

DO YOU WANT THE WOMAN VOTE USED AGAINST SOCIALISM?

JUL 17 1931

The Progressive Woman

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

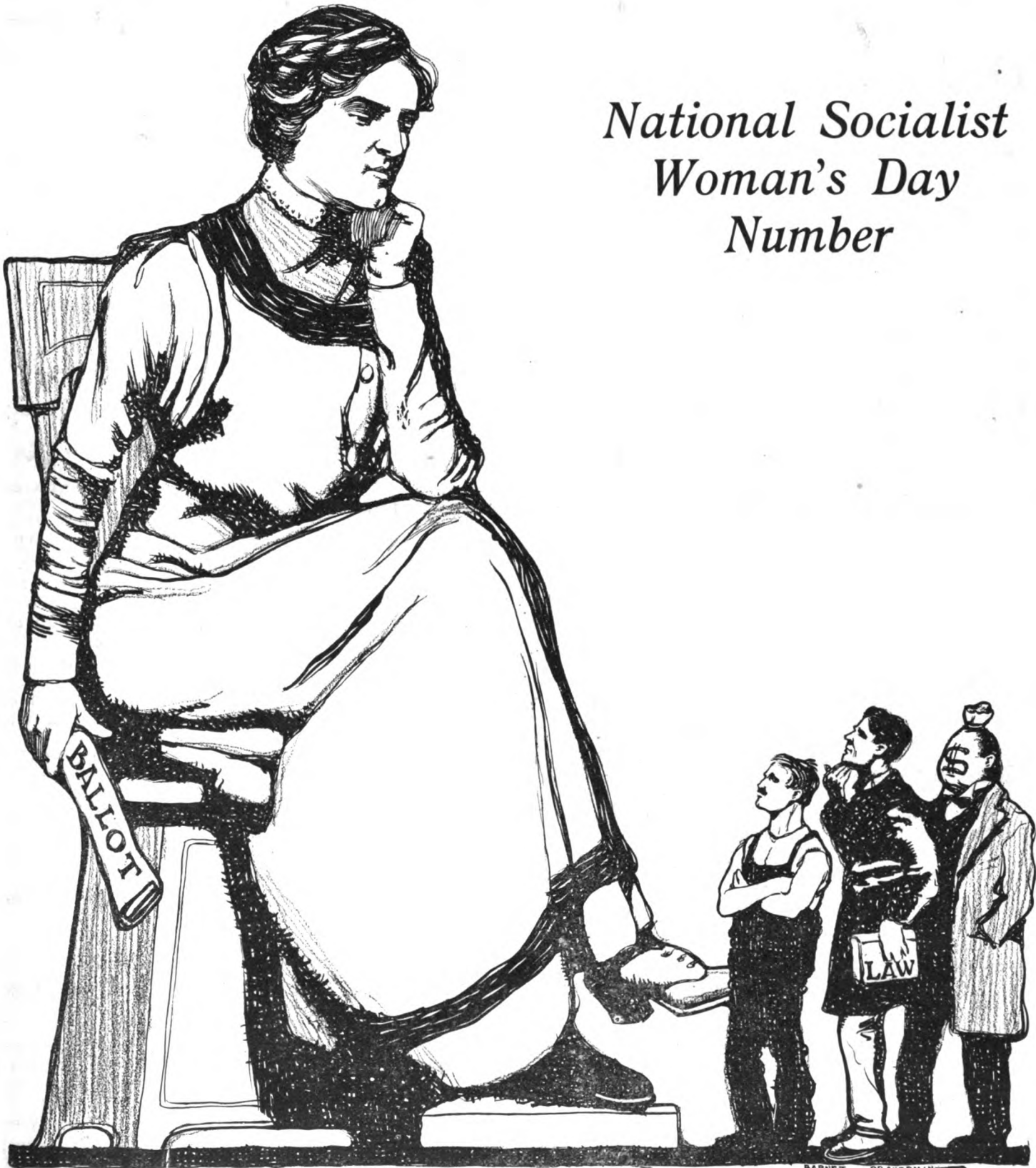
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National Socialist
Woman's Day
Number



DO YOU SOCIALISTS WANT HER VOTE IN 1916?

(Read Pages 8 and 9)

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO
EDITOR

FLOYD DELL, Literary Editor

CHAS. T. HALLINAN, Contributing Editor

WINNIE BRANSTETTER, Woman's Committee Department

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BARNET BRAVERMAN

Associate Editor and Circulation Manager

Gertrude Barnum
J. O. Bentall
Bertha Hale Brown
Joseph E. Cohen
Eugene V. Debs
Caroline Lowe
Anna Maley
Theresa Malkiel
Herolchero Myderco
Pauline Newman

CONTRIBUTORS

Lida Parce
Agnes H. Downing
Gertrude Breslau-Fuller
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn
May Beals-Hauffpaur
Max S. Hayes
Mary E. Garbutt
Carl Sandberg
May Wood-Simons
Meta L. Stern

Emil Seidel
Elizabeth Freeman
Carl D. Thompson
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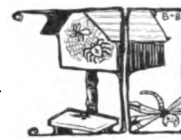
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IN THIS OUR WORLD



By
JOSEPHINE
CONGER-
KANEKO

STRIKE OF THE NEEDLE WORKERS.

TWO hundred thousand workers in the needle industries are out on strike in New York City. Time was when 200,000 needle workers meant 200,000 women. Today it means men and women and boys and girls—the great majority, however, being girls. These needle workers do not make things with their fingers. They operate machines. Day in and day out they sit at the one mechanical task of operating the machine that sews a given seam or set of seams. Round about are lint and bits of cloth, dust and bad light, or electric lights.

The young girls are tired unto death of their horrible task. And they are perpetually hungry because of the low wages they receive. So they are rebelling. It is a difficult thing to rebel, especially en masse. But the girls of the needle industries are doing it; and women everywhere are doing it. Perhaps this is sufficient for the present. Tomorrow, when they have gained confidence, the women will do more.

THE STATE AS OVERPARENT.

"Only the law of self-preservation will force the state, against the opposition of the mere makers of money, to become the overparent of all its people," writes Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the *Newer Justice* for January.

Judge Lindsey is commenting on the Illinois mothers' pension law, which provides a pension for every "worthy" mother with which to help support her children.

There is a good deal of red tape tangled about this law. So much so that only 503 mothers with 1,700 children received help in Chicago in December.

It is said that one out of every four infants born in Chicago dies. One out of every four is a good many. Another per cent is perpetually starved, and a still larger number is never adequately clothed and fed. That leaves an extremely small per cent of infants who have the common comforts of life.

If one out of every four sheep, horses, cows, etc., died, and two more were diseased, lean, abnormal, in any considerable district in our country, it would become a matter of nationwide interest, to be dealt with at considerable expense at Washington. And there would not be an entanglement of red tape to draw the relief at a few hundred if the need ran into hundreds of thousands!

The state as overparent today is a weak, timid, ineffectual affair. It is still bound by the "mere makers of money." It is, in short,

a cringing, self-sacrificing, self-annihilating—but what is the use of calling names? The people are the state, and when the people get ready to save their babies they will do it. Meanwhile, they are not ready. And out of 50,000 babies born each year in Chicago, every fourth must be shrouded and coffined and placed beneath the sod.

WHY SHOULD I MARRY?

Under the above title, beautiful Geraldine Farrar told an interested writer, who afterward gave it to an interested audience through the *Metropolitan Magazine*, just why she has never taken on a domestic life.

Marriage, according to Miss Farrar, interferes with genius. To quote a few significant phrases: "Marriage means propagation—two friends and a family. The real mother, having a thousand things to do, has no time in which to become an artist." "Submission is a vital attribute to woman in marriage." "To be tied—anything that hangs about the neck is stifling." "Many women sustain matrimony because they have marvelous self-control and sense of duty; they adjust themselves to situations because they must."

Miss Farrar is not altogether cynical about marriage. She admits there are women who can stand it; others who are by nature fitted for it; still others who, like herself, cannot bear the yoke. It is very much a matter of temperament. "Everybody can't be alike." To all of which we reply that it looks as if the marriage of the present economic system, where the woman is looked upon as the natural dependent upon the husband, and therefore the legitimate subject for any small tyrannies he may impose upon her, is bound to lose out in the next generation or two. The true marriage will not imply inferiority or subjection.

To bring about such a situation, both the man and the woman must be economically independent. At least, economic independence will suffice for splendid results in the average man and woman. And society is the average man and woman. For the genius, the sport in the race, we can make no laws. But the genius is not society; is not the race. Even so, economic freedom will give him a chance, even as it will give marriage a chance. Which observation Miss Farrar neglects to make.

Eleven per cent of the Socialist party membership consists of women. Something is wrong! **WHY NOT MAKE THE MEMBERSHIP BE 50 PER CENT WOMEN?**

THE LONE MARCHERS.

A most interesting letter recently came to us. Following is a part of its contents:

Who decides what the party (Socialist) principles shall be? The party members, and most of them are men.

Who disciplines the candidates into standing for the party principles? The party members, and most of them are men.

Any way you fix it, if the majority of the men of the party were not right, the party would not stand for the emancipation of woman.

This letter is from an official in the Socialist party. He is trying to convince us that the men of the Socialist party are good fellows and fair-minded, because they make the laws of the party and they include therein suffrage for women. And he is right. The men of the Socialist party have a wider, clearer vision than the men who stand for the old order of things, which includes woman slavery.

But our comrade makes another startling admission, which is, alas! also true, but which must be overcome as rapidly as possible; that is, that the Socialist party is practically a man's party, so far as membership and activity are concerned.

In other words, the men of the working class are striving to march onward to the cooperative commonwealth—wise, brave, sane—but without the women. Standing for woman's full emancipation, political and economic, they are not counting the women in the march that leads to full emancipation. So far they are one-half of the race, lone marchers, while woman lags behind, rushing about, confused, hunting in a thousand different places and ways for the very benefits which Socialism alone can give.

And the women, left behind, are holding back the marchers from their goal.

Where, then, is the fault, and what the remedy? The fault lies in not carrying out actively what we hold theoretically. Recognizing that sex distinctions still exist in the average mind, we have failed to specialize in our propaganda in favor of women.

The remedy lies in correcting this failure: in making to the woman the same strenuous, continuous appeal we make to the workingman; in making it to her from her standpoint.

In every speech delivered, in every batch of literature ordered and distributed by any person or local, there should be something of special appeal to the woman.

From this special appeal we cannot get away. When we do, we get away from the woman. We leave her to the insidious, never-ceasing appeals of the old parties and the capitalist press. And we can't afford to do that.

"Mammy!" cried Silly Jim, "they's laughin' at me!"

"Never mind, sonny."

"But, mammy, they said you was CRAZY Jane!"

"Don't you pay them no mind, honey. You got jist as good a mammy as any o' them."

Silly Jim smeared the tears over his face with a grimy sleeve and bent his hulking form above the heaped-up child's wagon Old Jane was pulling stolidly along.

A queer pair they made—Old Jane and her uncouth son, her youngest child, Silly Jim, who moved the unthinking to cruel laughter—Old Jane, with her battered "express wagon" filled with the odds and ends collected in her back-door visits about the town. She never tried front doors, for however time had dimmed her once quick enough wits, she knew it was not politic to do that. She could not afford to endanger that queer load of stale bread and broken pies and dried and tasteless scraps of food rescued from consignment to the garbage.

Every one knew that Old Jane was Bad Jane as well, but she was very useful in her way, the way of floors to be scrubbed and linen to be cleaned and rare bits of gossip carried from kitchen to kitchen. She worked for the best ladies of the town—perfect ladies, always going about trying to set the world to rights with missionary societies and ladies' aids and such. But Old Jane was never troubled by exhortations to reform. She was "Old Jane"—beyond the pale entirely and not to be spoken to except in the kitchen and never seen at all anywhere else.

She was a regular customer at the butcher shops. No, she never wanted anything for herself—just a nickle's worth of scraps for the dog, though no one had ever seen Jane's dog. A good-natured meat cutter would give one quite a bunch of scraps for a nickle, and if they were scalded several times and boiled with a pinch of soda they were all right.

Once upon a time Old Jane—but, no. It was not OLD Jane then. It was Janey, and sometimes Dear Janey, but never Old Jane. But once long ago Janey had a home, a little, little home, perched upon a hillside looking down into a valley where another Jim tended his crop of corn and cotton. Unlike other women of the countryside, Janey never worked in the fields. She had enough to do about the house and in caring for the little one without chopping cotton—so her Jim thought.

Janey was little and frail, with soft, childish hands and slender feet and the beauty and

JANE

By BERTHA HALE BROWN



"She never tried the front door."

languor and ignorance of the Southern hillfolk. But, for all her slow ways, little Janey did many things. She cooked the simple meals at an open fireplace—hoe cake and yellow yams and bacon from the smokehouse, with the yellow hominy fried in the skillet afterward. And Janey could weave carpets on the loom in the corner of the little house and make pats of butter, kept cool and sweet upon a flat rock at the spring where the cold little mountain stream went tumbling down. She had chickens and eggs and garden things and sweet stuff made from mountain berries. Other riches there were—love and tenderness and golden days of homely tasks and nights of deep and untroubled slumber.

But the railroad needed that valley farm for its shops and the town yet to be built, so the farm has long since been forgotten. With the money paid for the farm Jim and Janey bought one of the new houses in the very new town and filled it with strange and useless furniture. Sometimes Jim wondered if the sum paid him for the farm was such a wonderful price after all. He had never been used to paying money for things to eat—why, people raised such things! And it took such a lot of money to buy so little. He tried to estimate how much the farm had been worth to the company and felt sure that it was very much indeed, though he could not guess how much.

But at least he could always get work. Janey was not strong and perhaps it were better for them to be in town, though they missed the home on the hillside. They felt very rich at first, but finally, as the money seemed to go too fast, Jim went to work about the railroad yards. He did not know much about switches and engines and such things, so one day he was carried home to Janey, his work done for all time. That was only a little while before Silly Jim came into the world, the dazed look of his young mother in his eyes. Only her children's need forced her to waken, but Silly Jim was to wear that look all his life.

"Silly Jim and Crazy Jane, Silly Jim and Crazy Jane!" chanted the group of home-bound school children.

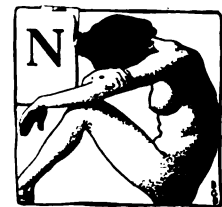
Old Jane paused as the wagon toppled dangerously and Silly Jim carefully guided the load over the rough crossing. About her withered form the cast-off garments of her charitable employers flapped grotesquely in the chilly autumn wind. Over her lean breast a gay blouse was pinned askew and beneath a soiled white shawl a mass of grizzled hair shaded her fierce dark eyes. She was old—very, very old—and it was barely twenty years since the other Jim had brought her to the little home upon the hillside, for Old Jane had not lived forty years.

Old Jane passed on her way, apparently serene, with Silly Jim slouching along in her wake. It was supper time almost and Old Jane's girl was waiting at home—Old Jane's girl with her baby that had no father. Old Jane sighed. Could she still remember?

"Never you mind, sonny," she repeated. "Your mammy is jist as good as they's is."

Crazy Jane? Oh, of course.

LIBERTY



O captive king more closely bound

To chariot wheels of old,
No shackled slave more firmly chained

By tyrants strong and bold,

Then are thy hands, oh Liberty,
In this fair land of ours.

Thy mighty voice is muffled, stilled,
Thy valiant spirit cowers

Before the inward foes which gnaw
And undermine thy powers.

Thy name is trampled in the dust,
Thy holy laws defied;

Thy lofty crest, so nobly borne,
In sorrow droops, defiled.

America, throw off thy chains!
Arise from out thy shame!

Ye sons and daughters, think, awake!
Redeem thy country's name!

SARAH ELIZABETH KUHN.

Socialist Locals, Secretaries, Organizers, and Hustlers



Be prepared for NATIONAL SOCIALIST WOMAN'S DAY,
the last Sunday in February.

The celebration of this day will not be complete unless
you have enough copies of THIS NUMBER of THE
PROGRESSIVE WOMAN for everybody at your
entertainments, meetings, and lectures.

Send in your bundle orders today

The cost is **Three Cents** a copy—a mere
trifle to you, and a whole lot for Socialism.

Be sure to order sub cards to sell at your meetings.

There's a Big Leak

in your Local if the membership is not 50% women.
STOP THE LEAK—by getting women to read
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. Place your order NOW

PEACE (WHEN WORKERS REFUSE TO FIGHT)

By KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

WHEN Mary came to our house to do the cooking and lift from my shoulders the burden of housekeeping I could not realize how much I was to learn from her and through her eyes and from her halting tongue feel the tender chord that binds me to the unknown brothers and sisters of mine in a country I never saw. She is just a little Hungarian girl with a rosy-cheeked peasant face and a dumpy peasant form and the peasant point of view.

I noticed sometimes when I went to the kitchen a piece of pie, a cookie or a bit of pudding carefully tucked away, and thought possibly Mary had a sweet tooth and enjoyed a little lunch during the long work day. Coming home from work earlier than usual, I found Dick, my nine-year-old son, enjoying the pie while he read the evening paper to Mary. Anxious to know what Mary's literary tastes might be, I listened and found that Dick was laboriously toiling through the war news of Europe, bribed to the tiresome task by sundry bits of things boys love to eat. Night after night Mary watched for the evening paper, listening hungrily for any news of her fatherland and the war that threatened. One evening I found her gazing as if fascinated on Minor's cartoon of the peasants who fought that the money lenders might win, and hysterically sobbing, "Mein Gott! Mein Gott! Kings make war, but peasants fight! Mein poor brudder."

By careful questioning I found that Mary had come to America four years ago, had worked as a servant, doing the hardest, most trying work, enduring loneliness and heart hunger that we can never understand, dressing shabbily and saving every penny to send home that her brother might be educated and her peasant mother fed. The brother had just finished school now, and Mary felt her long task almost finished. Then war broke out in the Balkans, and the blood lust grasped the ruling class of Europe. Like hungry vultures rulers and money lords hovered over carrion Turkey, each clamoring for their share. War in the Balkans was mildly interesting to me and I could philosophize learnedly over it at length; but it was something to Mary. She isn't learned, and she does not philosophize; she only feels and suffers. Stolid and ignorant she seems; but, my God! she knows the peasant's lot. She knows that where the war vultures hover, working-class blood must soak the battlefield and farmer boys must die. She knows what "conscript" means and she knows that when the money lords move kings like pawns the workers' lives are the forfeit.

Each night and morning when we read the paper Mary's eyes, dumbly beseeching, asked for news, and as I tried to tell her all that I could find and listened to her broken stories of what war meant to her fatherland, it ceased to be an academic question and was a living, vital thing. The last shred of race and creed distinction was swept away and class consciousness ceased to be a phrase and became a living part of me. It took the broken speech and jumbled words of a peasant servant girl to make me sense the full meaning of class consciousness and weld the bonds of comradeship between me and the unknown men on the battlefields of Europe and the unknown women who bear the heavier burden by waiting dumbly at home.

Christmas eve Mary and I in the kitchen worked away at the things every woman loves to do at Christmas time—baked the cakes,

made the pies, dressed the Christmas turkey and kept a wary eye for the adventurous youngster who would tempt fate by peeping at the Christmas tree. The postman's whistle called us to the door for the written words of cheer we prize so much, and with the other mail I found a letter from Mary's mother. Cramped and awkward, written by a hand more used to the hoe than the pen, it told in simple pathos the story that the muzzled press of Europe dare not tell. Austria-Hungary wants her share of the spoils of blood and is mobilizing her troops and making preparations for war. But patriotism is dead, martial airs do not stir the peasant blood and the ungrateful working men of Austria-Hungary have no desire to fight their masters' battles. They loathe the battlefield and shudder at the thought of blood and carnage; they have no taste for glory and ask but to be left in peace to till their fields and feed the world. Their



"A rosy cheeked peasant face and a dumpy peasant form."

souls revolt at the thought of killing their brother workingmen, and all over that war-cursed continent where the blood lust burns in the hearts of the master class, the young men are committing suicide rather than go to war.

So frightful are conditions and so great the revolt of the workers against the blood lust and the war insanity that every newspaper has been muzzled by command of the emperor and frantic efforts are being made to keep the world in ignorance of the terrible conditions existing there.

It really seems that war by its own brutality is killing itself, and even the most ignorant minds have at last revolted against her bloody mandates. When the workers die by their own hands rather than to go out and kill their brothers, War's bloody, brutal, murderous reign is done, and Peace will mount the throne—not because kings and money lords gather in peace conferences, but because the workers will no longer fight.



Please send me the Progressive Woman for one year. It is fine. Thank you for it.—Agnes Ingles, Ann Arbor, Mich.

I am renewing my subscription to the Progressive Woman. I like it, if possible, better than ever.—Mrs. De L. Brooks, Springfield, Mass.

Please put the following names on your list to start our new campaign. Kansas has woman suffrage now, and we have hosts of women to educate. I am going to get more subscriptions for the cause.—Mrs. Anna Schoepel, Ransom, Kan.

Please find enclosed \$1.50 for a bundle of the Progressive Woman for the Karl Marx Study Club. At a recent social we gave "The Arrest of Suffrage" (from the Progressive Woman), with excellent success. The Progressive Woman was distributed among the audience. Many subs promised.—May Newhauser, Tacoma, Wash.

Enclosed find bunch of eight yearlies. Am devoting my Sundays to taking subs. Look for another bunch in about a week.—S. Scovell, Nehalem, Ore.

Yours to the local relative to purchasing a bundle each month to hand, and the enclosed is the result. The magazine is a credit to the cause and its editors and publishers. Yours for the revolution.—E. L. Beede, Drewes, Ore.

I am enclosing a subscription to the Progressive Woman. I intend to work for our magazine by sending as many subscriptions as possible and help make the year of 1913 a successful one for our excellent magazine, which should be the aim of all the comrades. If we are to succeed we must work as never before, always having in mind our slogan: Five hundred thousand Socialist women votes in 1916! Yours for the Revolution.—Clara F. Schneider, Creswell, Ore.

What do I think of the Progressive Woman? Great. It is the best yet. It stands alone. It has a great mission. We must all help, for we must reach the working woman. That's so, and we'll BOOST, BOOST, BOOST.—Frank Ryan, Editor the Sledge Hammer, Okemah, Okla.

Permit me to compliment the editorial management of The Progressive Woman on the excellence of the journal it is getting out. I enjoy none of my exchanges more than I do The Progressive Woman. The stories and special articles are always good, and Mr. Dell's book reviews are more than worth the price of the magazine.—Nat. L. Hardy, Editor The Laborer.

Owing to an unusual rush of work, Floyd Dell completed his book reviews too late for this issue. Look out for him next month.

MARK YOU!

You will want our attractive, artistic posters to boost THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Each poster has the picture of a young suffragette putting her ballot into a ballot-box, under which appears in big, bold type, the slogan of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN: 500,000 Socialist women votes in 1916.

A quantity of them has been mailed to your State Secretary. Write to him or to her for some of these posters. Place them prominently upon the walls of your lecture halls and club rooms. They'll look good on any wall.

If the supply of your State Secretary has been exhausted, write to us TODAY and we'll mail as many as you need.

IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

By JOHN M. WORK

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

CHAPTER II.

WHY WE OPPOSE CAPITALISM



NOW let me tell you why we Socialists are so strenuously opposed to the present capitalist system of industry—capitalism.

It demonstrates itself to be no longer practicable.

It divides the people into warring classes.

It reduces the wage workers to slavish dependence upon the capitalists for an opportunity to earn a living.

It reduces the masses of the people to poverty.

It compels the masses of the people to work all their lives for a bare living.

It deprives the masses of the people of the benefits of the marvelous improvements in production and hands those benefits over to the useless few.

It bars the masses of the people out from the higher things of life.

It drives thousands of men and women to suicide.

It drives thousands of men and women to insanity.

It drives hundreds of thousands of men and women to crime.

It drives hundreds of thousands of women to prostitution.

It drives millions of men to drink.

It puts a premium on graft and corruption.

It makes it to the financial interest of men to adulterate food and to perpetrate all the other villainous frauds and deceptions which surround us on every side.

It keeps the nations at swords' points with each other.

It causes the death or injury of millions of people by preventable accidents.

It blights the lives of the child slaves.

It bars a majority of the children out of school altogether and compels most of the remainder to leave school just when their education is really beginning.

It throws millions of men out of employment.

It compels thousands of men to become tramps.

It compels millions of people to accept degrading charity.

It compels the masses of the people to

starve themselves mentally, morally and spiritually in order to keep from starving physically.

It destroys true religion.

It prevents the people from obeying the Golden Rule.

It is an enemy of the family.

It causes hundreds of thousands of divorces.

It destroys individual initiative.

It destroys the good incentives.

It reduces the masses of the people to a dead level.

It makes it impossible for the masses of the people to develop their individuality.

It makes it impossible for the masses of the people to own any private property worth mentioning.

It makes it hard to do right and easy to do wrong.

It makes it impossible for the people to live sanitary lives.

It promotes disease.

It brings premature death to all the people.

Socialism is the natural and the only remedy for these hideous evils. Private ownership is the cause and social ownership is the remedy.

(Beginning in the March issue Mr. Work will deal with each of the above charges in their order.)

EVOLUTION OF TOOLS

By MAY WOOD-SIMONS

PART I.



MAN, at first a houseless, unclothed creature, without skill or experience, through inventions has become the clothed mechanic and philosopher who shapes materials and controls forces. Races write their histories in things as well as words. Man has written much of human history in tools.

Necessity is the mother of invention. The desire for warmth, for protection from the storm and from wild animals, the ever-recurring demands for food were the first needs that forced man to modify the objects and processes of nature that they might serve his purpose better.

It was thus that the digging stick became the ancestor of the present steam plow, the carrying strap of the train and ship, the ruder of the palace, and the skin or bark coat of the modern costume.

Invention, the result of the creative spark, is finding out how to perform any action by some new implement or method. It has enabled men to bring about a larger result with less expenditure of energy, and has made it possible for men to work together.

Even society itself is a series of inventions through the growth of legislation, government, exchange and commerce.

The history of inventions is the history of the evolution of tools. The modern activities that characterize society, all the appliances and methods employed today, are the descendants of a long line of ancestors that become obscure and humble as we trace them backwards.

Every art of living was born in the dim ages when stone was the only tool man knew. Graphic art, sculpturing, textile industry, architecture, music, painting and the drama, all these had their beginnings in the days when the great ice sheet had not yet receded for the last time to its prison in the north.

All these industries have had their origin in

the work of women. The textile industry began when woman first separated the fibrous tissue from plants or cut the hair or wool from animals and twisted it between the palms of the hands or on the thigh into a strong yarn.

She first wove the branches of trees together to form a rude shelter for her offspring, and modern architecture began.

She shaped a rude vessel of clay and laid the foundation for the present Sevres and Rookwood potteries.

We must not underestimate the accomplishments of these primitive beings. Bound by their brute nature, having no knowledge of the forces of nature around them, or how to turn them to their advantage, and with only the rudest material to work with, their advance was accomplished with the most patient labor.

They were still further retarded in their progress by the fact that even after they had constructed some tool or instrument that would aid in their work, say a stone ax that required a year in its fashioning, that the next generation reaped no benefits from this tool, but was forced to begin at the same point, for the tools of these earliest men passed into the grave with them.

At the beginning of this twentieth century man stands at the pinnacle of a long series of inventions. He has come to his present position through the improving of tools and the making of machines that could do the work that he could not accomplish with his bare hands.

Every tool or improvement of a tool has originated when some need of the race demanded it. The perfected tools of today represent the pressure that environment has brought to bear on the brain of man from savagery to the present time.

Tools, implements, machines—all these are used as means to accomplish some end. They are never an end in themselves. They are the bridge that man uses to go from a condition of want to the satisfaction of that want.

The tool chest of the primitive man was the

open field and the tangled forest. His tools were unshaped stones and sticks. The cave-dweller picked up a round stone from the edge of the lake or the river to crack a nut or break open a clam shell.

Many generations and years passed before the first man thought to chip a piece from a stone and make a sharp edge for cutting. He soon found that he could work faster and better. The chipping increased until the edge was sharp and straight.

Countless other years passed before this first simple tool was anything more than a working part. It had no handle or grip.

At the end of a day's work the primitive woman who had worked with a rough stone scraper had blood-stained hands. She attempted to smooth the part that came in contact with her hand. This was the beginning of a grip or handle. When the stone was too hard to smooth she wrapped a piece of straw or grass around the part and had still another form of the earliest grip.

Most of the ancient tools came in time to be fitted with handles or haftings. These savage haftings are important. This part has been prominent in the development of the machine. It has been the handle or the part in which the tool works that has been continuously improved as well as the tool itself. There has been a constant removal of the tool from direct contact with the user.

The modern great machine has three parts—the motor mechanism, the transmitting mechanism and the tool or working machine.

Primitive man was the motor power and transmitted the power of his muscle directly to the tool.

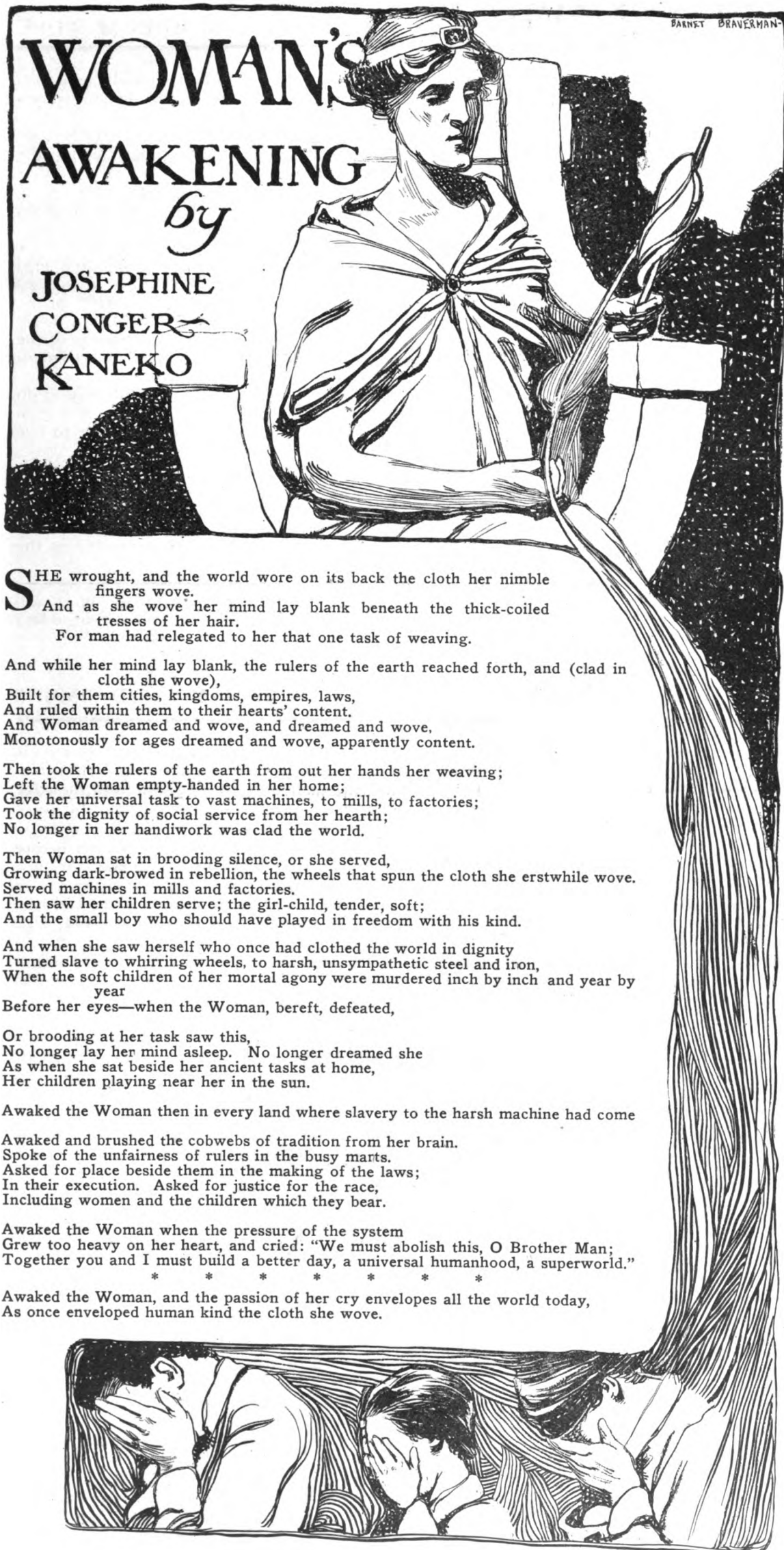
Steam and electricity now furnish the motor.

Handles with greater and greater modifications have intervened, until today man simply stands at one side and corrects breaks in the workings of a vast machine.

(Part II of this series will appear in the March issue of The Progressive Woman.)

THE EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

By THERESA MALKIEL



WOMAN'S AWAKENING

by
JOSEPHINE
CONGER
KANEKO

SHE wrought, and the world wore on its back the cloth her nimble fingers wove.
And as she wove her mind lay blank beneath the thick-coiled tresses of her hair.
For man had relegated to her that one task of weaving.

And while her mind lay blank, the rulers of the earth reached forth, and (clad in cloth she wove),
Built for them cities, kingdoms, empires, laws,
And ruled within them to their hearts' content.
And Woman dreamed and wove, and dreamed and wove,
Monotonously for ages dreamed and wove, apparently content.

Then took the rulers of the earth from out her hands her weaving;
Left the Woman empty-handed in her home;
Gave her universal task to vast machines, to mills, to factories;
Took the dignity of social service from her hearth;
No longer in her handiwork was clad the world.

Then Woman sat in brooding silence, or she served,
Growing dark-browed in rebellion, the wheels that spun the cloth she erstwhile wove.
Served machines in mills and factories.
Then saw her children serve; the girl-child, tender, soft;
And the small boy who should have played in freedom with his kind.

And when she saw herself who once had clothed the world in dignity
Turned slave to whirring wheels, to harsh, unsympathetic steel and iron,
When the soft children of her mortal agony were murdered inch by inch and year by year
Before her eyes—when the Woman, bereft, defeated,

Or brooding at her task saw this,
No longer lay her mind asleep. No longer dreamed she
As when she sat beside her ancient tasks at home,
Her children playing near her in the sun.

Awaked the Woman then in every land where slavery to the harsh machine had come

Awaked and brushed the cobwebs of tradition from her brain.
Spoke of the unfairness of rulers in the busy marts;
Asked for place beside them in the making of the laws;
In their execution. Asked for justice for the race,
Including women and the children which they bear.

Awaked the Woman when the pressure of the system
Grew too heavy on her heart, and cried: "We must abolish this, O Brother Man;
Together you and I must build a better day, a universal humanhood, a superworld."
* * * * *

Awaked the Woman, and the passion of her cry envelopes all the world today,
As once enveloped human kind the cloth she wove.

A FREE being in the beginning of human existence, woman was in time reduced to the position of slave. For in the glory of his conquests, man extended his reign over her. Through his greater physical strength he assumed the role of woman's protector, and then, gradually, as he, with the aid of his stone hatchet, his sword and gun, moved onward toward a higher civilization, he changed it to ruler. While he fought and conquered, he apportioned to woman the detail side of life and compelled her to perform her servile labor in silence. Then, as the human race kept up its climb to the summit, every additional step brought greater power to man, more technical knowledge to woman. In time man conquered land and sea, beast and bird, while woman learned to weave cloth, make cooking utensils, build huts. With every passing age the activities of man and woman became ever more sharply divided, and in time the occupation of each was looked upon as a special characteristic of sex, a law of nature, or the expressed ordinance from above.

The world believed that a God willed it that man should be the warrior, the hero of the battlefield, that he should protect and yet take life; that woman should create life, and in the sweat of her brow provide for the sustenance of life. Man would not, woman could not, question the justice of this ordinance. Her constant toil left her no time for thought, for doubt; she was taught to believe blindly in the omnipotence of man. She could not do otherwise—she was his ward, her life dependent upon his good-will; he was her nominal supporter, her bodily protector.

"Her status," says Mary Jacobi, "combined both the disabilities of serf and slave. Like the former, she did not own the land or any other property; she was attached to it. And like the slave, she might slave from dawn to dusk, yet have no right to a farthing of the products of her own labor."

Though woman has always worked and produced wealth until the middle of the last century her product as well as she herself were considered the property of the man who was her guardian. Her work in the house had no value in the eyes of society. It was never remunerated, but was looked upon as a part of woman's duties. The more the industries developed during the ages of the domestic system of production, the more did woman become enslaved in the performance of her servile labor. And so long as the domestic system of production was the only mode of our economic development, so long was woman destined to remain the appendage of man.

The change of woman's position in society became possible only when the invention and application of machinery in the middle of the eighteenth century changed our economic conditions by transferring the production of wealth from the home to the factory, by supplanting mechanical power for manual labor. With the change in the mode of production the relation of the sexes first underwent a great change.

For the first time since the dawn of civilization woman found a possibility to leave the narrow sphere of her domestic existence, then her work was removed to the factory; economic necessity compelled her to follow it there. The changed mode of production necessitated a changed mode of life. The constant association with other workers was so different from the dull, lonely life led by woman behind the closed doors of her home. Woman's views, so narrow and egoistic during those days, had to change.

(Continued on page 15, column 2.)

This poem and decoration in the form of a two-colored poster can be yours for 15 cents or a 1-year sub.; two for 25 cents.

WOMEN OF OTHER LANDS

By META L. STERN

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

OUR INTERNATIONAL WOMAN'S DAY.

For four years the Socialists of this country have been observing a national Woman's Day. On the last Sunday of each February, Socialists from the Atlantic to the Pacific have been holding special meetings to explain and set forth the Socialist attitude toward the woman question, and to arouse among women of the working class an interest in their own class and sex problems.

Among a group of German women comrades in New York, well versed and experienced in the Socialist movement, this idea originated. It was taken up by the National Woman's Committee and by many local committees, and was generally approved of by the rank and file of the party. The very first observance of our national Woman's Day, on February 28, 1909, proved so successful that

Woman's Day became generally accepted as an annual Socialist holiday, and already we are accustomed to look forward to this event as we do to the annual May Day parades and the annual election campaigns.

This year the scope and meaning of our Woman's Day is being vastly extended. Not only will it be a national Socialist holiday, but also an international one; for the women of other lands have taken up the idea of their American comrades, and will also observe the last Sunday in February as a day set aside for special agitation among women. During the spring of 1912 the Socialist women of Germany, Austria and Switzerland already held similar gatherings; but as they were held at different times in the different countries, the international character of the demonstration was lost. This year the National Woman's Committee of the Socialist party, through its foreign correspondent, has sent out a special call to the Socialist women of other lands, asking them to observe an international Wom-

an's Day on the last Sunday in February. It is expected that the Socialists of Germany, Austria and Switzerland, and perhaps also those of the Scandinavian countries, will comply with this request. Although it may take some years until others fall in line, it is to be expected that eventually Woman's Day will be observed by the progressive working men and women of all countries, like that international day of organized labor, May 1. Both May Day and Woman's Day stand for new hopes and new ideals; the abolition of wage slavery and sex slavery; the coming of a freer, better and happier manhood and womanhood.

Editorial Note.—Since January 3, Mrs. Meta L. Stern, former editor of the woman's page of the New York Volkszeitung, has been delivering a series of lectures on "Woman; Her Share in Industry, the Home and Society." These lectures are given every Friday evening at the Rand School of Science in New York city and are attracting well-deserved attention.

WHEN WOMEN HAVE THE BALLOT

By JOS. E. COHEN

I.

IN DAYS gone by, when a man wanted to do something next to useless, he would light a big cigar, shift himself to a comfortable position in his easy chair and let his mind dilate upon the things that were. Sometimes, when he didn't desire to spend the time entirely uselessly, he would take

stock, tab down his total conclusions, and carry them forward to the next page of his life's ledger.

Not that women haven't done this, or something equally wasteful. But we think that, taken altogether, this peculiar pastime has been prized by man, and man nowadays is permitted to indulge himself in so few foibles that we think this one should be conceded him without further argument.

That is not the essential point, anyway. The above has been cited only in order to draw a comparison with what a modern man or woman (here we may say so disinterestedly) does with his spare time. He may finger his cigar as of yore, and look upon the wine when it is red while so doing. But if he is really a modern he will not waste many moments upon retrospect. Rather will he speculate as to the opportunities and duties of the morrow.

He will do this whatever his line may be. He will do it whether he is bent upon cornering cotton, breaking new territory with his corset cover or digging into a book of synonyms for adjectives with which to trim the description of the dainty actress whose press agent he is. It is all of a piece, the high and the low.

If his specialty should happen to be a spring tonic, he must needs paragraph it as the elixir of life. And however he manipulates the heart strings or brain taps, his ambition is to make the credulous public assimilate the idea that he has the greatest boon mankind ever could get a lien upon for the asking.

So here we have the difference between the

psychology created by the circumstances of the older centuries, when to accept things as they are was respectable, and the psychology of the escaping present, when the man who has no eye to some sort of a main chance is a fossil, mossback and antedeluvian.

Now, there be some grown-ups who have not yet learned to count above two, and naturally they do not know that women are one-half the human race, and as such, to say nothing of sundry economic and social reasons, are entitled to the suffrage and the usufruct of all human rights equally with men. Were it not that the mathematical sense is by no means highly developed in the male of the species, there would not be enough of the below-three bookkeepers to stop the women from getting the vote. As it is, we have to chew the cud of patience until they learn their figures.

They are learning—quite rapidly at that. The election just held was the means of registering a very appreciable accentuation of the mathematical sense—or, in plain words, an increase in the number of equal suffrage states by four. Which, added to those heretofore sane in this respect, makes ten.

But the record is even better than that. Together with this ten, there are twenty-one half-brothers—states which permit the women to vote at certain elections and for certain offices. That helps some. Even a driving shower is better than no rain at all on parched soil.

To complete the roster of states, that leaves only seventeen into which no light has yet broken. And it keeps getting lonelier in the darkness as the numbers there diminish, so that we may look for universal adult suffrage in this country in the course of a very few years.

Now, then, here we are. Here are any number of very serious-minded women (and some men) who have been devoting the major part of their activities to the securing of woman suffrage. They worked surprisingly hard, exercised rare judgment in their tactics and developed considerable capacity for planful endeavors. What is to come of it?

If they are only to sink into the routine of voting for the mixed pickles of politics, scratching a candidate here or there, helping to prop up a party only to topple it over at

the next election, then the work—the work alone—of securing woman suffrage would be little more than love's labor lost.

But it cannot be anything like that, for reasons that are too glaring for even a newspaper reporter to miss.

II.

The battle for woman suffrage has become interwoven with demands for social reforms of many degrees, particularly because of woman's place in modern industry; so that there is not the slightest chance of women as a whole throwing their votes away as men have.

On the other hand, and what is much more important, the woman suffrage movement has not failed to release a taste for social improvement that smacks of the finest idealism we have. And the women who are possessed of this (not to be confounded with the Roosevelt "progressive" imitation) are not going to stop with the winning of the vote. Quite the contrary. That is going to be the ladder whereupon they will step, and assist their fellows in mounting, in the climb to a better social order.

Just to intercept some overly enthusiastic novice in rushing from one extreme to another, let us remark that woman suffrage is not the cure-all of our ills, the solvent for all our misery and the touchstone to all future happiness. It is merely another station, and that station another outlet, on the road to a broader and better civilization, in which the possibilities, the opportunities and the achievements of society are to be multiplied manifold.

Unfortunately this use of multiplication is beyond the fellow who cannot count beyond two—while inadequate for the beginner who can do sums, but wants nothing except a simple equation that will enable him to grasp the millenium with a moment's mental arithmetic.

Woman suffrage may be regarded, then, as another hold on the factors of progress. For woman, it is all-essential; for man, very important toward the humanization of society.

What may come of it for woman? It will mean, naturally, the destruction of the double code of morals and the whole structure of legal shams that smell of the double code. It will mean the fairest examination of the relation of the sexes we have ever had (which is hesitatingly in process even now). It will

(Continued on page 12, column 3.)

IT NARROWS

PART I

DO YOU know the possibilities of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN?

DO YOU know that our NAME would be worth piles of money to capitalists?

DO YOU know that our name is so valuable that it came near being appropriated by capitalist publishers?

HERE is something that will make YOU realize it:

First, read the two letters on the left. Our attention was called to letter No. 1 a few weeks ago. Similar letters and circulars were sent broadcast. One of them fell into the hands of Comrade F. H. Hall, editor of The Torch, and he wrote letter No. 2, asking for information, as you can see by reading it.

Many thousands of dollars are necessary to start a capitalist magazine. And it is evident that the company which intends to publish a new woman's weekly is financially powerful. During an interview with one of the promoters of this company we learned that this new magazine, which was to be called PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, would be confined to political lines, with other features as side issues to interest women.

We do not know positively whether this new venture is backed by politicians and reformers of the Progressive party. Time alone will bring this out. BUT WE DO KNOW THAT THIS NEW MAGAZINE WILL CATER TO 1,500,000 WOMEN VOTERS, AND IT IS CERTAIN THAT SOCIALISM WILL NOT BE INCLUDED IN ITS POLICY.

Of course, the company has had to change the name of its magazine. We still have our name. THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is still ready to reach the great mass of keen, alive, intelligent women, who either have the ballot, or are fighting for it. THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is still ready to reach 125,000 male members of the Socialist Party, and SHOW THEM THE RELATION OF THE SOCIAL STRUGGLE TO THE INDUSTRIAL STRUGGLE.

And don't you think you and every Socialist Party member should help THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN in its campaign of education, especially when capitalist publishers, politicians and reformers are catering to women along political lines?

WHEN WE SAY "YOU," WE MEAN YOU SOCIALIST LOCALS, YOU READER, YOU HUSTLERS, YOU PARTY MEMBERS, YOU SOCIALIST SYMPATHIZERS, YOU EDITORS, YOU LECTURERS, YOU PARTY OFFICIALS!

Don't you see that the activity of capitalist politicians and reformers for the woman vote narrows things down to ONE BIG QUESTION: DO WE WANT THE WOMAN VOTE IN 1916?

Yes, by all means we want the woman vote for Socialism in 1916. Of course, you want to see women elected on the Socialist ticket. But, comrades, JUST WANTING to get the woman vote will not get it. JUST WANTING to see women elected on the Socialist ticket will not elect them.

HERE IS ANOTHER WAY YOU CAN HELP:

By subscribing for one or more shares of stock in The Progressive Woman. For every share you buy, you will receive 20 yearly 50-cent sub. cash. For the money you paid for your shares. THUS YOU GET BACK EVERY CENT YOU INVEST. STOCKHOLDER IN THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY. HELP US TO STRENGTHEN ITS FORCES FOR BETTER WORK.

ONE THOUSAND SHARES MUST BE SOLD THIS MONTH. THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN to carry on its work for Socialism among men and women. We need for HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916.

BECAUSE IT IS A BIG TASK and propagating of Socialism among 1,500,000 women. PARTY MEMBERS, YOU SOCIALIST SYMPATHIZERS, YOU SOCIALIST OFFICIALS cannot afford to become "quitters." You cannot afford to be when things are moving swiftly in favor of Socialism and when these two greatest movements of the century are so plainly before you.

Just think! WITH ALL THIS FACING YOU, WILL YOU NOT TAKE UP THE splendid slogan: HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916.

Analyze it. Finger it all over with the tentacles of your mind. Then read once more the letters on the left. Read them over and over going to make such a big STIR. And after you have done this, TAKE YOUR KNIFE OR SCISSORS, THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, and FILL IT IN FOR THE NUMBER OF SHARES YOU WANT TO BUY. YOUR CHECK FOR THE AMOUNT TODAY.

DO WE WANT THE WOMAN VOTE IN 1916?

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF INFORMATION FOR THE WOMAN WHO THINKS

PROGRESSIVE WOMAN
914 HEARST BUILDING
CHICAGO

Dec. 24, 1912.

Thos. J. Kirkley,
Baltimore, Md.

Dear Mr. Kirkley:

On February 1st we expect to publish a new magazine. It will be called "Progressive Woman." It will be published weekly and delivered by newsboys. It will be the fastest selling magazine you ever heard of. Every woman will want it. The price will be right.

You can make more money selling this magazine and representing us in your town than you ever did in your life. We are willing to make you our representative. We want you, if you want us. Let us know at once if you are interested.

Yours very truly,

PUBLISHERS' SUBSCRIPTION AGENCY.

H.A.S

(Letter No. 1)



Woman's National Committee on The Progressive Woman

October 7, 1912.

Motion by Simons:

"1. Shall the Woman's National Committee continue its support of The Progressive Woman in the organization of a stock company?"

"2. I move that the National Woman's Correspondent be instructed to use every possible effort to further the organization of the stock company of The Progressive Woman."

Comment: "The second motion is made with the understanding that if the first question is answered in the affirmative, the second motion shall at once take effect."

"The question of The Progressive Woman was taken up to a considerable extent at the National Woman's Committee meeting. It was at that time fully understood by the National Woman's Committee and concurred in by the National Executive Committee, that the National Woman's Committee should aid in every possible manner in the formation of a stock company to handle the financial side of The Progressive Woman. The National Executive Committee voted money to assist the paper for a limited time until it was thought such a company could be gotten under way."

"The former National Woman's Correspondent pushed the matter with some success. It must be recalled that we are in the midst of a campaign and funds are being used in other directions. The formation of the stock company has not had an adequate trial. There is no reason to believe it would not be a success."

Time for comment upon above motion closed October 14, vote closed October 22. The vote was as follows: YES—Berger, Brewer, Carr, Lewis, Simons, Twining. NO—Branstetter. Motion carried.

BELL PHONE 2643

"PENNSYLVANIA'S LEADING SOCIALIST WEEKLY"

THE TORCH

ISSUED BY THE PUBLISHING COMMITTEE LOCAL SOCIALIST PARTY OF AMERICA

29 SOUTH SIXTEENTH STREET

O. S. MONTGOMERY, Associate Editors.

W. G. BOWERS.



OUR READERS PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

J. W. GOLDREN, Business and Advertising Manager.

A. H. HUBB, Treas. Pub. Com.

HARRISBURG, PA., Dec. 31, 1912.

Mr. John M. Work, National Secy.,
Socialist Party,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Comrade:-

Just received word that the Publishers Subscription Agency, 914 Hearst Building, Chicago, are going to bring out a new Magazine Feb. 1st to be known as "Progressive Woman".

Is this not coming pretty near our official Womens Magazine of the Socialist Party.

Will not two magazines of the same name in Chicago lead to much confusion?

Can give you absolute proof of this if desired, but request my name be treated confidential for the present in this respect if you consider it of enough importance to warrant any action to protect the name of our Womens Magazine.

Yours in the Cause

THE TORCH

by

Editor.

(Letter No. 2)

(Published by permission.)

OWN TO THIS

PART II

ou know that only work will get such results. Without the blare of trumpets or thundering of phrases, THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN has been working six years to produce these results. It has educated many women to think right and vote right politically. It has shown them the interdependence of economics, the high cost of living, political and industrial bondage. It has convinced many women that low wages and hours embody the worker's reward under the capitalist system. It has proved that sex slavery is a necessary adjunct to power of capitalism. THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN has done other useful things. It has done them quietly, sincerely, effectively. And during the six years that THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN has been doing this work IT HAS PASSED UP ABOUT \$300 IN ADVERTISING EACH MONTH TO PLEASE ITS READERS.

he kind of advertising we have turned down is such as appears in the average capitalist paper—ADVERTISING THAT PAYS THE PRINTER'S BILLS, AND THEN SOME!

o capitalist paper or magazine expects to run a single issue without advertising. And it is as easy as "falling off a log" to fill this magazine with the same kind of ads. accepted by the average journal. But we believe YOU prefer THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN to come to you neat and clean, and we are trying to keep it so. In return we expect YOU WILL UNDERSTAND THE SITUATION THOROUGHLY, AND DO ALL YOU CAN TO MAKE UP THIS LOSS IN A LEGITIMATE WAY.

THE ENTIRE SOCIALIST MOVEMENT SHOULD BE BACK OF THIS ONE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE FOR WOMEN. AND HERE IS HOW IT CAN BE DONE:

LET EACH OF THE 6,000 LOCALS ORDER A BUNDLE OF 50 COPIES EACH MONTH FOR A YEAR. This means an increase in circulation of 350,000, with only a cost to each local of \$1.50 a month. THINK OF IT!

Today only 11 per cent of our membership are women. BY EDUCATION WE CAN RAISE THIS TO 50 PER CENT!

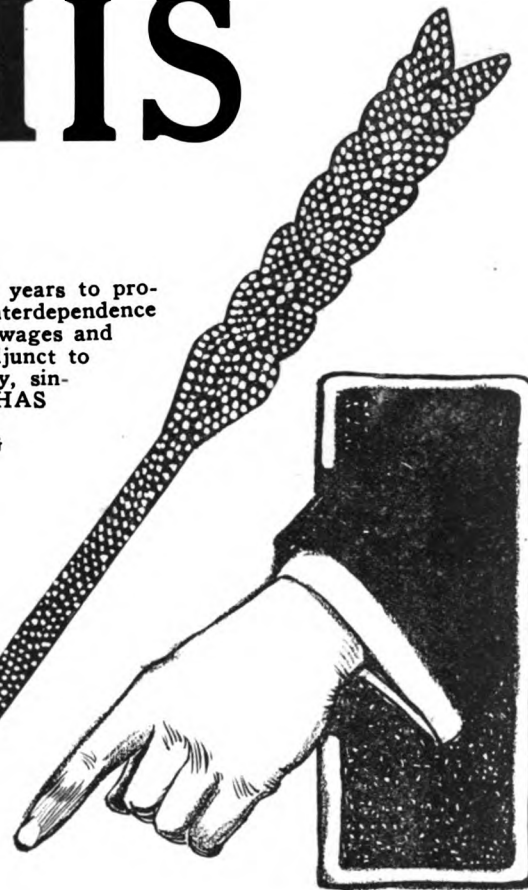
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN IS THE BEST EDUCATIONAL MEDIUM. It is more effective than the leaflet or the book. It carries a bunch of propaganda material—short articles, stories, poems, and pictures—to the woman readers, twelve times in the year.

IT IS WORTH \$1.50 A MONTH IN PROPAGANDA VALUE TO ANY LOCAL.

An increase of 350,000 copies a month WILL REPAY THE COMBINED COSTS OF THE LOCALS THREE AND FOUR TIMES OVER IN A YEAR.

WANT INCREASED WOMAN MEMBERSHIP!
WANT 500,000 WOMEN VOTES FOR SOCIALISM IN 1916!
WANT AN INCREASE OF 40 PER CENT IN OUR WOMAN MEMBERSHIP!

LOCALS, ARE YOU WITH US IN THE PRESENT CAMPAIGN?



Be Sure to Fill in the Coupon NOW

**DON'T HESITATE
DON'T WAVER
DON'T FALTER
DON'T WAIT
DO IT TODAY!**

ing Company at \$10 per share. You can sell these easily and make up your yearly 25-cent sub. cards. You can sell these easily and make up your yearly 25-cent sub. cards. You can sell these easily and make up your yearly 25-cent sub. cards. YOU LOSE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING. YOU REMAIN A MEMBER OF THE COMPANY, AND YOU HAVE HELPED THE MAGAZINE MUS-

om the sales of these shares will enable THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN to further the campaign. The campaign will require much work. It is a task which must embody the spirit of the voters!

ST LOCALS, YOU READERS, YOU HUSTLERS, YOU ORGANIZERS, YOU LECTURERS, AND YOU PARTY OFFICERS—

Keep your grim persistence and stern qualities now at a time when the struggle is being waged in the United States and elsewhere; at a time when the stakes are high and the odds are against us. DON'T GET BUSY IN A QUICK-ACTION WAY?

of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN! Think of its success in 1916! Concentrate your mind upon it. Study it.

Wrap YOUR heart and brain around it. Make it the other PROGRESSIVE WOMAN that was successful along quick-action lines, and make a big success of YOUR PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

THE COUPON BELOW ON THE RIGHT. FILL IT IN, BUY, AND MAIL IT TO US WITH

**AT THE
VOTE
16**

The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.,
111 N. Market Street, Chicago, Ill.:

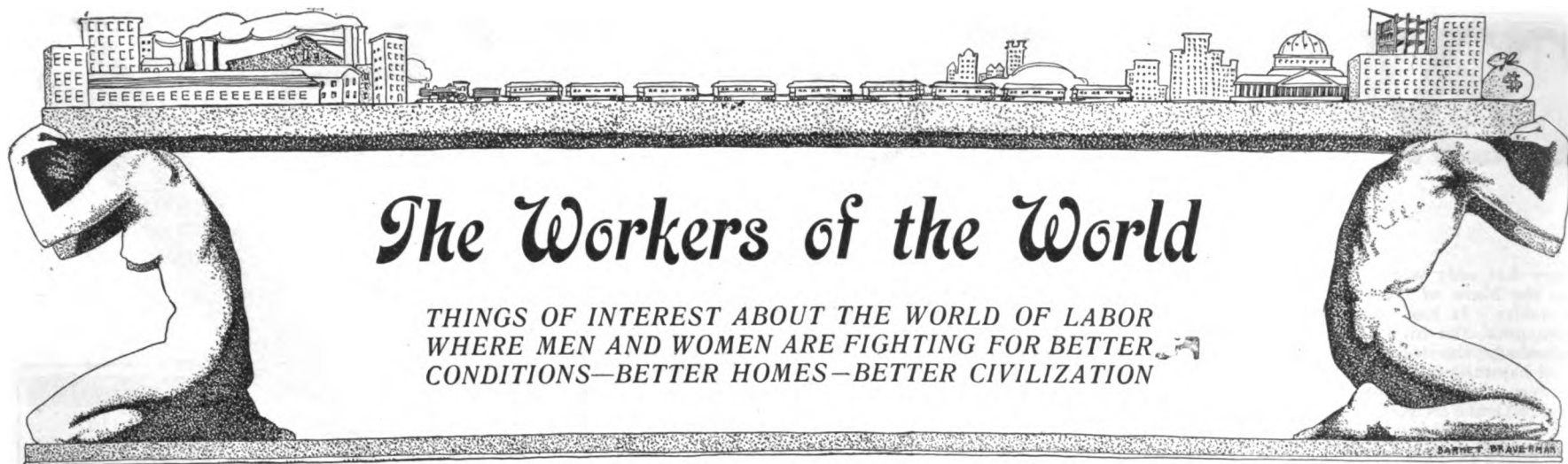
Enclosed find \$.....for shares in the Progressive Woman Publishing Company, for which I (we, or the local) will receive 20 yearly or 40 half-yearly sub. cards per share immediately, and also certificates of stock upon the incorporation of said company.

Fraternally,

Name

Address

Date City State



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

GENERAL STRIKE IN NEEDLE INDUSTRY

By MARY SNOWDEN NICHOLS

THE general strike in the needle industries of New York City threatens to become a general strike for the entire East. The New York Call for January 15 says a national paralysis impends for the garment industry. This is in view of the fact that the New York tailors, in order to have their work done, are sending it to other cities. A committee of garment workers from Philadelphia, who visited the national office of the Garment Workers' Union, were particularly emphatic in their threat of a sympathetic strike if it became necessary. In fact, they reported that they had already quit work in several shops where garments were being made for struck firms of New York.

The following, printed in English, Yiddish, and Italian, was distributed among 40,000 dress and waist makers on January 15: "Cutters, Waist and Dress Makers—Everybody Employed in the Industry—STOP WORK! The general strike is now on! This morning at 10 o'clock LEAVE YOUR SHOPS." This call was sent out by a vote of 11,839 against 522 in the Cutters, Waist and Dressmakers' Union.

To date, 200,000 are out on strike in the city.

Most of these are girls, many of them not yet out of their 'teens. Yet there are reports of "beating up," of riots, etc. Poor policemen! Poor guards! Poor strike-breakers! No doubt terrible physical suffering is inflicted on them by the young girl strikers. The great, gullible public, through the aid of the capitalist newspapers, is led to believe that these young girls, struggling for the chance to live in decency and with a minimum amount of comfort, are doing terrible things to the police, the guards, and the strike-breaking thugs. Naturally, it is the other way about, and one day society will awake to the iniquities visited upon its womankind through its own colossal ignorance and indifference.

The poor miserable scabs, driven to their occupation as strike-breakers though hunger or the loss of the sense of human decency, are getting miserable pay for their work. Mothers with babes at their breasts are slipped into the shops in the morning, remain all day, and receive a little more than a dollar for their work. Ignorant and inefficient workers are "slipped through the lines" of pickets and guards to render what poor service they can in the place of the efficient and skilled workers who are

out asking for a living wage and a fifty-hour working week. Many of the girls, up to the time of the strike, were getting as low as \$5 a week. Out of this they had to feed and clothe themselves. Five dollars a week stops pretty short on food and clothing (to say nothing of necessary extras) in New York City. Yet thousands of young girls in the industries in New York City are expected to live "decently" on this amount.

The Woman's Trade Union League, with the National Ladies' Garment Workers' Union, are standing back of the striking girls until the battle is won. Meantime the Executive Board of the Manufacturers' Association is holding sessions day and night in the Fifth avenue building in the effort to discover some means of "handling" the strike.

The Socialist women of New York are lending valuable aid to the striking girls, and a call has been sent out for donations from Socialists in the line of cash or food. A generally awakened public, especially among the working class, will go far in helping the strikers of the needle industries win their fight.

THOSE VERY LITTLE FINGERS

By J. L. ENGDAHL

"Their fingers are so very little, you see. That makes it so much easier for the girls to do the work. Men and women, you know, have big fingers and they cannot do the work so quickly and easily."

The Chicago paper box king delivered himself of this brilliant view of the situation in the ordinary course of the regular day's work.

In the meantime the little fingers of the diminutive girls toiled on. They cut and shaped and glued together the materials that go to make those little boxes that are soon to hold some dainty things—trinkets rare or sparkling jewels, or perhaps sometimes meaner things that go into the homes of those we might refer to as the lesser rich. But first of all these little boxes must all receive the creating touch of those very little, nimble fingers.

The top floor of the factory of the Ritchie Paper Box Company in Chicago is known as "the kindergarten," because of the age of the girls employed there.

Again the little fingers toil. The dried tobacco leaf is unfolded gently for its further use. The cigarette can't help but grow cylindrical beneath the soothing touch. The cigar almost willingly assumes the shape intended. The work is done and declared to be most beautifully done. And all because those fingers are so very little.

There are 4,000 girls employed in the cigar-making industry of Philadelphia alone. They also make up the greater part of the pay roll in the factories of the tobacco trust.

'Tis said the nation must have its confections. Therefore we, too, have candy kings who rule o'er little girls toiling endlessly at long benches, dipping chocolates, making caramels and peppermints and bitter sweets and many other sweet and appetizing things. They wrap them, too, in dainty tissues, and pack them, too, in brightly colored boxes, large and small. What matters it if the childish fingers ache, or tender backs grow numb or if the brains do reel? The work for them is very easy, because their fingers are so very little.

Three dollars per week is considered good wages for the girls toiling in the nation's candy industry. It is almost exclusively an industry where girls are employed.

The giant looms move on. It seems as if some monster whip doth always crack across the backs of girls arrayed in lines before these things like galley slaves. There is no stopping for a breath, a second's thought or momentary rest. It all keeps on moving, moving, always moving. It is so very easy for those fingers to spin the threads and weave the cloths, because they are so very little, don't

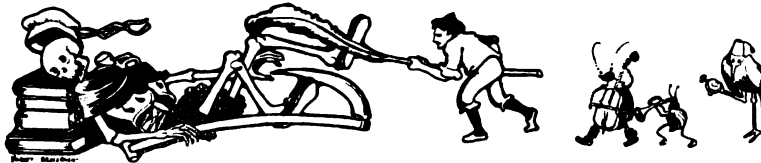
you know? 'Tis true, it must be true; the masters have said 'tis true, and they—who else—can really, truly know?

The cracker barons of the nation must have bread. So they plan a thousand different kinds of crackers to fill the people's wants, receiving profits in return, sometimes hill and sometimes mountain high. These thousand kinds of crackers are all machinery-made, intricate machinery-made, and 'tis easy for tiny girls' fingers to guide these iron and steam colleagues of human flesh, human blood and human bone, because, you see, the little girls have such little fingers.

The National Biscuit Company, the cracker trust, is now making 1,000 different kinds of crackers, for the most part the work of girls toiling at the latest patterns of improved machinery. All men in the cracker industry are being rapidly displaced by girls.

So the story goes. Each day sees some new chapter added to the growing tale. First father, then mother, now brother discarded, cast into the growing ranks of numerous unemployed. Why? Because, 'tis said, her fingers are so very small, quick and agile. That makes the work for her so very easy, can't you see? 'Tis mere display of ignorance for anyone professing not to understand.

THINGS IN THE MAKING



By
BARNET
BRAVERMAN

A WORD ABOUT MORALISTS.

A moralist in dealing with vice is a good deal like the young gosling who had a notion it could destroy the stinging qualities of a naughty wasp. So the young gosling seized the wasp in its bill—and shortly afterward there was a wiser gosling.



But not so with our dear gosling moralists who become afflicted from

time to time with moral spasms and organize committees for the probing of vice, graft and other sanctimonious products of our existing social order.

It is significant that the vice committees are always organized after the social cancer has been exposed to public view. And, using past activities of vice committees as criterion, one is led to believe that their sole purpose is to hide the social cancer and thus protect the esthetic sensibilities of our best citizens—a la Mr. Manufacturer, Mr. Department Store Owner and Mr. City Official.

During December of the year 1912 the moralists of New York and elsewhere were shocked into apparent insensibility when they were told by the keeper of a disorderly house, a Mrs. Goode, that it is the starvation wages paid to girls and women which hurls so many of them into the gutter.

Tut, tut, dear moralists! Pray do not desist. Do not blame the cadets and the importers of women for their ruination. Starvation wages are the cause, and starvation wages are paid by department store keepers, factory owners and other employers. If the girls and women who sell their blood and labor to earn meager necessities were paid the full value of their social labor, the chances are that the cadets and importers of women would also prefer to receive the same reward for their labor, and they would be human beings instead of ghouls.

But our dear moralists reply, "Oh, that sounds like Socialism!" And, by heck, they are right! By the way, did you ever notice that it is the moralists, a la Doc Parkhurst of the Noo Yawk Choinal and Anthony Comstock who oppose Socialism?

For the information of all moralists, it can be said that in New York city alone one girl out of every ten is a factory worker receiving no more than \$6 a week when she works. Again, it is estimated that 25 per cent of the prostitutes are recruited from the ranks of married women. So you see that the present system which moralists glorify, and which the Republican, Democratic and so-called Progressive parties defend, offers very little guarantee for the "safety" of women in the "sanctity" of marriage. And yet these moralists and politicians try to fling mud at Socialism by saying that it stands for the destruction of home and marriage.

And there's just another thing that our dear moralists neglect to consider, and that in itself is such a DELICATE matter—it's awfully DELICATE. It's something from which men as a rule always flee. And that awful thing is the code of right and wrong. The double standard of right and wrong has played no little function in the creation and perpetuation of prostitution, and it has manifested itself in discrimination against women in industry and government. Society has no word of con-

demnation for man's double-dealing code of "morals," and it never hesitates to invoke monstrous laws against helpless woman.

Laws? Pshaw! Haven't you had laws against prostitution for centuries? And we



still have with us the same old institution. Every law today is a capitalist law. Every capitalist law is a man-made law embodying the standard of right and wrong maintained by the capitalist class. And the power of the capitalist class is only symbolic of the ignorance of the men and women of the working class, who are slow in rebelling against an economic system that allows department store owners, factory employers and corporations to wax corpulent on the labor of their victims.

WHY THE BIG NODDLES WERE GLUM.

"We must arrange that every particle of monopoly is squeezed remorselessly," Mr. Wilson said, looking directly at the representatives of capital before him. All was silent.

"Now, why don't you applaud?" he taunted his hearers with a quiet smile. —News Item.

We do not know just what President-elect Wilson meant when he made the above remarks in the course of his "keynote" speech at the Commercial Club in Chicago on January 11.

Neither do we know positively that he felt like conferring "squeezes" of affection upon Dame Monopoly—and yet his words simply make one think that he might have meant it.

Before him sat his audience—the Big Noddles of industry, finance and politics. The professor gave them some of his intellectual "chow." They did not seem to like it very well, and in a measure you cannot blame the Big Noddles, for rare is the mortal who appreciates the "chow" that is crammed into his top-piece by a pedagogue.

The professor told his auditors that they, the Big Noddles of Big Bizness, and not the government, control the future of the republic which they own. He told them that Big Bizness is above and beyond the law—that it is a law unto itself; and he advised them to run Big Bizness for the common benefit instead of manipulating it for their private gain.

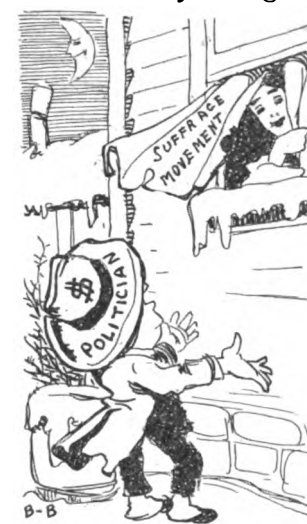
The Big Noddles sat glum and silent. And

when the Professor said unto them that the government might take a hand in running Big Bizness, the Big Noddles became so intensely glum and silent that had a pin collided with the floor the result might have been a cannon roar.

His auditors must have cogitated about the sanity or probable humor of the speaker! After imparting to them that Big Bizness is above the law—that the law is not worth a pebble in comparison with the power these Big Noddles wield, the professor loomed up with the threat of having the government run Big Bizness. He wants them to dissolve Big Bizness in order to give the small business man a chance to take a few cracks at you, dear reader. And since Big Bizness only thrives by cracking small business men, it should not be expected that the Big Noddles will amputate their nasal appendages to spite their facial anatomies. That is why they sat so glum and silent as the professor poured forth his antiquated economic notions!

SUFFRAGISTS, WATCH FOR THE WOLF!

The other day William Sulzer, governor of New York by the grace of Tammany Hall,



informed a delegation of suffragists that he sympathized with their cause. In the name of political equality for women we rejoice that the gov'nor's heart throbbeth gently along these lines. And in the name of political equality for women we rejoice again that the hearts of statesmen, politicians and captains of industry are also beginning to throb sympathetically toward the cause.

Everywhere—in the East, West, North and South—politicians and business men have begun to cater to the good will of suffragists and women voters. But, say, you've heard the story about some sort of a wolf that adopted a sheep's apparel—and—well, dear suffrage sisters, please look out for the wolf!

Women voters and suffragists! Right face! Attention!

Who denounced women's clubs as "unladylike, innocuous institutions"? The National Manufacturers' Association, composed of business men and politicians.

Who said, "We will soon have to fight women as well as the unions"? Mr. Kirby, president of the National Manufacturers' Association.

Who has always fought the Consumers' League and women's labor organizations in their efforts to secure the production of pure food and the establishment of good working conditions and living wages? The business men and politicians.

Who fought the Girls' Bill, the most hotly contested measure passed by the Illinois Legislature? Over 500 manufacturers and their politicians.

Who reaps sordid profits from tenements? Business men.

(Continued on page 12, column 1.)

THINGS IN THE MAKING

(Continued from page 12.)

Who works hand in hand with the Gyp the Bloods, the Jack Zeligs and the Lefty Lewises of Becker fame? The politicians.

Who is fighting 200,000 New York strikers, mostly girls in the needle industries? Business men and politicians in control of the courts, police and thugs.

Who has neglected to prosecute President Woods of the Woolen Trust on the charge of illegally handling dynamite in the Lawrence strike? The capitalist politicians of Massachusetts.

Who work together in political campaigns to confuse real issues? Politicians and business men—the Morgans and Wilsons, the Fricks and the Tafts, the Perkinses and the Wild Men of Lobster Bay.

Women voters and suffragists! Left face! Attention!

You've got the business men and politicians "up a tree." They are serenading you now, where before they sneered at you; but watch out for the wolf! Get all you can out of

them. They are beginning to surrender to the inevitable social forces which have created the suffrage movement; but do not neglect to investigate for yourselves the principles of the Socialist party, the only political organization of men and women pledged to eliminate a social system which enables business men and politicians to prey upon the child, the man and the woman worker.

LAW AND ORDER AGAIN PRESERVED.

At any rate, there are thirty-two labor leaders who know by this time that this is a country of law and order.

The labor leaders referred to belong to the Structural Iron Workers' Union, and were recently convicted at Indianapolis on the charge of illegally handling dynamite in connection with the explosion of the Times building in Los Angeles, where twenty-one people lost their lives.

The only trouble with these convicted labor leaders was that they were labor leaders.



Had they been owners of the Pittsburgh steel mills, where more than a score of workers have their kindly lights snuffed every week, or had they been interested in other industries, they would be receiving occasional press and pulpit

notices about the wonderful genius with which these captains of industry are endowed. The lackey magazine interviewers would yawp about the wonderful art collections of Mr. Ryan (president of the Iron Workers' Union), the beautiful summer villa of Mr. Tveitmoe (formerly the union's San Francisco representative), or about that captain of industry, Mr. John T. Butler (the vice-president of the Iron Workers), who became a millionaire by saving for twenty years the \$1.25 earned per day while digging dirt by the sweat of his brow.

But, as you know, the governmental machinery of your country is controlled by gentlemen who own the Steel Trust and all the other trusts. They use this machinery to preserve law and order, and their use of it has been so zealous that they succeeded in landing thirty-two labor leaders in the penitentiary at Fort Leavenworth, but overlooked the fact that more than 1,500,000 workers are needlessly maimed and slaughtered in the attempt to produce profits for the law-and-order preserving capitalists.

But here's a tip, dear reader: Just wait a few thousand years, and then you'll behold the rapturous spectacle of the government successfully prosecuting the trusts, the magnates and the whole riffraff of the master class. Meanwhile all of us can let the captains of industry do whatever they please toward making exploited toilers maintain a law-and-order attitude.

THE FACTORY GIRL

By R. H. GWINNER.

*Pure as a snowflake, innocent of guile,
The cradle's after halo on her head,
Her need, a father's care, a mother's smile,
Too soon she must begin to earn her bread.*

*What does she here, a thousand such as her,
Handcuffed to spindles for a miser's gain,
Will make the blur of life a blacker blur,
Will make the pain of life a deeper pain.*

*Wide-gaping pitfalls always in her way,
Inexorable monsters plot her fall.
The pittance of a slave her only pay,
The call to work for her the only call.*

*A princess born of right to love and home,
Soul-crowned, a ray of joy, the light of day,
Soul-chilled by frost on hearts of wood and stone,
No wonder if at last she lose her way.*

*And so it has been since the days that Cain
Dishonored God with club of cruel hate.
The gentle, pure and loving ones are slain
By labor, sin and greed—we call it fate.*

*We whip the horse and let him bear the blame.
We tramp the tender flowers on the ground.
We kick the dog forgiving us the pain.
We kill the birds till Nature feels the wound.*

*Our boasted chivalry is all a lie.
The sanctity of life crushed out by trade,
The weak compelled to slave for us or die,
We make the shade of hell a deeper shade.*

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Well as Your Socialism**

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National American Woman Suffrage Association
505 Fifth Avenue New York City

WHEN WOMEN HAVE THE BALLOT

(Continued from page 7.)

mean beating down the whole veil of false notions which considers marriage an institution of private property and the equally false escape to promiscuity. It may, in no great length of time, even close the doors of the houses of prostitution. It may even make the mating of one man and woman the most sacred institution of civilization.

Is that shooting with a gun of too big a bore? Let us see.

III.

Ibsen said this, as his summary of the social problem: "The women will solve the question of mankind, and they will do it as mothers."

Well, has Ibsen ever been accused of being anything but a rasping realist? And do not ideals born of the realities of life carry with them the makings of their own realization? Let us not pass Ibsen up slightly.

The only discount we may make is that woman's activities may not be confined to that of rearing the new generation and defining the terms upon which such a generation can be reared. To look for the new woman to be any the less a woman and mother is bitterly absurd. Whatever move we make would be nought if it did not predicate another requirement gained for a superior fatherhood and motherhood.

Real motherhood, aside from that covered by social parentage, of course involves the educational system, hygiene, environment and much more. It also involves the most enlightened basis for selection of mate, and the stirring of a finer romance, albeit at the expense of stripping the fancy of the delusion that love must always be blind.

But it is rather far-fetched to claim that the function of motherhood embraces all else. And there is no call to try to make this important function so elastic. Nor is woman to be content with mothering the race, any more so than man may rest upon his laurels for fathering it.

Indeed, he had better be up and doing in earnest. F. A. Woods, in his paper before the International Eugenics Congress held last July in England, told the delegates that the number of women whose eminence makes them noteworthy has increased measurably in the United States, as compared with men, from the first settlement to the present day.

How much are we to expect when the women have the vote? That we cannot now tell. But we can work for woman suffrage, and the whole program of social reform and social revolution, with the feeling that we are building even better than we know and that only those deserve to see the heights who are willing to forge ahead, leave the dead past behind and welcome the new.

SUFFRAGISTS AND WOMAN VOTERS!

Go to the Socialist party meetings and lectures held in your city from time to time. Find out for yourselves what Socialism means, and then you will be in a position to fight for or against it intelligently!

WATCH OUT

For the date on your mailing wrapper. It shows when your subscription expires. Don't wait for a renewal notice. Shop early, and avoid missing the next issue by remitting 50c for your renewal TODAY.

PRESENT ECONOMIC SYSTEM DETRIMENTAL TO WOMEN

By ERNEST CALVIN MOORE



WE HAVE nearly seven millions of women in gainful occupations in America (not all in useful occupations, however), at an average wage of \$4.83 per week. The question would naturally arise, how do they live on this wage? That is not under discussion in this article, but may be

touched on in the next.

My daily work brings me in touch with many of these women and girls. Girls, did you say? Yes, over one million of them under the age of fourteen. I find many of them working under unsanitary conditions that are most harmful to their health and morals. I have found women working in foul dust where I could not stand it for five minutes at a time. I found one woman working eighteen hours a day. Without violating the law, you say? Law? Oh, in the factory nine hours and then unfinished work taken home, where the factory owner had kindly (?) installed a high-power machine, in order to help the poor widow. I asked her why the long hours. She said, "A daughter needs an education so that she will not have to follow the hard life her mother does." Work as hard as she could, this woman made only \$9 per week when there was steady work.

I found a woman and her little boy of six working in a box factory from early morning until late at night, piece work. The two of them averaged only \$1 per day.

In a large number of Michigan towns women work at the bean-receiving stations, in the dirt and dust, at wages from 75 cents to

\$1 per day. I find the women are fast entering the cigar factories, and they do not receive the wages that men get, although it is piece work, and must be of the same grade and quality of workmanship as that of the men. I have found them by the hundred in canning factories, waiting for work. By staying there twelve hours they might get one or two hours.

I hear the question every day: "Why don't these women come into our homes? We need servants, pay splendid wages and offer them a good home." If this were only true, there would be a dozen applicants for every job; but it is not true. In twenty years of investigation I have found only one home that I called ideal for the hired girl. In most cases they eat in the kitchen and live in miserable attic rooms amid the broken and cast-off furniture, subject to the insults of all the members of the family and the guests of the house, and are looked upon as common prey for all the libertines in the neighborhood.

I wish you could feel the heartaches, the desires, the longings of these poor women that are trying to live virtuous lives. The insults and slurs they receive from day to day make them suspicious of all men, and in time destroys that fine womanly sympathy that we desire for motherhood.

All of this is due to our economic system that beggars the man and drives his wife and children from the home to help as bread winners. The presence of the mother in the home is fundamentally necessary if the children are to be reared to a healthful and helpful maturity. The environment of the home must be such as to attract and hold the members of the family. This can be done only by the family income being sufficient to make it unnecessary for the mother and children to labor long hours away from home in quest of bread. To accomplish this we must change from our present competitive to a socialized form of government and industry, where the means of producing and distributing wealth shall be collectively owned and democratically managed.

HUMANIZING THE WOMAN

By VERNE SHERIDAN-STERLING



Do you know what loneliness means?

Not that which comes of working and living alone, but that of being with folks many hours of the day and not being able to hold a conversation?

You don't? I do.

I travel—my work is on the stage. I meet many people, all kinds and conditions, yet I go for days and weeks without conversation of any sort other than the commonplaces of the day.

And why? Because—leaving men out of this—ninety per cent of the women I meet have never been approached on any topic save hats, shoes, dresses, straight-front corsets and last week's beau.

Under Capitalism this is just as it should be, but aren't we going to overthrow this system?

Then why not make one consistent effort to "humanize" the woman?

How much she means to the Socialist movement is seemingly not appreciated by the majority of us, how much she means—the wide-awake, clever, educated

woman—to the world at large is not generally understood save when one meets—as I do—a different lot each week and sees what simpletons they can be—how shouldn't?

And the cry is ever in my heart: "Won't they ever know? Will no one awaken them from their slumber, make them understand why it is they are dissatisfied with things as they are at present, to make them eager fighters in the ranks of the Socialist Party?"

We support upward of eighty-five weekly papers, ten or more dailies, and I do not know how many monthly

papers and magazines, but there is only one in all this lot that makes a direct appeal to the woman and is especially fitted for the "humanizing" task aforementioned.

The Progressive Woman, a bristling, live-wire magazine, that has been shamefully neglected until it sank to such a depth financially that it will take months of hard work and stick-to-it-iveness to put it on a safe, paying basis.

Will you promise now to do your share? You girls, you women, aren't you proud of your sex? If you are, are you willing to do your share toward the emancipation of woman—toward making her a modern person alive to all that goes on about her—toward making her a factor in the world's work?

You can do this through the Progressive Woman, by getting subscriptions for it. Do your best to build it up, and through it—woman.

And so you can make this old world a less lonely place to live in. For when all women are made "regular humans" will we have need to run away from each other to escape trivial conversation as I do—often—from those I meet? Hardly. Rather will we seek each other, for exchange of thoughts and impressions will then be a real joy.

When you permit yourself to realize what a wonderful work the Progressive Woman can accomplish is any effort too great toward its upbuilding? How can it be?

When there is all to gain and nothing to lose ought we to permit ourselves one moment's respite? Hardly!

Now, then, comrades and friends, let us try a little direct action in a co-operative way. We will each—directly—do our individual best, and working singly, yet part of a great whole—we'll make the Progressive Woman the woman's war cry, while our individual effort will show whether we are and wish every other woman to be a *progressive woman*.

Giving up a street car seat is a far easier thing than giving up the headship of a home.

Don't forget to subscribe today for The Progressive Woman for a friend.

VOTES FOR THE WORKING WOMEN

By ELIZABETH FREEMAN



THE question is often asked by those interested in working women: "What effect has the militant suffrage movement in England on the industrial conditions of working women?" When one thinks of a short, concise answer one is off in a labyrinth of great industrial complications, and can only say, the ghastly unfair conditions of the working

women of Great Britain are at the top and bottom of the militant movement.

One of the greatest effects of militancy on these unfair conditions is the bringing to the clear limelight of public opinion the fact that a radical change must be made, causing the people to think, bringing the leisured woman into the open to do her share in the fight for her sister's freedom as well as her own.

It is conceded that voting is a right, and should be shared by both men and women. The English militant suffragette not only recognizes this, but she goes still further when she declares that to the working woman the vote is a dire necessity as well as a right; also that she (the working woman suffragette) must put up a fight for her rightful necessity. The government knows all this, but some folk are prone to ask: "Why, then, do not governments give votes to women?" The answer is simple. If the working women had the vote they would use it as their menfolk are slowly but surely learning to make use of theirs; they would say to the candidate who comes talking smoothly at election time, "If you want my vote you must support the minimum wage for working women, the equal pay for equal work bill." This naturally does not suit the government, which makes big profits out of paying women low wages.

When men are fighting for better conditions they have two weapons—trade unionism and the vote. Working women can combine, but they cannot vote. They have only one weapon. Is that fair?

The militant suffragette has seen the relation of the vote to the working class; how the governments seek to pass legislation for the working man now that he has a vote, and how the voteless working woman is left outside to take the crumbs offered, and those crumbs are not of her own choosing, but the kind the male-elected government thinks she needs.

When the working woman wakes up, as she is rapidly doing, the government of England will have to sit tight and listen.

The militant suffragette sees that the working woman must be recognized as a factor in the body politic, and that the existing long hours of labor, bad sanitation and low wages, drives thousands of women to the streets to earn a crust of bread for their children. So long as women are voteless this condition will go on. The working women are rallying to the standard of Freedom, and shortly will march in a large body to the British House of Commons to show their determination that the oppression of women must cease, or governments cannot expect to bring about the desired peace.

There is but one way to settle the whole militant question: Give women the vote quickly.

EDITORIAL NOTE:—Elizabeth Freeman was active in the English suffrage movement at the time the militant suffragettes shocked English respectability by their tactics. Until recently Miss Freeman trained many suffragists in New York to become public speakers.

PROGRAM FOR WOMAN'S COMMITTEE

These monthly programs are prepared by the Woman's National Committee. It is intended that the woman's committees of the locals shall use them for public entertainments, or for lessons in a study class.

The songs are found in Moyer's Song Book, price 20 cents.

FOR SOCIALIST LOCALS PROGRAM FOR FEBRUARY

Brief talks on organization will appear in this department each month. Sample copies of special woman's leaflets on Socialism will be furnished on application.

WINNIE BRANSTETTER,
General Correspondent Woman's Nat'l Com.
111 N. Market St., Chicago, Ill.

PEACE.

Opening remarks by the chairman.

OPENING SONG, "Arise, Brave Woman," Page 1, Moyer's Song Book.

RECITATION, "Labor's Answer," by Wm. Francis Barnard.

LABOR'S ANSWER.

"Peace, Peace," when there is no peace;
When Mamman sits enthroned,
And he who tells of a world for all
Is driven forth and stoned.
For there's little of calm or friendship's balm,
Or joy of a kindly deed,
Where man is sold for a price of gold
And bound in the chains of greed!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the battle for work means life,
And men must tear at each other's throats
By the law of the club and knife.
For they gather slight yield of the forge and field
Or spoil of the mine and mill,
And the pittance of each but helps to teach
The fear of his brother still!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the millions shout, "How long?"
And the armies rise at the master's will
To keep their kingdom strong.
For the rifles flash, and the Maxims crash,
And the gleaming swords descend;
And woe they bear to the hearts that dare
Their birthrights to defend!

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the people drink salt tears,
And feed on their hearts, that throb with woe
And break with the cruel years.
For the children cry and the mothers die,
And the fathers droop with care,
And curse each day with a dumb dismay
Till the night comes with despair.

"Peace, peace," when there is no peace;
When the whole world reeks with war.
By the soul of man that wakes at last,
What peace do you clamor for!
Comes a noble fight; 'tis a fight for right;
We are ready to our last breath!
There shall be no peace till our wrongs may cease,
Though we battle to the death!

SONG, "My Country," Page 1, Moyer's Song Book.

READING, "Peace," By Kate Richards O'Hare, (Page ?.)

RECITATION, "The Red Flag," by Wm. Francis Barnard, from Tongues of Toil.

THE RED FLAG.

Banner of crimson waving there,
Thou shalt have full homage from me;
First among flags thou gleamest fair,
Symbol of love and of life made free.
The nations have chosen standards of state
To flaunt to the winds since time began;
Emblems of rivalry, pride and hate;
But thou art the flag of the world—of MAN.

See! Now there greet thee ten million eyes,
And lips uncounted smile to thee red.
Yes, those who bow to thy crimson dyes
Are myriads more than all of thy dead.
Lo! The young clasp hands at they bright unrest,
And the child in arms it leaps in its glee.
Nay, babes unborn, 'neath the mothers' breast
Are given and pledged to thy cause and thee!

Banner of freedom, and freedom's peace,
Float in thy beauty, in sign of the day
When ravage of power and conquest shall cease,
And mouldering tyranny pass away.
Who would not all for thy promise give?
As I gaze on thy folds one wish have I—
To love thee and honor thee while I live,
And fold thee around me when I must die!
—From Tongues of Toil.

SONG, "Onward, Faithful Comrades," Page 48, Moyer's Song Book.

LECTURE or READING, "The Peacemakers," from "War, What For," By Geo. Kirkpatrick.

THE PEACEMAKERS.

"Will there be, indeed, more wars?"

Yes, undoubtedly.

"What shall be done about it?"

There are two things to be done, by the mother, right away: Think about war and talk about war with other mothers and the boys—also with the girls.

Mother, is your five-year-old son strong, healthy and handsome? Yes? Well, that is fine. But think of him at the age of twenty in slaughtering clothes, being transformed into a swaggering, armed bully. Mother, if he should be tricked into the army and butchered and his torn corpse should be brought home to you, you would then know what other mothers feel when their boys, whom your son butchers, are brought home to them. Then, perhaps, war would seem quite different—far less "great" and "glorious" to you. You see, mother, in a war some mothers' boys must be butchered. Perhaps a false patriotism has been taught to you, just as a false patriotism is taught your sons. Both the mother and her sons are confused. To get the working class boy ready for war the capitalist must first confuse and trick the mother.

And to this end the capitalists are willing to pay the price that is, willing to pay for the social chloroform, for the false teachings—necessary to beget a slave's blind enthusiasm for the master that betrays him—called patriotism.

The school, even, is invaded. The Reverend Dr. Walter Walsh warns parents thus:

"The school has become not only the training ground, but actually a recruiting ground for the army. The British War Office issues a circular pressing secondary schools to teach boys over twelve the use of the rifle; issues Morris tube carbines to schools having suitable ranges; and supplies ammunition at cost price. The inevitable next step is the formation of cadet corps in the schools, with inspection by military chiefs. The capture of the schools by the militarists is one of the most ominous signs of the times. The militarist has long looked with wistful eye at this happy hunting grounds. Parliaments have already been strongly urged to make military drill compulsory in all public schools. The scholar is rapidly transformed into the transcriber."

The shameless audacity of using a socializing institution, the school, to cultivate mental malice in the helpless children!

But the child is an easy victim. Even some cheap jingo jingle called patriotic poetry renders the working class the easy, fooled tool of despots. The victimizing of the helpless child is rendered especially easy when the mother, blindfold with flattery, gullibly lends assistance in strangling the child's sociability.

Here is a specimen of the poison craftily used in the public schools under the control of the capitalist class:

"A soldier is the grandest man
That ever yet was made.
He's valiant on the battle field
And handsome on parade.
By strict attention to my drill
It should not take me long
For me to be an officer
When I am big and strong.
Then when my country needs me,
In case of war's alarms,
I'll run and get my uniform
And call the boys to arms!
With sword in hand I'd lead the charge,
My orders I would yell
Above the noise of cannon's roar
And storms of shot and shell.
We'd dash upon the foreign foe,
As Teddy did of yore,
Who took the hill while covered with
Dust, victory and gore!
With banners gay, while bugles play,
We'd seek our native land.
Upon a horse I'd ride that day,
The General in Command."

A SCHOOL TEACHER CAN MAKE A FOOL AND A MURDERER OF A BOY OF EIGHT OR TEN YEARS WITH SUCH LINES. REMEMBER, THAT POETS AND TEACHERS

WHO FURNISH THE WAR-SONG CHLOROFORM FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN USUALLY "SIDE-STEP" WHEN THE STORM BREAKS—NO RIFLE BUSINESS FOR THEM—THEY LET OTHERS "MEET THE STORM" WHICH THEIR POETRY AND TEACHINGS HELPED STIR UP. THE WAR-SONG POET AND THE WAR-SONG SCHOOL TEACHER, IF YOU PLEASE, ARE TOO "CULTIVATED" TO BE PATRIOTICALLY BUTCHERED.

Under no circumstances should a working class father and mother keep silent while a public school teacher thrills the children's blood and blasts the glorious sentiments of human brotherhood with recitals of war-tales and fulsome praise of men whose "glory" is red with the blood of tens of thousands of working class men. Such stories and such praise scar and brutalize the social natures of the children as distinctly as a hot branding iron would disfigure their tender faces.

The working class should speedily get control of public libraries and throw out and keep out books written especially to exalt war and puff the brilliant butchers who have guided millions of working men to death on blood-soaked battlefields; throw out and burn all books designed to praise the Christian or pagan cannibalism, or the civilized savagery called war. LABOR UNIONS AND ALL OTHER WORKING CLASS BODIES SHOULD MAKE FORMAL AND VIGOROUS PROTEST AGAINST HAVING ANYTHING SAID IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS IN PRAISE OF WAR AND IN PRAISE OF DISTINGUISHED BUTCHERS. Let them reflect, too, that military drills, given as such, with martial songs and war tales, cultivate blood lust in the children, blind them to the true meaning of war, make them an easy prey, later, to the crafty cowards who will seek to use them in future savage contests, and are thus an outrage on the children. For a dozen reasons the working class should get control of local school boards.

SONG, "The Red Flag," from Moyer's Song Book, Page 63.

Closing remarks by the chairman, including announcements of public meeting, strikes and any incidents of local interest to the working class.

TALKS ON ORGANIZATION.

By Winnie E. Branstetter.

The Woman's Committees of the Socialist party are sub-committees of the party organization. They are in no sense separate organizations for women. The sole purpose of their existence is to educate women to the principles and demands of the Socialist party and to enlist them as active dues-paying members of the party.

Thirty-one states now have a State Correspondent whose duty it is to have charge of special organization and propaganda among the women of her state, and to act as secretary of local committees.

If your state does not appear in the following list you should write to your state secretary at once, requesting that a capable woman be placed in charge of this work, either through appointment by the state committee or by election by the membership.

In the meantime do not await the action of your state committee, but begin work right now in your local. At the next local business meeting have all women elected into a woman's committee. Write to me for plan of work and instructions. There is a great work which Socialist women have to do; we cannot begin too early.

A CHANCE TO MAKE MONEY .

I am making a fortune selling Pure Fruit Candy. Any brainy person can do likewise; so if you want to make more money than you ever possessed, write me and I will start you in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted." Therein lies the beauty of the business—the candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made \$12 the first day. So can you. Isabelle Inez, 117 East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

STATE CORRESPONDENTS' CLUB

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.

A typographical error last month made our Kansas Comrade, Zula J. Stallard's report read, "I have three Women's Committees on file, etc." It should be EIGHTY-THREE, which is some difference. Comrade Stallard is one of our most faithful workers, and deserves to be credited with all she does.

The first batch of letters from the different State Correspondents is on its way around the circle, and judging from the favorable comments made in them on this informal exchange of ideas, the letters will be eagerly received. It is impossible to quote them fully in this column. Only the main idea in each is given for lack of space. The personal touch, which we all value so highly, can be gotten only by reading the letters as written. Each S. C. is asked to copy freely from them, and to make use of all ideas different from her own.

Comrade Stallard has started a contest among the locals of Kansas for a library of Socialist books to be given at the end of three months to the one securing the greatest number of women members in that length of time. All locals must report present number of women members by January 31, in order to enter the race.

Having acknowledged her indebtedness to Comrade Stallard for the idea, Illinois has started a similar contest to open on February 15. All Illinois locals must report by February 14 to the State office, 205 West Washington street, as to the present number of women members, and work hard for the next three months in order to win the Socialist library of thirty books offered by the State Correspondent through the sanction of the State Executive Committee. The contest closes May 15, at 5 o'clock p. m.

Fall in line, comrades, and let's hustle for a big share of the half a million Socialist women voters in these contests. Every state should start a contest.

Hortense Wagenknecht, Correspondent of the State of Washington, reports a vital work from there which should be taken up in every state by every local. It is the organization of a Socialist Parents' and Teachers' Bureau. Its object is to capture the schools for Socialism. The plan is as follows: Every local to appoint a propaganda committee to work from now on until the school election next spring. To make a map showing every road, street and home. Visit everyone and keep a record of every one visited, the nationality, peculiarity, attitude towards Socialism, etc. To distribute literature that bears on the school and woman questions. Visit the teachers and the schools. Go in bunches to show your numbers. Get every Socialist in the district to visit the schools on the same day. Make a silent demonstration. Wear your red buttons. Stay after school and talk to the teacher about some good Socialist book on economics, or history. Report results, and keep up the agitation until every teacher is won to Socialism.

Elsie Henry Latimer, State Correspondent of Minnesota, has a list of twenty-six Woman Committees. Four months ago there were only two committees.

Lilith Martin, State Correspondent of Indiana, says: "I have been gathering together the loose ends of work and getting my report ready for the State Convention which meets February 8. I have completed my card file of all the women party members in the state, or at least all that have been reported, and I think I have most of them, and have a very good list of women sympathizers; a list of several hundred names. The suffrage petitions are coming in and I hope to complete arrangements to present them to the Legislature some time this month. We are handicapped in Indiana by not having a Socialist in the Legislature to present the petitions, and I am afraid we will be accorded very little consideration unless I can induce the Suffrage Association to co-operate with us.

I have circularized the locals and all the women sympathizers this month, and I hope to get some good results during the month."

Mrs. P. M. T. Hanson, Marshalltown, Iowa, and Viola Gilbert Snell, Astoria, Ore., are newly elected correspondents from those states, and Mrs. Mary Loy is re-elected from Prescott, Ariz.

Give your neighbor The Progressive Woman to read, if you want to make a Socialist of her.

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STATE CORRESPONDENTS

ARIZONA—Mary Loy, 316 South Alarcon street, Prescott.
ARKANSAS—Clara Ware, Brewer.
CALIFORNIA—Mary L. Garbutt, 2110 Ocean View avenue, Los Angeles.
COLORADO—M. Octavia Floaten, 1430 Monroe street, Denver.
CONNECTICUT—Sarah Hull, Bristol.
DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA—Lydia M. Jenkins, 639 Eighth street, N. E., Washington.
GEORGIA—Mrs. Al. Schwartz, 150 Edgewood avenue, Atlanta.
IDAHO—Laura I. Motley, Twin Falls.
ILLINOIS—May Walden, 5445 Drexel avenue, Chicago.
INDIANA—Lilith Martin, 1805 Fairview street, Anderson.
IOWA—Mrs. P. M. T. Hanson, 205 Center street, Marshalltown.
KANSAS—Zula J. Stallard, Fort Scott.
KENTUCKY—Mrs. Anna Munz, 420 Brandeis avenue, Louisville.
MAINE—Mrs. Alice West, 33 Hammond street, Lewiston.
MINNESOTA—Elsie Henry Latimer, 305 Lincoln Building, Minneapolis.
MISSOURI—Hope Berry, 1507 Furnace street, Joplin.
MONTANA—Martha Edgerton Plassmann, Missoula.
MICHIGAN—Correspondent to be elected in a short time.
MISSISSIPPI—State secretary is acting as state correspondent.
NEBRASKA—Ida Ginsberg, care 419 South Eleventh street, Lincoln.
NEVADA—Hazel Smith, Tonopah.
NEW JERSEY—Orra C. Paine, 313 Smith street, West Hoboken.
NEW MEXICO—Ethel Phillips, Alto.
NORTH DAKOTA—Marie Baxter, Maxbass.
OHIO—Mary Southard, 70 East Fifteenth avenue, Columbus.
OKLAHOMA—Correspondent resigned, successor not yet elected.
OREGON—Viola Gilbert Snell, Box 860, Astoria.
PENNSYLVANIA—Jane W. Tait, 550 Ridgewald avenue, N. S., Pittsburgh.
UTAH—Eva Smith, 572 South Second, W., Salt Lake City.
VERMONT—Mrs. Minna Ledyard, care Universalist Church, Northfield.
WASHINGTON—Hortense Wagenknecht, Box 491, Everett.
WISCONSIN—Flora M. Beselack, 212 Eighteenth street, Milwaukee.

EVOLUTION OF WOMAN

(Continued from page 6.)

Conditions taught her to look upon the other inhabitants of the world as something akin to her. Since her life no longer began and ended within the family homestead her conception of life assumed broader proportions. With her entrance into the factory she was relieved from depending upon man for subsistence. Her work had a value, she could live away and independently of her former guardian. Then as the industries developed the former line of demarcation between the occupations of man and woman became less evident. Woman was called upon to perform tasks heretofore performed by man only, while men were enlisted to tend machinery which produced goods that were considered within woman's sphere and woman's own work since the dawn of history. Man and woman sought work where they could earn a living, and since each found it necessary to support oneself independently of the other, woman, the serf, appropriated tasks belonging to man, the free man, and the latter had to accept employment which was formerly the duty of woman, the serf. Thus has the Industrial Revolution shattered the chains of woman's bondage, thus has it made possible woman's freedom in our future civilization.

What wonder that woman came to realize the change in her position and amidst her new environment sought greater knowledge? As a matter of fact, the widening of her sphere demanded further development. The partial economic independence brought about a greater mental activity, one step of progress led to another.

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ARE YOU FAT ?

I WAS ONCE I Reduced Myself

I was Fat, Uncomfortable, Looked Old, Felt Miserable, suffered with Rheumatism, Asthma, Neuralgia. When I worked or walked I puffed like a Porpoise. I took every advertised medicine I could find. I Starved, Sweated, Exercised, Doctored and changed climate, but I ruined my digestion, felt like an invalid, but steadily gained weight. There was not a single plan or drug that I heard of that I did not try. I failed to reduce my weight. I dropped society, as I did not care to be the butt of all the jokes. It was embarrassing to have my friends tell me I was getting Stout—as no one knew it better than myself.

SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE

I began to study the cause of FAT. When I discovered the cause I found the remedy. The French Method gave me an insight. I improved on that; removed the objectionable features, added more pleasant ones, and then I tried my plan on myself for a week. It worked like Magic. I could have

SCREAMED WITH JOY

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but ate all I wanted to. I did not take Sweat Baths, I did not Drug, I used no Electricity or harmful exercise, but I found the Simple, Sane, Common-Sense WAY of reducing my weight and applied it. I have tried it on others. My Doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am going to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money, save you from Harmful Drugs, save you from Starvation Diets, Harmful Exercise, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A postal card will do, and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write today, as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.
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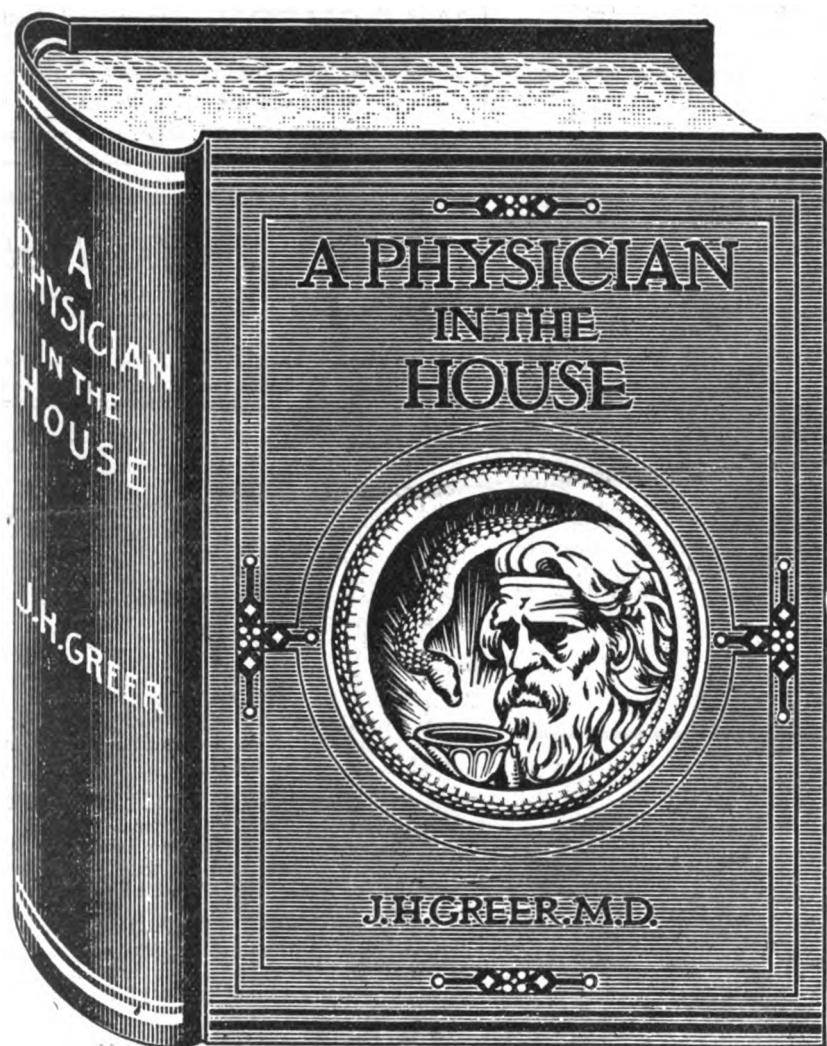
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