

The Progressive Woman

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

Vol. VII

JUNE-JULY, 1913

Nos. 72 and 73



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A YEAR

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

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PUSH THE THREE-MINUTE LEAFLETS

THERE are millions of people who would be advocating Socialism and woman suffrage if they only knew the real meaning and mission of these two great movements. Many people are opposed to Socialism and woman suffrage because they happen to be prejudiced or misinformed.

Our THREE-MINUTE LEAFLETS will dispel all doubts. They are convincing, logical, and good natured. They make things clear. They are printed artistically on the best book paper—look good—and will do good.

They need only THREE MINUTES to be read.

They will eliminate misunderstanding. They will interest women in Socialism. On page 4 of each leaflet is an invitation blank regarding meetings, lectures and entertainments.

They will bring the women to your meetings.

They will bring the men to your meetings.

They are just the thing to give to anti-suffragists, to suffragists who are not Socialists, and to men and women who are not familiar with either suffrage, Socialism, or the labor movement!

Here are the names of these 3-MINUTE LEAFLETS:

THE SOCIALIST PEACE CONGRESS—Shows the attitude of Socialists toward war, and what they did to prevent a general European conflict. By META L. STERN.

THE TEACHER'S RELATION TO THE LABOR PROBLEM—A direct appeal to the men and women whose task it is to educate the citizens of tomorrow. This leaflet will help capture the schools for Socialism. By MAY WOOD-SIMONS.

THAT FIFTY PER CENT—Declares clearly why labor organizations are meant for girls and women as well as for men. Just the thing to give to women in the office, factory, or store. By J. L. ENGDALH.

SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN—Contains facts and data that will surprise every one about the status of working women. By CARL D. THOMPSON, ex-City Clerk of Milwaukee.

AFTER SUFFRAGE—WHAT?—Has things of interest to suffragists who are not Socialists, and shows that the real purpose of suffrage should be to help wipe out industrial slavery. By BARNET BRAVERMAN.

SUFFRAGISTS, WATCH OUT FOR THE WOLF! Suggests to suffragists that the so-called sympathy toward suffrage on the part of business men and capitalist politicians who formerly opposed it is not genuine. By BARNET BRAVERMAN.

These 3-MINUTE LEAFLETS are offered to you at 20 cents per 100, or \$1.25 per 1,000. This price barely covers the cost. We could not make this rate but for the fact that we had a large quantity printed at the lowest possible price obtainable. These leaflets are easy to handle. They are envelope size, to be used in your private or other correspondence.

Every reader of The Progressive Woman can dispose of at least 100 leaflets, and there are a good many who can handle a thousand or more for distribution. Send in your order today. Who's next?

Lack of space prevents the appearance of Part II of "Evelyn Black's Diary." Watch for it next month.

ARMY OF ASPIRATION

[This column contains the names of men and women who are striving for the Socialist ideal—who are spreading it among their fellow men and women by getting them to read The Progressive Woman. Is your name in this column? You're next!]

Enclosed find \$1.50 for bundle of The Progressive Woman.—Joseph A. Orme, Yonkers, N. Y.

I enclose \$1.50 for package of papers.—Helen Hill, Ehenandoah, N. Y.

Enclosed find check from Sioux City Local for \$1.50.—J. J. Brown.

Enclosed find money order for \$1.50 to apply on the June number of your VALUABLE magazine. Hoping to increase the order, as the weather is clearing here and meetings are getting larger.—Chas. MacDonald, Portland, Ore.

I enclose postoffice money order for 50 cents, for which please renew my subscription for your highly appreciated magazine.—W. L. Seely, Jamaica, N. Y.

Herewith you may find enclosed money order for \$1.25 collected for the following subscriptions. Renewal of subscriptions promised. Also new ones. Will send them as soon as I get them.—May Newhauser, Tacoma, Wash.

Please send a bundle of subscription blanks. Decided last night to canvass the party branches for subscriptions.—Meta L. Stern, New York City.

I am glad you sent me the May HOUSE DRUDGE NUMBER, for I could not do without The Progressive Woman.—Mattie B. Hicks, Peru, Ind.

Jessie E. Swope of Toledo, Wash., sends in four subscriptions.

Mrs. Mabel Masteller of Orville, Cal., sends in \$2.00 worth of subscriptions.

Ingwald Johnson, Socialist secretary of Rosegeln, N. D., sends in 10 subscriptions.

Socialist party local of Oatman, Ariz., sends 10 subscriptions.

Please send The Progressive Woman to the following. I will land another bunch soon.—Mrs. E. H. Rust, Henryetta, Okla.

I enclose order for "WOMAN'S AWAKENING," the poster-poem by Josephine Conger-Kaneko. Will try to get subscriptions for The Progressive Woman.—Mrs. M. J. Berger, Pekin, Ill.

Please send me a bundle of HOUSE DRUDGE NUMBER.—Cora Bixler, Lancaster, Pa.

Mrs. R. Cottrell, Muskegon, Mich., sends four subscriptions.

Burke McCarty, Chicago, Ill., sends \$5 for 10 subscriptions.

Enclosed is check for \$2.00. Of this, 50 cents is for a year's subscription to your paper. The other \$1.50 is for 50 copies of the June number. Also find stamps for three copies of "The Road to Power" by Karl Kautsky.—H. L. Rasch, Boston, Mass.

Mrs. C. M. Heim, Jerome, Ariz., sends six subscriptions.

The May HOUSE DRUDGE NUMBER is just grand. On page 2, column 1, The New Religion is a good one. It is so true. Enclosed is \$1.25 for subscription cards.—Matilda A. Hodges, Stillwater, Okla.

Please find enclosed 10 cents, for which send me "Woman's Awakening," the poster. It is a great poem.—Mrs. M. E. Evans, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Marie Ferguson, of Hoquaim, Wash., sends four subscriptions.

Verne E. Sheridan of Brooklyn, N. Y., sends \$11 for 22 subscriptions!

Please find enclosed a small bunch of subscriptions, and postoffice money order for \$2 to pay for same. I know it's only a drop in the bucket, but will do you a

good turn whenever I can.—Mrs. J. M. Horine, Sawyer, N. D.

Kindly find enclosed \$1, being subscription or renewal to your valuable magazine.—Robert Kidd, Treverton, Pa.

Please send us \$1 worth of your fine Three-Minute Leaflets—the best I've ever seen.—Mrs. L. B. Lloyd, Sedan, Kans.

Enclosed find \$5 in payment for subscription cards and five more subscriptions.—Nellie Zeh, Cottonwood, Minn.

Enclosed is \$1.60 and four names. Will send more. I received my bundle of The Progressive Woman and distributed them where I know they will strike home. I believe each copy will make a new subscriber for you.—D. H. Dort, Ouray, Colo.

Socialist Party of Brooklyn, N. Y., sends \$5 for 4,000 of our Three-Minute Leaflets. Why don't you get some? They're great and inspiring.

Ammon Blakely, Greensburg, Pa., sends \$3 for six subscriptions.

Enclosed please find \$1.50, for which send 50 copies of The Progressive Woman. Also send samples of Three-Minute Leaflets.—Maude Rohleder, Mishawaka, Ind.

George F. Bender of Fort Wayne, Ind., sends \$1.50 for 50 copies.

Enclosed is 30 cents in silver, for which please send me 100 assorted Three-Minute Leaflets and the poster-poem, "Woman's Awakening."—Geo. S. Pile, Wamsley, Ohio.

Here is \$1.50, with 48 names, for which send The Progressive Woman for the month of May.—M. J. Upton, Drewsey, Ore.

Enclosed find 25 cents in stamps, for which send me two copies of the two-color poster-poem, "Woman's Awakening," by Josephine Conger-Kaneko.—Frank Possesky, Lost Creek, Pa.

Charles Kalb of Wilbur, Wash., sends six subscriptions.

Enclosed find \$2, for which send The Progressive Woman to the following addresses.—Mabel Dawley Bratland, Ada, Minn.

I enclose \$1 for four half-yearly subscriptions. Send some more. I think I can get more readers. Your paper is fine.—Margaretha Dehm, Colfax, Wash.

I am sending you four subscriptions. I had no trouble getting them. I never read The Progressive Woman until two weeks ago, and decided that women need it very badly.—Alma B. Susser, Spokane, Wash.

I am enclosing my subscription. I am 23 miles from a town, and have no way to get any subscriptions here, but I think a great deal of The Progressive Woman. As a magazine for women, it is certainly fine.—Mrs. James Cuyler, Nixon, Nev.

Fannie Peyson, New York City, sends 17 semi-annual subscriptions.

Anna A. Maley, lecturing in Philadelphia, sends 29 subscriptions.

Gertrude Breslau Fuller of Pittsburgh sends \$6 for subscription cards. She writes: "I have prepared a letter which I will send to a dozen active women urging them to take hold, sell subscriptions, and in turn write to their friends in the same way. I am having 100 of these letters run off on a writer-press and will send six letters to each woman I write to, so that she can address them, sign them, and send to her friends without the trouble of writing all these out by long hand."

The National Socialist Lyceum Bureau is now preparing to arrange its lecture routes, and every member of the Socialist party should be present at his or her local and urge the purchase of a lecture course. The Lyceum has done some exceptional organization and educational work during its career. Nineteen hundred and thirteen should be a good, lusty year for the Lyceum if every member gets on the job.

If you have the slightest impulse to subscribe for The Progressive Woman or to renew your subscription, restrain yourself.

In case you have no impulse to subscribe, wait till next month.

Don't fill in any of the coupons advertising our book and subscription offers. You mustn't take advantage of them. Some things are too good to have.

For heaven's sake, don't let people know you are a Socialist and suffragist. If you do, it will make the antis angry, and our dear capitalists will call you naughty.

We need the capitalists to stand on our necks.

If your neighbor happens to have any children who are working instead of attending school, don't let him read this CHILD LABOR NUMBER. If his wife works 48 hours per day, in the capacity of cook, washerwoman, nurse, laundress, bargain hunter and errand boy, it would be folly to have her read our great HOUSE DRUDGE NUMBER, of which we have a few hundred copies left.

Say, Mr. Socialist, don't talk Socialism to your wife, even though you are not the only one who needs economic and political freedom. The working class is composed of both WOMEN AND MEN. Ever think of that?

Are you doing anything for The Progressive Woman? I dislike to ask such a vague and superfluous question. I don't want to appear so impertinent as to think that any intelligent man or woman should be a subscriber to this journal.

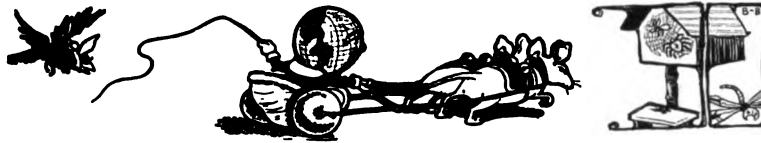
Now that we've had this little chit-chat, and the sun is shining and the Fourth of July falls on Independence Day, or vice versa, and the price of groceries and ice is soaring, I'll conclude and meet you and a few others again next month in THE HIGH COST OF LIVING NUMBER, if you'll get them to read it. Au revoir!

Due to the removal of our printers to new quarters, it was impossible to get out the June number on schedule time. Hence this combined June-July edition.

The National Socialist, formerly published at Washington, D. C., has removed to Girard, Kan., where it will be published monthly by the Appeal to Reason.

Send us a dime and we'll mail you one dozen assorted Socialist, suffrage, and anti-war postcards. They're attractive. Address the Progressive Woman, 5445 Drexel Ave., Chicago.

IN THIS OUR WORLD



By
JOSEPHINE
CONGER-
KANEKO

A JOURNALISTIC TRAGEDY.

A GREAT Socialist paper has just gone out of existence. Word comes, as we go to press, that "The Coming Nation" has suspended publication. This is nothing less than a tragedy for our movement.

The Socialist movement needs papers. It needs a high-class journalism. Until it develops such a journalism there is little hope for it as a national power.

Whether the Socialist movement should support a party-owned press, or whether it shall continue to have privately owned papers, is a question which will no doubt come up for decision in the near future. It is a big question; one difficult to solve. But we must face it, and answer it.

At the national convention of the Socialist party in 1912 the editor of The Progressive Woman endeavored to have the party take over this paper, as the official propaganda and educational medium of the Woman's National Committee. There is a Woman's Department in the National Office, carried on at considerable expense to the party. This department, up to the present time, has been forced to carry on its organization work through personal letters, circular letters, and the National Bulletin. This is a slow and tedious method, and the results must be far from satisfactory. Every organization in the world builds itself up through a journalistic medium. The woman's suffrage movement in this country has an official organ, and several others besides. The Socialist women of Germany have an official organ with a circulation of over 100,000, and a large woman membership in consequence.

But our party had not developed last year to the point of party-owned papers. The nearest they could come to it was to advise the Woman's National Committee to form a Progressive Woman stock company, and to make use of the paper as a propaganda medium. This method was later criticised as being incompatible with party principles, and was abandoned by the Woman's National Committee.

Today The Progressive Woman belongs in the category of privately-owned papers, not because it has desired to, but because there is no other choice. Since it is the only woman's paper extant through which the Woman's National Committee can carry on its organization and propaganda work, it was decided at the recent convention of the National Committee that a sort of loose co-operation exist between the Woman's National Committee and the paper. The former to push the circulation of The Progressive Woman wherever possible, and in return to have the privilege of publishing organization notes, and to take advantage of its propaganda value in their work.

The following from the report of the Woman's National Committee meeting in May, 1913, gives the gist of this arrangement:

"Your sub-committee appointed to report on The Progressive Woman, upon consideration, recommends the following: That the Woman's National Committee recognizes the necessity of working women reading Socialist literature written for women. The Woman's National Committee acknowledges the services rendered by The Progressive Woman in that respect, and hopes and expects that the Woman's National Committee will continue to give this publication its hearty moral support by calling the attention of the membership to the special mission of The Progressive Woman, and that the National Office enclose circulars and letters

pertaining to The Progressive Woman in sending out mail, when not requiring extra postage.

"We recommend that the incoming or new Woman's National Committee give this matter its earnest attention and support."

While the circumstances are such that The Progressive Woman cannot be otherwise than privately owned, it nevertheless offers its good will to the movement in its willingness to co-operate with the Woman's National Committee, and in its decision never to declare dividends for its owners. In other words, all receipts above expenses of running the paper will go into building it up, and in other literature for propaganda purposes.

Meanwhile, with the co-operation of the Socialist movement, we hope to develop a high-class magazine for the Socialist home. We believe, as I said before, that the Socialist movement is ready for this type of journalism. We have the writers, the artists, and the working class viewpoint! *And we have a field that is white for the harvest!*

Readers and friends of The Progressive Woman, pledge yourselves today that you will not permit this magazine to go down, as The Coming Nation has gone down, but that you will build it up to its splendid possibilities by your sincere and continuous co-operation. Then, if the time comes when the party organization is strong enough to support its own press, and desires to continue this magazine as its own, we will have something decidedly worth while for it to take over.

PRIVATELY-OWNED HIGHWAYS.

WHEN the committee appointed by the Socialist party to investigate the situation among the striking miners in West Virginia made its report, among the startling things it brought back was this: That the highways in West Virginia are privately owned. In many cases, of course, they are owned by those who also own the mines. This gave the mine owners excellent opportunity for driving the mine workers off the earth—almost. For if we are not allowed on the highways, the public roads, where in the world can we go, if we do not happen to own property we can settle down on?

But this reminds us that a few generations ago most of the public roads in the United States were privately owned. One had to pay a tax or "toll" to pass over them. Also, the public schools did not exist. Only private schools, that you had to pay to attend. The postoffice, also, was a privately-owned affair. In some instances it cost 25 cents to send a letter a shorter distance than from Chicago to St. Louis.

All of which seems barbarous. But no more than it will seem to our children a few generations removed, that their ancestors paid a tax on all the clothes they wore, all the food they ate, all the fuel they burned. And that private owners were made immensely rich from this tax!

THE private ownership in the necessities of life is the curse from which we suffer today. It is the disease, the wicked irritant that must be removed with all its train of hideous symptoms which shriek aloud from the yellow press, and from every nook and cranny of our civilized world.

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT.

THE gambling instinct with us is terrific. The very business of the nation is a gamble. The necessities of life—the mines, mills, factories, etc.—are the dice. One man throws, he wins, thousands lose. The winner lives in luxury hitherto unknown in the history of the world, so great is it. The losers live practically from the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

Women are not born gamblers. Through ages of necessity they have been made conservators. That is why women who are waking up are not seeking fame along the lines that men have sought it. In spite of their entrance into the business world the number of great women capitalists is negligible. The women who have won world-wide renown are whom? Those who have sought in some way to help humanity. Name them over, the women who have thrown their energies into public life. Are there any Jay Goulds among them? Any Rockefellers, any Carnegies?

No. Women don't care about gambling with the very necessities of life. Their whole energy is toward conserving and building up the life forces; the social forces.

This month (June) the International Suffrage Association meets in Budapest. The representative women of the world—women whose names are known—are in this organization. The international conference will busy itself with discussions about race betterment. Every effort will be in that direction. Why? Why are they not trying, instead, to boom watered stock in some corporation? To extend the world's markets—even at the point of the bayonet? The representative women of the whole world are busying themselves with such things as sex equality, race preservation, social betterment! Why?

Because women are not the gamblers of the race. They are its conservators. And one day they are going to learn how to conserve!

ARE WE OBSESSED?

WHAT is the matter with the American people? Are we obsessed with a love for nauseating details of a governmental system that is rotten to the core?

We load our daily journals with such details, our whole literature is reeking with it. Nothing sells unless the yellow smell is about it.

Little boys with stubbed toes, and people with physical ailments often find a keen enjoyment in describing in detail their every twinge of pain, and every symptom that develops. And there be those who are receptive to such personal confidences, and who enjoy them. Little boys who have had like experiences with stubbed toes, and old ladies, who swap tales of ailments they have enjoyed (!) in life. It is indeed morbid sympathy for the abnormal and unlovely.

And so in our governmental system; just so long as it is only bad enough to be interesting to these morbid tastes, so long will its symptoms be exploited to the limit—in art, literature, conversation, everything.

But—mere exhibitions of vicious developments will not cure the ailment. Eradication of the cause alone will cure the symptoms. To prevent gangrene—and death—the germ of the disease must be taken out.

(Continued on page 4, column 3)

THE CHILD'S RIGHT

By
Grace D. Brewer



HE great mother-heart of this nation must almost break when her little ones are seen trooping to and from the factory gate.

The working class furnishes children to the mill and factory owners and keeps the children of the latter in luxury and idleness.

Generations of the past have been responsible for certain iniquitous practices, but it remained for the twentieth century to shut the little ones up in factories, keeping them in the same position all day, stunting physical and mental growth. Because of child labor today the future generation of men and women will suffer. Their careers will bear the stamp of humanity's brutality.

Scientific investigation tells us that if the race is to be saved from diminishing in stature, prevention must begin with the child. After the time for growth has passed no improvement in the physical environment will cause the bones to increase in size.

The nation has no right to permit a child to sacrifice during his years of possible physical development that which he can not hope to regain in later years, or to relinquish any degree of efficiency which would otherwise be his and which he will need in his manhood years.

As a nation, claiming to be enlightened and civilized, it is time we are awaking to the fact that there are certain imponderable values that must be saved. It is the right of every child to be free from ignorance and master.

The National Child Labor Committee reports great progress in securing laws in favor of child workers. Almost every state has gone on record, some more pronounced than others, as opposed to child labor and have passed regulation laws. But we are told by the same committee "that most important of all is the provision for adequate enforcement of the laws. Without such provision any child labor law is obsolete. The problem of providing for the proper enforcement of the law is far from being solved."

A good law is as bad as no law if it is not enforced. But hard it is for a class interested in the profits of child slavery to enforce a law which will curtail those profits.

Only when we have inaugurated a sane system of production and distribution of wealth—when the interests and aims of the many and the few are identical—when manhood and womanhood are free from exploitation—can we hope to see the children of the nation come into the rights, privileges and pleasures of childhood.

THE PERSONAL TOUCH

MANY of you friends and readers of The Progressive Woman made a quick-action response to our appeal last May for new subscribers. The results were very good. The spirit you have shown demonstrates your faith in The Progressive Woman as a journal of aspiration and education among men and women.

Now, the next few months—especially July and August—need to be featured with more activity than ever in the campaign for new readers. The Woman's Committees in New York and Philadelphia, and many of our readers throughout the land are now making a special campaign for subscribers in their respective towns and neighborhoods.

THE COMING ARMY

By
Mrs. H. E. Larrabee

1.

Yacob:

I've something to tell you, Katrina, my dear,
Vat makes your heart happy if you will dot hear;

All ofer de world some childrens you see,
Rise like a great army, the peoples to free.
Und soon these same children will put all our wrongs

Und prisons und wars out of sight;
They'll teach all the peoples then shust how to live

To make things all happy und bright.

Chorus:

Oh, ya, von't dot was grand?
Plenty und peace all ofer de land;
Oh, ya, von't dot was grand?
All be de children's great Socialist band.

2.

Katrina:

Dot sounds v'ery lovely, but how can dot be,
Those wonderful things what you're speaking to me?

Das children vas little, und what can they do,
To make this world ofer so happy und new?
Without the policemen und prisons und jails,
Say, how will you do with the shirk?
Und if you stop fighting, you see, you will turn
Our soldiers so fine out of work.

3.

Yacob:

The children vas learning, meanwhile dot they grow,
What makes all our hardships und trials to know;

Too many vas ignorant, und dot makes them weak,
Und then they does shust what some selfish ones speak.

When peoples vas starving und homeless und poor,

It makes them all bad things to do;
Und when some was lazy und lif off the rest,
The many must slave for the few.

4.

Katrina:

Oh, yes, I see, Yacob, those children what rise,
Are learning to see out of both of their eyes.
They're learning to think, und won't be dot fool,

To let them what's greedy then ofer them rule.

Yacob:

Yes, that's it, Katrina, when peoples vill think,
They won't be a slave to the rest.
Und when they make every one work shust the same—

It makes it for every one best.

IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

By
John M. Work

CHAPTER VI.

Poverty of the Masses.

THE present capitalist system of industry reduces the masses of the people to poverty.

There are always large numbers of workers out of employment. Millions of workers are unemployed part of each year. All such workers are necessarily poverty-stricken.

And nearly all of the workers who have steady employment are also poverty-stricken. They receive only enough for their labor to provide the barest necessities of life.

Millions of the people are in actual constant distress for lack of a sufficient amount of the bare necessities of life.

Many more millions of the people are suffering constant mental starvation because their incomes are not sufficient to provide anything more than the bare necessities of life.

The cause of this general destitution and deprivation is not inability to produce sufficient to afford an abundant life to all.

By no means.

On the contrary, with modern machinery, the people can easily produce enough to afford an abundant life for all.

They are deprived of this abundant life because a comparatively few parasitical capitalists monopolize the good things.

These capitalists are able to monopolize the good things solely because they own the exploiting industries.

But, by voting the Socialist ticket, the people can make the exploiting industries collective property, owned by all the people and run for the benefit of all the people.

Then, involuntary poverty will be a thing of the past.

And all the people will be blessed with the abundant life.

(To be continued)

ARE WE OBSESSED?

(Continued from page 3)

From the center of the great city to the farthest mountain hamlet we know about white slavery, child labor, low wages, and poverty with all its train of evils. DO we know that these are only symptoms of an industrial system called the profit system, and of a political government that indorses the profit system?

If we DO know, then let us *eradicate* the profit system, and all the ugly symptoms will go with it, leaving a cleaner, safer, wiser foundation upon which to build our future civilization—leaving cleaner news journals, better art, more elevating conversation!

Who'd a thought it?

It's too good for comment!

WHAT?

*Why, the Suffrage
Victory in Illinois!*

THE STORY OF OLD MAGGIE



OLD MAGGIE was our wash-woman. She was a care-worn, pathetic-looking figure, but belied her appearance by her constant good humor and readiness for a "bit of a laugh." She told us children stories about her young life in Ireland, and embellished the tales with folk-lore and legends, making quite dramatic events of the most commonplace experiences.

All her life long she had toiled hard; she had raised a large family only to lose them in various ways, and now, at sixty, she had but one child left—her youngest, her darling, her Jimmy. Her two little girls had been taken by diphtheria contracted near an uncovered cess-pool next the school house; then her boys were killed in the mill, and last of all, her husband had dropped in his tracks under a heavy load of mail one joyous Christmastide. Thirty years had he worked for Uncle Sam, and his uniform was passed on to another.

Yet with all her sorrow and misfortune, old Maggie kept a smiling face turned toward the world, and her faith and courage were undaunted. She would allow no one to give her money, and always said when my father offered to help her: "Give me work to do, sir, and I can go to my grave thanking God that I've never had to taste the bread of charity." Now it seemed that her poor bruised heart had centered all its love upon her youngest and last. He was a happy-go-lucky boy, without a thought of care; good-looking and easily led by his more worldly-wise companions.

"Ah, Jimmy," his mother would tell us, "he's doin' well now. He's been workin' stiddy now fer two weeks, and the dear lad is that much of a comfort, too, ye can't think." Then her withered face would brighten up, and her blue Irish eyes flash with pride of this her darling boy.

One day I heard my father's voice in his study: "Why, Maggie, what is the matter? What is the trouble, my poor woman?"

"Oh, mister (this was always Maggie's name for father), "mister, my boy! my boy!"

"Is he hurt? Is he sick?"

"No, sir, no, he's well and strong," and then the poor old voice broke pitifully, "they've taken my boy to the slaughter. My Jimmie that was the last of my dear children. He's gone wid them this morning, marching away in a uniform so proud and gay, and left me alone in me old age, with nothing but empty hands. Oh, Mary! have mercy." Maggie raised her voice in a loud wail of despair. I slipped down to the door and peeped in. Father had gripped the arm of his chair and his jaw was set.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"They come to him with glad promises and told him he'd have so much more to send his old mother, f'r his living 'twouldn't cost him a cent. An' what with the talk of the uniform and Uncle Sam, an' tellin' him to remember the Maine (which, God knows, they won't let us forget) they turned my boy's head till he enlisted, swearing he was twenty-one, when he was only nineteen, and them vipers knowed it."

"Maggie," said father, "I shall do what I can for you. I'll write to the War Department and ask for the return of James Kelly, as he enlisted under age; and in the meantime you

By Evelyn F. Morneweck

must let me help you. Can't I lend you some money until you hear from Jimmy?"

The old woman drew herself up proudly. "Thank ye, sir, niver. I'll come reg'lar and work for you, but don't offer me charity, though I know ye mean it well."

Father left no stone unturned in his endeavor to reclaim Jimmy Kelly. He made daily trips to the War Office, but was always put off on some pretext. He interested the mayor and the state senator, but to no avail. The Spanish war was in progress, and all was grist that came to its mill. Every day on her way to work, poor old Maggie passed the home of one of the Maine's young victims, whose mother had draped the door with mourning. She was no longer the bright and cheery Maggie, but worked silently about the house, and crept silently away at night. The tragedy of her life seemed near to completion.

One evening she stole into our hallway with a shawl tightly over her head. "Mister," she whispered hoarsely, "my boy's dead." There was an odor of liquor on her breath, the first that had ever polluted that honest throat. The letter stated that James Kelly had died of malignant fever in a Florida camp, and that his remains were being shipped to Pittsburgh that day.

"Oh, Maggie," sobbed my mother, "don't go home. Stay with us until his body comes. You're sick with grief, my poor Maggie." But nothing would prevail. She pushed us all aside and went out into the night.

Three days later she again appeared, her eyes wild and her hair in great disorder. "They won't let me see him," she cried, "he's down at Schmidt's and they pulled me away from his coffin, curse them! May God send on their cruel heads ivery affliction that I've endured!"

Father hurried with her to the undertaking rooms. It was quite impossible to open the coffin, they said, as the young man had died of a contagious disease, and their orders were to allow no one to see him.

Old Maggie sat by her lost boy's side until the day of the funeral. She resisted all efforts to induce her to rest, and only ate a crust of bread when she felt that her strength might leave her before her child was buried. Father comforted her a little when he assured her that the government would pay for the masses necessary to be said before poor Jimmy's soul could rest in peace. She was a good Catholic, poor old Maggie, but she would not have been easy in her mind had he told her the truth, even though it meant to her the salvation of her boy. All day and all night she sat moaning and occasionally laughing wildly and bitterly; but there was nothing to comfort her, now, and even her great faith was shattered under this last blow.

There was no honor done the dead boy, for Jimmy had not died in active service; but Uncle Sam kindly wrapped a flag around his casket, and granted him the privilege of having his grave decorated on Memorial Day. Strange to say, even this failed to soothe his mother's broken heart. She drank continuously, and her lonely old figure was seen flitting through the alleys at night and up and down before the recruiting office day by day. Nothing could be done for her. Our minister pronounced her, "a deplorable example of the effects of alcoholism," and the magistrate called her "a hard nut." At last, her poor old sodden body was picked up lifeless from the doorstep of the building she had haunted so long; and her spirit went out to meet that of her boy on the threshold of the institution that had enticed him to his death.

PIONEER SUFFRAGISTS

(SUSAN B. ANTHONY)

By Burke McCarty

THAT a refined, intelligent, sensitive woman should consecrate sixty years of her life, in which all thoughts of self were effaced, to an unpopular cause stamps both the cause and the woman remarkable; to have lived eighty-six years in such a manner that she could say when standing on the threshold of the great beyond, "If it were possible to live them over again, I would follow the same lines. Nearing the end I am happy and contented," demonstrates that she had constantly lived up to her ideals.

In the history of the world's liberators, Susan B. Anthony stands out like some rugged cliff against the sky. She entered the field for equal suffrage, penniless and unknown. The path she marked out for herself lay through an undiscovered, almost impenetrable wilderness where oftentimes even her own soldiers failed to see the light. For thirty years she was the target of ridicule, amounting almost to disrespect and persecution. She was misquoted and misrepresented, but she strode on, never swerving, leading her forces, this dauntless, aggressive, persistent woman, like the great general which she was. She combined the strategy of Napoleon with the alertness of Mad Anthony Wayne, "the man who never slept."

Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Cady Stanton and scores of others in the cause had the financial and moral support of their husbands to lean upon and comfort them in their disappointments and rebuffs, but Miss Anthony stood alone. It must have been a great satisfaction to this unyielding woman to have lived to see the mountain of prejudice gradually disappear which had for years obstructed so many of her contentions.

Miss Anthony came into the Equal Rights movement by the temperance route as did many others. She soon saw that women without the ballot were powerless to cope with intemperance. She had not time to "dip out vice by the teaspoonful, while the wrongly adjusted forces of society are pouring it in by the bucketful," so in 1852 she joined the little band of progressive women, called together by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton at Seneca Falls, N. Y., and from that time to the day of her death in 1906 she lectured, campaigned, lobbied, solicited, petitioned, addressed assemblies, clubs and individuals for equal rights for women. She went before state Legislatures with bills for the betterment of women. She addressed every Congress from 1869 to 1906. She demanded and never stopped until she had gotten co-education. Many times she had not only had all the world against her but all the suffragists with the exception of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was her Siamese twin in the cause, but invariably it developed that the judgment of Susan B. Anthony was correct, and eventually she became the natural leader of the movement.

When the suffrage paper "The Revolution," which she established, failed, and she found herself \$10,000 in debt, without a dollar to pay it, she lost no time in lamentations, nor did she go into bankruptcy as many men have done. She was at that time the highest paid lecturer in the country, and she set about paying her debt. Within six years she had liquidated every dollar by her own personal efforts. Susan B. Anthony was a most womanly woman and loved everything dear to the feminine heart.

It is comical to know that this female "grenadier"—as she was usually caricatured by the capitalist press, whose advent into a political campaign struck terror into the hearts of the dishonest politicians, who knew what a spectacle she would make of their shady reputations—every

year at fruit preserving time would speed home, often coming half across the country, to put up her jellies, jams and preserves to be used on her table or shared with the sick and needy. She dearly loved to sit by her grate fire and hem towels, which were laid in lavender scented drawers! This woman with the "man's intellect," "master mind," just doted on dainty handkerchiefs and lace neckwear, of which she had quantities, given her mostly by devoted, grateful women who loved her and had been her friends for years.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton in her delightful memories gives a pen picture of Miss Anthony the first time she ever saw her. It was shortly after the first convention of women's rights, called at Seneca Falls, N. Y., in 1848. She says: "There she stood, with her good, earnest face and genial smile, dressed in gray delaine, hat and all the same color, relieved by pale blue ribbons, the perfection of neatness and sobriety. I liked her thoroughly." This was the beginning of a friendship which covered over fifty years!

The greatest act of her life was when, in 1872, she cast her vote at the presidential election in Rochester, N. Y., her home town, after convincing the inspectors at the polls that she had a constitutional right to do so, for which she and four inspectors were promptly arrested. The men were jailed, but Miss Anthony, by the advice of her attorney, gave bond and was released, which afterward proved the obstacle which prevented her from taking her case to the Supreme Court. Her reply to the judge, denying that she voted as a woman, "No, sir, I voted as a citizen of the United States," was characteristic. The plea which she made at her trial has become a classic. The unfairness of the trial judge, who took the case out of the hands of the jury, caused tremendous discussion in legal circles and resulted in calling the attention of the whole country to the merits of the equality claim of women far more than anything which had ever been done in this country up to this time. The fine, Miss Anthony refused to pay, and it stands against her name today. The case was wisely dropped by the opponents of suffrage.

It was not known until long after that the invisible hand which brought the women's part in the World's Fair in Chicago to its magnificent success, was Susan B. Anthony's, for she tactfully kept herself in the background, fearing lest the enemies of suffrage discover it, and foil the move as they had done at the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876. It was Miss Anthony who planned the programs, suggested the speakers and in fact guided all the details, and she had the reward of knowing that it was the greatest step in the progress of women the world had ever known.

Susan B. Anthony was loved and known not only by the women of her own country, but by the progressive women of the world. They came in close touch with her during the convention held at the Woman's Building in Chicago, at this time, and to know her was to love her.

These are only a few of the high-lights of the character of the great leader in one of the world's greatest causes.

She was born in South Adams, Mass., in 1830. Her father was a Quaker and her mother a Baptist. The family moved to New York near Rochester, when Susan was a little girl. Her father, who was a wealthy cotton manufacturer, lost his fortune in the panic of 1835, and Susan was obliged to teach school to assist her parents.

She was a successful teacher until 1852 when she entered the Woman's Rights Cause, which she never deserted until her death in 1906. Columns of space were devoted to eulogizing this fearless, unselfish woman, who had in the last years come into her own.

Socialist postcards, 10c per dozen. The Progressive Woman Pub. Co.

ONE BOY I KNOW— AND HIS MA

By Freda
Hogan

RARELY do you find in the school rooms of the Oklahoma and Arkansas mining camps boys over twelve or thirteen years of age. They're down in the mines working with their fathers—as their "buddies." And it is about one of these boys that I want to tell you.

He came to the office a month or so ago for some union printing, and added, perhaps in answer to a questioning look thrown his way, that he was secretary of a certain local union near here. And as I arranged and tied up the work we talked. "It's mighty fine that you're interested in the fight of our class so early," I said. "Your father must be very proud of you—and your mother, too. But it seems to me that you'd rather be in school for a while yet."

The latter statement should never have been made—I knew why he wasn't in school. This was the first time he had seen me, but in his earnestness, he called me by name. "Freda, I'd like to go to school," he said, "but pa needs me to help make a livin'. We got six kids, and with what you gotta have to eat and wear, and rent so high, pa just can't make enough. So I gotta help."

And he went on: "I know lots o' kids—pretty near ever' one 'round me—in 'e same boat with me. And the girls, too. Lots of them can't go to school neither—gotta help their ma with the cookin' and kids. Heap o' times their ma washes or irons or scrubs for folks."

He paused, and then: "But I guess they ain't nothin' to be done," he said, as I handed him the package.

With some booklets and leaflets he went away and it was about three weeks later that I saw him again. A change in his appearance was very noticeable. His face and hands were clean and his eyes were brighter and larger. I didn't have long to wonder about the change.

"You know, pa don't believe that Socialist stuff like you give me," he began. "But ma and I read it on the side, and I tell you, we think it's fine doings. She says since she read just what the Socialists do want, she'd a-voted for Debs sure last year, if she'd a-had a vote. Ma says it looks like a lot o' foolishness to her for men to go and vote for them 'at has allus been ag'in 'em. I heard pa and the other men at the union meeting 'tother night, talkin' 'bout all that money paid out o' the union treasury to a committey to go down where the Legislature meets and beg them men to stand by us—when it was the men at home 'at sent 'em there. They said it wuz a shame. And I think so, too. But they's a difference between ma and pa. He just fusses while ma 'd vote about it. Wouldn't catch her sending the same kind o' fellers back ag'in. She reckoned she remembered that them bedbugs would 'a' been on our bed yet—the one Annie and Katie sleeps on—if she'd jist fussed—if she hadn't got busy

with that blue ointment. No, ma says it don't do no good jist to fuss—her way is to git up and git rid of what's a-pesterin' you, don't matter if it's bedbugs that calls for ointment or crooked politicians that calls for a little sense in votin'.

"Ma told me t'other night as she was a darnin' Johnnie's pants 'at she thought it would be a heap better if them mines over there was owned by all o' us—'stid of the company, what won't make no improvements they ain't made to. Ma asked me, didn't I remember Hugh Smithers gittin' his back broke—'cause the company wouldn't fix the roof. I reckon I do, but I remember more'n all his poor ma's white face when he was took home. You know, what he made was all they had. Her hair's already gray, but she's takin' in washin'. I thought o' her first thing when I read that old-age pension dope. But as I was sayin', ma said she reckoned if the men 'at works in that mine had been in charge, that roof'd 'a' been fixed and Hugh Smithers 'd be here today to take care o' his old ma. Ma told me how Miss Henry, our next door neighbor, had said when it happened 'at it was 'God's will.' But ma said she didn't believe in no sich tellin' lies on God. Not like that, anyway—where it was a clear case of the company not wantin' to spend the money to fix the roof. Didn't I hear the 'super' say it'd cost too much?

"You know, that stuff 'bout the men gettin' all they make sure made a hit with ma. She ain't never had no chance, neither, but she knows what's what—catches onto anything right now. When we got to talkin' 'bout it the other night she had me get Annie's tablet and pencil and she set in to do some figurin'. And it didn't take her long to figure out that there was a right smart difference between the 65 cents the men gits paid for diggin' the coal and the \$3.50 the company sells it fur, Ma 'lowed the difference on the tons me and pa dig 'd go quite a way in fixin' things up comfortable-like for us. She said we might even manage to have some lace curtains for the front winders after a little.

"Seems like me and ma's jist been converted—honest, it does! Ma said folks oughta have sense enough to git Socialism in a week or so. But if it takes longer'n that, she means to do her part. 'Cause ma says the only way to git rid of a big ironin', or washin', or anything, is jist to dig in. And that's what ma thinks 'bout this business of gittin' Socialism."

The last words were spoken from the aisle, for the conductor had already called his station. The book which had seemed interesting slipped unnoticed from my lap. From the car windows I looked across the fields with their new carpet of green and up the blue mountains, big and strong. And thought again of the Great Cause that brings hope to boys like this one—and their ma and pa.

CIRCULATE THIS ISSUE

The Progressive Woman needs funds to put this Child Labor Edition into the hands of the greatest possible number of men and women, and thus show them that Socialism alone will wipe out child labor. We at the office, and our contributors, have worked to make this Child Labor Number so good that the results would warrant the commendation of all. All friends of child freedom will cut out the blank below and fill it in for a bundle as large as possible. The sooner you mail your order, the sooner you'll get your bundle. Ask your friends and

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THE WAGE EARNERS' POLITICAL EQUALITY LEAGUE OF PITTSBURGH

By Pearl Ellis



ON THE evening of December 10, 1908, at the Christian Home for Working Girls at 424 Duquesne Way, Pittsburgh, there gathered in answer to the call of Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day, who was at that time organizer of the National Equal Suffrage Association, a number of the oldest

woman suffragists of Allegheny County, among whom were Miss Matilda Orr Hays, state treasurer of the Pennsylvania Equal Suffrage Association; Mrs. David Starr Martin, president of the Constitutional Amendment League, and Miss Kate Sweeney, president of the New Era Club, for the purpose of discussing the proposed organization of a wage earners' political equality club. The capacity of the Christian Home for Working Girls is some hundred and ten, and it is worthy of note that at this first meeting, held simply for the purpose of laying the foundations of a suffrage club, not more than thirty of the inmates of the home attended. The words "woman suffrage" brought the usual vision to the uninitiated of masculine-appearing, stamping females shouting to be "emancipated" from some imaginary evil to the minds of the majority of the girls or else they regarded the request to be present with indifference. In vain did the one or two suffragists of their number talk to them of improved working conditions. As one of these suffragists put it to a clerk in one of the large department stores, "Don't you want an eight-hour day by law, the same as they have in the four suffrage states? Don't you know how you complain because you have to work from eight in the morning until ten at night on Saturdays? Here, take this leaflet, "The Wage Earner and the Ballot," and read it and come to the meeting." But in the majority of cases the leaflet was not read and the girl who received it did not put in an appearance at the meeting.

Following this meeting at which the above-named earnest women and also several others spoke, there was sufficient enthusiasm generated for the real work of organization of the club, which took place four nights later in the small library of the home. The club, it was understood, was to consist entirely of wage earners, any wage earning man or woman being eligible for membership, non-wage earners being given the privilege of associate membership. This rule has never been broken up to the present time. Be it said to the credit of the club that although it counts among its associate members some of the most exclusive and wealthy women of Pittsburgh, in its actual membership it continues to remain class conscious. And be it also said that these associate members accept their nominal membership without demur, come to the meetings and do all they can toward the welfare of the organization without the slightest suspicion of patronage toward its working class members.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day; president, Miss Matilda Orr Hays; vice-president, Miss Grace Thompson; secretary, Miss Pearl Ellis; treasurer, Miss Anna Allen; press agent, Miss Faith White. Executive and entertainment committees were also elected. For the purpose of encouraging membership the club was not placed upon a financial basis the first year, but depended entirely upon voluntary contributions of its members.

After the first bi-monthly meeting, on account of the large attendance, the club was obliged to change its place of meeting from the small library of the Home to the spacious double

parlors. The third or fourth meeting was the occasion of a reception tendered to the wage-earners at the Home by all of the women's clubs of Pittsburgh, the honor guest being Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, who at that time was first vice-president of the National Suffrage Association, and president of the Pennsylvania Suffrage Association. This reception was well attended. It will always be remembered by a number of the older members of the club that upon this occasion Mrs. Avery remarked in her speech, "I would rather come and talk to this club of wage earners than to any other club in Pittsburgh."

By the spring of 1909 the membership of the club had increased to eighty and after a final

reception in May at which once more Mrs. Avery, and also Gertrude Breslau Fuller of Pittsburgh, known as the "woman Debs" of the Socialist party, were the principal speakers, the club adjourned until fall.

During the winter of 1909-10 the club increased its membership to 128 actual members and became affiliated with the Congress of Clubs of Western Pennsylvania. The meetings were well attended and it is a question if the meetings of any of the other clubs in the city were more interesting. Almost without exception the most brilliant men and women in the city, lawyers, newspaper people, educators, when asked to speak before this club responded with alacrity. One very noted criminal lawyer even volunteered to speak at any time to this "earnest group of young men and women."

The most notable event in the early history of the club was the parade through the principal streets of Pittsburgh with "Votes for Women" pennants flying, headed by Miss Hays, the president, bearing a large pennant inscribed with the name of the club, and another pennant bearing the words, "Welcome! Harriet Taylor Upton!" carried by the secretary to the station to meet Mrs. Upton, the national secretary, upon the occasion of her coming down from Warren, Ohio, to hear Mrs. Pankhurst on the evening the latter spoke in Pittsburgh, and the subsequent stage seating with which the club was honored during Mrs. Pankhurst's lecture. A number of the members of the club still have in their possession the pennants carried on this occasion. It was at this lecture, which was held in the Old City Hall, that a squad of city police who had been trained to sing in concert by an evangelist some months before sang several hymns. Mrs. Pankhurst took occasion to say in the opening remarks of her speech which followed, that police had often taken part in her meetings before, but never in so kind a fashion.

In February of 1911 the Garment Workers' Union and also the Union Label League of Pittsburgh joined the Wage Earners' Political Club, swelling its membership by several hundreds. Miss M. Emmeline Pitt, president of the latter organization, and Pennsylvania state organizer of the American Federation of Labor, was elected as honorary president of the Wage Earners, along with Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day. But the club has grown in more than mere numbers. It has probably done more to spread the gospel of equal suffrage than any other club in Pittsburgh, for although there are other suffrage clubs in the city, stronger both in numbers and in financial resources, yet these very organizations have had their beginnings in the activities of certain members of the Wage Earners' Political Equality Club. It is a singular fact that these working men and women, although willing to organize the more conservative element, refuse to join the organizations they help materially to build up, but strong in the feeling of class cling tenaciously to their own club. During the past year the president and vice-president have responded to no fewer than fourteen calls for suffrage talks from various clubs and societies. Suffrage literature was distributed at these meetings and hundreds of slips were signed by men and women testifying to an awakened interest in the cause, while several hundred party slips were signed by those desiring to join the Woman Suffrage Party. All things tend to indicate that the Wage Earners' Political Equality Club of Pittsburgh, like all things genuinely democratic and uplifting, will continue to grow until finally its membership will reach the nineteen thousand mark of the organization after which it is modeled, the Wage Earners' Political Equality League of New York.

The Song of the Children

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

SING loud the song of the children,
The song of the wail and the anguish

That break from their heartlets inarticulate,

As the cry of the new-prisoned birds!
Sing loud, till the terrible monotone
Shall, like a conscience o'erburdened,
Strike humanity's heart!

Where are your children, O mothers,
When the forests and fields are
abloom,

When the birds delirious with summer
Sing to the ear of the world,

When the young of each beast and
each insect

Are dazed with the rapture of life?
Where are your children that heard
In your songs at the cradle the glories
Of a marvelous world!

That drank with the milk of your
breasts

The promise of joy!
The abysses shrouded in darkness,
Where Death like a mockery stares,
The dungeons strong and impregnable
Where the tumult of wheels deafens
And dizzies the brain, and the hand
Weary with labor is crushed;

The prisons and brothels, where souls
Are twisted and wrenched,
And over all and commingled, the
Whip

Fringed with Disease and with Shame,
That Hunger inexorable wields!

There dwell your children, O mothers,

While the rose and the daffodil bloom,
While the lambkin rolls on the green-
sward,

And the bird and the butterfly love!
There dwell the children of woman,
Weary with labor and dark,
There dwell the children, hopeless,
Dumbly driven, and ignorant!

Alas! That trees may grow and may
blossom,

But our children be stunted and aged,
Alas! That we pity the senseless
things,

But our children we torture and bleed!
O mankind, shall the terrible lion
Lick the breast of his cub that is
wounded,

And the invisible ant battle
And die for his young and his weak,—
While the children of Man must weep
That their elders are wrenching their
bodies

To fashion the gold?
Oh, mankind,—list to the song of the
children,

To the song of Wrong and Injustice!
List,—and break open the shackles,
Lest the moans of the young shall,
compacted,

Fashion a terrible sword,
Which, like a lightning of vengeance,
Shall strike thee to death!

HUMANITY ON THE ALTAR

By Louis J. Engdahl



THE war of the coal miners of West Virginia against their oppressors is more than a man's war. It is more than a woman's war. It is more than a war for the children. It is a bitter struggle for the survival of the entire family.

Humanity—working class humanity—has been placed upon the altar. It must win its way to complete emancipation or be cast aside and left behind like the abandoned mine after it has been despoiled of its wealth.

"All we want is a chance for our children," plead the women of the mines along Cabin Creek. "We have given up hoping for ourselves. Is there any hope for our children?"

The echo of the same plea is heard all along Paint Creek and through the other coal fields of the state.

With the supreme hope that the future will bring with it a new day these women have faced the guns of the mine thugs, they have gone to the mouths of the mines and argued with the strikebreakers brought in from far and near to take the places of their husbands, they have harbored their families in tents in the out-of-doors through a long, merciless winter, and still their spirit has not been broken.

In the ultimate analysis the burden of the fight rests upon the shoulders of the women. When they have once become thoroughly aroused

then the race itself is safe. That is the big reason why there is hope for humanity in West Virginia.

"Go back to your homes where you belong," ordered the Baldwin gunmen, when the women came to the mines to tell the men, who had been imported under false pretenses, of the real state of affairs.

These women for the time being forsook their working places in the home to go to the working places of their husbands in the mines in an attempt to make all things well for the family and they could not be turned back.

When the bullets of the mine owners' hired army rained down from the mountains or poured forth from armored trains they knew neither man, woman or child. They knew only the working class as a whole.

In one miner's cabin the father is the victim of the assassin. In another the wife is felled by the bullet that has come out of the underbrush up on the hillside. Somewhere else the thugs invade the home itself and kick the wife until she falls unconscious upon the floor. When she recovers again there is a blank stare in her eyes as she declares with the anguish of a mother in her voice, "I can't hear my baby calling for me any more!"

All these things and more have happened within the year in West Virginia. The voice of the nation, however, has been heard and the army of the exploiter is in full retreat.

Within another year it is felt that labor will have established for itself a secure position in

the coal mining regions of the state. This power once gained will be an increasing power from day to day. The voice of Socialism, that has already been heard everywhere that the struggle has been felt, likewise grows stronger and more powerful.

First of all perhaps the workers will win control of the schools. These will then serve their true purpose instead of being merely hovels on the hill. That is where the children will go and items like this will never be seen:

"Sullivan Sunda, miner, aged 14, Italian, Weaver No. 2 mine, Randolph County. This boy was working in a cut with his father, and was not employed by the company. The cut was in deep and had been standing for a week. The coal broke loose and fell on the boy, instantly killing him."

Because the father is paid by the ton and because the pay is so small the little son of the family was compelled to go into the mine and meet his death instead of enjoying the days of his youth in school and at play in the open sunshine.

As the power of social justice grows, each little city along the creeks where coal is mined in West Virginia will become a garden city where humanity will be the first consideration. The mines will be but adjuncts to these cities. The cities will then cease to be clusters of shacks close to the mouths of the mines. And when the wealth of the mines has been taken away, humanity, more resplendent than ever before, will remain. That is the hope for West Virginia.



JESUS: "BEHOLD THE IMAGES YE HAVE MADE OF ME."

INDUSTRIAL INFANTICIDE

By Gertrude Breslau Fuller

"For the sob of the child in the silence
Curses deeper than the strong man in his wrath."



THAT nearly two millions of young children under the age of fifteen years are toiling in the industries of this nation today is one of the most damning facts that the future will record against us.

A people stupid and wicked enough to consent to such a crime—what will they think of us?

With a "fairy-like" productivity of wealth, rich soil, wonderful machines, hundreds of millions horse power of steam and electrical energy applied to aid the human hand and foot in producing the necessities and luxuries of life, an army of unemployed adults in enforced idleness, what possible apology can there be offered for us?

Never in the history of the human race has there been so little reason for pressing premature labor upon the young.

We injure society by furnishing weak, diseased, exhausted, ignorant citizens for our children to cope with tomorrow.

Not a man or woman in our midst would dare to say that our palaces of brick and stone, our automobiles and exquisite fabrics, our paintings and buildings of noble architecture are the most precious treasures of our civilization. Theoretically, at least, we claim to hold men, women, and children to be the most sacred and supreme concern of society but it is theoretical only; capitalist society protects *property* first, last and always, and maims, dwarfs, and degrades human beings; even the tender, lovely, joyous innocents are sacrificed needlessly, brutally on the altar of dividends.

As I stood one evening in the driving sleet of a winter storm watching two great streams of children pouring out from the gloomy doors of a knitting mill at the close of their day's toil and marked the pallor of their faces, lagging steps of weariness, the absence of the spring and joyousness which makes childhood so beautiful and inspiring, a fountain of grief and bitterness welled up in my heart. I felt as Huxely once said, "If this is the best that human beings can do it would be better if a comet came along and bumped us off the edge of things."

If I had not known of the Socialist movement with its great army of men and women trumpeting the words of Lloyd, "Against this civilization of making *money* we raise the banner of the civilization of making *men*," I would never have wished to see the sun come up again. Thus the hope and vision which the knowledge of Socialism brings, revealing the evolution of industry and society toward the co-operative commonwealth, gives courage and comfort today as well as promise for tomorrow.

I know a boy who has worked in a knitting mill three years. He now attends to ten knitting machines; each machine turns out thirty dozens of knitted garments in a day. His labor applied to the machines results in three hundred dozens of women's vests—three thousand six hundred articles every ten hours he works—and the boy receives the munificent wage of ninety cents for this service rendered.

From an industrial viewpoint it is a suicidal policy. Children are used to beat down the wages of men and women; their employment means a standing army of unemployed adults; their helplessness and inability to articulate their wrongs and sufferings makes them easy prey for the exploiter. They cannot organize and vote, and

a more helpless section of the industrial army, whether disfranchised women, foreigners, or children, can always be used by the master class as a lever for increasing exploitation.

We are burning up the labor power of the future and we reap the whirlwind, for these prematurely exhausted human beings retaliate unconsciously upon the society that has wronged them by becoming charges upon the community as criminals, paupers and prostitutes. We cannot maintain bad conditions and produce good people. We will one day look with shame and horror on a system that "desecrates life to decorate cathedrals" or libraries.

We women were told that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." As long as we believed it we were content; but we have learned that *it is a lie*. In the paraphrase of one writer, "The hand that ROBS the cradle is the hand that rules the industrial and political world of today."

As we are the children of the past we are the parents of the future and the citizenship of tomorrow is in our care today.

An industrial system based on the spoliation of the many by the few must go. The hope of humanity lies in Socialism, the organization of industry, government and all social institutions for the fundamental purpose of upbuilding the body, brain and soul of human beings.

Women—mothers, workers, citizens—awake! Take your full share in the labors and the victories of the Social Revolution. Hasten the day when "infanticide will be prohibited to the employer as now to the father"; when men will not be able to walk to wealth, honor and power on the bent backs and ruined lives of little children.

REVOLUTION IN HOUSEWORK



NOT long ago a man, his hair almost white, with his white haired wife and tall, fair daughter standing beside him, said: "The greatest thing the Socialists can do is to solve the problem of house-keeping for women and free them from the present conditions."

To be sure these problems will all be worked out through the co-operative institutions of the future, but we are just now in the present and the question is pressing hard on the women who work today. They are too tired at night to attend to household cares when they have worked all day.

They have work that is more attractive than housework. They WANT THE HOME AND THE CHILDREN AND WORK, but how can it be adjusted?

A partial solution of the question has been worked out in some parts of Rome. Here the family lives in a new, convenient, clean, sanitary apartment. The mother goes to her work every day. But there are children in these families. The building is provided with a special room for the children. If they are too young to go to school they are kept under the care and super-

vision of a trained nurse and the oversight of a physician. Scientifically trained teachers direct their play and work.

Today there are many families in large flat buildings who take their meals at the restaurant attached to the building, but these are not really families for there are no children in the home.

If the building could be provided with a place for the children that the mother knew was run not on a commercial plan, but that would really take the proper care of the three to six year old and if the mother knew that she need not leave the child to the care of ignorant and unscrupulous persons, then the babies would be welcome even in the home of the working and business woman.

"But there are not only the meals and the children," some one replies. "The house must be cleaned and many other things have to be done." There must and will grow up a craft of house workers who are skilled in their trade, cleaners, preferably men, for they are far more able to do this work until a race of stronger muscled women has been bred. These men can be hired by the hour just as plumbers and steamfitters and when their work is done they will go to their homes, not "live in" as the present domestic worker does.

They will work with the most improved and sanitary machinery. "But," objects one, "all this will cost money." Not more than it does for the family to attempt to have a woman do the work in the home, whether that woman is the mother

or another. Even while the children are young the mother will be a better mother and a better home maker if she has at least a few hours of work outside the home. Not such as will interfere with the feeding of her child, but such as will deepen and broaden her life. During those few hours she should have a place that her child will be under the best of care. Such care again should be the work of trained persons, whose profession it is to care for the young.

I have at present in mind an institution in a certain community known as a "Woman's Exchange." Here splendid, wholesome meals are prepared and served on the cafeteria plan at the least possible cost. The food is clean, wholesome and not more expensive than if it were prepared at home, for instead of the family buying at retail, meat is bought a whole quarter at a time and large portions are cooked, thus saving very greatly. One of these in every locality would be well patronized, would increase the health of families and create pleasanter homes. Those who prepare the food in this institution are trained cooks and that is something that not one in twenty housekeepers is.

Looking at his gray-haired wife and fair-haired daughter, the old man voiced the want of thousands of women.

Socialism must solve the question of woman's work. And for the present even the make-shifts here suggested are better than the ill-prepared meals, the neglected children, or the woman no mother at all.

By May Wood-Simons

DOES IT HURT THEM?

By CARL D. THOMPSON

ONE million, seven hundred and fifty thousand little children are at work in the mills, mines, factories and other work places of the United States of America.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed a benevolent appearing, white-haired, altogether genial member of a state Legislature in a debate one day. "Work never hurt anybody. It is better for the children to work than to run the streets or spend their time in idleness and mischief. Look at me," drawing himself up to the full height of his splendid physical development. "Look at me. I worked when I was a boy—worked hard, too. And it never hurt me a bit. I am opposed to the bill."

Does it hurt them, then—these 1,750,000 little folk who are working in the mills, the mines, the factories? Maybe we are needlessly concerned about them. What are the facts?

About 12,000 of these little ones are boys ranging from nine to fourteen years of age, who are at work in the coal breakers of the anthracite coal region. How about them? Does their work hurt them? Let the official record presented in the Congress of the United States of America, supported by official documents and containing sworn testimony, reply: (See Congressional Record, volume 41, part 2, beginning page 1553.)

"The tissues of the boys' lungs gather the black specks until the whole lung is discolored, and I have seen boys who have been away from the breakers and mines for eight, and even ten, years cough up these particles whenever they were attacked by a slight cold."

Again—

"I once stood on a breaker for half an hour and tried to do the work a twelve-year-old boy was doing day after day, fourteen hours at a stretch, for 60 cents a day.

"The gloom of the breaker appalled me. Outside the sun shone brightly, the air was pellucid, and the birds sang in chorus with the trees and rivers.

"Within the breaker there was blackness, clouds of deadly dust enfolded everything, the harsh, grinding roar of the machinery and the ceaseless rushing of coal through the chutes filled the ears.

"I tried to pick out the pieces of slate from the hurrying stream of coal, often missing them; my hands were bruised and cut in a few minutes. I was covered from head to foot with coal dust and for many hours afterwards I was expectorating some of the small particles of anthracite I had swallowed. I could not do that work and live."

I should think that this kind of work did hurt the boys.

Other thousands of these little ones are at work in the close factories. How about them? Does the work there hurt the children? I quote again from the official record:

"They were kept on a slow run all the time from the benches to the annealing oven and back again.

"The distance to the annealing oven was 100 feet, and the boys made 72 trips per hour, making the distance traveled in eight hours nearly 22 miles. Over half of this distance the boys were carrying their hot loads to the oven. The pay of these boys varies from 60 cents to a dollar for eight hours' work."

Or there are thousands of these little ones at work in the textile mills. I will describe one of these puny, stunted little children in the words of the official record:

"She works in the 'steaming room' of the flax mill. All day long in a room filled with clouds of

steam she has to stand barefooted in pools of water, twisting coils of wet hemp. When I saw her she was dripping wet, though she said she had worn a rubber apron all day. In the coldest evenings of winter little Marie and hundreds of other little girls must go out from the superheated, steaming rooms into the bitter cold in just that condition."

I should think that would not be good for Mary.

Or suppose we take a look into the silk mills. It may be all right for children to work in the day time—although I have my doubts on that point under the conditions. But one thing I am quite sure, and that is that little children ought not to work at night. They ought to be in some soft, downy bed, not in a mill or factory. I quote from the record:

"The close atmosphere of the factory rooms in the dead of the night tends to stupify the children. To freshen them and to drive the natural drowsiness away they are encouraged to spend their midnight half hour running in the open air.

"* * * And are sometimes kept awake by the vigilant superintendent with cold water dashed into their faces. I should hardly have believed it had I not seen these things myself." (Here follows an account of a visit to a home where lived a little fellow six years old who had worked nights for a year.) "In answer to a query by me, the child said he could hardly sleep at all in the day time. At one place I heard of children working on the night shift, turned out for some fault at two o'clock in the morning. Ladies told me, too, of a common sight in the mill cottages—children lying face downward on the bed sleeping with exhaustion, just as they had come in from the night shift, too utterly weary to remove their clothes. * * * Often the whole family, except the baby actually in the cradle, is in the mill. Two or three of eight years or older might be on the payroll, but the youngest paid worker can get through her 'side' at 10 cents a day. * * *"

Or the woolen mills—how does the following strike you, taken from the official records:

"They can be seen coming out of the mills at night literally soaked to the skin with dyes of various colors. In the winter time, after a fall of snow, it is possible to track them to their homes, not only by their colored footprints, but by the drippings from their clothing.

"So long as the girls can be kept working (in the cotton and woolen mills) and only a few of them faint, the mills are kept going; but when faintings are so many and so frequent that it does not pay to keep going, the mills are closed."

When little girls faint away something is wrong, it seems to me. I think they have been hurt.

I wonder how the children fare. Is their work hard? Are their taskmasters severe, or are they kind and gentle? I open the record again. I read:

"The boss (in the coal breakers) is armed with a stick, with which he occasionally raps on the head and shoulders of a boy who betrays lack of zeal."

"A doctor in a city mill, who has made a special study of the subject, tells me that 10 per cent of the children who go to work before 12 years of age, after five years contract active consumption.

"In one mill city in the South a doctor told a friend that he had personally amputated more than a hundred babies' fingers mangled in the mill."

Then I skip a few lines and I read these words: It hurts!

Unspeakable crime! We shall not rest until in all the earth there lives and breathes no child slave that toils to the hurt of its tender flesh, its body, mind and soul.

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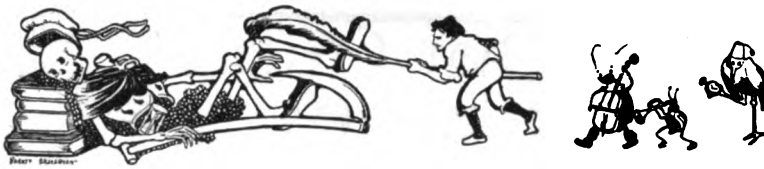
♥ ♥ UNFORGOTTEN ♥ ♥

How long since I have lost you, oh, how long!
How many years have passed in grief and joy!

But when I hear that old-time slumber song
I seem to clasp you still, my little boy.

I hear your voice, your laughing eyes I see,
And all the heart-ache and the blinding tears
Come in a flood of memory back to me
Across the years. —M. L. S.

THINGS IN THE MAKING



By
**BARNET
BRAVERMAN**

INSANITY FOR SANITY'S SAKE.



An insane, irrational system of government and industry will always breed insane, irrational deeds.

And yet, time and circumstance often make it possible to create two divisions of irrationalism. ((1) Insanity for insanity's sake and (2) insanity for sanity's sake.

Under the caption "Insanity for Insanity's Sake" we may place such subjects as the conviction of the coal strikers in West Virginia, where constitutional rights have become a hoax; the imprisonment of the Paterson (N. J.) silk strikers upon false evidence; modern marriages for convenience; the prudish activities of Anthony Comstock in trying to foster purity with impure ideas; the Cubist art exhibit; anti-suffragists, and others.

This matter of insanity is a rather delicate business. However, many people after hearing of Emily Wilding Davison, the English suffragist who threw herself in front of the king's racing horse on Derby Day, declared that she was insane. And all England, and a good portion of the world are talking now about the act of her to whom the term "insane" has been applied.

If Miss Davison were insane, then her insanity was for sanity's sake—the sanity of equality, the sanity of justice for women, the sanity indicative of a large impersonal obligation to the race—the sanity that demands conditions which will make possible a fuller, freer, happier motherhood and wifehood for women of coming generations—the sanity that has spoken for years and years unto the insane-for-insanity's-sake rulers of government and industry—the sanity that affirms woman's need of political, industrial and social freedom for the sake of race improvement and race preservation.

To those who understand the cause of woman suffrage and the great social passion behind it, Miss Davison "died for women to call attention to their wrongs and win for them the vote." She was "a soldier fallen in the fight for freedom." And this is true. The time is approaching rapidly when women throughout the world will have the vote, and then such episodes as that of Miss Davison will be placed under the head of Martyrdom for Sanity's Sake.

PARTIAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE FOR ILLINOIS.

By a vote of 83 to 58, on June 11th, the Illinois House of Representatives passed the bill for partial woman suffrage.

The bill provides that women may vote for all offices which are not mentioned in the constitution of Illinois. Under the bill, women may vote for presidential electors, mayor, aldermen, municipal court judges, sanitary trustees, and minor local officers. They may not vote for constitutional officers such as governor, lieutenant governor, state officers, members of the Legislature, county or district judges, congressmen and United States senators. Women in Illinois will not be able to obtain complete suffrage without a constitutional amendment or a constitutional convention.

While the bill does not grant unabridged suffrage to women, its passage should be regarded as a victory for woman's demand that she have a voice in the approval or disapproval of laws that affect her. The passage of this bill is especially noteworthy when one takes into consid-

eration the opposition it received from vice and business interests.

It is understood that woman suffrage in Illinois and elsewhere will not bring about the millennium, but it is certain that civic and social rottenness so characteristic of man-made government will be eclipsed by the clean activities of women voters in their demands for better conditions.

No, not all Illinois women voters will vote the Socialist ticket, though they should. This ought not to be expected by some Socialists who happen to have "eyes that do not see" the great good which the woman voter can perform. In Pennsylvania, California, Kansas, New Jersey, Washington, and a few other states the Socialists are very active in behalf of woman's cause. In New York, Ohio and Illinois Socialists are almost lifeless in the advocacy of woman suffrage; these three states should be in the vanguard. Many men members of the Socialist party do not seem to be aware of the equal suffrage plank in the platform of the Socialist party, and forget that it is there for a purpose—a constructive purpose—a purpose which has in view the unity of both men and women that they may stand together in their work and aspirations for economic freedom.

It is fortunate for the American Socialist movement that the National Committee of the Socialist party elected Walter J. Lanfersiek to the post of executive secretary. Mr. Lanfersiek is a hearty advocate of woman's rights, and it is safe to assume that the Socialists of Illinois, and in every other state, will be made to realize that woman is a factor in the class struggle—that it affects her even more vitally than the man—and that the constructive program of Socialism can never be achieved without her co-operation.

SOME INTERESTING CHARITY.

SARCASM isn't a bit pleasant.

Neither are figures pleasant that are inclined to assume an aspect of sarcasm. Recently the Illinois legislative investigation of charitable institutions revealed facts and figures that are the quintessence of sarcasm with a liberal quantity of pepper and brine thrown in.

The investigation called attention to the case of a woman dependent on charity, and who during eighteen months received less than \$300 in aid, while \$5,000 was spent for investigating the degree of her poverty.

In its logical order, the question arises: "What became of the \$5,000?"

Here is the answer of the investigating committee: It was used for three nurses, two courts, eleven physicians, seventeen charitable organizations and eighty-two individual investigators. The woman was visited 105 times, and it was through the United Charities that the money was paid.

No doubt remains as to this interesting form of charity. Rather, it appears that the actual recipients of charitable aid were the physicians, nurses, investigators and charity organizations. The woman in the case was used as a mere scapegoat.

Oh, Charity! How many sins and shams are committed in thy name!

WHY WE HAVE NO NATIONAL ART.

YEAR after year, men and women in art and literary circles waste time writing, talking and thinking about the need of a national art. And they keep on writing, talking

and thinking, never realizing that art is not a toy, but a thing.

Art is a thing! It is something that pulsates with life. It is man's and woman's expression of joy in labor.

The great mass and whirl of toilers throughout our land today know not the expression of joy in labor. They labor without the expression that makes work a joy. Our present social regime is not based upon joy-giving work. Its foundation rests in the unhappy, exploited labor of men and women, and often, children.

Exploitation breeds unhappiness, and unhappiness is not conducive to the growth of art.

If we had a national art today, it would express the true conditions of the masses; it would comprise paintings and sculpture which should cause people to wonder why classes exist; it would lead them to ask why a few should be masters of the wants of the many; it would inspire people with the spirit of Social Revolution, and make them strive for a social system unmarred by the expressionless, unhappy labor of wealth-creators—of the men and women who are at the bottom today.

What art exists in our museums and galleries today is mainly the art of plutocracy—the art that fawns and caters and teems with cowardice. It is the art that plutocracy wants—a slavish art—an art shackled by the chains of bourgeoisie sham.

And how shall art be won for the people? The answer centers down to the people and the ownership of the means of life which the people use, but do not own, to earn their bread. The workers must become masters of their needs and destiny. They shall create the opportunity for every individual to have that alone which can stimulate expression of joy in his or her work, and that is this: That each shall never fear the want of such employment as will supply all due necessities of mind and body.

Some day we shall have a national art—the art of the people. Some day we shall have expression of joy in labor—when every man and woman will receive the full value of his or her social product. Some day we shall have work worth doing—the work that does not degrade—work of itself pleasant to perform—work done under conditions that will make art the thing it should be, but it will come only after the people become the collective owners of government and industry.

LESTER F. WARD

HE died on April 18, over 80 years of age, and left behind him a great achievement—the achievement of having broadened the vision of human thought.

Ward was the champion of womanhood. His biological and sociological researches convinced him of woman's great racial importance, and he pierced the weird phenomenon of so-called male superiority. He showed that behind this weird phenomenon there exists a monument of spuriousness, brutality and pretense.

Scientifically did he prove that woman is the real conserver and the most constructive force of the race. Ward dealt with facts, and the facts he deduced from his researches in favor of woman have either silenced or muffled the ignorant rumblings of those who still persist in man's superiority over woman.

(Continued on page 12, column 1)

WOMAN'S OPTIMISTIC FUTURE

Editor The Progressive Woman:

The relation of the sexes under Socialism will be an infinite advance in civilization. Today the average husband, consciously or unconsciously, believes a marriage ceremony performed over him and a woman, for which he is supposed to pay, makes her his, soul and body; and, although the marriage vows "to love and cherish" and "with all his worldly goods to her endow" may sit very lightly on him, he exacts every wifely duty of her. This, of course, applies particularly to the work-a-day world. There are, too, exceptions in which the woman fails to do her share, the man doing proportionately more than his.

Under the new order marriage will mean more, as it is more intelligently contracted by those who study the individual tendencies of each, and the effect of their combinations upon progeny; mere sex attraction, often misnamed love, will not consummate unions as it largely does today, and marriages of convenience, so-called, will never be considered. Woman's actual independence will immeasurably elevate the race.

ELLA LA D. KEETON.

Colorado Springs, Colo.

WOMEN OFFICE-HOLDERS.

Editor The Progressive Woman:

The Socialist party can never be properly appreciated until it gives any intelligent, brainy woman a preference in voting over man. We are selfish, ungallant, cowardly, narrow and in every sense reactionary when we do not. A number of men running for office and one woman, their superior in all probability, and a man elected. Shame on such a condition!!! And in the Socialist party, too! We are undeveloped in scientific thought when we discriminate in favor of men versus women solely for places of honor, justice and executive force. The record of such a vote measures the progress we have made. It should never occur in the Socialist party and will not when we develop into genuine manhood, not a pretense.

For inheritance and environment women are our great developers, then why should we not give them preference in honor and support. It is plain as day how splendidly we would grow from the act. It is a discredit to the men that women should from brains and duty force themselves to the front. Genuine manhood should solicit them to take their proper place in position of appreciation and trust. It will give us a broader, more profound and better balanced citizenship in our offspring than we have ever had and the Socialist party should set the example for the balance of the world to follow. It does in other things, why not this?

Give motherhood place and power and you give the world freedom and happiness. Ignorance can never have the proper regard for feminine power and blessings.

The manhood and progressiveness of the Socialist men are so slow in making women office holders an issue in their propaganda. It is a paramount basis for progress, the greatest we can consider. Record your manhood, comrades, by placing your ballot so that it will not mean a cowardly defeat for women.

Fraternally yours,

J. B. GAY.

Columbus, Tex.

SAYS SOCIALISTS SHOULD BE MORE ACTIVE FOR WOMEN SUFFRAGE.

It is time the women within the Socialist party awakened to the fact that they have a heavy task on hand to convert the men in the party to an under-

What Our Readers... Think

standing of the absolute need of each working hard for woman's enfranchisement.

It is all very well to keep telling us that woman's suffrage is a plank in the platform of the Socialist party, but that's not enough. It's time to stand solid on that plank. If, as a Socialist writer has just recently stated, "the Socialist parties of all countries form the greatest suffrage organization of the world," the suffragists would like to see this large organization step down and help the smaller ones to win victory. We are not satisfied with less than real hard work for this end.

Suffragists feel indebted to the Socialist party for advocating woman's suffrage when it was more or less unpopular; but that today is not enough. There ought never to be a speech on Socialism in which a strong demand is not made for woman's suffrage.

There are today many awakened women, who realize the need of social and legislative reform, who see in the Socialist platform the remedy for much of the evils in the world, but they withhold their membership until they have the necessary weapon, which will count more than any amount of "indirect influence." The necessity of the vote in the hands of the women is the opening wedge for the greater things.

It is "up to" the Socialist to "get busy," do more work for suffrage and less talk about the plank in the party platform.

In Great Britain the Socialists have not only criticized methods, but have been a stumbling block to the women. They have misrepresented facts. The men of Great Britain number about 12,000,000. Of these, 7,500,000 are voters. The granting of the vote to these men was won by revolution and in three stages—1833, 1867, 1885. Since the latter period there has not been any activity for any further granting of the franchise. Until the uprising of the militant suffragettes scarcely a word was ever heard about adult suffrage. No bill had been introduced in the British House of Commons for adult suffrage till 1908, when time was granted to forestall the women. Even though there was in the House a party which was pledged to adult suffrage, the Labor party, the bill received feeble support. There are 13,500,000 women in Great Britain; of these, 1,250,000 are municipal voters, 82 per cent being of the working class, according to the report of the Central Labor Committee. If the women of Great Britain were granted the vote on the same terms as the men, it would add 1,500,000 women to the parliamentary register. Of these 85 per cent would be of the working class. In a government so given to piece-meal legislation as the British are, it is never to be expected that they will, with one fell swoop, pass the balance of power into the hands of the women. So the suffragette, in paying such a heavy price for the limited suffrage, is doing so because she knows she is right, and with half a loaf as the thin end of the wedge will sooner be able to force open the door wider for herself and her fellow-man.

In the United States the situation is vastly different. The suffrage movement is unhampered by bull-headed politicians a la Mr. Asquith of the English ministry. Here the harvest is ripe. Next year five

states decide this question; in 1915 four, of these two of the most difficult states in the Union—New York and Pennsylvania. Here is an opportunity for the Socialists all over the country to show how solidly they stand on their woman's suffrage plank and to prove that they are in earnest on this question.

The women are looking to them to make good when called upon to do so! If they do, then, perhaps the slogan of The Progressive Woman, of Half a Million Socialist Women Votes in 1916 and a Fifty Per Cent Woman Membership will come true.

ELIZABETH FREEMAN.

New York City.

A WORD ABOUT OUR BOOK OFFERS.

Many have taken advantage of our book combination offers advertised on page 10. We spent a good deal of time before deciding upon them, for we not only wanted to increase the subscriptions of The Progressive Woman, but we wished at the same time to give you the opportunity to secure valuable books. NEVER-TOLD TALES and THE PHYSICIAN IN THE HOUSE are books that teach. Take our word for it, these books will prove to be valuable to you. You should have them and get others to read them.

By getting eight yearly 50-cent subscriptions, you will be entitled to any one of our combination offers as advertised on page 10.

Why should you not have these books?

WHY MANY WOMEN ARE NOT SOCIALISTS.

A Letter and an Answer.

IN THIS magazine each month we are endeavoring to tell how to get a 50 per cent WOMAN MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY. Here is a letter trying to explain one of the reasons why we do not have a larger woman membership. Personally, we think it very well worth consideration, and would be glad to know that it had been read aloud in every local in the country. The case stated here is no doubt an extreme one; but modifications of it exist too plentifully. When the Socialist forgets human limitations, and becomes a bigot, despising openly everything that does not agree with his whole mental outlook, he is making himself a nuisance and not a propagandist.

"I am a reader of The Progressive Woman, and I see an article written by the editor in which it says that woman lags behind and is left there, thus holding back the marchers from their goal. You ask where lies the fault? My idea is these women are more religious than men, and when they go to hear a Socialist lecture they sometimes hear things that should not be said. For instance, why don't they leave the church out of their talk, and just talk politics? I am for suffrage and Socialism, but

I am also religious. And I tell you since my husband has been a Socialist we have had so much trouble. Every word I or the children say, he interferes with, and constantly throws up the churches, ministers, hell and everything else to me and the children, for all our shortcoming and mistakes. He doesn't seem to believe in anything any more or trust anybody. Everybody is bad or bull-headed, according to him. Even at his work he can't get along with anybody. Oh, I tell you I do suffer even though I go with him to the Socialist meetings. Shall a woman stand all such things, and then follow men and fight with them? No, I think a real Socialist must also be a real Christian. Without, you cannot be a good Socialist.

"I don't know if I am right, but I am just giving you my idea why women lag behind. Not I alone feel this way. Many other women tell me they have just the same kind of trouble. Oh, it hurts so much that my husband is so cranky. I don't know what to do to please him. I wish you would give me an answer to this. Fraternal yours....."

Our answer is that Socialism is political and economic movement. That it has no intention of forcing the religious beliefs or disbeliefs of mankind into one mold; but out of its oneness of purpose must grow a spirit of brotherhood and unity that will of itself be a sort of religion. This spirit of brotherhood, however, can not also be one of intolerance and bigotry. Let us not forget that Nothing should be more spiritual, nothing should be more Utopian, nothing should be more ideal, than Socialism. And at the same time nothing should be more practical and material. Perhaps after all it remains for womankind to awaken the Socialist movement to a realization of the existence of these qualities within it.

ONE OF MANY.

MANY thanks for the poster of "Woman's Awakening," the magnificent poem by Josephine Conger-Kaneko. Each reading gives new understanding of it. It is supreme. I have mounted it and placed it near my desk for inspiration.—Delphine Hereford Dort, Ouray, Colo.

[The above comment is one of many we receive from people who have bought the poster, WOMAN'S AWAKENING. I believe Josephine Conger-Kaneko, in writing the poem has done something that will touch the finer chords in every one. WOMAN'S AWAKENING is printed on a beautifully decorated two-colored poster. It should be on your walls where your friends can read it. Yours for 10 cents each; three for 25 cents. Why not order some?—B. E.]

LESTER F. WARD.

(Continued from page 11)

Ward was different from other writers and thinkers in that he did not pose as a savior or world-teacher. His attitude was always that of the student and observer. In all his works there is not the slightest indication of dogma or orthodoxy; the latter are usually the weapons of that element which insists upon male superiority.

Chapter 14 in his "Pure Sociology" contains his deductions regarding the superiority of the female in an atmosphere of justice and equal opportunity. Apologists of the quixotic phenomenon of male superiority have failed pitifully in their efforts to refute Ward on the great Woman Question, and have seen his thought mold rebellion on the part of many people against the domestic, political and economic enslavement of woman.

We do not mourn the death of Lester F. Ward. Rather, we are glad that he lived.

We have just gone to press with

Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom (Illustrated)

A Large Pamphlet by Josephine Conger-Kaneko

WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO FREEDOM covers briefly woman's subjection from the beginning of civilization to modern times. It gives the causes and beginnings of her struggle for political and industrial rights; shows how her industrial "rights" have developed into industrial slavery, and points the way clearly to the necessity of economic freedom, and the possibility of gaining this freedom only through the emancipation of the working class.

WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO

FREEDOM is simply but entertainingly and convincingly written, and is the only work of its kind in our propaganda. It should be on all Socialist news stands, in the hands of every man and woman, and ordered in quantities by locals.

The first edition will be limited, so send in your order TODAY. The price is 25 cents; 10 cents in lots of 20 or more; 8 cents net in lots of 100 or more.

Address THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, 5445 DREXEL AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

MADAM BRESHKOVSKY

A TRIBUTE

By Agnes H. Downing

FAR away over the frozen snows of Siberia, serving a convict's sentence, is the world's bravest, noblest soul, Katharine Breshkovsky.

Do you sometimes feel that women are vain, weak creatures? Then learn her story.

She was born to luxury, but she early saw the injustice of lashing many to tasks that a few might revel.

Her high-minded father read with her such works as Rousseau, Diderot and Voltaire. She studied the French Revolution. She became race-conscious, rather human conscious, conscious of the inter-relation of the whole human family.

The Russian peasants were beasts of burden. The long, hard struggle for coarse food, a mud hut, and sheepskin clothes (together with luxury for the land owners) left neither time nor desire for higher development.

It was the beginning of the Liberal movement in Russia, and all over the land teachers, doctors and scholars generally had begun to awaken the peasants, to teach them to want human rights.

The father of Katharine Breshkovsky opened a school for her, where she taught the peasants of his estate.

For long the Liberal party sought to secure emancipation for the serfs. This awakened great hope. When the measure was secured it was heralded far; but when it came to be applied it gave the serfs freedom from the soil, but it left the land to the landlords. A small strip of the poorest land only was offered the workers. They refused to leave the soil and go out to what was practically starvation, and the most bitter abuses began—troops were quartered in their little homes, young womanhood was despoiled, the aged were beaten and spat upon. As the peasants were still obdurate, in some villages they were driven into lines and "every tenth man was flogged with the knout; some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged. The poor ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they thought their rights; again the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. This process lasted five years all over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in."

Then other measures were looked for by the Liberals. They found some long, unused laws, giving some local suffrage rights to the peasants. The Liberal teachers hastened to show the people how to use these rights, and when they did use them to elect Liberals, who were working for reform, the teachers were denounced by the Minister of the Interior as conspirators, and exiling began.

About this time Netchayev and a group of revolutionary followers were tried. The publicity given their plans by this trial made revolutionists of many of the Liberals and among them Madam Breshkovsky.

She had married a young Liberal, who was deeply interested in the reform work, and they had one little son. But the husband was unwilling to risk life and liberty for the cause of the people and they parted. Katharine, then but 26, put the cause of Russia's freedom before the closest, strongest ties.

She joined a group which consisted of doctors and teachers, scientists and writers, poets and lawyers. They were sons and daughters of the oldest families of Russia, highly educated and of great natural endowments. They might easily have lived lives of polished, well-bred, well-fed ease, and mingled with the rulers of the earth. But they put aside easy gifts and maw-crammed leisure, and turned to tasks that will make their memories glorious. Here is a bit of their history told by Madam Breshkovsky herself:

"We put on peasant dress, to elude the police and break down the peasants' cringing distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse shirt and drawers, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my face and hands; I worked and ate with the peasants; learned their speech; I traveled on foot, forging passports; I lived 'illegally'!

"By night I did my organizing. You desire a picture? A low room with mud floor and walls. Rafters just over head, and still higher, thatch. The room was packed with men, women and children. Two big fellows sat up on the high brick stove, with their dangling feet knocking occasional applause. These people had been gathered by my host, a brave peasant whom I picked out, and he in turn had chosen only those whom Siberia could not terrify. I now recalled their floggings; I pointed to those who were crippled for life; to women whose husbands died under the lash; and when I asked if men were to be forever flogged, then they would cry out so fiercely that the three or four cattle in the next room would bellow and have to be quieted. Again I would ask what chances their babies had of living, and in reply some peasant woman would tell how her baby had died the winter before. Why? I asked. Because they had only the most wretched strips of land. To be free and live the people must own the land! From my cloak I would bring a book of fables written to teach our principles and stir the love of freedom. And then far into the night, the fire light showed a circle of great, broad faces and dilated eyes,

staring with all the reverence every peasant has for that mysterious thing—a book.

"These books, twice as effective as oral work, were printed in secrecy at heavy expense. But many of us had libraries, jewels, costly gowns and furs to sell; and new recruits kept adding to our fund. We had no personal expenses. * * *

"In that year of 1874, over two thousand educated people traveled among the peasants. Weary work, you say. Yes, when the peasants were slow and dull, and the spirit of freedom seemed an illusion. But when that spirit grew real one felt far from weary."

As the work grew and the organization extended the teachers were more closely set upon by spies. The work was all secret. No advertising of meetings except the secret word that was sent from lip to lip when one had found a soul that could be trusted. At length Madam Breshkovsky, though possessed of many disguises to avoid arrest, was apprehended. She was kept two years in solitary confinement awaiting trial and was then sentenced to five years at hard labor in the mines, after which to Siberian exile.

She with others was taken a five-thousand-mile journey in the "telegas" prison coaches, closely crowded, heavily guarded, and the nights were spent in the road prisons (etapes). These have been described as "reeking, crawling, infected with scurvy, consumption and typhoid."

After a prison sentence in the Kara mines was served, there were years and years near the arctic circle. There the best of Russia's sons and daughters, these noble educators of their race, were doomed to live, sometimes with wild Mongolians and their cattle, in the wretched filth of their huts. Here the police rules from the Christian ruler of Russia "forbade an exiled doctor to heal the sick or an exiled minister to comfort the dying." No educated person might use his talents to teach or to improve the wretched hamlet in which he must suffer. Here came what should have been the treasure of Russian life, the noble young souls that were willing to give their lives for the material and ethical uplift of the race.

Some died, some crazed, and some lived. After twenty-three years of Siberia Madam Breshkovsky returned to Russia, resumed her work as agitator and educator, made one trip to America, which she cut short to return to beloved fatherland for the revolution that was hoped for at the close of the Russian-Japanese war.

She was then past sixty, but strong and serene, her faith in liberty not shaken. But even she, the aged and much suffered, was not to be spared. Again arrested she was brought to trial. At this trial she was thus described:

"An old gray-haired woman, dressed in a worn gown of black stuff, 'Babushka' (grandmother), as the party of Liberation affectionately calls her, walked with dignity, and her face was radiant as that of a martyr inspired by the grandeur of a cause which makes suffering a supreme joy."

And again did the tyranny of Russia disgrace itself by sentencing her to Siberia. And again did the governments of the civilized world acquiesce by holding good their relations with a government that could be guilty of such a deed!

But our struggle is enriched by such an example, ennobled by such a life. Not quite a social-democrat, rather a Bacuninite—an anarchist, but an anarchist only because she lived in Russia. In Russia, social amelioration is not possible under the law. She had tried that method. "It is a poor patriot that will not thoroughly try his government before he rises against it," are her words.

The methods of the extreme revolutionary group are questioned even for Russia. To many they are more heroic than effective; but no one questions the sublime courage of its members nor the power and beauty of their personal example. This lion-hearted group has not only made the spirit of Russia famous, but it has exalted the best and the greatest impulses of human life.

Once when Madam Breshkovsky was in her dreariest surroundings, thousands of miles from civilization, hundreds of miles from a sympathetic friend, an American traveler records her words to him: "We may die in exile, and our children may die in exile, and our children's children may die in exile, but something must come of it at last." Such fortitude is as rare as it is inspiring. The words of our own poet, William Francis Barnard, fittingly apply:

"And we, the sires, the sons of men,
Whose children's children yet shall live;
Who here would bring her worthiest praise,
And all of honor glad would give;
Would mark our forehead with her blood,
And all her sacred wounds would kiss—
May we be equal to her faith,
And worthy of the sacrifice."

WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

GERTRUDE BRESLAU FULLER, 209 E. Reliance St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
ALMA M. KRIGER, Box 548, Butte, Mont.
LENA MORROW LEWIS, Box 183, San Francisco, Cal.
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MAY WOOD-SIMONS 2319 Sherman Ave., Evanston, Ill.

This department will contain motions of the Woman's National Committee and reports and statements by the General Correspondent of the committee.

The editor of this paper is not responsible for any matter which appears in this department, nor is the Woman's National Committee responsible for statements which appear elsewhere in this paper.

Address all communications to WINNIE E. BRANSTETTER, General Correspondent, 111 North Market St., Chicago.

REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Woman Suffrage.

During the past year the number of states granting full suffrage to women has been increased to nine. The women voters in these states are now a force sought by the capitalist politicians. Within the past year a party polling the second largest vote in the country has declared for woman suffrage and secured thereby the support of large numbers of women. The National Socialist Woman's Committee recommends that in every state where the suffrage does not yet exist the Socialist party make a determined effort to secure the vote for women, introducing bills to that effect wherever Socialist state legislators have been elected, and taking the necessary steps to bring it before the people for a vote in states where the initiative and referendum exists. That the position of the Socialist party as the largest world organization working for woman suffrage be made clear at all Socialist meetings.

Second—The enfranchising of a large number of women unacquainted with Socialism means that the educational work among women must be carried on with even greater energy than heretofore. This education should be along the lines of the economic class struggle, bringing clearly to women who are not yet even in economic organizations the reasons why they should vote the Socialist ticket.

Third—We recommend that the women of the party bring this question more carefully to the attention of the men of the party, and invite and utilize the assistance of the men comrades in all suffrage meetings and propaganda.

Work Among Women Engaged in the Industries.

The need of women for remunerative employment and the demand of employers for cheap labor has brought over 5,000,000 women into wage-earning positions in the United States. Seven per cent of the women in trades are in economic organizations. The National Socialist Woman's Committee recommends that the women of the Socialist party, wherever engaged in any trade, unite with the economic organization of their trade, that they assist women when engaged with their employers in an economic struggle, and that they lend their help in securing legislation on all questions bettering the conditions of women in industry.

To this end we recommend that in every industrial city the Socialists elect a committee, not necessarily of women, who shall attend to the systematic distribution of literature, acquaint itself with all questions affecting the women in the industries of their city, and that a report of their work be sent yearly to the National Woman's Correspondent, to be used as reference material for other cities.

Agitation and Organization Among Farmers' Wives.

There are in the United States over six million wives of farmers that may be classed with the propertyless wage-earners. In nine states of the West these farmers' wives are now voters.

To reach these women, the National Woman's Committee recommends that in each state a sys-

tem of schoolhouse meetings be held. This plan has been used with marked success in the state of Kansas, where the organizer is passed on from school district to school district, arranging meetings in the school houses, organizing locals, reaching the farmer's whole family, and within a brief period going back over the same route to make her work more permanent.

Such organizers should have made an especial study of farm conditions, and the literature for distribution should have special reference to the industrial conditions as affecting the farm industry, with the broader emphasis on the necessity for the united action of the agricultural and industrial workers.

Women Organizers.

The committee recommends that wherever possible the women organizers be so routed that they may stay at least two days in each place, and that, if feasible, they be rerouted at a later time over the same road, so that they may instruct and help the women in getting the educational work among women started.

Woman's Day.

Woman's Day was originally a day celebrated only in the United States. At the Woman's Conference at Copenhagen the women of Europe voted to hold a special woman's day. Since it has seemed advisable to the Socialist women of Europe to hold this special day on March 19, the National Woman's Committee recommends that that day be also the one set for Woman's Day in the United States. It also recommends that the day be used as a special agitation day for woman's suffrage and for the securing of women members for the party.

MAY WOOD-SIMONS, Reporter.
META BERGER.
WINNIE BRANSTETTER.
GRACE BREWER.
ELLA CARR.
LENA M. LEWIS.
LUELLA TWINING.

REPORT OF GENERAL CORRESPONDENT, WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

The election of the Woman's National Committee and the establishment of a Woman's Department in the National Office was based upon a realization that the rapidly increasing number of women in the industries would result in her becoming a political factor. National developments during the past year not only justify the Socialist party in its efforts to reach these potential voters, but make the continuance of special propaganda and organization work among women imperative.

General Result of Work, 1912-1913.

The past year witnesses a remarkable increase in the membership of women in the Socialist party, and a greatly increased effectiveness of our work. Last year the Woman's National Committee reported a ten per cent woman membership. This report was based upon reports made by thirty-five scattered locals. This year we have a fifteen per cent woman membership, based upon complete reports made by twenty-two state secretaries. Thirty-five states have now adopted our Plan of Work Among Women,

having elected state correspondents to carry out these plans. Separate organizations for women are not almost unknown, the entire work being carried on directly under the auspices of the local through woman's propaganda committees. The majority of these committees do not have a separate treasury, receipts and expenses being handled by the local treasurer.

Detailed personal correspondence relative to our work has been established between this department and 1,200 women. We are in close touch with practically all state officials and many local secretaries. Sixty-eight thousand eight hundred and fifty-five circular letters have been issued from this department, urging some phase of organization or propaganda work. We have a mailing list of 4,763 names.

Organizers.

Semi-conscious of their industrial and political responsibilities, women are eager for the message of Socialism. The demand for capable woman speakers has been very much greater than we can supply. Classes for the training of local workers to meet this demand are being organized in the larger cities, and should receive the support of national and state organizations.

Six woman organizers have done special work in Indiana, Minnesota, Arizona, Kansas, Ohio, California and Michigan. In addition to this work, all available women speakers have been used continuously by the campaign committee and by the Lyceum Bureau.

Literature.

Caught in the world-wide movement for universal suffrage, women of all nationalities are taking the first steps toward naturalization. During the next year a woman's naturalization leaflet will probably be issued from the National Office.

During the past year our leaflets for women have been revised and reprinted in a uniform, four-page style. Those out of date have been dropped, and new ones published until we now have in stock twenty-two special leaflets for women treating of conditions in practically every phase of industrial life.

Our Book Catalogue contains nineteen special books and pamphlets for women and thirteen compilations suitable for entertainments.

One million five hundred and twenty thousand eight hundred and seventy-four special woman's leaflets have been sold. In addition to this 3,662 special woman's books have been sold, ranging in price from five cents to \$2.50.

Press.

The National Office Propaganda Press Service has made it possible for us to supply the labor and Socialist press with special press articles written by our foremost men and women. Forty-three special woman's articles have been sent out by us and have reached approximately three hundred publications with 3,000,000 readers.

Many special editions of Socialist and labor papers have been published. The last week in February it would be fair to say that at least one-half of the Socialist press was devoted to a discussion of universal suffrage or some phase of woman's struggle for freedom. Copy for special press articles relative to woman's activity in the Socialist party has been sent out to several national and international publications upon the request of the editors or contributors.

(Continued on page 15, column 1)

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ANY WOMAN comrade who wants to increase her income by a few hours pleasant work can learn something to her interest by addressing comrade P. Mitchell, Helmetta, N. J.

THIS GIRL IS A WONDER.
 I have had such good luck lately that I must tell your readers about it. I am selling Hydraulic Dishwashers, and they are certainly a wonder. Just think! You can wash and dry the dishes in four or five minutes, without wetting your hands, and they cost only \$5.00! I don't want to boast, but if I were to tell you the amount of money I make each week, you would not believe me. If you need money, write to the Hydraulic Dishwasher Company, A 350 Fourth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. They will start you in business. You do not have to canvass—people come or send for the dishwasher. A good dishwasher is the great need of the age. It not only saves your hands and time, but it saves your dishes. No family can afford to be without one. E. A. Yesac.

MUSIC—“She Was Just a Little Girl Like You,” the season's song success; postpaid with latest song hit catalogue, 10 cents. Jasper Johnson & Co., Detroit.

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Woman's National Committee
 The Progressive Woman is a Socialist monthly publication for women of exceptional organization and propaganda value. While it is not the official organ of the Woman's National Committee, it has at all times received the indorsement and support of the Woman's National Committee. During the past year \$200 cash was donated from the party treasury. The party membership has been circularized from time to time urging the sale of stock, purchase of subscription cards and bundle orders, 30,424 circular letters having been sent from the Woman's Department. Over \$500



WAYLAND'S INFLUENCE ON THE YOUNG

BY
JOHN WALKER GUNN

J. A. WAYLAND
 Founder of The Appeal to Reason

IN considering the character of J. A. Wayland, there is one predominant phase upon which we wish to dwell at some length; that is the impulse to instruct. He delighted in informing people, and for him the acme of enjoyment was to communicate the ideas and information which he possessed in so abundant a degree, to a group of eager and attentive listeners.

In selecting his audience he invariably preferred the young, realizing that they were more susceptible to new ideas than those who were wedded to the thought habits of years; likewise, he was keenly conscious of the fact that the future of humanity depends upon those just maturing into manhood and womanhood. He knew that the Socialist movement's greatest asset is the large and active body of young people who have united with it, and he labored incessantly to induce more of them to identify themselves with it.

In approaching the young with his momentous message, Wayland followed a very definite plan. In the first place, he would demonstrate a kindly interest in the things boys and girls most admire and are most concerned with; he would make the person with whom he was dealing feel that he was understood, and his attitude and actions appreciated. With this cementive ground-work, he would proceed to probe the individual, and ascertain his peculiarities and propensities. From then on he adapted his method of conquest to the nature of the one with whom he labored. If you were inclined a certain way, he would direct his conversation along congenial lines, but always in a stimulative manner. So that whatever ambition you may have had was strengthened by his talk. In like manner, he would select for your reading those books which he thought would coincide with the attainment of the goal you had in view.

It was this uniform good nature of Wayland's that enshrined him in the hearts of the young people. The man

or woman who treats a boy or girl lovingly instead of harshly has won that boy or girl forever. They obtain an influence over those young people with whom they come in contact which may be very potent for either good or evil.

He did not scorn to speak to those upon whom good society looked askance. He rather sought them out with special zeal. He knew, as all philosophers and men of noble mind know, that no matter how dissolute and degenerate a person may be, he is open to redemption; and instead of giving those unfortunates upon whom society inflicts the consequences of its imperfections a kick downward, he knelt, like the fabled Good Samaritan, and gave them a lift upward. While he was not a man who loved to loaf around the pool halls and barber shops, he frequented them considerably, for it was there that he could meet those who were most in need and who would most benefit by his aid and advice—that is, the young. He reasoned—and rightly—that they were at the age where their life habits were in the forming, where they were choosing the paths they were to follow in the future; if he could, by his influence, induce them to choose the right path, the path that led upward to heights of happiness and glory, he would be doing greater good for the world than many who posed pompously as saviors and benefactors of society.

In the little village of Girard there is quite a large circle of intelligent and idealistic young people, pregnant with immense possibilities; it is the fruit of J. A. Wayland's tireless agitation among this class. It is the monument which most fitly commemorates the name of this noble man; no tombstone or mechanical memorial that mortal hands can fashion is equal to it in splendor. These latter monuments are for those who have done nothing for their fellow-men while they lived; they need them. Such men as Wayland do not.

worth of stock has been sold in a proposed stock company.
 (Address, Progressive Woman Publishing Co., 5445 Drexel Ave., Chicago.)

Next month state correspondents' reports will be published in this department. Lack of space and the necessity of acquainting our readers with the national work as planned at the recent committee meeting prevent their publication in this issue.

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

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 The complete system together with 100 pieces of music will then be sent to you Free, all charges prepaid and absolutely not one cent to pay. You keep it seven days to thoroughly prove it is all that is claimed for it, then if you are satisfied, send us \$1.50 and one dollar a month until \$6.50 in all is paid. If you are not delighted with it, send it back in seven days and you will have risked nothing and will be under no obligations to us.
 Be sure to state number of white keys on your piano or organ, also post office and express office. Address Easy Method Music Company, 134 Clarkson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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 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.

Continued from page 14

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After thirty years' experience I have produced an appliance for men, women and children that **ACTUALLY CURES RUPTURE**

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

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

Don't Make the Child Wear a Truss Through Life

I Want to Reach the Parents of Every Ruptured Child in the Country

The Truss Is a Flesh Torturing Invention Fit Only as a Belle of Barbarity.



I WANT them to know about the Automatic Air Cushion Rupture Appliance that I make for children who are afflicted in this way. My Appliance can be put on any child with perfect safety to the little one. For growing children there is nothing better to be had—no matter how much you pay—than my Appliance.

The Brooks Appliance Cured His Son. Now He Is as Sound and Whole as if He Never Been Ruptured.

I want the parents or others who may have children in their care to understand that there should be no delay in getting proper help for ruptured children.

Every day that the rupture is allowed to go on without the right means of correcting it—just so much harder will it be for the child to get rid of it.

No ruptured child can ever be free from the thought of the rupture and it is not fair to any child not to have an equal chance with other children.

No matter what we may wish to think—ruptured children do not have an equal chance.

Common trusses do not help. Thousands of men and women know that from their own experience with such trusses.

But it is not necessary for children to wear harsh, cumbersome, steel trusses any more.

You may have had to wear something like this, but don't make your child do it. Give the child something better.

My Appliance is better, and I want to prove it to you.



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

I will make an Appliance to the child's measure, send it on TRIAL—put it into your hands to see and use, and then you can say whether it is what I claim or not.

The Automatic Air Cushion conforms with every movement of the child; there is an even, gentle pressure which gradually binds the broken parts together—as you would bind a broken limb—and then no matter how much the child jumps, runs, rolls over or falls down—the pressure is kept up just the same—always drawing the parts together.

Write me today and get all the information—send the coupon.

Confederate Veteran Cured

Commerce, Ga., R. F. D. No. 11.
Mr. C. E. Brooks.

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

Yours sincerely,
H. D. BANKS.

Child Cured in Four Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.
Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

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

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send for Brooks Rupture Appliance

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

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

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

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

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

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

80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Remember

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

Cured at the Age of 76

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

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

Very sincerely yours,
SAM A. HOOVER.

Others Failed, But the Appliance Cured

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

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

Yours respectfully,
WM. PATTERSON.
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio.

FREE INFORMATION COUPON C. E. BROOKS, 1021-A State Street, MARSHALL, MICH.

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

Name

City

R. F. D. State