find enclosed money order for \$1.60 for the following subs. . . . If the Progressive Woman is an indication of what woman can do in politics, then I am for woman. In Socialist journalism you lady comrades are certainly way in the lead. Yours for success, H. A., Oklahoma.

I am so pleased with the improvement in the Progressive Woman that I will not hesitate in the future to push it wherever possible. The average woman's paper is adapted to the needs and amusement of the sentimental, undeveloped, inferior creature of the middle ages, but the Progressive Woman will appeal to women with brains and hearts not so unlike those supposed to be monopolized by man. Yours for success, Elsie Henry Latimer, Woman's State Organizer for Minnesota.

Dear Comrade:—Enclosed find \$5 for subscription cards. The Progressive Woman is great. Talk about it being a woman's paper! It is everybody's paper. And when I think it is the only woman's paper in the country that teaches Socialism, I wonder you don't have a circulation of 100,000. What do our comrades mean that they don't put it into every home? Fraternally yours,

ED M. MOORE,  
Indianapolis, Ind.



# PROGRAM FOR SOCIALIST LOCALS



Opening remarks by the chairman.  
Song—"Victory in Our Day," page 11, Moyer's Song Book.  
Recitation—"Sacramento," by Wm. F. Barnard.

## SACRAMENT.

In the early August hours,  
Where the poor and humble pine,  
Tenderly she touched the leaves  
On a morning-glory vine.  
Soft she wet the thirsty blooms  
That struggled with the parching heat,  
And o'er the crumbling window ledge  
Bent and kissed them for their sweet.

Nigh on noon, where mills clashed loud,  
Slowly draining human veins,  
Broodingly she dried the tears  
Of childhood wound in labor's chains.  
She stroked the lean, sob-shaken hands,  
Laved and cooled the little cheek,  
And, mother-like, with pillowed breast,  
Gave her heart to help the weak.

With the ending of that day,  
Home from all the toiling throng,  
Near to night's brief hours of rest,  
Low she sang a comrade song.  
Sang its glad words o'er and o'er,  
Musing midst her cares and fears,  
And while her voice ebbed to a sigh,  
Consecrated faith with tears.

All the joy she had of flowers,  
All her childward watchfulness,  
All her trust in times to come,  
Seemed to merge, a power to bless.  
Such, who thrill to all fair things,  
Such, whose arms as shelters be,  
Such, whose faith outlives hard fate,  
Such will help us to be free.

Song—"My Country," page 1, Moyer's Song Book.  
Lecture or reading—"Mother," by Maxim Gorky.

## "MOTHER."

By Maxim Gorky.

(Upon the exiling of her son.)



OR this they sentenced my son and all with him. Do you know? I will tell you, and you believe the heart of a mother; believe her gray hair. Yesterday they sentenced them because they carried to you, to all the people, the honest, sacred truth. How do you live?

"Poverty, hunger, and sickness—that's what work gives to the poor people. This order of things pushes us to theft and to corruption, and over us, satiated and calm, live the rich. In order that we should obey, the police, the authorities, the soldiers, all are in their hands, all are against us,

everything is against us. We perish all our lives, day after day, in toil, always in filth, in deceit. And others enjoy themselves and gormandize themselves with our labor; and they hold us, like dogs on chains, in ignorance. We know nothing, and in terror we fear everything. Our life is night, a dark night; it is a terrible dream. They have poisoned us with strong, intoxicating poison, and they drink our blood. They glut themselves to corpulence, to vomiting—the servants of the devil of greed. Is it not so? . . .

"In order to change this life, in order to free all the people, to raise them from the dead, as I have been raised, some persons have already come who secretly saw the truth in life; secretly, because you know, no one can say the truth aloud. They hunt you down, they stifle you; they make you riot in prison, they mutilate you. Wealth is a force, not a friend to truth. Thus far, truth is the sworn enemy to the power of the rich, an irreconcilable enemy forever! Our children are carrying the truth into the world. Bright people, clean people are carrying it to you. Thus far, there are few of them; they are not powerful, but they grow in number every day. They put their young hearts into free truth. They are making it an invincible power. Along the route of their hearts it will enter into our hard life; it will warm us, enliven us, emancipate us from the oppression of the rich and from all who have sold their souls. Believe this.

"Go to meet the honest people. Seek those who advise all the poor disinherited. Don't be reconciled, comrades, don't! Don't yield to the power of the powerful. Arise, you working people! You are the masters of life! All live by your labor; and only for your labor do they untie your hands. Behold! You are bound, and they have killed, robbed your soul. Unite with your heart and your mind into one power. It will overcome everything. You have no friends except yourselves. That's what their only friends say to the working people, their friends who go to them and perish on the road to prison. Not so would dishonest people speak, not so deceivers.

"The word of my son is the honest word of a working man, of an unsold soul. You will recognize its incorruptibility by its boldness. It is fearless, and if necessary it goes even against itself to meet the truth. It goes to you, working people, incorruptible, wise, fearless. Receive it with an open heart; feed on it; it will give you the power to understand everything, to fight everything for the truth, for the freedom of mankind. Receive it, believe it, go with it toward the happiness of all the people, to a new life with great joy!"

Recitation or reading—"The Monopolists," by Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

## THE MONOPOLISTS.

Oh, ye, who have forgot God's primal law,  
Oh, ye, who have forgot your brother's need,  
Pile the crushing burdens on his heart,  
That you may satisfy your morbid greed.  
Drain from him every drop of manly power;  
Fill higher yet your overflowing stores;  
See that you dip your nets in sunlit seas,  
Whilst he is crowded 'gainst the rock-bound shores.

Oh, ye, who struggled years ago 'gainst fate,  
Oh, ye, who climbed by aid of better men,  
Have you forgot the debt of love you owe?  
Have you forgot the hand that raised you then?

Have you forgot the needs that mothers feel,  
When little children cry in vain for bread?  
That strong men know, when gazing helplessly  
On faces of their loved, too early dead?

Oh, if you have forgot God's primal law,  
Oh, if you have forgot your brother's need,  
If you would bind him slave to Labor's wheel,  
That you may satiate your morbid greed;  
If you would dull his eye, his heart, his brain,  
If you would crush his life and call it Fate—  
Remember that you reap the thing you sow;  
And you must reap his sullen, pent-up hate.

Song—"We're Going to Win," page 62, Moyer's Song Book.

Closing remarks by the chairman, with announcements, etc.

## SNAP UP THESE GREAT COMBINATION OFFERS RIGHT NOW.

"Wasting Human Life," the book of the hour, by A. M. Simons, with "The Coming Nation," and THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN for one year—all for \$1.50!

Morris Hillquit's great book, "Socialism Summed Up," with the Metropolitan Magazine and THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN for one year—the three for \$1.50!

"Physical Culture," the world's greatest health magazine, and THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, both for one year at \$1.25!

Send YOUR order to THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN at once and get the benefit of these offers.

## DON'T ARGUE SOCIALISM WITH YOUR WIFE.

She can find out for herself what Socialism means.

Do not propose to do her thinking for her. She can think for herself. She knows how.

She can become a Socialist by reading THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

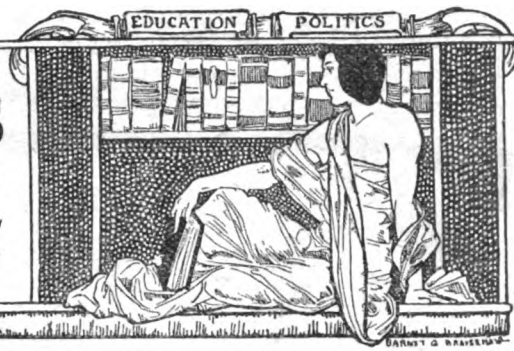
That's what THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN intends to do—make her a Socialist.

So open your wallet now and send in a one-year sub. for your wife to THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, 50 cents per year. 111 N. Market Street, Chicago, Ill.



## BOOKS and WRITERS

A CAUSERIE :: By FLOYD DELL



The Editor has humbly submitted to Mr. Dell's request to remove his picture.

**T**HIS is a causerie all about an anarchist. Anarchists have for all good Marxian Socialists (like myself and, I hope, like you) a curious fascination, commingled of attraction and dread—a fascination which I shall not attempt now to explicate, though it is explicable and makes a very interesting story. The anarchist in question is Alexander Berkman, the editor of a little communist-anarchist monthly called *Mother Earth*, a severe critic of "parliamentary" Socialism, and the author of a book entitled "The Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist."

Alexander Berkman is distinguished by the fact that at the age "when lads are in love with the grave" he went up to Scranton, or some such place, and tried to assassinate the steel magnate, Frick. I realize as well as you that he ought to have been hustling subscriptions for the *Social Democratic Herald* or distributing leaflets. In the midst of an intense and terrible industrial war he tried a bit of "the propaganda of the deed." He missed, was sent to prison (and the steel workers are still unorganized), and now he has put the whole story in a thick book.

I have not read the book. It was borrowed from me by the contributing editor of this magazine, Mr. C. T. Hallinan, and I have seen no more than the gray cloth cover. However, I have just lunched with the author—leaving him ten minutes before I started this causerie—so I shall write about the luncheon instead of the volume.

It was not the first time I met Alexander Berkman. I saw him briefly a year ago this fall in New York, immersed in the flood of gentle idealists who had come to attend the consecration of the Ferrer school. Perhaps you do not know about the Ferrer school in New York. To be quite frank with you, neither do I—but at its inception it represented a completely justifiable reaction against the absurd and unprofitable exactions of the public school system, tinged with a naive Rousseau worship of the child. Naturally all the individualists and anarchists and radicals were there. There was John and Abby Caryell, whom I greatly admire, and white-haired, picturesque Max Baginski, and Leonard Abbott, explaining away the thorny differences between each anarchist and all the rest, and in the midst of a crowd of vivacious talkers I encountered the keen, spectacled Russian-Jewish countenance of Alexander Berkman.

But that was not our first real encounter. Once upon a time, when I had got nervous prostration being the financial secretary of an Iowa local (I doubt if my accounts are straightened out yet), I retired to the country and became a hired man on the truck farm of George Cram Cook, author of "The Chasm," a Socialist novel which I believe I mentioned casually in this paper a few months ago. There I came across some copies of "Mother Earth," and came across at the same time "the communist-anarchist movement. Anarchism I knew about and abhorred, as all good Social-

ists should, but communist-anarchism, upon which the paternity of that obstreperous child, Syndicalism, has been pretty clearly fastened, was different. So I wrote to Alexander Berkman. I have no doubt it was an earnest and eloquent letter, full of objections which the communist-anarchists have not yet cleared up. But Alexander Berkman, mistaking (it seems) the sex of my name, wrote me a letter in return containing the phrase "I know you are a sensible girl," and proceeding on that basis to become very affectionate. I replied in the same vein, but in some way he discovered that he was being "spoofed," and the joke was cut short.

Well, Berkman and I and half a dozen other people sat at a round table in a restaurant and argued about "tactics"—the most interesting subject in the world. I record for the benefit of posterity that we ate, as some one else's expense, chicken en casserole and sparkling Burgundy. Berkman records in his book (I am told) that he once quarreled with a friend because the friend spent a whole quarter on a meal when he should have used 15 cents for "the cause." Much water has flowed under revolutionary bridges since then, and Mr. Berkman now looks quite well fed. One of the others at the table was the son of a warden in a state penitentiary. The son of the warden and the ex-convict shook hands, and we all enjoyed the effect.

Berkman told how he behaved when he was released from prison. He went to the house of a friend, and felt with great interest the paper on the wall. For fourteen years he had seen only whitewashed walls. Then he handled curiously the objects lying about on a table. Then he saw a child, the first child he had seen for fourteen years, and begged his host's permission to give the little fellow a kiss. After a little, nervous in the presence of so many people—five or six—he went hastily outdoors.

This may not seem very important to you, but I count it a rare privilege to hear from a man such facts as that. They were the beginning of a stream of facts which gave me a new insight into the mind of the prisoner. There are three things, says Berkman, which haunt every prison—tuberculosis, insanity and homosexuality. He told about all three. The facts about the last were infinitely enlightening, but I can hardly tell them here, or the editor of this paper might spend the New Year holidays in jail. You are aware, doubtless, that people can be—and are—put in the penitentiary for sending "indecent" matter through the mails, but are you aware that anything is "indecent" which a federal judge chooses to regard as such. Anything! If you imagine that I exaggerated you may, write to Theodore Schroeder at Cos Cob, Conn., for some pamphlets giving the facts. The point is that I do not care to entrust my liberty to the prejudices of an ignorant person whose opinions on literary questions (and decency is a literary question) I profoundly despise.

So I shall talk about tuberculosis, or, rather, I shall tell one story which he told me. It is probably in his book, but Mr. Hallinan has

that, and so I quote from memory. The victim was a boy who was very anxious to believe that he did not have this fatal disease. His friends would reassure him. He would say, suspiciously, to Berkman, "You know I've got consumption." But Berkman would jolly him and say, "No, nonsense; you're all right. You haven't got anything the matter with you. It's just worry."

Then the boy would say, challengingly, "Use my pipe!" Berkman took the pipe and smoked it, the boy watching to see if he showed any fear. Berkman made no bones of it, and when the boy offered him his towel, he used it carelessly, as if there were nothing to fear. So the boy was comforted a little. Mind you, the boy *did* have tuberculosis. There is more to the story, but I forbear to tell it.

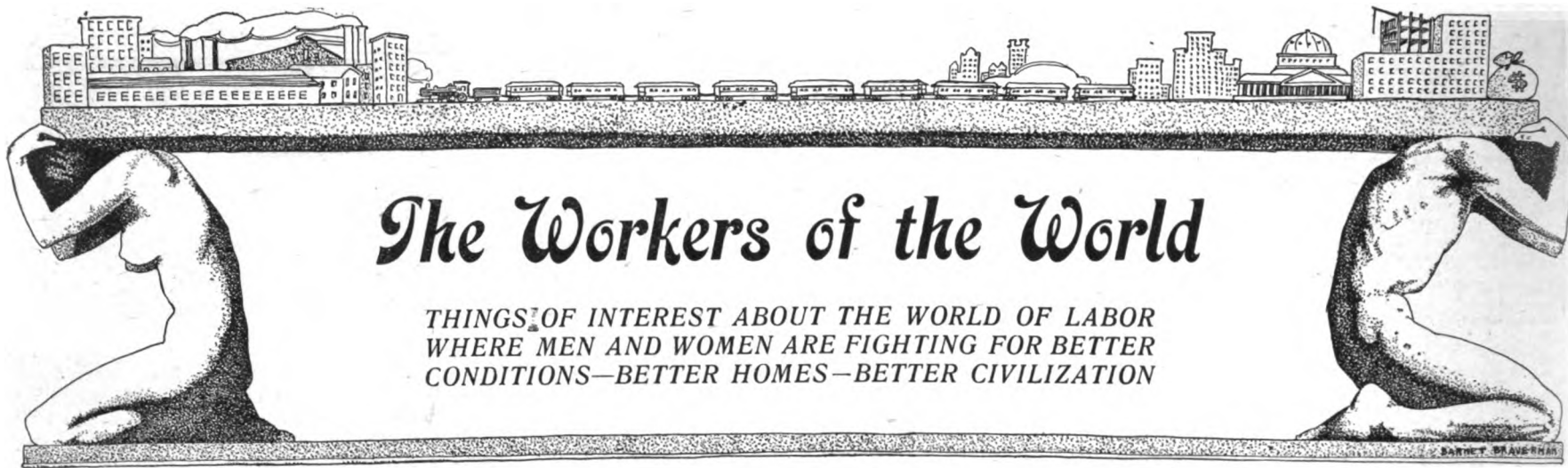
Then there was another story about a boy who had killed a policeman (who had killed his chum), and was serving a life sentence. He made trinkets in the half-light of his cell until he lost his sight, and sold them, and when he had \$50 he sent it to the widow of the man he had killed. He had heard she was poor and was taking in washing. She replied, saying that he was a dirty murderer, and if he ever asked for a pardon she would block it—which, as the victim's widow, she could traditionally do; but she kept the money. The boy kept on making trinkets—horsehair chains and the like—and sending her more money.

Berkman told of the love letters that are sent back and forth in prison. They do not resemble the Browning letters exactly, but they are not in kind different from some which (in defiance of the postal regulations) at least one editor of this journal has in his time written and received. These prison love notes between men and women who have perhaps never seen each other are destroyed as soon as read, and answered when possible. Berkman corresponded in such fashion with a woman with a peculiarly tragic history, which he recounts, I understand, in one chapter of his book. The newspapers were at the time full of it. The wife of a warden had fallen in love with a man waiting in the death cell for his day of execution. To him and his brother (who was also condemned to death) she brought saws, and stood in front of their cells reading the Bible to them while they sawed the bars. Then, when they had cut the bars through, she smuggled in revolvers and they all escaped—to be followed, cornered and (all except the woman) killed by the sheriff's posse. Berkman had a note from the man just before the escape. The woman, in spite of their urging, had insisted on going with them. Said the prisoner: "I know it is my death sentence." But rather than have the woman believe he was trying to "shake" her, he went with her.

The woman was sent to prison for two years. Berkman saw her on the day of her release—the presumably happy day. But her face was full of sorrow and foreboding. Well it might have been, for she was deprived of every means of livelihood by the good people of the state, and finally entered a house of prostitution.

(Continued on page 14, column 3.)





# The Workers of the World

THINGS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE WORLD OF LABOR  
WHERE MEN AND WOMEN ARE FIGHTING FOR BETTER  
CONDITIONS—BETTER HOMES—BETTER CIVILIZATION

## THE 32d A. F. of L. CONVENTION— ITS RELATION TO SOCIALISM

By PAULINE M. NEWMAN



THE 32nd Annual Convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Rochester during November is now a matter of history. We can well be satisfied with the work it has accomplished. Though Industrial Unionism was defeated by a vote of almost two to one; though the Socialist ticket opposing the present A. F. of L. administration was defeated by a big majority—in spite of all this, we have reasons to be satisfied. Never has the question of Socialism and Industrial Unionism occupied a more prominent place at an A. F. of L. convention than at this one; never were the lines between the radicals and conservatives drawn so closely; never have the Socialist delegates shown such strength among the rank and file of the A. F. of L. In short, this convention, more than any of the previous ones, showed that Socialism and Industrial Unionism were making steady progress among the rank and file of the A. F. of L. And with this fact alone—if nothing else—we can well be satisfied.

Let it be borne in mind that as soon as the average member of the A. F. of L. is ready for a change—be it the industrial form of organization, or a change in the administration—there is no power on earth that will stop that change from coming. And the assumption by some people that "the rank and file of the A. F. of L. is ready for a change, but that Gompers holds them back," is all wrong. Not only Gompers, but even a greater man, cannot control the minds of two million people.

But the rank and file of the A. F. of L. is waking up, and Gompers can't stop them, either. He does not even attempt to do it—for he well knows that it would be a useless task. And that this is so was proven by the enormous vote Max Hayes, Socialist, received as candidate opposing Gompers for the presidency of the A. F. of L.

Since 1903 Gompers has had no opposition against his candidacy for president of the A. F. of L., but in all these years the Socialists, in their respective unions, have been "boring from within," and their work has not been lost. This was clearly shown at the 32nd convention.

While the Socialist agitation at all past conventions bore an abstract character, it has this time assumed a concrete form by putting up a Socialist ticket in the field to oppose the conservative administration. The radicals have lost—but the loss is only temporary. The Socialist element received nearly 6,000 votes: a very good beginning.

No, those who see the need for Industrialism will not, and cannot, be dominated by either Gompers or his machine.

After all, it is only a question of time before the whole membership will be permeated with the principles of Socialism and Industrial Unionism.

Meanwhile, the Socialist delegates, who for years have been "boring from within," can be congratulated for the splendid fight they made at this 32nd convention. They had the courage to stand up and defend the principles they believe in. They did not leave the organization to organize rival unions. It is easy to do that. But it is mighty hard to be one among many who, because of the lack of understanding, are apt to oppose you on every occasion and misconstrue your sincerity and your meaning.

But such Socialists as Max Hayes, Frank Hayes, Cannon, Moyer, McDonald, White and a host of others may rejoice, for the agitating and educating "within" has not been in vain.

Some of the important resolutions which were passed at the convention are as follows:

A resolution calling upon all unskilled workers to organize under the banner of the American Federation of Labor.

Opposing the intervention of the United States in Mexico.

Favoring the adoption of the university extension system such as that provided by the state of Wisconsin.

To study the Boy Scout movement.

To work for the recognition of the Porto Ricans as citizens of the United States.

For uniform school books, and that the state should own the copyright on them.

Urging the abolition of contract prison labor in Tennessee.

Against the employment of alien labor by the federal authorities and contracts on certain work.

To work for the establishment of a National Health Department.

Resolution against war and calling for the settlement of all international disputes by arbitration.

Demanding a half-holiday on Saturday all year round for the United States navy yard employees.

Demanding that the Baldwin detectives, otherwise known as the criminal guards in the coal fields of West Virginia, be driven out at once.

Endorsing the Factory Investigation Commission.

Instructing the Federation to work for the passage of the bill now before Congress which provides for the installation of an automatic stop system for the protection of human life.

To arrange a conference of representatives of the American Federation of Labor, and state branches to work more in behalf of labor legislation.

Instructing the Federation to place itself on record for the enactment of a minimum wage law for women.

The proposal to form an independent labor party was defeated, and the Federation remains by its old policy.

Convention also went on record as believing the structural iron workers who are now on trial at Indianapolis to be innocent until their guilt is proven beyond doubt. Also endorsing the injunction limitation bill. And that warships for the United States be built by the government navy yard instead of by trust concerns.

The delegates went on record as favoring the election of Senators by popular vote.

A resolution against the Taylor system of efficiency was passed.

A resolution endorsing woman suffrage also passed.

## WOMEN MUST ORGANIZE THEMSELVES

By MAX S. HAYES

THERE were no startling innovations adopted, or even considered, relating to the organization of women workers at the recent convention of the American Federation of Labor in Rochester, N. Y. It was almost exclusively a masculine conclave, only three or four women delegates being present, and they were correspondingly silent regarding the conditions under which women and children toil.

The fact of the matter is that the A. F. of L., as such, leaves the business of organizing and improving the lot of women workers largely to the international unions in the industries in which they are employed. It could not very well do otherwise, for the Federation, as its name implies, is nothing else but a federation of internationals, and these latter are best informed as to the problems of their trades.

And all the officers of the internationals agree that the question of organizing the women workers, and retaining their membership after they are in the union, is one of the most serious issues they are called upon to face.

But after all is said and done, the proposition comes right back home to the women themselves that they are the ones who must take the initiative in organizing to protect their interests as workers.

Without exception, the international union officials are sympathetic and desire to be helpful to the feminine sex, who, willingly or unwillingly, work for pin money or are flattered into the belief that they are "business women," or are satisfied to live on the hope that some fine day the man of their choice will come along and marry them out of the industrial shambles.

But these union officials cannot perform the miraculous and compel the women workers to join hands with them and force them to stick to the organization and make common cause in the work of raising wages and reducing the hours of toil, unless, as stated, the women first become conscious of their helplessness in remaining non-union and show a disposition to aid themselves.

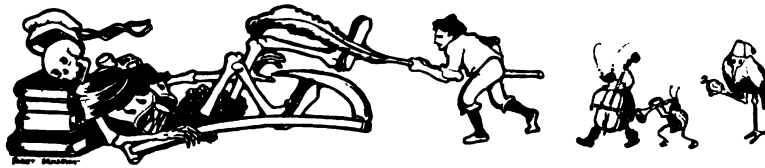
It seems to me that Socialist women, who, by reason of their study of economic and political conditions, are well fitted to lead in industrial organization work, should make special efforts to assist the union movement.

It is the first and a long and important step in awakening the working class to a full realization of the inequalities and injustices of the present profit-mongering system of capitalism.

Organization is power on the industrial field and, supplemented by the same united effort on the political field, it will mean the establishment of a social democracy in which all men and women will be truly free.

MAPLE SYRUP CHEAP AS CIDER. Particulars 2c.  
FREDRICK & CO., P.W., TOLEDO, OHIO

# THINGS IN THE MAKING



By  
**BARNET  
BRAVERMAN**

## NO REST FOR THE WICKED—SOCIALISTS.

Socialism must be very wicked indeed. Like things wicked, it never has rest.

The election of 1912 is past tense now. Yet, capitalists from Perkins to Munsey cannot let Socialism alone.

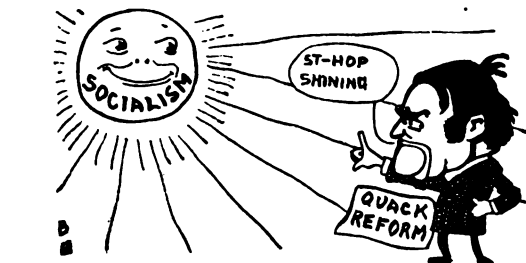
Hungry politicians from Roosevelt to Patsy O'Shekel are making "wry" faces at it. With loud acclaim, all of them are shouting in Bull Moose fashion, "Down with Socialism, br-r-r-r!"

Oh wicked Socialism! When wilt thou have the rest and peace and bliss of ye Progressive party?

Even the National Progressive committee which

met in Chicago during December refused to allow Socialism to abide in peace. This committee was so intent upon making Socialism restless that it adopted the plan of organization used by the Socialist party. It endorsed a dues-paying membership, the establishment of a permanent headquarters, a country-wide organization, a program of education and publicity, the establishment of a speakers' bureau, a conference of college students, and annual state and national conferences similar to those held by the Socialist party.

With all props thus knocked from under it, the Socialist party must wobble about in restlessness and remorse. Our dear Bull Moose



friends seem to think so. And with those wicked Socialists writhing away, the capitalist class which is supporting the so-called Progressive party will begin enjoying a new lease of rest, peace, and bliss in its industrial heaven forever-and-a-day.

The funny part of the whole situation is that Socialists welcome any restlessness the Progressive party may bestow upon them. Restlessness is a good sign of stored-up energy. And we shall be delighted to use this energy by showing that the politicians, financiers, mistaken ministers, and well-meaning settlement workers who are "battling for the Lord"—as if the Lord could not get along without them—have always rested contentedly upon the backs of the working class.

Verily, Socialists will make good use of their restlessness. The Progressive party will help us along by its false promises and inadequate reforms. This is all workers can expect from the Bull Moose party or any other party controlled by Big Bizness.

But the industrial system which the Progressive party is trying to bolster will not stand bolstering . . . because the men and women of the working class are astir. They are restless for a change. Perhaps they too are wicked! And if wicked, restless Socialism will help them, then a million Progressive parties can rise only to fall again into their troubled pools of social deceit.

## WAS IT A VINDICATION?

'Tis true an American jury at Salem, Mass., freed Ettor and Giovanetti.

'Tis true the two I. W. W. leaders will once more inhale ye fragrance of ye American atmosphere which occasionally becomes polluted with a queer germ called, "American Justice."

But what if they were acquitted?

Why gloat over it?

Why should their acquittal be termed "a vindication of American criminal jurisprudence," as most of the daily press have called it?

The "evidence" against Ettor and Giovanetti was groundless. It was a mere concoction of weird notions which have their origin in the brains of detectives and labor haters. And the argument of the State consisted of a long-drawn, blood-thirsty demand for the lives of two peacable Italians who championed the cause of 35,000 down-trodden textile slaves at Lawrence.



No jury on earth could have honestly convicted Ettor and Giovanetti on the flimsy evidence used against them. That is why their acquittal is no surprise to us. And yet the capitalist press calls their acquittal "a vindication of American criminal jurisprudence." But this is a mistake.

If the Harvard college "stewdents" who joined the Massachusetts militia to shoot textile slaves had been compelled by the courts to lay down their arms; if the detectives who lied and sneaked and created havoc among the poor, simple men and women who dared to fight starvation by fighting the rapacity of the Wollen Trust, had been compelled to stop their cowardly activities; if the Lawrence officials and "pillars of society" who tried to defeat the strikers' hopes by preventing their children from being sent to New York sympathizers, had been dealt with rigidly by the Massachusetts courts—then there would be good cause for saying American criminal jurisprudence had been vindicated.

But the courts of Massachusetts denied bail to Ettor and Giovanetti. They were denied a speedy trial, and imprisoned illegally for almost a year. When brought to trial, they were carried in iron cages like dangerous jungle beasts.

There will never be a real vindication of American criminal jurisprudence until the great mass of workers decide to put on the judicial bench men and women who will serve the interests of the working class—working class judges who will apply the full rigor of judicial authority to hypocritical "pillars of society," detectives, official thugs, and college "stewdents" whose humanitarian impulses are so broad that they can only find expression by shooting toilers who brave death and hunger to gain better living conditions.

Send 10c for one dozen assorted Socialist and suffrage postcards. The Progressive Woman, Chicago.

**A PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE.**—A great book for family use. Read our premium offer and learn how to get it.

## THE MAN ON THE STICK.

Huh, huh!

See the man in this picture?

Isn't he a Funny Man—huh?

He looks as though he is balancing himself on a Stick. Alas, he is doing nothing of the kind.



This Man is really trying to move the Big Boulder and is using the Stick as a crow-bar. The Big Boulder is an Eye-sore to the Man. And you cannot blame any one for wanting to get rid of an Eye-sore, can you?

Just now, the Man in the picture, and his Stick which he calls the United States Government, are engaged in the absorbing task of trying to roll the Big Boulder down into the Valley of Destruction.

Debs, Warren and Phifer, The Appeal editors, have been indicted for sending so-called obscene matter through the mails. Only, the indictment sayeth not that this matter was the printed embodiment of the plain truth about the obscene, revolting, and unspeakably vile conditions that existed at the federal penitentiary in Leavenworth, Kansas.

But—Debs, Warren and Phifer will never go to prison.

Why?

Because the Funny Man on the Stick can't move the Big Boulder. And a person who tries such antics is not only funny—he's a rare species of a peculiar animal called "Phool."

## IT WAS JUST A FLICKER.

A flicker of hope must have imbedded itself in the bosom of every worker upon hearing the news that Andrew Carnegie, world-philanthropist and lover of bonds, had rushed to the rescue of our down-and-out ex-presidents with a permanent fund from which the beneficiaries will receive \$25,000 per year.

Perhaps working people had good cause to entertain this flicker of hope.

Perhaps every worker thought unto himself or herself, "if an ex-president of the United States is to get a pension of \$25,000 per annum for holding a job from four to eight years, then I, who have been moiling and toiling all these many years will surely get a pension of at least \$2,500!"

But mark you! I say, perhaps every worker thought so. And the difference between what you think you may get and what you do get is very apparent, isn't it?

We should not begrudge our ex-presidents this trifling stipend.

An ex-president is a man (some day we'll have women presidents) who was once a public servant. As such, he is entitled to a pension.



Now, the kind of folks who labor in mine, mill and shop, are not public servants. Forsooth! They are simply laborers, factory hands, or working people. This kind of people

(Continued on page 14, column 2.)

(Continued from page 4.)

Steve's restlessness was becoming more pronounced. This was remarkable, considering that never before had he felt restless in the slightest degree.

And then he did a startling thing—he hurried to the wharf, where he was immediately placed at work. In three days he finished, but not for long. A White Star steamer from Savannah enabled him to put in another week. At the end of that time Steve had just about fifteen dollars.

Late Saturday afternoon he made a shopping trip around town. This time he bought a hat, shoes, shirt and a cheap second-hand suit of clothes.

This was a crisis in Steve's life. He realized he was in love with that pert, quick girl—the girl who had insulted him. He wanted her. That's why he decided to "spruce up a bit."

With a mass of packages under his arm, Steve started back to his room. As he entered the hall he saw the girl coming down the stairs. She was leaning on the arm of a young, bright-looking lad of about twenty-one. He was a splendid type of working boy, and remarked, loud enough for Steve to hear:

"Yep; I'm certainly glad I was let into the union—"

"So'm I, dearie," came from the girl.

Steve felt miserable. He seemed in a stupor as he gazed ahead, packages in hand.

As the girl passed Steve she whispered to the other:

"There's that pig I was telling you about."

Steve heard that remark. A lump gathered in his throat and a sickly sensation crept into the bottom of his stomach.

He slowly walked up the steps, entered his room and threw the packages into a corner, where they were left unopened. With a vile oath, he flopped into bed, alongside of which were grub, tobacco and whisky. As he lit his pipe, Steve saw another bug on his shirt. He made no effort to remove it. Then followed a long, gurgling draught of whisky. . . . Steve was in his old paradise. And he intended to remain there until all the grub was eaten, all the tobacco smoked, and all the whisky consumed.

## Will Alfalfa Renew Life?

A Scientific Discovery of Importance to Every Seeker for Health and Beauty

How far will the wonderful Alfalfa plant go in solving the mystery of life is the question scientists are now asking themselves. This marvelous plant has proven a wonder in building up tissues and nerve strength, rounding out the form, purifying the blood; stopping stomach, kidney and liver troubles and brain fag. Robinson's famous Alfalfa Nutrient gives you the very "soul" of the Alfalfa. Send 4 cents for a 35-cent, ten-day treatment of Alfalfa Nutrient with 56-page book, "Health and Beauty," to Alfalfa Chemical Company, 775 Northwestern Building, Chicago. It's a revelation. Also an exceptional money-making opportunity for agents.

## AN AUTOGRAPH WITH A SENTIMENT.

By Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

The social rights 'gainst class and clan,  
By change of sex and a' that,  
Though woman never can be man,  
Her charm is just, for a' that.

For a' that, and a' that,  
Her Edenship, and a' that,  
In all that makes a living soul,  
She matches man for a' that.

Boston, January 3, 1875.

Patronize our advertisers and you'll boost The Progressive Woman

The response to the call sent out by the National Woman's Committee that November 24 be made Progressive Woman Day has been extremely gratifying. Not that tremendous sums of money were raised, but the aroused interest and the activity on the part of both women and men comrades in behalf of the woman's movement and its magazine made Progressive Woman's Day a red-letter day on the Socialist calendar. Many locals, unable to celebrate the date set by the Woman's National Committee, fixed their own dates. Some are celebrating now, and others will have Progressive Woman Day in the near future. These are helping us to bring about our slogan of "FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916." The following from some of the letters received (it is impossible to quote from all of them) shows what is being done:

Local Lincoln, Ill., ordered 100 copies for Progressive Woman Day.

Local Farmdale, Fla., sent \$1.15 for copies to be distributed.

Findley Lake, N. Y., sent for 25 copies.

Freeport, Ill., ordered a bundle of 40 for November 24. Little Rock, Ark., took 75 copies; Local Irwin, Pa., 100; Oldham, S. D., 10; Marshalltown, Iowa, 100; Branch Moline, Ill., 100; Fremont, Neb., 35; Sharon, Pa., took a bundle of 100; Byesville, Ohio, and Washington, D. C., each 50 copies. Among other locals celebrating were Mystic, Conn.; Watertown, N. Y.; Jewish Branch, Denver, Colo.; Webb City, Mo.; Salina, Kan.; Reading, Pa.; Poplar Bluff, Mo.; Hibbing, Minn.; Lexington, Mo.; Robertsdale, Ala.; Hutchinson, Kan.; Local No. 2, Seattle, Wash.

The Seventh Ward Branch of Chicago had a "Hard Times Party," at which \$18.90 was raised, besides a number of subscriptions taken.

Comrade Luella Twining writes that they had a splendid audience at the Denver meeting. Comrade Twining was the speaker.

Philadelphia had a rousing meeting, with Carrie W. Allan, Winnie E. Branstetter, Anna Cohen and others as speakers.

Gertrude Breslau Hunt addressed a big meeting in Pittsburgh, Pa.

Local Girard, Kan., held a very interesting and profitable meeting.

New York held a very successful meeting, with Meta L. Stern, Theresa Malkiel and others as speakers.

Anna Maley addressed the meeting at Everett, Wash. The Woman's Committee of Cook county (Chicago), Illinois, celebrated Progressive Woman Day with a meeting in Recital Hall, at which Charlotte Perkins Gilman spoke.

During the early part of December, Lena Morrow Lewis held a series of ten meetings for the Progressive Woman in southern California. Comrade Lewis has always been a staunch friend and worker for the Progressive Woman, at one time sending in 1,000 subscriptions in three months.

At all the above meetings copies of the Progressive Woman were sold and subscriptions taken. The proceeds from the meetings, above the expenses, were sent to the Progressive Woman to help in our work of making 500,000 Socialist women votes in 1916.

The next affair of national importance in the Socialist woman's world is International Woman's Day, held on the last Sunday in February. This will be the fourth year for our national "Woman's Day," and it should be made a tremendously big affair. The Progressive Woman will issue an extra large edition, and we hope you will send your orders in early, so you will receive your magazines in time. In the language of our circulation manager, the February issue will "be a corker!" Watch for it.

## THINGS IN THE MAKING

### IT WAS JUST A FLICKER.

(Continued from page 13.)

work! But a public servant is a human being who conveys love taps to such captains of industry as Mr. Carnegie, or condones the battering of factory "hands" by state troops and then informs them of their prosperity.

At present, there is one ex-president. He is far from being down-and-out. Next March, we'll have another ex-president. He, too, is in the same predicament. Should they accept the pension, the total will be a mere \$50,000. And Mr. Carnegie's steel mill "hands" may be urged to put more "steam" into their labors, because a source is necessary from which the world-philanthropist is to provide his pension fund for ex-presidents of the United States of America!

But really, we're sorry to make a distinction between public servants and working people—for we want to see the flicker of hope flaming gently in the bosoms of those who may think that they, too, should receive pensions—and won't get them.

### The Wheat-Bran Tablet with the Cinnamon Flavor

GILBERT'S WHEAT-BRAN TABLETS for Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Constipation, Intestinal Troubles, Gassy and Fullness of the Stomach. Why suffer these annoyances when you can get WHEAT-BRAN TABLETS? Physicians recommend wheat-bran for these troubles, and these TABLETS contain one heaping tablespoon of pure wheat-bran condensed to TABLET form for convenience of handling and taking.

They are DELICIOUS to take. One box, 25 doses, 25 cts., postpaid, or 5 boxes \$1.00, postpaid, any address in United States or Canada. Order a trial box today.

"ORIGINATORS" WHEAT-BRAN TABLETS. GILBERT & CO., Dept. K, Owensboro, Ky.

## ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.

**ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY**, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting in twelve years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime nearly a half million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a **FREE TRIAL** of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday, 237 Court Block, Sedalia, Mo.

Reference: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

## J. H. GREER, M. D.

OFFICE HOURS

162 NORTH DEARBORN ST. (Old No. 52)

9 a. m. to 6 p. m.

Wednesday off

Telephone Central 6031

Sundays - - 9 to 12

CHICAGO

POSTCARDS.—Twenty-five done up in neat package, beautifully tinted, 15c. coin. 408 Dapples Building, Chicago.

## A CAUSERIE

(Continued from page 11.)

A prison, one gathers, is an interesting and terrible school. At first they are very strict. Then the discipline relaxes, and the prisoners are permitted to talk, to quarrel and call each other names. The new warden puts on the lid. "Silence!" he ordains. So the men are silent, and the anger that had before been expressed in an oath is pent up until it breaks loose in an attempt to kill. In one week, under the regime of a particularly strict warden, there were seventeen fights—with knives from the shoe shop—and one murder. "So it is better," says Berkman, "not to coerce the individual." Berkman calls that anarchism. I call it common sense. But I am grateful to Berkman for the poignant example.

For one fight in the shoe shop Berkman was held responsible, and sent to the "solitary" for a year. For a year he saw no one except the man who shoved in his food. For some other cause another year and a half. Then "a year here and there," as Berkman says, nonchalantly, and you have more than six years in the "solitary."

At this point Berkman was seduced into talking about "Sanin," a novel by Artzibashef, which has not been translated into English, and, I fear, is not going to be. So I, too, turn from the subject of prison life. I urge my readers to get Berkman's book, which must have some, at least, of the exceeding interest of his remarks. As for me, I am going to make Hallinan bring the book back. Only the first thing I shall read is the chapter about going with a girl to Waldheim cemetery just after his release from prison. Waldheim, you know, is the place where the "Haymarket anarchists" are buried. One reason why I shall read the chapter is that the girl (who, of course, does not go by her own name in the book) is a friend of mine, and I wish to see if he has done her justice.

Finally, I wish to say that I sympathize with the reader who has been led to believe he was going to read about Berkman, and who has been compelled to read about me instead. \*The trouble is all with that picture of me up in the left-hand corner. No person with self-respect would allow a picture to accompany his article, and that picture does not look like me, anyway. It embarrasses me. So I beg my readers to write in, demanding of the august editor of this paper that it be taken away

Patronize our advertisers and you'll boost The Progressive Woman



Conducted by MAY WALDEN

EDITORIAL NOTE.—Realizing the need of a closer co-operation among the women state correspondents, Comrade May Walden, state correspondent for Illinois, broached the subject to her sister correspondents. The enthusiastic replies she received show the need of such a club. Each month Comrade Walden will furnish the gist of this correspondence in this column.



MARY LOY, the live wire in Arizona, is running for mayor of Prescott on the Socialist ticket. She suggests: "Suppose we form a correspondence club among ourselves and pass on anything that has worked for one of us, so that all of us may benefit; and we might confiscate a little corner of the Progressive Woman for ourselves."

MARY E. GARBUTT writes that California women are recovering from the big Socialist campaign and are planning to educate all the women voters to Socialism. She says: "We have what we call 'the Woman's Socialist Federation of Los Angeles County.' We aim through it to unite the women of the county, organized in committees, in their respective branches. We meet twice a month in Los Angeles, have a speaker, discussions, socials and distribute literature, besides making an effort at study clubs in the various branches, parlor meetings, children's work, legislative and publicity work, etc. I keep a list of the names of all the women with whom I have corresponded, and their addresses, and what literature I have sent them."

LYDIA M. JENKINS of the District of Columbia tells us that they have a different problem to face than the correspondents of a large state. "With only seven locals and a membership of about 350 people, and only a very small group of Socialist women, we are somewhat handicapped." But for all that they gave a very successful luncheon and ball, and received eleven members.

LAURA I. MOTLEY says: "I have found it very hard indeed to work up an interest among the women of Idaho. We now have in the state about six committees, with prospects of two more. I heartily endorse what you say in regard to the state correspondents. We should exchange ideas and co-operate with each other. I should like to become acquainted with every correspondent."

MINNIE M. WILTSE, mother of six young children, writes: "It is my opinion that necessity will never change the working class from capitalist ideas to Socialist ideas. If the working class ever needed a change, that need is now. Capitalist ideas are crushing the working class to the earth in war and slums; they cling to capitalism like a drowning man to a straw. How to change the working-class mind? Persistent and consistent work through speech and sale and distribution of literature."

LILITH MARTIN of Indiana says that in the nine months she has been state correspondent the number of women's committees has been increased from nine to twenty-one. She issues her own plan of work for the local correspondents, and has hundreds of petitions for woman suffrage in circulation in the state, which are to be presented to the state legislature next January. She says: "I am just as anxious that we should get acquainted as are you. We should be able to work to a much better advantage and do much better work if we exchange ideas."

ZULA J. STALLARD writes from Kansas: "I have three local women's committees on file, and all the correspondents are very good to report." She says she got very poor results from letters and circulars sent to women members, sympathizers and locals. When three speakers were sent out to campaign for suffrage and Socialism, she began to get results, and now they have a very good movement. She says: "I would indeed be glad to get some ideas of carrying on OUR great work. I think it is well for us all to exchange ideas and get better acquainted."

ELSIE HENRY LATIMER comments on the work in Minnesota: "When I took this work, out of 102 locals, 91 had no women members; today only 9 are in that condition. I am now planning a course of study for the different committees with reference to the locality and surrounding circumstances. I have followed up every speaker working in the state, arranging special afternoon meetings along his route, and have seen to it that most of our speakers touch upon the woman question. I have several new plans which I expect to test out in different parts of the state later on. If they are successful, I would be glad to give you the plans."

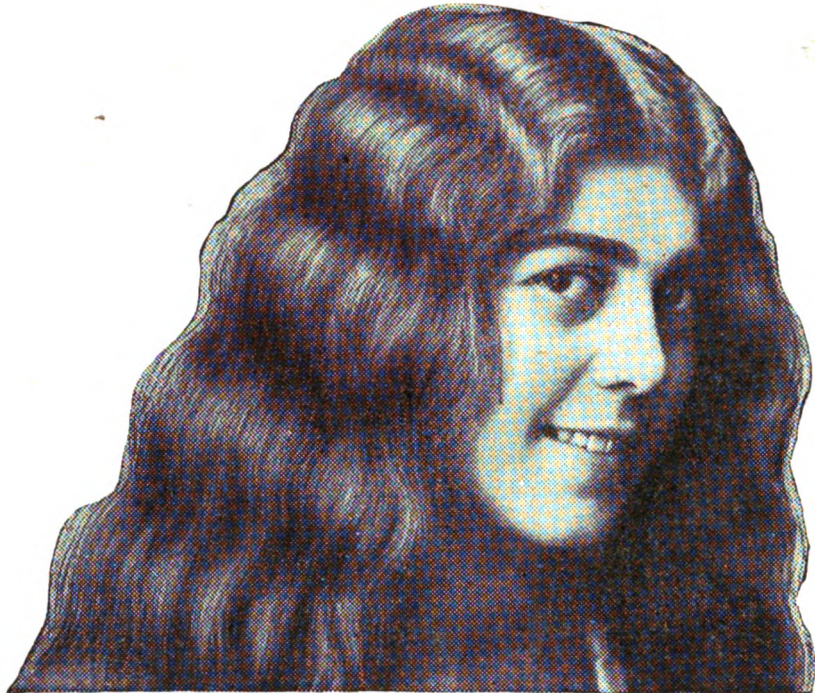
MARIE BAXTER of North Dakota teaches school to forty pupils of all grades from primary to high school and attends to the state correspondence besides. She thinks that "We Socialists should get better acquainted and be more sociable." Her best results have come from "writing to the secretaries of the various locals in the state, urging them to induce the women to join the local." Also she says: "I would be glad to know how others are succeeding in their work and what methods they use to get the best results."

JANE W. TAIT writes: "I think if the state correspondents exchanged ideas, we might be able to help each other a great deal, and I shall be glad to be so helped. I really think that twenty-three of us ought to be able to do something worth while, and I shall be glad to profit by the experience of the other correspondents."

# TRY "BROWNTONE" HAIR STAIN FREE.

Is your hair streaked with gray—or is it some homely color that detracts from your appearance?

Send Now for a FREE Bottle of "BROWNTONE"



"BROWNTONE" Hair Stain will make gray, streaked or faded hair a beautiful BROWN (OR BLACK) with one application. The only quick, safe, positive and satisfactory method.

## Every Woman's Duty Is to Keep Young

No Woman Nowadays Need Appear Old Under 90.

It is undoubtedly not only the right, but the duty of every woman to keep herself attractive and young looking just as long as possible.

Nothing gives either a man or a woman the appearance of age more surely than gray, streaked or faded hair—and nothing lends such an air of freshness and youth as a suit of beautiful brown (or black) hair.

## "Browntone" Is the Greatest Foe to Old Age

Just a touch now and then with your comb or brush, and presto! Youth has returned again. You will not require experience, for "Browntone" is so simple and easy to apply.

The brown-haired girl is beyond question the most universally admired type of beauty. The staining of the hair to a brown or black can never be detected, while bleaching and strong dyes are usually so noticeable as to be conspicuous.

Send the coupon (or write) for a free trial of BROWNTONE and find for yourself how easily it is applied and what beautiful shades it gives to your hair.

## No Obligation to this Free Trial

We do not want you to feel that you are being placed under any obligations to us whatever by sending the coupon for a FREE TRIAL OF BROWNTONE.

All that we ask is that you give it a fair trial and convince yourself that our claims are true.

## What "Browntone" Will Do

Don't Hesitate to Use it FREELY.

BROWNTONE is absolutely harmless to both hair and scalp and produces the most beautiful rich brown or black if you prefer. Simple and easy to apply, immediate in results and does not rub off.

BROWNTONE contains no sugar of lead, sulphur, silver, mercury, peroxyde or other ingredients that are so often found in "dyes."

We will send absolutely free, for a short while only, a trial bottle of BROWNTONE if you will send us your name and address accompanied by 10 cents to help pay postage and packing. This offer is made for you to try BROWNTONE Hair Stain, and find for yourself just how superior it is to all so-called "dyes," "combs," etc.

BROWNTONE is free from all odor and is absolutely free from grease. You apply it with your comb. Send the coupon today and try this wonderful hair stain FREE. It will take away those streaks of gray, remove the light spots, and restore unnatural or faded hair to a beautiful brown (or black if you prefer).

BROWNTONE comes in two shades—Golden or Medium Brown and Dark Brown or Black.

## Free Trial Bottle Coupon

THE KENTON PHARMACAL CO.,  
125 East Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

Please send me your trial bottle of BROWNTONE Hair Stain. I enclose 10 cents (silver or stamps) to help pay postage and packing.

Do you wish Golden or Medium Brown, Dark Brown or Black?

State shade desired.....  
Name.....  
Street Address.....  
or R. F. D. No.....  
City....., State.....

# A Genuine Rupture Cure

## Sent on Trial to Prove It

# Don't Wear a Truss Any Longer

After thirty years' experience, I have produced an appliance for men, women and children that actually cures rupture.

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

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

### Pennsylvania Man Thankful

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

Dear Sir:—

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

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

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

Yours very sincerely,

JAMES A. BRITTON.

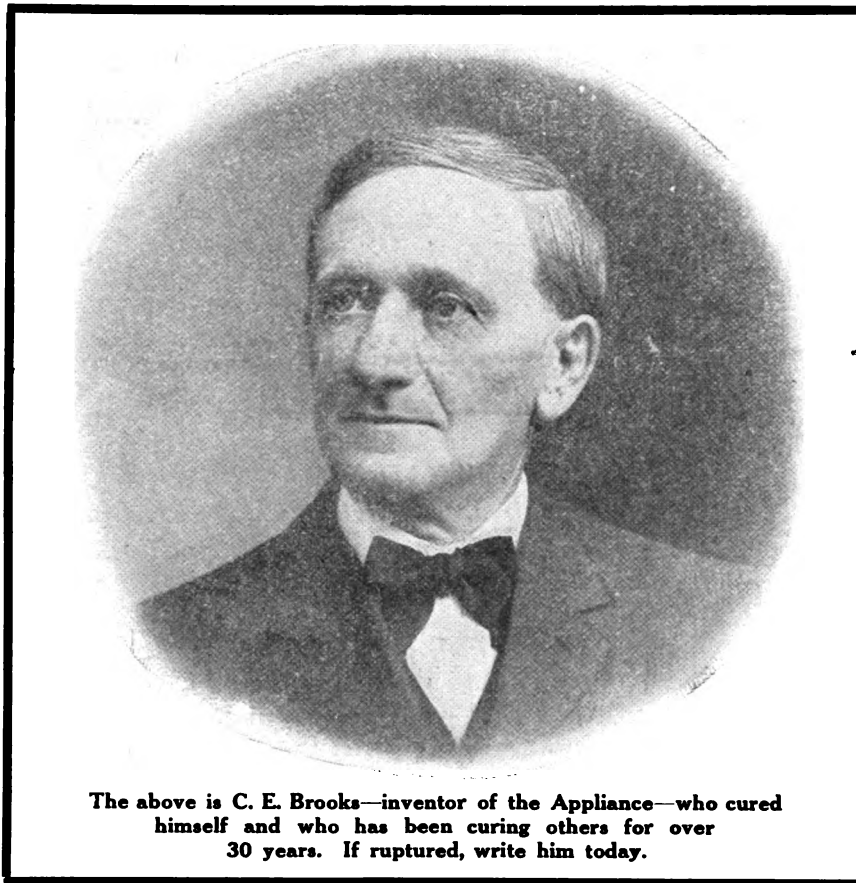
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

### Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.

Mr. C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir:—I am glad to tell you that I am now sound and well and can plow or do any heavy work. I can say your Appliance has effected a permanent cure. Before getting your Appliance I was in a terrible condition and had given up all hope of ever being any better. If it hadn't been for your Appliance I would never have been cured. I am sixty-eight years old and served three years in



The above is C. E. Brooks—inventor of the Appliance—who cured himself and who has been curing others for over 30 years. If ruptured, write him today.

Eckle's Artillery, Oglethorpe Co. I hope God will reward you for the good you are doing for suffering humanity.

Yours sincerely,

H. D. BANKS.

### Others Failed, But the Appliance Cured

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

Dear Sir:—

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

Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.

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

### Cured at the Age of 76

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

Dear Sir:—I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which, considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,

SAM A. HOOVER.  
High Point, N. C.

### Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

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

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

Yours very truly,  
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

### Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

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

### Remember

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

## Free Information Coupon

C. E. Brooks, 1021A State St., Marshall, Mich.

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

Name .....

City .....

R. F. D. .... State .....