

SHALL WE SAVE HER...  
*from the* CZAR'S SIBERIAN  
 HELL?  
 by JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

**S**IBERIA!  
 The land of ice and snow, of cruel knouts, of unspeakable Cossacks, of reeking prison hells!  
 In Siberia hundreds of thousands of the flower of Russian brain and Russian culture have been doomed to a life of exile worse than death.

Today in Siberia an old woman waits the call of death as a happy release from the miseries of the life she bears in that miserable country under Russian despotism.

In the July issue of *The Progressive Woman*, Agnes H. Downing told of Madame Katherine Breshkovsky, of her heroic work for the unhappy subjects of her country, and of her exile to Siberia for this work.

In response to that article came a letter all the way from Washington, and we are going to publish it, and ask our readers to act upon its suggestions. It is little enough to ask of you, and yet it may bear precious fruit. The letter says:

"Since reading the article by Agnes Downing, about Madame Breshkovsky, she has not been out of my mind, only when I sleep. While praying for her this morning the thought came to me, 'Why not free her? How? Arouse the world! How?' And the following are some of the thoughts that came to my mind:

"The *Progressive Woman* will be a good starting point. Ask its readers to pummel the Russian minister with strong, earnest demands that he take the matter up with his home government. Through the foreign secretaries of the international Socialist movement we could ask the Socialists of six or seven nations to do the same. The matter should be taken up at the International Socialist Congress.

"I personally will write to as many of the church papers as I can find, calling attention to your article this month, and ask them to print it. The attention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union should be called to this question all over the world.

"Madame Breshkovsky's only crime has been to ask food for the hungry and clothes for the naked, and any nation that refuses these has got to go down. I wish we could make Russia a republic like China.

(Continued on Page 2, Col. 2)



WHEN MEN WERE SUFFRAGETTES  
 MY SPIRIT RIVAL .. .. LONG LIFE.  
 A SATSUMA BOWL .. .. MERCILESS..  
 WHERE ARE WE? .. .. EXPLOITATION  
 LITTLE LESSONS .. .. SO WOMAN IS  
 IN GOVERNMENT .. .. NOT FIT FOR WAR!



## A STATEMENT

BY KATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

[The following article was sent to America before Madame Breshkovsky's arrest and is in all probability her last word for American readers, for there is little hope that Russia will dare to let this great woman have her liberty again, unless some moral pressure from outside can shame the Czar into leniency toward this heroic woman who has grown old and gray in serving her people.—Editor.]



**I** TOO have been young. That is to say, I have been simple and ignorant. I too, in my desire to serve my people, once believed in the possibility of doing so peaceably and lawfully, even in the conditions that were weighing my country down—the reign of despotism, autocracy and bureaucracy. Youth, confident and enthusiastic, believes that there is nothing in the world so strong

as the desire to take part in the progress of the civilization and happiness of its people. Youth is always sure that it can prove by its activity, its zeal and its success the great value, the great profit of its endeavors, a profit whose benefits will reach not only those for whom they are immediately designed, but which, little by little, will transform the life of the world, making it sweeter, cleaner and more reasonable.

The inclination to work for the good of his neighbor to improve human relations, to make life happier and to have justice the foundation of society, is a characteristic of the Slavic race, a race which is more constructive than destructive. That is why, in all ages, you will find the Russian people seeking for truth and for social laws which will make a worthy life possible for all, without exception.

The Russian peasants have sought this truth in the lives of the saints and in new religious combinations, or by retiring into the forests and the deserts. There, surrounded by nature, grave and silent, they have listened for the sound of the divine voice.

Better educated people sought this same justice—that is to say, some means by which human life might be made more supportable for all—by sounding the depths of science, by studying the social laws, and applying their knowledge to the conditions of actual life.

I was born in one of these better educated families; rather, in one of the most enlightened families of the time. I passed my childhood and my youth among intelligent people, who accepted the best ideas of that day. Outside my own experience, thanks to my active and investigating turn of mind, I have known many other young men and women who began their careers as peaceful workers for the moral and intellectual betterment of their people, who later became revolutionists, that is, enemies of the Russian government, that brutal, grossly selfish power which threw obstacles in the way of all their efforts to help on a higher civilization. How many thousands of books it would take to tell the hundredth part of the ruined attempts, of the crushed lives, of the families broken up and desolated, only because of their honest desire and attempt to give to the Russian people, the ignorant peasants, some knowledge of their own country, its history, its social and economic questions, that these people might read books about other religions, about different political organizations, about natural history and about the rights of the people—the petty little rights which the laws of the Tsar did accord to them.

Posterity would find it hard to believe the terrible tale of persecution but for the archives of the Russian police on the one side and the secret publications of Russian revolutionists on the other. The police kept lists of their victims in order not to lose sight of them, that they might persecute them till death; the revolutionists inscribed the names of their confederates to transmit them to posterity, to hold them as gauges, as proof of the divine capacity of man to forget himself for the great and beautiful ideal of universal happiness.

Yes, we still have with us your names, brave boys and girls! famous men and women! We have them written in our books; we have them engraven on our hearts; we shall have them traced on the porticos of our temples of liberty, as immortals whose noble deeds were worthy of imitation in every land and in every time!

Having before my eyes these beautiful galleries of noble characters, of brilliant minds, tender hearts and unyielding will, I should count myself happy could I make the world outside Russia, which has little idea of what is going on there, know what happens to the man who cares for his own rights and for the rights of his neighbor! Oh, that I could show to the eyes of the world even a little of the devotion, the courage, in the soul of our race, and all that that soul has had to endure, to suffer, in order to bring about the day when the Russian nation shall cry aloud with one voice, "I want no more tyranny! I am able henceforth to manage myself, my life and my affairs!"

Oh, if I could make the dead live again! If I could deliver those who languish in fortresses and prisons; those who are pining away in exile in the snow and ice and cold of Siberia; if I could smooth out the faces covered with premature wrinkles; if I could renew the courage of hearts broken by the tortures of persecution, and make them march in triumphant procession, a celestial vision, before people who cared for them—ah, that would be for me supreme felicity, for me who have known these brave souls and who honors them as the glory of my country!

### SHALL WE SAVE HER FROM THE CZAR'S SIBERIAN HELL?

(Continued from Cover Page)

"Dear Progressive Woman, will you not make up your mind with me that our comrade in darkest Russia shall, will be freed? I have taken hold of God for this, and it will be done.

"For her freedom, I am your comrade,

"B. J. DOUGLAS,  
"Anacortes, Wash."

Sometimes it is hard to arouse people on a subject like this. If the thing were before their eyes, if they could see this splendid old woman in her exile, could see the frozen Siberian country, the filthy, reeking prisons, the hard labor, the unrelenting government employes and spies at their task of keeping the prisoners in subjection—if the people of America, of the world, could SEE this terrible thing, they would not stand for it for a moment. The Russian government would be bombarded with pleas and threats, until it would turn all its prisoners loose.

But this is the tragedy of it—out of sight, out of mind. And the Russian Tsar has taken the precaution to put Katherine Breshkovsky out of sight, that she may be out of the minds of the sympathetic people of the world.

And for this very reason we are printing the above letter, and this comment—to bring back to our readers a reminder, if nothing more, of this splendid woman who is suffering a Siberian exile for humanity's sake.

Katherine Breshkovsky was born to wealth and luxury. She might have enjoyed all the

privileges of her class to the end of her days. But she was a student; she read and made inquiries; she looked about her, and when she discovered at what a price her privileges were bought she decided to give them up, and throw her splendid energies, brain and affection with those who knew nothing but misery and sacrifice all their days.

The story is well known of how she taught school for the peasants, and finally, staining her face with acids, and putting on coarse peasant's clothes, she joined a revolutionary group and dedicated her life to their cause.

For this she was kept two years in solitary confinement, awaiting trial, and then was sentenced to five years at hard labor in the mines, and later to twenty-three years in Siberia, near the Arctic Circle, where the long nights drag their deep shadows over the blighted lives of thousands of Russia's best manhood and womanhood.

When she finally got away from Siberia, Madame Breshkovsky came to the United States to plead the cause of her people. The editor of *The Progressive Woman* had the great pleasure of meeting her then. While walking together she put her arm about me in the most comradely fashion, as she told of conditions in Russia. She asked about the "movement" here. There was something to tell, but my story was not an exciting one as was hers. When I told her, however, that I was connected with a Socialist paper (the *Appeal to Reason*) that had a circulation of over 200,000, she pressed her arm tighter about me, and exclaimed with a note of joy in her voice, "And you have a Socialist paper in America with such a large circulation! It is wonderful, wonderful!"

Katherine Breshkovsky, owing to the nature of her government, is more of an anarchist than a Social-Democrat, but she was happy to know that our "downmost class" had a voice with such "carrying power" as this.

I will never forget her. She was splendid, in her nearly sixty years, her wonderful physical strength, the sweetness of her face, the whole wonderful womanhood of her!

She returned to Russia to assist in an expected revolution of the people after the Russian-Japanese war. She was soon re-arrested, tried, and sentenced for life to bitter Siberia.

As an experiment, let the reader put herself in Katherine Breshkovsky's place. If you are a Christian, if you are a lover of humanity, you could not have endured, as she could not endure, the terrible despotism practiced upon a helpless people, such as the Russian government practices. You would want to help people learn to read, to think, to help themselves out of their midnight gloom of ignorance and poverty.

And if you had helped them, and for your pains had been mistreated, shut up in a loathsome prison, and finally sent into the most bitter exile for life, would you like to think that everyone had forgotten you, that there was no tear, no care, no thought expressed for you again, even though you were still living?

Human sympathy is the sweetest thing in the world when everything else is stripped from us. Will the readers of *The Progressive Woman*, then, not offer a word for this woman whose very life is a living, throbbing protest against tyranny and injustice?

Write your protest, and address it to the Russian Legation, Washington, D. C., U. S. A. Then, write a word of greeting, and send it to Madame Katherine Breshkovsky.

Then ask all of your friends to write. Get whatever club, church, or other organization you are affiliated with, interested. Give them this article to read. Let them arouse them-



KATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

selves once in behalf of human justice, and against tyranny and despotism!

Where are the women and men, the organized and unorganized bodies of women and men in the world, that they should suffer such injustice against a sister?

Write your letters, dear readers, and get all of your friends to write! Let us free Katherine Breshkovsky from the blight of a Siberian hell!

## THE CZAR'S ARMIES OF REVENGE

[The following from "Russia's Message," by William English Walling, gives us a hint of what the Russian people are fighting for, and of the manner in which their efforts toward civilization are being received by the Russian government. It was this situation that took Katherine Breshkovsky from a home of luxury to cast her lot with the people, and for which she is now suffering a Siberian exile.—Editor.]

IN their struggle against Czarism, the Russian people are fighting for the right of free development in every possible direction. The professors are struggling for academic freedom, the peasants for land, the workmen for the right to organize, citizens for the right to govern themselves, publicists for the right to speak and write, and the people at large for every elemental human freedom. As a result there are as many parties as there are groups of people that emphasize one or another aspect of the struggle; but it by no means follows that these parties are turning aside to fight each other. On the contrary, there is no fundamental confusion. The object of every bona fide liberal, radical, or revolutionary organization is to take all the power away from the incompetent, immoral and murderous regime that is at present in control.

Many of the younger officers are drunkards. \* \* \* We may be prepared to expect every possible cruelty and excess. We are not surprised at the execution of captured peasants by the dozens and hundreds, nor by the barbarous tortures that have been practiced over and over again. I shall not even try to summarize the various notorious cases of torture, in many cases of which young girls were the

victims, that have been proven to take place in the prisons. I shall not speak of the execution soon after torture of many prisoners in order to prevent them from reporting scenes later to the public. It may interest the reader, however, to show the spirit in which this bloody work was carried on, to quote a well-authenticated case among innumerable others of the beating of a woman by the order of the notorious German Baron von Sievers at Fellen. During the thrashing the woman did not utter a sound, but afterward declared in a strong and energetic voice to her tormentors: "This is against the law. There is no Russian law that allows you to punish people in such a manner." Von Seivers' answer was an order for her to be thrashed a second time.

Already hundreds of thousands have been beaten, and tens of thousands executed under this thin pretense of military law. Here is a typical case, quoted from the letter of an inhabitant of the village of Korovino, in the province of Smolensk:

"On the 8th of January a troop of soldiers was sent into this village. With the soldiers there arrived the captain of police, a colonel of the gendarmes, and other officers. The 'judgment' (otherwise called pacification) commenced. The mayor of the village was called. 'How did you dare to allow the brigandage in this village?'

"'What could I do?' replied the mayor. 'One dares everything when one is starving. But to know which of us took part in this brigandage there must be a just trial.'

"'Take off his clothes and take him into a neighboring barn. There they will give him a just trial.'

"Four soldiers, two armed with guns and two with rods, were sent into the barn. The soldiers with guns stopped in front of the gate and the soldiers with rods went inside. \* \* \* The tribunal remained in the village the entire day. All the peasants were beaten; nobody was spared, not even the old men. No interrogation was made, no inquiry—everybody was beaten without distinction. An old man, aged sixty, who had received twenty-five blows, said on rising: 'God be praised that they have not beaten me to death.' This seemed to be an insolence and the old man received twenty-five more blows."

These situations are entirely beyond the powers of an ordinary pen. I make no attempt to picture them to the reader's mind.

### HOW YOU CAN HELP.

1. Write a letter of sympathy to Katherine Breshkovsky, and address her this way: **MRS. CATHERINE BRESHKO-BRESHKOVSKAYA, KIRENSK, IRKUTSK SIBERIA.**
2. Write a letter to your congressman and tell him what you think about Madame Catherine Breshkovsky's inhuman exile.
3. Write to the Russian Legation, Washington, D. C., rendering your protest
4. Have your union, local, club or society adopt resolutions denouncing the unwarranted imprisonment of Madame Breshkovsky.
5. Circulate this edition of *The Progressive Woman* among your friends, neighbors, shopmates, and church members.
6. Ask your speaker or your minister to make her imprisonment a theme.
7. **BE SURE** to interest your local paper in this matter.
9. Keep in touch with *The Progressive Woman* as to your activities.
10. You might also write to Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, Washington, D. C.

Anybody will give you 25 cents to get **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** one year. Make it a Club of Four!

## Caroline A. Lowe to Speak Under the Auspices of The Progressive Woman.

CAROLINE A. LOWE, well known as a Socialist Lyceum speaker and party organizer, ranks easily among the best women speakers of the United States. She has been in the field for a number of years,



CAROLINE A. LOWE

and has spoken in every section of the country.

Miss Lowe will begin a series of speaking dates under the auspices of *The Progressive Woman*, in Kansas, October 1. Later she will go into Nebraska and Illinois. Locals in these states wishing to arrange dates for Miss Lowe should address *The Progressive Woman*, 5445 Drexel avenue, Chicago.

## HOW ONE BELL 'PHONE OPERATOR WAS TREATED

CAROLINE A. LOWE, who represented the Socialist party before the Committee on Woman Suffrage in the House of Representatives last year, has been working with the telephone girls of Kansas City, who are endeavoring to organize their trade.

In regard to this work, which is being carried on under the auspices of the Woman's Trade Union League of Kansas City, Miss Lowe writes:

"We are endeavoring to get the Bell Telephone operators to join hands in an organization formed for their mutual protection against unscrupulous and greedy employers, and to protest through every possible avenue of publicity against the methods adopted by the Bell Telephone Company in its efforts to destroy the spirit and crush the union of its employes.

"That many may know more intimately just what the Bell Telephone Company is doing to its employes, I am enclosing a letter, which is nothing short of a 'human document,' and which should arouse all who live within a radius of where the Bell telephone is used, to a sympathy with the 'phone girls."

### A Human Document Letter

"Kansas City, Mo., July 3, 1913.

"To Whom It May Concern:—  
"My daughter, Irene, worked for the Bell Telephone Company for about five years. After attending high school nearly two years, she began work as a telephone girl at \$15.00 per month. In a few months she was made night relief operator and stationed in out-of-the-way places like Argentine and Rosedale at a salary of \$25.00 a month. She has worked for weeks at a time in a lonely room in a business building, unoccupied at night by any one except herself. She was instructed to ring the fire department if she was molested, which she was forced to do at various times. I used to lie

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 3)

## WHEN THE MEN WERE SUFFRAGETTES

BY MARVIN W. WALLACH



**D**ORR'S rebellion in Rhode Island was the most famous American contest for manhood suffrage, and rivals in spectacular energy the feats of England's suffragettes and Belgium's general strikers. The growth of manhood suffrage from 1810 to 1860 has seldom been fairly presented; while in Wisconsin the state superintendent has forbidden the study in the schools of this crucial incident of conflict. Though half forgotten in the march of events, the Rhode Island insurrection deserves more than an obscure reference by present day chroniclers. Only in a recent Supreme Court decision did the long arm of precedent reach back and find in this defiance to constituted authority, an example in the case Luther vs. Borden, for declaring the initiative and referendum of Oregon to be in accord with the federal constitution.

We know of the little band of fearless men with Roger Williams who founded the colony of Providence Plantations; and we know that King Charles II, the profligate, did not grant a charter until 1683. This social contract which a pre-revolutionary writer sneeringly called "a mere democracy or rule of the people" was retained as the fundamental law of the land until 1843. True, it was admirably suited to the government of an agricultural population, but the rise of manufacturers and the birth of the proletariat, made its restrictions irksome in the extreme, while the growth of cities aggravated these conditions. Were we, however, to believe the Tory press of the period, this charter was second only to the Constitution—"the greatest single document ever struck off at one time by the brain and purpose of man." The political leaders of the smallest state had little sympathy with democracy, for they were "born in a garden, and popular liberty, like freshets overswelling their banks, but covered their dainty walks and flowers with the slime and mud of democratic votes." Property qualifications were in force throughout the nation until but a short time ago and it was made the order of the day in the lower House of the Rhode Island Legislature to listen to a speech ending as follows:

"Sirs, I conceive that this body has the same power over the non-freeholders (unfranchised males) of this state, that the Almighty has over the universe." No one saw anything blasphemous in that; yet is it far removed from the argument, "women should obey man, because the Lord gave man dominion over the earth"?

Of our 4,000,000 people recorded in the first census only 120,000 had the right to vote; and some colonies had, through a curious coincidence, passed laws requiring a property freehold at the very minute our Declaration of Secession from Great Britain was announcing "all men are created equal." Georgia removed these restrictions in 1798, Massachusetts followed in 1801; next came New York, 1821; Delaware, 1831; New Jersey, 1844; Connecticut, 1845; Virginia, 1850; South Carolina, 1865. Since the act of 1762 the Legislature of Rhode Island was a closed corporation, refusing to make any concessions, and for eighty years required a freehold of forty pounds.

While the nation was sobering off from the effects of the exciting though meaningless "Log Cabin" election of 1840, a man named Thomas Wilson Dorr suddenly seemed to stir "Little Rhody" to rebellious frenzy. The press and pulpit searched history to find names vile enough and searched scripture to apply names noble enough, as their views and interests of this man varied. He was called a demagogue, an enemy to society, and a traitor to his class by one faction; while on the other hand he was revered as a champion of democracy, statesman, and friend of the people. Dorr was not a common "wop," since he came of a family of wealth, graduated second in his class at Harvard, passed the bar examinations, served two sessions in the state Legislature, and was president of the state historical association. "Tell me," asked he of the thick-skulled and long suffering Rhodians, "why should a man vote if he own a house and not vote if that house be burned down?" "In such a case," he questioned, "is it the house or the man that votes?" And still more he persisted, "Are we being governed by houses, hogs, and acres of land?" Even popular newspapers like The New Era and the Express championed the cause of incipient Chartism. Not only were there limitations on suffrage, but the old charter provided no means of amendment, and cities contrasted with sparsely settled country districts casting one-third as many votes had half the members in the Legislature! The largest number of ballots that had ever been cast in Rhode Island up to this time was in the presidential election of 1840—8,662 votes. By this, do not understand that

the men did not want to vote; for ever since the revolutionary patriots of 1776 had returned in rags with depreciated currency as pay, there had been bitter dissatisfaction on the part of the men who had fought their country's battles, yet were denied a part in its government. Six distinct attempts were made to effect a change; the years 1811, 1819, 1824, 1829, 1832 and 1834 each marked the crest of such a wave of popular agitation.

In 1824, the small landed timocracy pretended to yield to popular clamor so far as to call a constitutional convention; but the document which they drew up was framed in objectionable terms and rejected by a large percentage of the qualified voters. Another convention was called in 1834 but adjourned until 1835; while the delegates conspired to remain away that no quorum could be secured; and during this interregnum the government really aborted. Again in 1841 a Legislature with full power to make a new constitution was elected; but rather it committed itself to the committee-room brass-knuckle and the legislative black-jack. It finally adjourned to meet at a later date after conferring dictatorial powers by a vote of 60 to 6 on the Most Honorable Samuel Ward King, a governor of the principate.

Suddenly Dorr with his friends displayed amazing activity and it was seen that by organization and propaganda he was intent upon sweeping the next election. The landowners' papers whined, "Frequent meetings are held at the town hall, angry and exciting speeches are delivered, badges denoting membership are worn in public, processions displaying banners accompanied by music march the streets, and every artifice is used to swell their apparent numbers and terrify their opponents. Lecturers are sent from Providence (the center of the agitation) to make addresses to the people and kindle their passions. The party avowed the establishment of a new government without the aid of the Legislature." Some of the inscriptions which these paraders wore and carried have been handed down to posterity, and a very popular one was, "Worth makes the man, but sand and gravel makes the voter." And so the kept press assailed them as "Destructives," "Anarchists," and "Levellers"; never caring that the machinisms of the powers in control had deceived, defrauded, and swindled their citizens. Nevertheless they feared the commoners, as every male in those days had firearms and knew how to use them. Rhode Island's infamy had been known far and wide; for away back in the United States Constitutional Convention, Gouverneur Morris had vigorously objected to the reading of Article IV, Section IV, of the proposed constitution. In the original draft it stated, "that a republican constitution and its existing laws be guaranteed to every state of the union." He was unwilling that "such malodorous laws as existed in Rhode Island should be guaranteed," and the outlined plan was altered. Now commenced one of the most peculiar campaigns in American history. The forces of suffrage called an election; while the government *de facto* refused to recognize the legality of the proceedings, nevertheless 7,200 votes were cast for a suffrage constitution, and neither at that time nor since has it been imputed that this majority vote was fraudulent. The smug old landholders refused to acknowledge the sovereign expression of the people's will, and passed the Algerine acts threatening any man with condign punishment who attempted to take office under the provisional government.

Dorr assumed the office of governor, called the Legislature to meet in a vacant iron foundry, proceeded to appoint his department heads, and ordered out the militia. With rival governments in existence, the state Supreme Court sought to overawe the popular party by giving a private opinion favoring the King clique. King became terribly frightened and after convening the Legislature in extraordinary session, he sent a "deputation of most esteemed and distinguished men" (Messrs. John Whipple, John Brown Francis, and Elisha R. Potter) to implore the Democratic President Tyler for armed intervention. The state was facing insurrection, he believed, and the constitution of the union guaranteed "to every state a republican form of government." Remember, they were seeking assistance from the man who with Madison and Monroe had thrown out the petition of 80,000 Virginians asking unrestricted suffrage; and remember, also, they were appealing through Secretary of State Webster, the man who with ex-President Adams and Justice Story had cast such ridicule on Levi Lincoln and his suffrage followers in Massachusetts. These "most distinguished men" acknowledged that possibly Dorr was justly elected; so the president declared "Aid will be furnished only when violence supervened and not on apprehension." Nevertheless, word came that federal troops were on the way, and Dorr hastily left the state. Tory papers were in high jubilation, spreading the libel that Dorr was an abolitionist; and they spoke about the detestable character of the revolt to glory in the prompt manner in which it had been repressed by the government. (Continued on Page 6, Col. 3)

## POEMS BY J. C. K.

### THE LAST HOUR



**A**TANGLE of briars bare  
of their fruitage,  
And waving iron weed  
dustly leaved;  
A corn field shorn of its  
emerald glory;  
The dove's cry, afar off  
low and grieved.

A meadow lark winging  
its way through the  
whiteness,  
The pungent odor of sun  
dried hay;  
The golden-rod lighting  
the entrance of  
autumn,  
And summer is watching  
the close of its day

### FRIENDS

**F**RRIENDS are those kindred souls who complete  
The magnetic circles of our lives.  
To live in strict accord with God's high laws,  
Being strong and fine and true  
In every thought and act of every day,  
Joying is our richest, purest gifts,  
And by Nature's truest course,  
Drawing hearts that beat with ours in sweet accord—  
This is to know real life, true friendship.  
He who seeks the patronage of men,  
Who fawns upon the high and spurns the low,  
Who looks to outward show and vain conceit,  
Can never know the peace born of  
The high and true relationship of souls.

### MID-SUMMER DREAMING

**N**OTHING in the world but the breeze and I,  
The wind in the meadows and a blue, blue sky.

And equi-petaled daisies for miles around,  
Anr the Spanish needle, so gorgeously gowned.

Through all, the scents of the clover bloom,  
The shimmer of sunlight, and the dove's low croon.

And a troop of fancies sweeter than myrrh,  
Enwrap my being with a thought of Her!

For She is the center of the golden day,  
Though She be miles and miles away.

And naught was so fair on land or sea.  
Till the heart of a maid was revealed to me.

### THE VANISHED BABY

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

**O** WHERE has my little one vanished—  
The baby with winsome charms?  
The one that I rocked  
While the clock tick-tocked;  
The one that just fitted my arms?

I try to believe I am happy,  
Well knowing that I am free;  
But his love I miss,  
And each precious kiss  
Can never come back to me.

The desolate years have been cruel—  
They do not return what I crave;  
And no tiny boy  
(Little "Armful o' Joy")  
Keeps me faithful and hopeful and brave.

I look o'er his playthings, remembering  
A face sweet and fair as the dawn;  
And an aching smart  
Fills my lonely heart  
For the dear little chum that's gone.

I sigh when the morning awakens,  
I weep when the twilight falls,  
For no little lad  
Makes the sad days glad,  
When love, in my hungry heart, calls.

O, say, have you seen any baby?  
If you have, you can bring him to me;  
For I'd love to keep  
Him, and rock him to sleep  
As I did in the used-to-be.

Thirty minutes of your time each  
week will make the circulation of THE  
PROGRESSIVE WOMAN grow, grow,  
grow! Get a Club of Four!



## A SATSUMA BOWL

BY HERO K. MYDERCO



OEMON kept complaining of his lack of stock for over two festivals, and finally closed the little antique store by the tall willow tree, just across the bridge of Azuma.

Neighbors gossiped of his foolishness in closing his store at the beginning of spring, when every moment could be coined into a thousand rio; but the historian of potteries and old wood carvings paid very little attention to his friends, and acted according to his inspiration.

Out of the east and the west he emerged from the cloud of flowers, and traveled afoot toward the northern Japan.

When, at last, he lost the dark horizon of Yeddo, he rested himself on the bench of a mountain tea-house.

"What an honorable delightful day, traveler!"

"On my superb travel, rendered beautiful by the picturesque road along the sea, too, honorable host."

He stopped to converse with the host of the tea-house who seemed to be much more hospitable than any merchant of Yeddo. Tea-tray, ash-tray, rice-cakes and quilts, all were brought to him upon the bench covered by a red mosen.

"Aha, delightful, delightful! no other joy surpasses the joy of travel, especially when one travels alone with very little of money, and plenty of hopes."

"Hai—are you from Yeddo?"

"Yes."

"It must be all pink now with flowers."

"Ablaze with the cherry, and I was burned out."

"Which way are you going to travel?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular—that is, wherever I can do any business."

"What business are you in?"

"I am an antiquary."

"Oh, an antiquary! But I think every citizen of Yeddo is something of an antiquary, or a poet; they are so—"

Suddenly, in the midst of the host's naive flattery, Toemon saw a large white cat eating his fish in a large bowl placed at the end of the long bench. At a glance he felt a wild thrill of discovery pass over his spine. The speculative nature of his journey was realized here before he had come scarcely ten ri from the capital of Nippon. The bowl out of which the greedy cat was eating was an old Satsuma, dated at least four hundred and fifty years ago, made by one of those old Korean immigrants. The genuine Satsuma, with its rusty gold, dexterious hand-painting, antique coloring, peculiar to the semi-civilized Koreans of the age! That would sell at least for seven hundred rio.

Toemon smiled his benign, philosophic smile, and turned his gaze upon the rustic host, who was ignorant enough to feed his cat from the priceless antique, which even the Shogun might cock his head before he fills sake in it, and saw the latter was pouring the sea-colored tea in the cup of his guest, and seemed to know nothing about the smile of Toemon.

"Ah, marvelous cat! The white cat!" At last, when the host finished pouring the tea, Toemon, the antiquary, cried with a suave exclamation, "Where did you get this cat?"

"Hai, from my brother's, sir," was the answer.

"I love white cats; they are so rare, you know."

"Yes, they are."

Toemon took the cat in his hands, and caressing her on the back, asked, "Can you sell her to me?"

The keeper of the tea-house hesitated, with a grudge characteristic of those mountaineers whose properties are their bodily members, inseparable as their souls' companions; and then he reluctantly consented to sell her for five rio.

Toemon took the cat in his arm, paid five gold pieces, fastened the string of his purse, and the bargain was ended.

"But, by the way, honorable host, I hear white cats are mostly particular about their vessels from which they are fed. So, I should be very grateful to you if you will kindly give me this old worthless bowl in which you are feeding her now."

To this the host waved his knotty hand, and replied: "No, sir, I cannot offer you that bowl of genuine Satsuma. It will cost at least seven hundred and fifty rio—and if I give it away I will lose the source of a steady income of five rio from travelers!"

Toemon, the antiquarian, bowed with as much grace as he could command, and went his way, leaving his host sitting on the bench beside which sat the lovely Satsuma bowl.

"The old sport!" said Toemon to himself. "How does it come that he has lingered so long by the mountain side? He should be with the rest of us in Yeddo!"

Order 1,000 of our 3-MINUTE LEAF-LETS and reach 1,000 people!

## IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

BY JOHN M. WORK

### CHAPTER VIII MERCILESS EXPLOITATION



THE present capitalist system of industry deprives the masses of the people of the benefits of the marvelous improvements in production, and hands those benefits over to the useless few.

This process, of course, is more emphatically forced to the attention of the people by the trusts, railroads, express and telegraph companies, than by the smaller industries.

The trusts are a perfectly natural development of modern industry. Instead of heading backward and attempting to disintegrate them we should head frontward and make them collective property.

The alleged prosecution of the trusts in recent years is just a great big bluff for the purpose of trying to fool the "dear people." I believe, however, that the people have come to the point where they can no longer be fooled in that manner. Barnum said that the people liked to be humbugged. But it is my candid opinion that there comes a time when even the delicious sensation of being humbugged becomes stale.

The trust-busters are funny people. They indulge in many quaint antics.

Do you remember that twenty-nine-million-dollar fine which was levied against the Standard Oil Trust a few years ago?

At that time the trust-busters became frantic with joy.

One of the best-known publications in America had a particularly gauzy pipe-dream. It stated in one of its editorials that the people of the United States would no longer worry about the trust problem. The trust problem had been solved!

Continued on Page 11)

## PIONEER SUFFRAGISTS:

Elizabeth Cady Stanton

BY BURKE McCARTY



LIZABETH CADY, the daughter of Judge Daniel Cady, a prominent jurist, was born in Johnstown, N. Y., in November, 1815. During her childhood she spent much of her leisure time in her father's law office, which occupied a corner of the yard in which the home was located, as was usual in those days. It was here she first learned

the inequalities of the laws in regard to women.

She took up the study of law with her father after she had graduated from a young ladies' seminary in Troy, N. Y. She often visited her cousin, Gerrit Smith, at Petersboro, N. Y., the distinguished abolitionist, and it was at the beautiful country home of the Smiths, where she came in contact with most all of the noted abolitionists and other progressive people of this country and Europe.

On one of these visits she was introduced to Henry B. Stanton, the eloquent young lawyer, journalist and abolitionist agitator. It was a case of love at first sight. The wooing was short and culminated in their marriage in May, 1840, after which they sailed for London where Mr. Stanton was a delegate to the World's Abolition Convention. She met Lucretia Mott on board the vessel and before they landed Mrs. Stanton had been won over to the Woman's Cause by the little Quakeress from Philadelphia.

On returning to America, Mr. Stanton located in Boston where he built a comfortable home in Back Bay, the exclusive residence district. Here the young bride entered upon her household duties with great enthusiasm, and in her autobiography she frankly confesses that she enjoyed everything pertaining to housekeeping, even wash day. She occasionally sent chills down the spines of her esthetic neighbors by turning in and helping her one servant get out the family wash.

While they lived in Boston Mrs. Stanton found time between her household cares and her children to entertain a host of friends, among whom were Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Hawthorn, Alcott, Wendell Phillips, Abby Kelly, Lucy Stone and others. It was after the Stantons moved to New York state that the first Women's Convention was called in 1848 by Mrs. Stanton and Lucretia Mott. At this convention the Women's Declaration of Independence was drafted by Mrs. Stanton, and the only resolution which was not unanimously adopted was that "It was the duty of the women of this country to secure to themselves their sacred right to the elective franchise." Even Lucretia Mott was opposed to the adoption of this radical demand, not because she did not believe in it, but from prudential reasons she thought it best not to include it at that time, so it was voted down. At the convention held in Cleveland in 1853, however, Mrs. Mott proposed that it be unanimously adopted "As a fitting honor to Mrs. Stanton." The motion carried.

Five years after the first convention Susan B. Anthony entered the women's cause. This was the beginning of a friendship with Mrs. Stanton which lasted fifty years, which punctures the old fallacy that the "Lords of Creation" have a corner on lasting friendships.

At one time a woman co-worker attempted to tell Mrs. Stanton some unpleasant thing about Miss Anthony, bent on making trouble, when Mrs. Stanton quickly nipped it in the

bud by saying, "Now, you couldn't tell me anything that Susan and I have not said to each other long ago." At another time she remarks in the early days, "That whenever I saw that tall stately Quaker girl coming across my lawn, I knew that some happy convocation of the sons of Adam was to be set by the ears by one of our appeals or resolutions."

In 1867 Mrs Stanton canvassed the states of Kansas and Michigan, speaking in favor of suffrage, doing tremendous good. She spent months away from her comfortable home, traveling in all kinds of weather, often going in wagon or sleigh to keep her appointments.

In 1868 she ran for Congress in the Eighth Congressional District of New York. She was supported by one lone newspaper, the New York Herald, and she won twenty-six votes, after making a most brilliant campaign.

At this time she was editing, together with Parker Pillsbury, "The Revolution," Susan B. Anthony's suffrage paper. She also with Miss Anthony wrote three large volumes of the "History of Suffrage of the World," which has been translated into many languages and graces the shelves of almost every library of any consequence in the world.

Mrs. Stanton was the mother of seven children, five sons and two daughters, all of whom are talented and worthy of the distinguished parentage from which they come. Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, president of the Suffrage Club of New York, is the daughter of Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

Mrs. Stanton was a woman of charming personality, brilliant conversational powers, a forceful, logical and eloquent speaker. She was not only the equal of brilliant men, but often their superior. Until her last illness she was always in touch, not only with what was going on in the suffrage movement of the world, but was thoroughly familiar with all current events. At her death, which occurred in New York City in 1902, her 87th year, a noted divine commented, "A lighthouse on the human coast has fallen! To the vast multitudes the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton does not mean so much a person, as a standard inscribed with great principles."

Her old friend, Susan B. Anthony, paid her this beautiful and touching tribute, "The title I claim for Mrs Stanton is leader of women. They do not enjoy one privilege today beyond those possessed by their foremothers which was not demanded by her before the present generation was born. Even at 87 she was a wonderful woman. As a speaker and writer she was unsurpassed. I am too crushed to speak, if I had died first she would have found beautiful phrases to describe our friendship, but I cannot put it into words."

Thirty minutes of your time each week will make the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN grow, grow, grow! Get a Club of Four!

## MOTHERHOOD HAS ITS RIGHTS.

To The Editor:

I have received two of your papers and of course I am with you always, but while you are claiming freedom, equality and human treatment for women, why not claim everything—namely, personal freedom for us married women, we who have been misused and abused throughout the centuries? But the time of the restitution of all things is dawning, and it means first of all, real liberty—and there cannot be real liberty anywhere if half of the population is subject to the will of the other half.

We married women have never been treated as we should have been. Every woman has the right to be mistress of her own body, and under no circumstances should she be forced

## A DAILY THOUGHT TOPIC



[Below are thirty questions, or topics for thought—one for each day in the month. The busy housewife will find these valuable, in that they will suggest a line of thought for her for the day on matters of current interest. These are offered in lieu of a woman's club, or study class. With them the shut-in housewife can acquaint herself with the progress of the world.—Editor.]

1. Does a woman help support her husband's employer?
2. Why is the soldier praised and the ex-soldier sent to the poorhouse?
3. In view of the fact that the "yellow" press is shouting about the need of preserving American interests in Mexico, why not investigate and find out just how much you and your neighbors own in Mexico?
4. Who is Alice Stone Blackwell?
5. Why are millions of dollars devoted to the interests of cattle by the government, and nothing for the preservation of childhood?
6. Why is it that a man or woman, after performing many years of useful labor, is compelled to either walk the streets in search of a job or else make application for charitable aid?
7. Do you believe in charity?
8. Which do you think is better: justice or charity?
9. What is meant by the term "proletarian"?
10. Who is Katherine Breshkovsky?
11. Who is the Russian minister at Washington?
12. How long will it take for a letter sent from your town to reach St. Petersburg in Russia?
13. How would you like to be in Siberian exile?
14. Do you think anything ought to be done to make the lives of workers safe in factories, mines, and stores?
15. Why should sex hygiene be taught to children?
16. Why does a man usually think himself superior to and better than a woman?
17. Why do many women think that it isn't woman's place to meddle in politics?
18. Why do politicians, businessmen, white slavers, and child-labor employers oppose Votes for Women?
19. What are the most important factors in the production of wealth?
20. If you had the vote, what do you think you'd do with it?
21. Why do economic conditions rudely break in upon love's young dream?
22. Why do we need standing armies and navies to preserve peace?
23. Who are Charles Edward Russell and Eugene V. Debs?
24. What is the tariff question?
25. What things are essential to long life?
26. Is Socialism right or wrong—and why?
27. How can one improve their nervous and physical forces?
28. Was the United States Constitution framed by the representatives of the people?
29. State the value of sleep.
30. Why is it that people willing to work have to ask some one for the chance to work?

to raise children against her will, for it is a fact that woman never raises any more children than she is capable of caring for—if she has her way about it; whereas, a man never cares what becomes of them, whether they are strong or not, well fed or starving, it matters not. And as we all know that a child's life depends upon its future, why should not the mother be allowed to determine, since she is the only one who cares? This is a great question, and I hope you will take it up.

Your for freedom,

MRS. S. I. JENSON.

[In the October number of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN the question raised by Mrs. Jenson will be covered by Helen Unterman in an able article entitled, "Must Woman Fight Her Own Battles?" Watch for it! Great stuff!—The Editor.]

## WHEN THE MEN WERE SUFFRAGETTES

(Continued from Page 4)

Dorr was received in New York with open arms. A national remonstrance was issued against federal intervention and among the signers appear the names of William Cullen Bryant and Samuel Tilden! Strange trick of fate—thirty-four years later Samuel Tilden himself was defrauded of the Chief Magistracy of the nation! Governor Hubbard of Connecticut and Morton of Massachusetts gave Dor public commendation and promises of unlimited aid. Bravely the provisional governor prepared to lead an army of invasion, issuing the following proclamation:

"It has become my duty to say that so soon as a soldier of the United States shall be set in motion, by whatever direction, to act against the people of this state in aid of the charter government, I shall call for that aid to oppose all such force which I am fully authorized to say will be immediately and most cheerfully tendered to the service of the people of Rhode Island from New York City and other places. The contest will then become national and our state the battleground of American freedom!

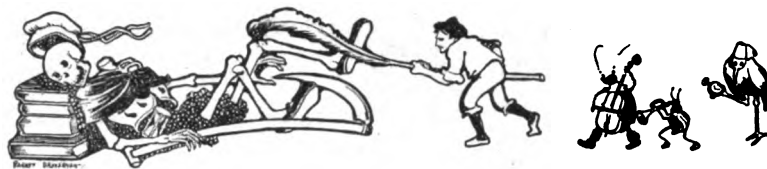
"As a Rhode Island man I regret that a constitutional question in this state cannot be adjusted among our own citizens, but as the minority have asked that the sword of the National Executive be thrown in the scale against us, it is imperative upon them to make the same appeal to their brethren of the states—an appeal which they are well assured will not be in vain. They who have been the first to ask assistance from abroad can have no reason to complain of any consequences which may ensue."

Dorr moved on Providence in a barouche drawn by four white horses and surrounded by 1,200 armed men. President Tyler did not send direct aid, fearing Congress would demand an investigation, which later proved to be the case; however, he sent secret agents into the field, supplied the charter government with arms and ammunition, and ordered Col. James Bankhead of the Second Artillery to prepare to move on Newport, and at the same time instructed General Eustis at Boston to be ready for an emergency call. During a night in early June, an attack was made on a powder arsenal at Providence, but was unsuccessful, and Dorr withdrew to a town called Chepachet, near the Connecticut boundary. Here with over a thousand men, over a thousand stands of ammunition and a great array of camp equipage, preparations were made in earnest to invade Rhode Island. Persons suspected of spying were bound, gagged, or subjected to inquisition, but Governor King, on the other hand, was not idle, and hastily reconvening the state Legislature he informed them that "About June 20 news arrived that the insurgents (Dorrites) were assembling in great force at Chepachet, taking possession of the eminence known as Acotes hill and throwing up intrenchments." Martial law was declared and the forces of invasion melted; so the military officials vented their spleen by shooting a man dead across on the Massachusetts side, and blowing up the bridge connecting the two states. The insurrecto leader escaped to Connecticut, a new constitution was forced through granting all of Dorr's basic demands, and the Legislature adjourned after offering a reward "of \$5,000 for the capture of the fugitive traitor Dorr." The governor made requisition on the state executive of Connecticut, who refused to honor the extradition papers. Governor Seward of New York, however, conspired and prepared to arrest Dorr and rush him over the line into the hands of the Rhode Island authorities. Their quarry calmly walked into his home state, was seized, tried, and convicted of treason in a part of the state which was entirely hostile to him, and before a judge who was a personal and political enemy. He was condemned to life imprisonment, at hard labor; but such was the clamor raised against the unjust sentence that one year later he was released from prison; while guns boomed to signalize the event, and Philadelphia asked him to deliver the Fourth of July address in 1845. A few years before his death a friendly Legislature restored all his civil rights.

Thus ended the most famous contest for manhood suffrage in America and the Supreme Court had the final say that, "All lawful changes in government must be made by and with the consent of the constituted authorities." John Randolph in the early years of the republic feared that the time would come "When a negro boy and a Barlow knife and a stick on which to keep tally of votes was fully equipped for statesmanship." So long as the common people held to parliamentary means they were toyed with by Whig and Democrat politicians, and only when they used militant methods were they granted their rights. England's suffragettes are following good American example and may convince John Bull that women can bear arms and wage war.

Will you make it a Club of Four?

# THINGS IN THE MAKING



By  
**BARNET  
BRAVERMAN**

## SO WOMAN ISN'T FIT FOR WAR!



HE claim is frequently put forth by the opponents of woman suffrage that woman is not fit for war.

Well, why should she be?

Isn't war synonymous with the destruction of human life? And should it be woman's function to destroy life when it is really her function

to create and care for it? War is simply murder made worthy in the eyes of fools and rascals by the brands of sham respectability and the law which is often a sham itself.

People are not as enthusiastic about war as they used to be. This accounts perhaps for the panic today among war officials who cannot get enough men to join the army and receive \$15 per month for their patriotism.

And people are slowly but surely learning the fact that **WOMAN HAS ALWAYS PAID THE COST OF WAR; THAT SHE HAS ALWAYS BORNE THE WEIGHT OF WAR; THAT HER RELATION TO WAR IS MANIFOLDLY MORE PERSONAL, INTIMATE AND INSEPARABLE THAN THAT OF ALL STATESMEN, CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY AND PURPLED KNAVES PUT TOGETHER, BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THE HISTORY OF HUMAN FLESH AND BLOOD BETTER THAN ANY MAN.**

Men have made cannons, bullets and guns. Woman has made the men killed and maimed by cannon, bullets and guns.

Every battlefield has always cost woman more blood and pain than the men who died in battle while their beneficiaries—kings, nobles, princes, Wall street millionaires and politicians—were far away beyond the reach of shot and shell.

Men have made machines in shop and mine and mill. Woman has made workers killed and injured by machines in shop and mine and mill.

National wars and industrial wars both play havoc with women. And when we behold a factory filled with the wan faces of girls and women, boys and men; when we look at those workers who have lost arms and hands and legs, and have been otherwise injured, we cannot but think the thought, "**So many mothers' daughters and sons! So many children to be sacrificed to the gods of war and the Moloch of greed! So many days and weeks and months of anguish, weariness and agony that it took to shape the bodies of these mothers' daughters and sons!**"

Then it is that the truth is brought home to us with full force, and we know that woman has born the first cost of all wars throughout the ages.

But all wars, industrial, national and civil wars, will soon cease—because woman today is using reason! **WOMAN TODAY HURLS A CHALLENGE AT THE WORLD AND DECLARES THAT SHE WILL NO LONGER HAVE HER BODY REGARDED**

AS A MERE MACHINE TO SUPPLY THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD OR TO FEED THE MILLS AND MINES OF MAMMON. IF SOCIETY WANTS MORE MEN AND WOMEN, LET IT COMMENCE TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE WHO ARE LIVING TODAY.

Men may vote like long-eared mules at the ballot-box against the interests of themselves, their wives, and children, without knowing it; the captains of industry and government may rob and despoil and betray the interests of the people; they may raise the high cost of living; they may lower wages and refuse work or the certainty of getting a living—but there is one thing they can never do, and that is to **MAKE WOMEN BREED MORE VICTIMS FOR THE GUN AND THE MACHINE.**

Struggles on the battlefield and on the industrial field are destined to cease in our time—because woman is gradually acquiring an equal share in the control and affairs of modern life. Woman's function is to preserve life as well as to create it, and she will preserve it, even if it is necessary to batter down the private ownership of the people's needs—even if it will be necessary to give "walking papers" to Wall street and dollarized government.

That is why the woman or feminist movement is the one most revolutionary of modern times—because it stands for the preservation of human life, and no custom, tradition or law can stop it from performing its mission. Women in the suffrage movement may know little about economic theories—they may know little about the tariff and other kinds of bunk—but the one big thing they do know is that **HUMAN LIFE SHOULD NEVER BE SACRIFICED TO PRESERVE THE POWERS OF POLITICIAN, KING, OR INDUSTRIAL EXPLOITER.**

## WHAT ARE REAL AMERICAN INTERESTS?

"**A** MERICAN interests must be protected in Mexico."

"The Monroe Doctrine must be enforced in Mexico."

Such were some of the headlines screaming at us in black and red from the average daily paper during the last few weeks.

Did you ever stop to figure out what kind of interests you have in Mexico?

Did you ever think of the lands and mines and railroads in Mexico—that are not yours, but the property of some American syndicate?

And did you ever realize that the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in Mexico simply means the protection of property belonging to European capitalists?

At the present moment, talk of intervention in Mexico is in the air. Huerta won't be recognized, is the edict. Intervention seems to be the watchword of those who are shouting for the protection of American interests in Mexico. But what is meant is intervention to protect the interests of American and European capitalists.

If the hearts of our statesmen and captains of industry are guzzled with the passion to protect American interests, why don't they start in at home? Why don't they do something to preserve the motherhood of the nation? Why don't they do something to insure conditions that will enable every child to become vigorous, mentally and physically?

Why don't they cut the high cost of living and give every worker the full social value of his or her labor? This is how they could protect real American interests—the kind that are embodied in flesh and blood—and not in stocks and bonds. But capitalists are not built that way, no more than they are built to crawl through the eye of a needle to enter the kingdoms of heaven.

And see here, madam! Did you ever think of the fact that no one will ever protect real American interests except the American working class?

You as a woman and mother, and your children, and your husband, are worth more than all the stocks and bonds held by Americans in Mexico.

Then, in God's name, why don't you make your congressman understand it, for a capitalist congressman isn't supposed to know such things? Why don't you communicate the fact to your senator, and why don't you cram it gently into the top-piece of your husband, if he is one of those who feels that American interests are in need of protection in Mexico?

## WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM!

**I**N Chicago, housewives have been paying midwinter prices for butter throughout the summer, in spite of the fact that more than 65,000,000 pounds are in cold storage. This is 10,346,000 pounds more than the reserves of a year ago.

Well, asks the careful housewife, why should people be paying midwinter prices for butter when there is so much of it already on hand?

And the answer comes back: "My dear lady, the people don't count. The price of butter is what counts. We don't have to worry about the people. They'll pay a high price, as they usually do for everything. Funny thing about it all is that they don't care very much. All they do is grumble, but they pay the price just the same, whether it be for butter, eggs, clothes, rent, and the vacation trips of the Moneybag family."

Now, dealers say that butter will advance this winter to the highest level ever known. Rather, they mean that it will advance to the highest altitude. But whatever they mean, the fact remains that we will have to pay a good price for butter, and we'll do nothing but grumble about it. And as long as we grumble and don't agitate to have the city or state own and control the output of milk, cheese, butter and other things, we can go on grumbling the rest of our lives.

Did some one say something about owning and controlling the output of milk, cheese, butter and other things?

Forsooth! That might be too much like Socialism. And, besides, doncherknow, if there were no butter dealers, milk dealers, and other dealers, there wouldn't be any butter, milk and other things that people need.

(P. S.—If we don't have any landlords, we won't have any land! If we don't have any clothing manufacturers, we won't have any clothing! If we don't have any baking manufacturers, we wouldn't have any bread! I tell you, we've simply got to have landlords, bosses, and butter dealers.)

**J**APAN has 38,322 woman school teachers, 493,498 female factory workers, 3,709 telephone operators and 3,000,000 girls in the public schools.



# LITTLE LESSONS IN GOVERNMENT

BY BARNET BRAVERMAN

1. How many kinds of votes are there in the United States?

Three kinds: The citizen youth who has reached the age of 21—the foreigner who has completed naturalization—and the American woman who lives in an equal suffrage state.

2. What does citizenship mean?

Participation in the affairs of government and industry.

3. By what rights can one become a citizen?

By the rights of marriage, birth, or naturalization.

4. What is the ballot?

The tool or means the voter uses to express, intelligently or unintelligently, what he may think is needed for the welfare of himself, government and others.

5. What are the qualifications for registration?

You must have lived one year in the state, 90 days in the county, and 30 days in the precinct in which you are entitled to vote.

6. Are there intelligent persons who cannot vote because industrial conditions compel them to go from town to town in search of employment?

Yes, there are several million men thus situated.

7. How is registration conducted?

Specially chosen officials pass upon the eligibility of each person presenting himself as an elector. Registration is usually conducted at the city hall, the county clerk's office, in booths, sometimes in stores and other places.

8. What are the chief points in registering?

To register every time you move—to cancel your former registration, and the fact that registration closes for a short period before election time.

9. How does a person register?

Fills out a registration blank in duplicate, and states height, occupation, present and former residence, names of parents, and former birthplace.

10. Does every child born on American soil, regardless of the nationality of parents, become a citizen?

Yes.

11. Is a child born on foreign soil, whose father is a naturalized citizen, entitled to citizenship without going through the process of naturalization?

Yes.

12. Is every foreign-born woman, married to an American, entitled to citizenship?

Yes.

13. Is citizenship worth much to a woman if she has not the chance to express it?

No.

14. Are naturalization laws today satisfactory to most married women?

No; many foreign women think they should have the right to be naturalized independently of their husbands, and American women object to losing their citizenship by marrying foreigners.

15. What are the qualifications for naturalization?

Five years' residence in the United States, \$5 in money, and the ability to read the Constitution of the United States and to write your name in English.

16. How can one become naturalized?

You must state your name, age, address, occupation, personal description, birthplace, last foreign residence, and date of arrival in the United States. Upon the payment of \$1 the applicant is given a certificate which must be at least two years old before final petition for full citizenship is filed.

17. What does this certificate entitle one to?

It entitles one to final citizen papers if the applicant has lived at least five years in this country at the time the first certificate or "First Papers" is two years old.

18. Under what department of the government are naturalization proceedings conducted?

The Bureau of Immigration and Naturalization, maintained by the Federal Department of Commerce and Labor.

19. How do citizens express their will politically?

By elections.

20. What is an election?

A deliberate act of choice—the mainstay of democracy.

21. When are elections usually held?

On the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November of each year divisible by four, we hold a presidential election. The time for state, municipal, and county elections is determined by statutes or by special needs.

22. What is the theory of democratic or popular government?

A government by the people and directly responsible to them.

23. How are officials chosen? Name them.

The president, vice-president, and United States senators are chosen indirectly. Members of the House of Representatives, governors, state legislators, and municipal officers not appointed are chosen directly.

24. What body elects the president and vice-president?

The electoral college, members of which are chosen directly by the people.

25. How many members constitute the electoral college?

As many as there are representatives and senators from each state in Congress.

26. What was the original intention of the framers of the Constitution regarding the powers of the electoral college?

That it should be used to choose at will any man they preferred to fill the executive chair without consulting the wishes of the people.

27. Has the law giving these powers to the electoral college changed?

No; but custom and public opinion have established a different method. The president is really elected at the polls, because each presidential elector is pledged to vote for his party candidate, and the choice at the electoral college has become a mere formality.

28. When is the ballot of the electoral college cast?

On the first Monday in January, and the new president is formally inaugurated on the 4th of March following.

29. How are senators elected?

They are chosen by legislators in most states. In some states like Oregon, California, etc., the people's advisory vote is taken on senatorial candidates.

30. What are the qualifications for voting?

Electors are required to vote in the precinct in which they live, and the name of each must appear on the great register. It is important that upon entering the polling place that the voter should write his name and address in a roster, and to give the name to one of the ballot clerks, who announces it to another, who in turn consults the register. The signature on the roster and the signature on the register must compare, unless physical infirmity has made it impossible for the voter to sign his or her name.

31. Can the right of a person to vote be challenged, and on what grounds?

Yes. The causes for challenge are: That the voter is not the person whose name appears upon the register. That the voter has not resided in the state one year preceding election. That he has not been a naturalized citizen of the United States for 90 days preceding election. That he has not resided in the county or precinct the required number of days. That he has voted before on the same day. That he has been convicted of embezzlement, misappropriation of public funds, or other infamous crime.

32. What is taxation?

The legal appropriation of private property for public purposes.

33. How is private property legally appropriated?

By right of eminent domain and by right of direct or indirect taxation.

34. What is the right of eminent domain?

It means that private interests are secondary to community interests and gives the commonwealth the right to take that which it decides is necessary for the common good.

35. What persons pay taxes?

All persons who own property, regardless of sex.

36. What lands and buildings are exempt from taxation?

Certain lands and buildings serving the common good, such as schools, museums, and playgrounds.

37. How are personal property and real estate taxed?

Personal property is taxed in the legal residence of the owner. Real estate is taxed in and for the welfare of the city, county, and state in which it is situated.

38. What is federal revenue?

A tax raised by the government by duties on imports and by excise on a few domestic articles.

39. What are the relations of consumers to taxed articles?

Namely, that they pay their duties as consumers of taxed articles and call it a tariff instead of taxation!

40. Does the Constitution of the United States give Congress the power to collect taxes, and why?

Yes. The Constitution gives Congress the power to lay and collect taxes, duties, excises, and imports, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States.

(Next month our Little Lessons in Government will deal with Jury Duty, the Constitution of the United States, and the Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Prohibition, and Progressive parties.)

## A BOUQUET! THANKS!

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN of Chicago, Josephine Conger-Kaneko's excellent paper, has been much improved lately. It is now equal in appearance to the highest class magazines. It is well worth the support of Socialists.—The Appeal to Reason.

## MY SPIRIT RIVAL—A STORY

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO



FOR years I have taught school. Lately I have had the honor of being elected superintendent of the Seventh ward school in the city of X Y Z.

People seldom mistake a female teacher for anything else, and any one meeting me would never dream that I had had an experience outside of school teaching worthy of mention. I have not always

taught school, neither has my name always been Miss Rebecca Jones.

Once I was married, and during the time I allowed myself to go by my husband's name.

But since he left me in such an unceremonious way and went off with another woman—or another woman's spirit, which is quite as bad—I have gone by my maiden name.

I was born and raised in a small country house, standing on the extreme edge of a very old town. My happiest days were spent in the neighboring schoolhouse, from which I graduated at the age of eighteen.

As is the case in most old towns, the people cared more for culture and learning than they did for the hurry and bustle of a money-making life. Every year our town sent a goodly delegation of young men and girls (mostly girls) to different colleges around.

When my turn came I was sent also, but was destined to spend but one year at college, as fate, or some queer interference, caused my plans to be greatly broken into, and my life to travel over lines far from anything my ideals had ever laid down. My one dream had been to educate myself for teaching. How I was ever cajoled into being married I don't know. In every community there are churches in which are to be found people of wonderful ruling capacity.

A woman of this kind dwelt near us, and was a particular friend of my mother, who was a devoted church-worker. Mrs. Fellows ruled everybody and had things about her own way, as far as the little flock with which she worshipped was concerned. Her father, a man of stern disposition, had been the pastor of our church for years. When he at last died of old age, his daughter, then a maiden lady, showed her relationship to her father by running things as she liked.

This aspiring maiden lady married a respectable old gentleman who had lost a wife a few years previously, by whom he had reared a large family of sons. The youngest of these became my husband.

David Fellows had lost one wife and an infant girl. He was as bashful and timid as is possible for a man to be. But when he set out to get married he started with the determination that most widowers possess, and after trying several girls about town—and being refused, of course—he set his eye upon me.

I had never had a sweetheart and knew little about the ways of men. This one became an object of disgust to me. He took my slights very good-naturedly, however, and proceeded with his undertaking. After some time I began to get used to him. He was a very good man, I knew. I disliked to hurt his feelings, and I allowed him more and more privileges. I even faced the world and took buggy rides with him. His step-mother talked to my mother and to me, and—well, I set the day for the wedding. (Continued on Page 10)



# HYGIENE and THE HOME

## WHERE ARE WE?

BY DR. PAULINE MYERS-HANSON



ARE of the sick from a sociological standpoint is about where the education of youth was a century ago. At that time there was no public school system. All efforts were individualistic and private. Here and there was a school connected with no other—some excellent,

some indifferent some vicious. No system or method to test the preparation of teachers, no criterions, no standards as to results. Parents judged as best they could the fitness of school or teacher. If parents were able to pay tuition and appreciative of education, then the child received some privileges of instruction. With rare exceptions the teacher's first interest in the school was that of income. It then became a question of getting and keeping pupils—without these, tuition and income stopped. The teacher as a result, pampered and toadied to the whims of pupils, otherwise the latter complained at home of a cross teacher, and parents frequently indulgent would place the child in another school. Thus, teachers soon learned to make the real advancement of the pupil secondary to their own economic advancement. Discipline was demoralized and the schools largely play places for idlers. Education under these circumstances was limited to a small percentage of the population, and for most of these was elementary and superficial in character.

Contrast with this the public schools of the middle and far West in the matter of system, order, methods and results that have been attained during less than a century of development.

This system was created upon the basis of argument that a Republican form of government being dependent upon the intelligence of its voting population, free public schools insured the education of all youth and are the cornerstone of such government. Hence the school system appears as an item of patriotism and self-preservation.

The advance or even maintenance of a nation, no matter what the type of government, in these days of manufacture and commerce, depends upon the industrial efficiency of its citizenship. Industrial life requires intelligence and endurance.

Intelligence to a larger degree than generally supposed, and endurance, depend relatively upon conditions of health. National efficiency then is marked by the ratio of health efficiency, and yet it appears that in the government there is no department of health. Regarding these matters we as a nation stand where our ancestry a century ago stood regarding educational matters. The care of the sick and afflicted is as chaotic, costly, corrupt and insufficient as was formerly the schooling of children.

Charging of doctors with fraud and doctors charging others with grafting, while many of the charges are absolutely true, does not get us anywhere. We have still the sickness, the grafter and the non-grafter, and as each emergency arises we are apt to turn to those who promise us the most aid. The liar and thief are most ready with promises, and in this

chaos of individualism the grafter flourishes, the sick and their families are the victims, the cost is enormous, while the efficiency of national greatness is diminished.

What is to be done and who is to do it? How shall sickness be lessened, the cost decreased with the latest and best information made available to all? What are the lines of advance to prevail in public health work?

## LONG LIFE

BY DR. J. H. GREER,

Author of "The Physician in the House," Etc.

THE foundation of a long and happy life must be laid at the beginning, indeed it should be based on the lines of several generations behind us, for a great deal depends on the physical and mental attributes of our ancestors. We should then understand that we can economize our vital energies, and that the length and usefulness of our years are in our own keeping. If we study into the secrets of life and are valiant and strong enough to thoroughly control our habits, our appetites and desires, if we determine to be more the master than the creature of circumstances we may govern the term of life as well as the manner of it.

It is wrong to be sick, ailing, inadequate for the activities of human existence. Much depends upon what we will to be, and on our will being in accordance with the laws of nature. Nature always resists disease, and goes about her work of healing as soon as conditions will permit. A calm, well balanced frame of mind, the needful rest, the right amount of nourishment, pure air and cleanliness will almost always insure speedy recovery if no organ of the body is seriously wasted or injured. Medicine alone does not cure. It may bring the organism into a condition wherein the healing process may proceed; it may banish the consciousness of pain which may be so intense as to interfere with the restoring work of Nature—though pain itself is an evidence of Nature's endeavors to cure—but it cannot do the work itself. The flow of life forces accomplishes that.

We must learn to live naturally if we would make the most and best of ourselves. We should eat simple food—that which a normal appetite most desires—and we should eat in moderation, never greedily or hastily. We should sleep as much as nature seems to demand and no more. We should breathe correctly, in a way which experience and observation prove are most conducive to health and strength—therefore most natural. We must labor and exercise enough each day to keep our living machinery in good order; we must keep our bodies clean; we must wear such clothing and live under such shelter as reason and experience convince us are best for our welfare. We must feel kindly toward all mankind, and we must dwell upon the most hopeful and promising aspects of our external conditions, keep cheerful and avoid all needless worry, anxiety or feelings of anger, jealousy or revenge.

Those who have lived wholesome, natural lives for a number of years, find when the emergency arises that they can endure a season of hardships better than one who has weakened his constitution either by overindulgence, or by overwork, and insufficient or unwholesome food. Such a one can face the influence of an unhealthy climate, of poor

food and unusual exertion without being appalled. His reserved strength and vitality, especially if he brings a brave demeanor and a cheerful, determined mind to bear upon the situation, will carry him through any ordinary trial. The one who habitually lives according to Nature's laws, may, if he brings a peaceful, confident mind to the occasion, safely for a time, eat bad food or none, endure cold and wet and hard work and suffer little or not at all.

True it is, that economic conditions at present do not allow men and women to live as they should. The majority of people work too hard and are forced to subsist on too little; they have no means of cultivating their mental and moral natures; they breathe poisoned air and they cannot keep their clothes and their bodies clean. But in Nature's domain there is no real lack. She furnishes food in abundance in return for a little labor, she affords fresh pure air, earth space, beauty, joy. Only by man's bad arrangements is there an apparent lack of any of these things, for never has humanity pressed too closely upon her bounteous resources. Man can restore the equilibrium of demand and supply if he will. If the minds of the people everywhere will comprehend that each and every one has the right of access to Nature's gifts, and such restoration must and shall be made—it will be done. How, this is not the time to try to tell. Thought force has accomplished all that civilization boasts of today. It can accomplish much more if directed right.

One may determine early in life to keep young in feeling, interests and sympathies, and if these resolutions are firmly adhered to, until the habit of cheerfulness is well established, others will never remember that he or she is growing old. Women have preserved their loveliness and attractiveness until past the age of eighty; and men have drawn about them the brightest minds of their day, all eager to listen to the rich and lofty sentiments of well stored minds, until the last years of a century of useful life closed upon them. These enviable characters have ever been genial, simple in their tastes and habits, sympathetic, progressive. Their minds are never allowed to ossify, nor their bodies to decay. To show what women may be throughout a long, lovely life, we have this illustration:

"Jane Clermont, who was loved by Byron and adored by Shelley, died not far from ninety years of age. Her eyes, her figure, her color and teeth remained perfect, her abundant hair, whitened by the years, only made her the lovelier, and she was charming in her manners always. Throughout her long life she invariably ate sparingly, and only simple foods, and she went out every day; above all, she always maintained a keen interest in youthful persons, and delighted in fresh and fine thoughts, whether they were expressed in books or conversation. Indeed, she was to the very last, a most fascinating companion for both the young and the mature. It never occurred to those about her that she was not as young as they. Her society was so eagerly sought that she was compelled to deny herself daily to an excess of visitors who were anxious to enjoy her brilliant conversation, infectious laughter and graceful personality. She always reserved an hour in every day for solitude and absolute repose of mind and body."

Thirty minutes of your time each week will make the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN grow, grow, grow! Get a Club of Four!

## MY SPIRIT RIVAL

(Continued from Page 8)

To be sure, I cried many times, but then everybody seemed to think it ought to be, and after Mrs. Fellows set her head on it, every avenue in life seemed to close but that one, and I walked, weeping, into it.

My wedding day in the fall of the year dawned cold and gloomy. Later on a steady rain set in, and it was the saddest day of my life. The week that followed was by no means a bright one, and every morning found me in tears.

My husband's property lay several miles from town on a lonely hillside. The place was very old and the family burying-ground was not far from the house and was overlooked by the front windows. In that my husband's first wife lay sleeping; and I used to wonder if I would not be happier there, too, for the world had grown very much drearier than I thought it ever could be, and life seemed worthless.

My husband was very kind to me, and I was ashamed to let him see the tears that came so often to my eyes. But I was so very lonely, and the dreary autumn days and the sighing, whispering winds threw a deep melancholy about me.

I worked harder than I had ever worked in my life and that kept some life in me. My husband kept no "help" and I was left alone through the mornings, but in the evenings we sat together in the old-fashioned, plainly furnished sitting-room and tried to talk; but the wind sighed and moaned about the old place and came down the great chimney like the voice of a lost soul.

At first my husband was unaffected by this dismal noise and laughed at my nervousness; but after some weeks he grew to dread the evenings, and once, when the wind was particularly shrill and dismal, he lighted a fire in the kitchen stove and we sat by it, for the wind made less noise there than it did around the chimney of the old fireplace.

My husband's increasing dread and nervousness did not lessen my own dismal feelings, and had it not been for the work I found to do I should have been half crazed.

One evening after a particularly dull and lonesome day I noticed my husband walking about in the front yard, like one in deep thought.

The wind was blowing and it caught up some fallen leaves and whirled them about him.

I was standing at the front window of the kitchen where I had been drawn for no special reason, unless it was to see the peculiar actions of my husband, for I was busy preparing our supper and my hands were covered with flour.

The leaves did not whirl about and fall as any other leaves would have done, but they resembled more a column of smoke. Thus they danced about my husband's head and body until they drew his attention. He gazed at them in dismay, which changed to a look of horror, and then to wildness.

In a moment he was tearing headlong after the leaves, which now flew before him in great disorder.

I ran hastily to the front door and opened it just in time to see my husband fall face downward upon the ground.

\* \* \*

When I reached his side, to my intense horror and surprise, I noticed for the first time that he was in the burying ground and was lying upon the mound under which his first wife was buried. I raised his head and rubbed his face and hands, which were ashen. A deep groan came from his lips and when he opened his eyes there was a look so wild and distressed in them that I closed my own with a

sickening feeling and dared not look at him again until I had gotten him safely into the house. There he sat for a few hours half dazed, and I never dared to question him about his conduct, and he carefully avoided all mention of the subject.

For some time after that we spent our evenings in the kitchen.

One day a peddler walking through the country came to our place, sold me some things, and requested a berth there for the night. He was a clean, respectable-looking man, and I was glad enough to have any kind of company in the house, so we let him stay.

That evening we sat before the old fireplace eating nuts and telling stories—or rather listening to the tales the stranger told. I was almost enjoying myself, and began to think things were going all right, when a low moan came down the chimney with a gust of wind that made the fire burn low for a moment. Soon the moaning sound grew into a wail, and the peddler ceased his story in the middle of a sentence and looked at us.

"Heavens!" he said. "Is this house haunted? That makes my blood run cold."

The wail fell into a moan again, and soon died entirely. The stranger resumed his story, but there was not much enthusiasm manifested and he soon left us for his night's rest.

I looked at my husband. He was pale and trembling. Why the noise affected him so very much I couldn't imagine, unless—could it be true that the stranger had spoken aright, and the house was haunted?

I soon noticed that my husband was going into a decline, not so much physically as mentally. He got into a way of talking when alone as if conversing with an invisible presence. When I asked him about it he would say, "Nothing—I was just thinking."

One day the sun shone warm and bright, and I was glad to see my husband feeling much better. He was almost gay in his conversation, and went about his work with unusual animation. In the evening the sky was cloudy and the wind had risen, but we sat before the fireplace in the sitting-room.

The wind moaned down the chimney and my husband put his arm around me and said: "Rebecca, you don't want me to leave you, do you?"

"No, indeed," I said. "Why do you talk like that?"

"Oh, sometimes I feel like I would go away suddenly, and never come back. It is as if another power were drawing me. But if you tried, you could have more influence over me than the other power does, and could keep me with you. But the other cares more than you. Rebecca, you do not love me."

A look of weariness came over his face, and he leaned his head back and closed his eyes.

As I looked at his face and noted the extreme sadness and loneliness in it, I resolved to be more than I ever had been to the man I had married. I had not sympathized with him, had not treated him with a great deal of tenderness or care. True, I had always been polite to him, but that did not meet the cravings of his heart. He needed more than a mere housekeeper. Afterwards I would be less selfish; I would forget myself and think of him. Perhaps, as he said, I could make him forget the other presence, by drawing him closer to me.

But it was not to be. I had made my good resolutions too late. In the middle of the night, I was startled from a deep sleep by a most uncanny noise. I heard my husband throw the bed clothing from him and jump upon the floor. He spoke to some presence in the room and then said:

"Good - by, Rebecca; good - by, good - by. Cannie wants me. Cannie loves me. You will be happy now." And he rushed from the room.

For a time I was too horrified to move. Then, with a superhuman effort, I regained my composure, dressed myself and went, or was led, to the family burying-ground.

Lying upon his dead wife's grave I found my husband's corpse. How I got it to the house and how I spent the rest of the night, which seemed an eternity to me, I do not know.

Next day I trudged four miles through the rain and mud to my mother's house. I fell exhausted at the door and knew nothing for weeks.

When my fever passed away I was a mere skeleton and my black hair was streaked with gray. The doctors say my husband died of heart disease. Perhaps he did.

Will you make it a Club of Four?

## A HUMAN DOCUMENT LETTER

(Continued from Page 3)

awake night after night with the telephone at my side and call her up every little while, fearful always that something would happen to her. I would not have permitted her to work in these places but she was so proud of her increased wage and of her "responsible position" and begged to be permitted to keep it. Later she was transferred to the Baltimore Hotel and had full charge of the bell switchboard in that hotel. She was held entirely responsible for the character of the service, and for this "responsible position" she received \$37.50 per month.

"One year ago she had to give it up because of her broken health. Before stopping work entirely she would get up and drag herself to her work, sometimes crying with pain and nervousness when she started from home. I begged her again and again not to go, but she always said, 'Oh, mamma, now that I have worked up to such a good position, I don't want to leave it, and if I am not there regularly and on time, they will take it away from me.'

"I am a widow and the struggle for a living has been a hard one. When Irene was lying on her deathbed, I owed one month's rent on my phone. The company wrote saying my bill must be paid by the 15th of the month or my 'phone would be taken out. I asked that the time be extended, explaining Irene's illness, saying that I needed the money for medicine and the 'phone to call the doctor. They demanded their pay immediately, regardless of the fact that she had spent five long years in their service.

"In a recent newspaper article the Bell Company claimed that it watches carefully over the girls, furnishing the doctor in case of illness, and were now arranging for a rest home to which to send them. Instead of offering to send her to a rest home, they never once inquired of her health nor offered the slightest assistance, not even sending a flower at the time of her death, which occurred just four months ago. A beautiful girl only twenty-two years old.

"On her deathbed I promised her to try to do something to help the telephone girls, especially those who are obliged to work in insanitary places. One of these is in the Hotel Baltimore in which my daughter worked the last two years of her life. When the Missouri Wage Commission was investigating conditions in Kansas City, I appeared before them and urged them to investigate the room in which the telephone operators are obliged to work in this hotel. If they did so, I have heard nothing of it.

"They work in a tiny room, seven feet by twelve; they barely have room to pass in front of the board to their seats. It has but one half-window which is up high and opens on a court. There is no ventilation to speak of and in winter it is worse than in summer. The toilet room for the men guests of the hotel is separated from them by only a thin partition. When a girl is ill she has no place to lie down, except on a cot in the women's toilet, which is another small room with one window opening on the court.

"It is such conditions as these and the long hours at the switchboard that are responsible for my daughter's death. With good working conditions, I should have had her with me today, and it is for the sake of hundreds of other girls struggling under similar conditions that I bring her sad story before the public.

"Until the thinking men and women of this city become aroused in defense of our girls who must earn their daily bread, the great corporations will continue to take their young lives."

PLANT THE SEED! (Special Offer)  
10 COPIES (Seeds) 6 MONTHS \$1.00!  
WATCH THE HARVEST!



## ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN: SOCIAL REBEL

SHE is a little "red rebel," is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. No "yellow streaks" and "shyster lawyers" for hers—if you take her word for it.

She began her protest against the present order of things at the age of thirteen. The writer heard her "speak" when she was sixteen, at the Harlem Socialist Club (New York). It was her second attempt, and the speech was a paper which she had prepared for her class at school, a criticism of school methods, and which was not accepted by those in authority at the school, but was very well taken at the Harlem Socialist Club.

"Gurley Flynn" was a beautiful child, and today at the age of twenty-two, after seven years of active work in the "movement," she is a beautiful woman, earnest, gifted, with a deep touch of the poetry of her people in her nature, and is a devotee to the interests of the downmost section of the working class.

In 1907, while still a pupil of the Morris High School in New York City, "Comrade" Flynn was sent by a little group of the Socialist Labor party of New York to Chicago to attend a convention of that organization. It was the first time she had been so far away from home, and it was interesting to watch the timidity of the young girl and the aggressiveness of genius struggling for first place within her. She was nervous, but she went on the platform at packed meetings and delivered her message. She attended every session of the convention, and made one speech, at least, nearly every day of the time.

Later she returned to Chicago to attend a convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, and afterward went on a speaking tour for them. During the time she met Archibald Jones and was married to him, and they are the parents of a boy about three years old. It was in the state of Washington that Elizabeth Gurley Flynn did her first great work for the "cause." In the fight for free speech in that state, in which constant arrests were taking place, she stood with those who made the fight for their rights, and, though soon to become a mother, was arrested and thrown into jail, even as were the "hobos," the "blanket-stiffs," "rough-necks" and others of the working class, upon whom those in power cast every evil epithet and shade of oprobrium.

In the recent strike of the Paterson, N. J., silk weavers, Miss Flynn toiled day and night to help the cause of the strikers, going from group to group, sometimes speaking six times

a day, rallying them to their cause, instilling in them the courage to "stand together."

In this strike she was indicted for speech inciting to riot. "My crime is this," was her reply to this indictment, "I told you to stand together till you got what you wanted. My anarchy is this: Eight hours, two looms, twelve dollars! My ulterior motive is this: Better food and better houses and better clothing for everybody."

## MARY MARGARET BARTELME: JUDGE OF COURT

THOSE mighty ones who came together several centuries ago to decide whether woman had a soul or not, would rise out of their graves today, were such a thing possible, if they heard the news that in the United States women hold such positions as judge, as state senator, as head of a bureau of sanitation, as industrial expert, inspector of amusements, as policemen. Yet such is the case.

Mary Margaret Bartelme is judge of the Court for Delinquent Girls in Chicago. She graduated from the Law School of Northwestern University in 1894, and took up general practice, specializing in probate law. In 1897 she was appointed public guardian of Cook County by Governor Tanner, which place she gave up for her present position.

The girls who appear before Miss Bartelme are treated with a dignity and sympathy which never fails to win them to her. "In nine cases out of ten," she says, "these girls are more sinned against than sinning. They are not criminal. They are, as a rule, poor, deluded creatures, too young to have an adequate conception of the tragedy upon which they have stumbled."

This wise woman judge makes it a point never to send a first offender to a correctional institution unless she seems hopelessly incorrigible. They are sent to their own homes, or work is found for them, and they are under the watchful eye of a probation officer who visits them and receives reports from them at least once a month.

Miss Bartelme believes that the appointment of women on the police force would do away to a large extent with many of the pitfalls into which girls are so easily lured today. They would chaperone all public dances. They would censor the pictures in the five-cent theaters. They would keep a watchful eye on skating rinks, ice cream parlors, and saloons that do a back-room business.

In short, women who can in a degree take the place of the mother in the home for the girl out in the world is what Miss Bartelme advocates.

## INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE: Story-Writer and Suffragist

MRS. GILLMORE, a famous writer of fiction, was born in Brazil and educated in Boston, and at Radcliffe College. Mrs. Gillmore's newest piece of work is a serial story, "Angel Island," which is running in the American Magazine.

"Angel Island" is a romance which symbolizes the whole feminist movement with a vividness impossible in the most ably written narrative of fact. For years Mrs. Gillmore has been casting about for the best form in which to embody her ideas on this subject. Many novels were planned—and cast aside. Then one day she remembered that the fable-form is the most telling way of convincing the unconvinced. Æsop in ancient times, Maeterlinck and Rostand in modern times, had all used this method with wonderful effect. The idea came to her of putting men and women on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, there to let them work out their problem in primitive conditions. "Angel Island" was the result.

Regarding the position of woman in society, Mrs. Gillmore says: "I had been studying this problem from every point of view, studying it from the wider aspect of my maturity, my college life, my experience as a writer of fiction, and from the swiftly widening scope of the problem itself. I began to see that, although men are a little to blame in regard to this condition of the subjection of women, they are not entirely, or even much to blame; that woman's position in the past has been the result of a development in the human race, and that, as Gertrude Atherton so sapiently points out, if civilization were to be destroyed, we should have to go through this process all over again—man to work outside the home fighting the destructive forces of nature, woman to stay in the home developing the family. But I also realize that now the time has come for women not to destroy the home, but to enlarge it until it covers the whole world; not to neglect the family, but to increase it until it embraces the entire human race. Many women see that—certainly all the progressive and radical women—and a few men. We have yet to convince the conservative woman, the reactionary woman, and most men."

## IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

(Continued from page 5.)

We Socialists pointed out that the Standard Oil Trust had not yet paid the fine. Also that there was no very great probability that it ever would pay it. Also that if it ever did pay it, all the trust had to do in order to get that twenty-nine million dollars back from you and me and the rest of the people of the United States was simply to put up the price of oil a little bit for a little while. And you remember that it did not pay the fine, after all, for the higher court reversed the decision.

That was one of the quaint antics of the trust-busters.

And even if you could "bust" the trusts, it would be a great disaster.

The trust-busters want to destroy the good feature of the trusts, in an alleged attempt to destroy the bad feature. The good feature of the trusts is that they systematize the industries and make it possible to produce the comforts and necessities of life with a far smaller

expenditure of human energy. The bad feature of the trusts is that they give the bulk of the benefit to a few capitalists who are on the inside of them.

Now, the trust busters want to destroy this good feature of the trusts. They want to destroy the systematizing of the industries, and go back to small business and cut-throat competition again.

But that is a reactionary and impossible method of dealing with the trust problem.

We Socialists propose to destroy the bad feature of the trusts and at the same time preserve the good feature.

We propose to do this by the collective ownership and control of the trusts.

This will preserve the good feature of the trusts, the systematizing of the industries. It will not only preserve it, but improve upon it. For we propose to still further systematize the industries, so that the comforts and necessities of life can be produced with a still smaller expenditure of human energy.

And we propose to destroy the bad feature of the trusts by taking the whole people inside the trusts, so that the trusts will be run for the benefit of all the people, instead of being run for the benefit of a few, as they are now.

This is the royal remedy for the trust evil. The people of the United States can go on fooling with trust-busting and trust-regulating as long as they please, but they will never gain anything except experience by that method. The trust problem cannot be solved in any such idiotic manner. It cannot be solved in any way except by the collective ownership and control of the trusts.

And we will treat the railroads, the express lines, the telegraph lines, and the other great industries in the same manner, making them collectively owned and controlled.

Then the benefits of the marvelous improvements in production will no longer go to the useless few, but will go to the masses of the people, who perform the necessary and useful mental and manual labor and are entitled to the benefits.

# A Little Sister of The Poor

by JOSEPHINE  
CONGER-  
KANEKO

SECOND  
INSTALL-  
MENT

III.



NE day a s  
Verona  
Oblinsky  
and her  
friend, Eva  
Poniatowski,  
were going  
home from  
work on the  
street car, a  
young man  
sat in front  
of them who  
stirred the  
ardor of  
maidenly admiration in Verona to a  
degree unusual even for her. She  
called Eva's attention to him, thus  
precipitating an animated conversa-  
tion as to his good and bad points.  
Eva found him uninteresting, and said  
so. But Verona saw in his slender  
figure, his large, deep blue eyes, his  
shapely white hands and thick brown  
hair, a degree of beauty that was little  
short of fascinating.

"He looks sickly, like a poet," Eva  
declared.

"He looks refined, like a poet and a  
musician," Verona protested.

"I think he lives on crackers," gig-  
gled Eva.

"Rather on love," said Verona, and  
they both laughed.

The young man caught snatches of  
this conversation between the girls,  
but as it was carried on in Polish he  
was not supposed to understand it.  
He sat with face unmoved, and with  
so absorbed an air, that the chatterers  
commented upon him with perfect  
freedom.

It was a disconcerting moment for  
them, then, when he got down at their  
destination. And when, with a grace-  
ful bow he removed his hat and said  
in perfect Polish to Verona, "I thank  
you for your good opinion of me,"  
they fled in great embarrassment.  
Racing all the way to Mrs. Oblinsky's  
they burst into the kitchen, and with  
hysterical explosions related their ex-  
perience to that astonished woman.

"Verona," said Mrs. Oblinsky, who  
usually addressed her daughters in  
English, "why do you then make so  
frequent mistakes? Can't you tell  
Polish people, and you are Polish?  
Shame to you." But she joined in the  
merriment in spite of her remon-  
strance.

"But I wonder who is this young  
man? He not live here, I suppose,  
but must be coming from somewhere.  
Do we have some Polish entertain-  
ments tonight, that he might be com-  
ing? Maybe he speaks in the Athen-  
eum. Do you know if he is public  
speaker?"

"Why, mother! How should we  
know? Sure, if we had known any-  
thing, we would not have made our-  
selves monkeys for him to laugh at."

"But I cannot understand who he  
may be," continued the mother  
thoughtfully, as if it were of vital im-  
portance that she should know. But  
Mrs. Oblinsky had lived for five years  
in that house, and being a woman of  
public interests, washing for her  
neighbors, and keeping roomers, she  
was supposed to know by sight, at  
least, every inhabitant of the block;  
and to her personal knowledge there  
was no one in the district who an-  
swered the description given by the  
girls of the young Pole.

"Mattie Cooney has a birthday  
party tonight, and we're goin'," an-  
nounced Verona, after the interest in  
the street car adventure had subsided  
somewhat. "Eva's goin' to wear her  
new shirt waist and it's dead swell

Glory! Wish I'd saved enough last  
week to a bought a new waist. My  
embroidery one's on the bum. I've  
got to get some glad rags pretty soon,  
and that's a cinch. Did you do my  
waist up for me, mam?"

Mrs. Oblinsky produced the waist,  
and soon Mr. Oblinsky came in,  
smelling of the barn where he worked,  
and Eva bade good-by to her friend  
and hastened to her own home where  
her new waist awaited her, to make  
ready for the party. Mr. Oblinsky  
washed his face and hands in a tin  
basin, and the little family sat down  
to supper. It was the heaviest meal  
of the day, and each member of the  
family did justice to it. Verona's light  
lunch at noon was never quite enough  
to satisfy the hunger of a grow-  
ing girl, and she usually made up for  
it at the evening meal, which con-  
sisted of meat and vegetables, and  
bread from the bakery.

That evening, much earlier than  
they would have done in a fash-  
ionable district of the city, the young  
men and women of the neighborhood  
gathered at the home of Mattie  
Cooney to celebrate her eighteenth  
birthday. They brought with them  
nuts, sweetmeats and various trifles  
of remembrance, and soon the elder  
members of the family were relegated  
to the kitchen, and the hilarities be-  
gan. There was no dancing, for there  
was no musical instrument in the  
house; but there were cards and other  
games, and a great deal of chatter.  
Verona sang the latest song, and so  
charmed half a dozen young men that  
they made for her simultaneously,  
grabbing her about the neck and  
waist, and kissing her in spite of the  
hairpulling and the slaps she gave  
them. Then other songs were intro-  
duced, and the whole company joined  
in singing, whenever a refrain or  
measure or chorus was familiar to  
them. During the course of the even-  
ing beer was brought in bottles by  
some of the young men who made  
frequent trips to the corner saloon,  
and by twelve o'clock arguments and  
disputes had arisen that threatened  
serious ending. But Eva Poniatow-  
ski, who was in tears because a  
boisterous German had called her  
"pollock" broke up the assembly by  
gathering her wraps and rushing out  
of the house. She was followed by  
her "steady" and without premedita-  
tion the whole party followed her ex-  
ample.

In a twinkling the rooms were  
cleared of their visitors.

IV.

While the party was in progress at  
Mattie Cooney's, a young man sat  
with his mother in their rooms on the  
third floor of the corner brick, three  
blocks away. They sat with the din-  
ing table between them, on which was  
laid a red cotton cloth. The mother's  
hands were clasped idly in her lap.  
The young man leaned upon the table  
with a book before him, but he did  
not read. The book contained the  
poems of his favorite author, Miesz-  
kows, many of which he knew by  
heart, and to which he always resort-  
ed in an hour of trial.

But tonight the burden was too  
heavy; even the beautiful stanzas con-  
tained no comfort for him. His  
mother was ill. She had not been  
well since his uncle, who had paid  
her way to America, had died, two  
years ago. But of late her symptoms  
had become so alarming that he con-  
sulted a doctor, who, after a diagnosis  
of her various symptoms, pronounced  
her an epileptic. And incurable. This  
did not mean an early death. It

simply meant that the spasms that  
had been growing on her gradually  
would last a lifetime, or perhaps many  
years. Sometimes they might be  
even much lighter than at others. It  
all depended upon the care she could  
have and the amount of nervous  
strain she could be exempt from. But  
she never would be entirely free from  
them.

Her nervous system had already  
undergone severe strain through long  
years of hardship in Poland, through  
her final separation from the beloved  
country, her loneliness in a strange  
land, and finally the death of the  
brother who had been their main  
support, and the consequent poverty  
against which they had struggled in  
the months that followed.

Now the youth sat with her, con-  
scious of her fate, conscious of his  
inability to alleviate her suffering,  
conscious of their poverty, and of  
their loneliness in this strange land.

For twelve years he had been in  
college in Warsaw, and his mother  
had helped to keep him there by  
teaching school where she lived. In-  
tensely patriotic, he had meant to fit  
himself for a literary career, and for  
instructing in every possible way his  
young countrymen in knowledge and  
love of the fatherland. Of that dear  
Poland that had been the pride of so  
many generations of Poles, that had  
been the flower of central Europe, and  
which now hung, despoiled and bleed-  
ing, upon a foreign cross; the victim of  
a powerful nation's inordinate greed,



HE SAT WITH FACE UNMOVED, AND WITH SO ABSORBED AN AIR, THAT  
THE CHATTERERS COMMENTED UPON HIM WITH PERFECT FREEDOM.

the helpless spoil of sensuous Russia,  
in whose rapacious maw so delicate a  
morsel had been deliciously sweet.  
He had felt, and it had come into his  
blood through generations of teach-  
ing, that Poland must be rescued, her  
various members reunited, and re-  
stored to her former prestige. That the  
day of miracles was past, he did not  
believe, and upon the ruins of that  
domain for which a Sobieska, a Kos-  
ciusko, and his own ancestor, General  
Butzou, had fought so valiantly, some  
day would rise a nation as free, as  
proud, as intrepid, as was that of his  
fathers.

This though he had gotten from his  
sire before he was five years old. Two  
years later he had seen that delicate,  
sensitive man die of a broken heart,  
caused by complications that arose  
out of ravages and insults his beloved  
country constantly endured from her  
brutal master. They brought him  
home dead one day, from his office,  
where he had fallen at his desk, mute  
and white. The mother never ceased  
to acquaint her son with the cause of  
his father's death.

There was an older son in the fam-  
ily, and when the two boys were eight  
and ten, the ambitious mother sent  
then to Warsaw, where, with the as-  
sistance of relatives, they had been  
kept in school until, with their diplo-  
mas of graduation, they were ready  
to step into the world and face the  
struggles of life for themselves.

At least this had been the thought  
they had cherished during the school  
years; and it was what their mother  
had toiled tirelessly for—that they  
might cope successfully with the best  
of the world's blood. Anton had  
grown from a slender, blue-eyed boy,  
with an inclination always toward  
literature and music, into the cultured  
and refined young man who had at-  
tracted the attention of Verona Ob-  
linsky and Eva Poniatowski on a  
Chicago street car. But he had at-  
tracted the attention of other women  
long before that. Woman of culture  
and breeding; women who carried  
secret messages against the Russian  
government. And women who were  
spies for the Russian government!  
To one of the latter he owed, in part,  
at least, his journey to America.

His brother, Constantine, was of  
stouter build, with ruddy cheeks,  
black eyes, and hair that shone like  
anthracite. Constantine had studied  
for a civil engineer. But the end of  
all their hopes had come to this; that  
Constantine was a soldier in the hated  
Russian army, and Anton was doing

menial service for the monied inter-  
ests of America.

On the evening of the Cooney party  
he sat, his book before him, his  
thoughts struggling in a maze of  
darkness. "Oh, my mother!" he cried  
over and over again in his heart. But  
he could not voice his mental agony.  
To agitate her already harassed mind  
would be a cruelty of which he was  
incapable. So he sat, outwardly calm,  
his pale face reflecting none of the in-  
ward struggle. Twice within the last  
week he had found her lying on the  
floor, when he returned from work.  
unconscious, her features drawn and



**EDITORS**  
JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO  
BARNET BRAVERMAN

The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.  
5445 Drexel Avenue, CHICAGO

Advertising Representative: C. F. WADDELL CO., HARRIS TRUST BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES**

1 year	\$0.50
6 months	.25
4 years	1.00
Clubs of four	1.00
Life subscription	5.00
Foreign subscription	.75
In Chicago, 50c per year straight.	

**BUNDLE RATES**

Single bundles, ten or more, per copy, 2 1/2c.	
10 copies 1 year	\$ 2.50
25 copies 1 year	6.00
50 copies 1 year	12.00
100 copies 1 year	24.00
1,000 copies (net)	24.00

pitiful. He had carried her gently to her bed, and after she had revived no word had been spoken of the incident; she only expressed herself as feeling unwell, and if she knew that she had gone off, she never mentioned it; and he refrained from speaking to her about it. Before that she had never had a spell oftener than once in two or three weeks, and then they had been light, passing in a moment or two. Now it was so bad that he must call an attendant for her, if she did not improve; but he recoiled at the thought of having strangers look upon his mother in her misfortune.

"Anton," spoke the mother, and the young man started guiltily. So conscious was he of his thoughts that he felt that she, too, must know them. "Anton, I am not very well." She hesitated. "I am not so well as I have been, Anton, and I have been afraid that you would worry. I have been afraid that you would neglect your work for me, or that you would—Anton! don't send anyone here to stay with me. It would break my heart if you did; I couldn't bear it. . . . You won't do it, will you? No, no, my Anton!" And she stretched her arms to him with such yearning that he went into them, and, kissing her face and hands, promised he never would allow any stranger to intrude upon the privacy of their home.

"We are a little too proud, I suppose, in our poverty and our sickness, but it is hard to have strangers look upon us now." There were traces of relief in her eyes, and Anton turned again to his poetry. But he could not read. Another problem, that of making more money, was pressing hard on his mind. The work he was doing brought him only about half enough, and he was weary and heartsick of doing it.

He was an elevator boy in a downtown department store, at six dollars a week. He, a Pole, who had been proud of his blood; he who had dreamed of marvelous achievements; he who had spent so much of his life among books, and in the contemplation of the nobler things of life. Surely there was no justice on earth, and no mercy in heaven, he thought.

To be forced all day to observe a crowding, grasping, uncouth, unkind throng of women, as they packed themselves in his car, passing up and down from one bargain sale to another; and to see men enter the elevator, hats on their heads, jostling the women, with no thought of chivalry, no gentlemanly consideration for the members of their mothers' sex; to be forced, week in and week out, to observe these people, and out of the hundreds, nay, thousands, of words spoken, to hear no word of cheer, no thought expressed that he could carry in his soul to lift him up through the weary hours; and to undergo this torture for the sake of a mere pittance that would only help him prolong it through other days—surely it were better to die, for in death is a dignity and a solemn beauty that is more becoming to the self-respecting soul than is the pitiful effort to live amidst the mad scramble of daily shoppers, and to support one's self by so living.

But his mother: always the thought of her renewed his courage, and ban-

ished the morbid sentiment from his mind.

V.

On the morning following the Cooney party, Verona Oblinsky, Eva Poniatowski and Anton Novotny met, as if by appointment, at the street corner, near Anton's "corner brick," to wait for the car. The girls greeted each other in an effusive manner, which thinly veiled their embarrassment at meeting again "the strange young man." Their conduct was such as to suggest to the casual observer that they never had seen Anton before. But he knew that they were painfully conscious of his presence, and in the generosity of his heart desired but an instant in which he could, by a smile, or a word, relieve them of any misgivings they might entertain regarding him. The moment came when the car stopped for them. No other passengers got on, and as Verona waited for Eva to step on before her, she cast one fleeting, smiling glance at Anton. Instantly his hat was off, and with a gallant "permit me," handed her onto the platform. With an embarrassed "thanks" she followed Eva to the furthest end of the car. Anton, feeling that his duty was done, sat down near the door, while the girls giggled, chattered and flushed. But he apparently forgot them at once, for none of his glances strayed their way.

Strangely enough, this proceeding was repeated for three successive mornings. One might have suspected the girls, or the young man, of planning such a meeting; but in doing so one might have been mistaken. Working people generally move by the clock, with unconscious punctuality to and from their respective places of employment. These young people must be at their posts at a given hour in the morning, and to that end they got out of bed, ate their breakfasts, and went out of the door, regularly at a given time indicated by the clock. There may have been no premeditated plans in their simultaneous arrival at the street corner morning after morning.

On this third day they sat together in the car quite comfortably, and chatted all the way down town. Anton had

Anton had been something of a bookworm in former days, but he was versatile, as capable of adaptability as a woman, and he knew women, so that he could adapt himself even to the demands of a young maiden of the chewing-gum type. There had been a time in Warsaw when he had been exclusive and saint-like, going every morning to the Cathedral to pray, and to study, with rapt interest, the beautiful artistic interior of the old building. In those days he had not known women at all. But an affaire du coeur at seventeen with a sixteen-year-old, golden-haired wife of a middle-aged army officer, in which the young woman had been the aggressor, posing as a bit of injured innocence, and calling out all the chivalry and beauty-worship of his soul, had forever cured him of his monk-like habits, and his poetic communion with saints in the midst of cathedral architecture. He discovered the real nature of her he had worshipped. Then he fled from her house and walked the streets till

early morning. When the new day, or, to him, the new night—for his soul was in a midnight darkness—was well advanced he had his belongings moved from his lodgings into new quarters, in order to avoid further communication with her who had betrayed him. From that time he read life from his new experience. Student that he was, and possessing a fair face, together with the magnetism of poetic youth, it was impossible for him to escape all the nets that were spread for him from time to time by fair women, but he entered each flirtation with open eyes, and there was no midnight darkness when he came out of it.

Poland had become his mistress, and only upon her did he lavish the adoration of his young heart. And more than once did he barely miss the long fever of Siberian exile for her sake. In the night, and secretly, he taught a class of younger students in the folk lore of their country, and together they sang the national airs. He held communication with the underground press. The officers—Russian dogs, the students called them—came to examine his apartments, but he was, as a rule, too sly for them. One night, however, he was pushed to the extremity of burning his papers while they pounded at his door, thinking him a heavy sleeper. All about him young men were being spirited away into exile, but it did not deter him from pursuing his one passion of agitation for freedom.

(To be continued.)

Order 1,000 of our 3-MINUTE LEAF-LETS and reach 1,000 people!



**Are You FAT?**  
**I WAS ONCE.**  
**I Reduced MYSELF.**

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

**SOMETHING HAD TO BE DONE**

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

**SCREAMED WITH JOY**

at the end of the first week when the scales told me I had lost ten pounds by my simple, easy, harmless, Drugless Method. It was a pleasure then to continue until I regained my normal self in size. I feel fifteen years younger. I look fifteen years younger. My Double Chin has entirely disappeared. I can walk or work now. I can climb a mountain. I am normal in size. I can weigh just what I want to weigh. I am master of my own body now. I did not starve, but ate all I wanted to. I did not take Sweat Baths. I did not Drug. I used no Electricity, or harmful exercises, but I found the Simple, Sane, Common-Sense WAY of reducing my weight and I applied it. I have tried it on others. My doctor says I am a perfect picture of health now. I am no longer ailing. I am now a happy, healthy woman. Now I am free to help others to be happy. I have written a book on the subject. If you are fat, I want you to have it. It will tell you all about my Harmless, Drugless Method. To all who send me their name and address I mail it FREE, as long as the present supply lasts. It will save you Money, Save you from Harmful Drugs, Save you from Starvation Diets, Harmful Exercises, possibly save YOUR LIFE. It is yours for the asking without a penny. Just send your name and address. A Postal Card will do, and I'll be glad to send it so that you can quickly learn how to reduce yourself and be as happy as I am. Write today, as this advertisement may not appear again in this paper.  
HATTIE BIEL, 1061 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

**Will ALFALFA Renew Life ?**

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

How far will the wonderful Alfalfa plant go in solving the mystery of life is the question scientists are now asking themselves. This marvelous plant has proven a wonder in building up tissues and nerve strength, rounding out the form, purifying the blood; stopping stomach, kidney and liver troubles and brain 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.

**CATARRH TRUTH**

Told in a Simple Way

No Apparatus, Inhalers, Salves, Lotions, Harmful Drugs, Smoke or Electricity

HEALS 24 HOURS



It is a new way. It is something absolutely different. No lotions, sprays or sickly smelling salves or creams. No atomizer or any apparatus of any kind. Nothing to smoke or inhale. No steaming or rubbing or injections. No electricity or vibration or massage. No plasters. No powder; no keeping in the house. Nothing of that kind at all. Something new and different—something delightful and healthful—Something instantly successful. You do not have to wait and linger, and pay out a lot of money. You can stop it over night and I will gladly tell you how—FREE. I am not a doctor and this is not a so-called doctor's prescription—but I am cured, and my friends are cured, and you can be cured. Your suffering will stop at once like magic.

**I Am Free—You Can Be Free**

My catarrh was filthy and loathsome. It made me ill. It dulled my mind. It undermined my health and was weakening my will. The hawking, coughing, spitting made me obnoxious to all, and my foul breath and disgusting habits made even my loved ones avoid me secretly. My delight in life was dulled and my faculties impaired. I knew that in time it would bring me to an untimely grave, because every moment of the day and night it was slowly yet surely sapping my vitality. But I found a cure, and I am ready to tell you about it FREE. Write me promptly.

**RISK JUST ONE CENT**

Send no money. Just your name and address on a postal card. Say: "Dear Sam Katz: Please tell me how you cured your catarrh and how I can cure mine." That's all you need to say. I will understand, and I will write to you with complete information, FREE, at once. Do not delay. Send postal card or write me a letter today. Don't think of turning this page until you have asked for this wonderful treatment that can do for you what it has done for me.

**SAM KATZ, Suite A115, 1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.**

Anybody will give you 25 cents to get THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN one year. Make it a Club of Four!

**THIS GIRL COINS MONEY.**

You can make lots of dollars selling pure Fruit Candy; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, write me, and I will help you start in business. I am glad to help others who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted." Therein lies the beauty of the business. The candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you can sell from your own home. I made \$12.00 the first day; so can you. Isabelle Inez, Block 276, East Liberty, Pittsburgh, Pa.

**THEY'RE PEGGING AWAY!**

**A** NNA A. MALEY, known as one of our best woman lecturers on the American platform, sends \$3.30 for subscriptions.  
Just a few lines to congratulate you on the grand worth of your magazine. I send you \$3.00 for three subs.—Mrs. Fred Kiel, Fairbanks, Alaska.  
Enclosed order is for two subs. The summer rush of farm work is slacking up a little, so I am in hopes I can get more folks interested, now that they have time to think.—Leona Hudson, Marysville, Wash.

**ISN'T THIS A FINE SPIRIT?**  
Please accept check for \$1.55 in payment for the following four subs, three posters of Woman's Awakening, and a bundle of 10 copies. A copy of The Progressive Woman was given to me by a brother Socialist, and although at present unemployed, I'll do what I can to boom it.—Chas. A. Rowe, Whiting, Ind.

W. Avery Shannon of St. Johns Park, Fla., sends 10 subs.  
J. W. Murphy of Auburn, Ind., sends a club of four.

**HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?**  
Enclosed is P. O. money order for my renewal to The Progressive Woman, three copies of the pamphlet, "Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom," and three copies of the poster "Woman's Awakening." In what better way could I invest a dollar? I'll have to be shown.—Clara F. Schneider, Creswell, Ore.  
Mrs. H. Hoffman, Erie, Pa., sends four subs.

W. L. Wheeler of Los Angeles remits for six subs. Good work!  
Jessie M. Molle of Los Angeles, Cal., sends in 11 subs. Who's next?  
A club of four from Eleanor Palme of New Bedford, Mass.  
Two clubs of four from Mary Bundy, Warren, Ohio. Keep it up!  
E. W. Floyd of Connellsville, Pa., sends a club of four.

**NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?**  
I am sending you eight subscriptions to The Progressive Woman. You will find a check for same. I have never seen a copy of The Progressive Woman, but feel that I must help my comrades in the great work they have undertaken, and therefore send you the enclosed.—Sam B. Draper, Clayton, N. Mex.  
I enclose check for \$1.55, for which please send me The Progressive Woman four years, one copy of "Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom," one copy of "White Slavery," and 100 3-Minute Leaflets. With best wishes.—Edwin F. Ludwig, Brentwood, Md.

**WHO'LL DUPLICATE THIS?**  
I enclose herewith \$3.25, for which send your paper to the following comrades.—Wm. Martilda, Hancock, Mich.  
Charles Ivana of Aberdeen, Wash., sends \$1.00 for 1 copy for six months.  
A. W. Walgren sends \$3.00 for a bundle of 17 copies, 100 3-Minute Leaflets and 10 subs! That's a pippin, isn't it?

Enclosed find 75-cent money order, for which send me a bundle of 25 copies.—John J. Waitner, North Industry, Ohio.  
Here's \$1.00 and send me 10 copies for six months.—E. H. Lacey, Galena, Ill.  
I am enclosing herewith money order for \$1.50. Please send me, just as fast as you can get them here, a bundle of 75 copies of The Progressive Woman.—Elsa Unterman, San Francisco, Cal.

Here you are—\$1.00 for a bundle of 10 for six months. Will try to do some missionary work.—Hammerstrom, Barnesboro, Pa.

Enclosed is \$1.00 for 500 leaflets of "After Suffrage—What?"  
Anton Christensen remits \$1.50 for "The Physician in the House" and The Progressive Woman for one year.

Enclosed find 60 cents for 20 more copies of The Progressive Woman, to be sent to the 20 ladies' names already sent in.—Albert Ed. Curtis, Marysville, Mont.

Enclosed is \$1.50, for which send me a bundle of copies.—Elmer F. Buse, Portland, Ore.

**GETTING AFTER THE TEACHERS.**  
I enclose money order for \$2.50 in payment of the following: One yearly sub and 20 copies of The Progressive Woman for six months. I hope to get some more subs for you some time soon. Our local has voted to send the above 20 copies each month to some of the progressive school teachers, and we are hoping they will do lots of good.—Ethel J. Shafer, Omaha, Neb.

Enclosed is \$2, for 100 copies of the August issue. Send them as soon as you can, as we want to sell them at street meetings.—Gertrude Reilly, West Hoboken, N. J.

Order 1,000 of our 3-MINUTE LEAFLETS and reach 1,000 people!

**WANTED**—A man or woman in every city to represent The Progressive Woman exclusively. We have a worth-while proposition for men and women of action. If interested, write now to THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Chicago, Ill.

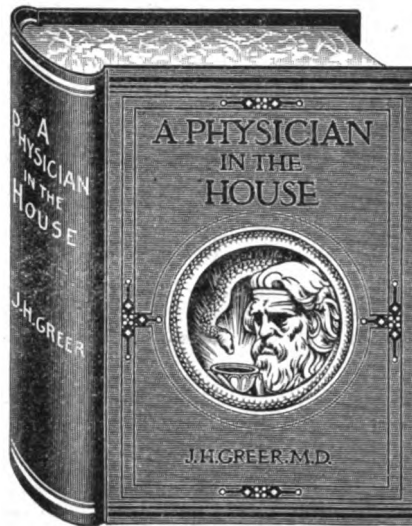
**Read Your Way to Health!**

This great, up-to-date, 838-page book and The Progressive Woman one year—\$1.50

It will save you hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills.  
It tells you how to cure yourself by simple or harmless home remedies.  
It recommends no poisonous or dangerous drugs.  
It teaches simple common sense methods in accordance with Nature's laws.  
It does not indorse dangerous experiments with the surgeon's knife.  
It is entirely free from technical rubbish.  
It teaches prevention—that it is better to know how to live and avoid disease than take any medicine as a cure.  
It opposes medical fads of all kinds and makes uncompromising war on vaccination and the use of antitoxin.  
It has hundreds of excellent recipes for the cure of the various diseases.  
It has sixteen colored plates, showing different parts of the human body.  
It has a large number of valuable illustrations.  
It teaches the value of air, sunshine and water as medicines.

**Some Points in "The Physician in the House"**

- Life and its preservation.
- How we live and grow.
- Minute structures, cells, and nourishment.
- Why we die.
- Thoughts on prolonging life.
- How we die—accidents, disease, and change of tissue.
- Average possible duration of existence.
- The atmosphere—its composition, contamination, and influences.
- The lungs — their development, proper exercise, and rules for respiration.
- Water—its characteristics and purification.
- Composition of foods we eat. Their influence upon life and health.
- How to select a proper diet: meats, fowls, fish, oysters, eggs, fruit, nuts, vegetables, cheese, milk, etc.
- Sleep—how, when, and where it should be obtained.
- Proper bed, position, and room for sleeping.



This book given away if you get eight 50-cent subscriptions or four clubs of four. It will more than pay you for the time you spend soliciting.

- Worry—its influence on health. Injury to brain cells.
- Concentration of thought.
- Influence of emotions upon blood and nerves.
- Cheerfulness—its influence upon health.
- Enjoyment a requisite for health.
- Divorce pleasure from care.
- The need of outdoor sports.
- Natural condition of the body. Its natural functions.
- Rules for proper living.
- Needless operations; how women are scientifically mutilated.
- The management of children.
- Love, the master passion. Choosing companions. Some practical truths.
- How to promote human happiness.

**Who the Author Is**

Dr. J. H. Greer was formerly professor of genito-urinary diseases in the College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill.  
He has been a prominent and active Socialist and suffragist for years and is the author of several books. "A Physician in the House," which we offer you now, embodies all the sincerity of the man who wrote it.  
**IT IS A BIG BOOK.**  
**IT IS A GREAT BOOK.**  
Why should you not have it?

**Here Is Proof**

We have received The Progressive Woman and The Physician in the House, and are so well pleased with them that we believe our neighbors cannot afford to turn down an offer of that kind provided, however, that you are still giving the two for \$1.50. Please advise us whether you will fill orders for The Physician in the House for \$1.50.—R. V. and Maude Shoemaker, R. No. 1, Ohio, Mo.

I am inclosing \$12 for eight copies of the Physician in the House to be sent with The Progressive Woman to following names. The book has proven to be valuable to me, and I am sure every reader of The Progressive Woman will have the same to say, who accepts your offer. Not only that, but he or she would get others to take the book, too.—J. Edwin Birch, Organizer Local Reading, Pa.

Prof. Wm. H. Cook, for thirty years dean of the Cincinnati Physio Medical College, writes to the author as follows: "I have examined your book, 'A Physician in the House,' and am much pleased with its contents and tone. Your book gives information needed and in language the people can readily understand. I congratulate you on not naming the use of any poison, but adhering strictly to the use of non-poisonous remedies—the one true principle that should guide all treatment of disease. Yours truly,  
"DR. W. H. COOK."

Your sample copy at hand, with advertisement of Dr. Greer's book, "A Physician in the House." I now take advantage of your liberal offer and ask you to send me the book and The Progressive Woman one year, for which \$1.50 is inclosed.

The Physician in the House is a great book all right and I am pleased with it.—Gottlieb Brunner, Ovanda, Mont.

If you want to see the Kingdom of Heaven you must be born again. . . and since I desire that change physically, and in order to get all the help to bring about that change, I herewith enclose \$1.50, for which send me The Progressive Woman for one year and The Physician in the House.—Peter Hochman, Evansville, Ill.

Extend your subscriptions one year, add \$1 and get Dr. Greer's great book.

**STOPPED HIS DRINKING**

This Wife and Mother Saved Her Husband Over Ten Years Ago

**SHE WILL GLADLY TELL YOU HOW FREE**

Write to Her Today. Send No Money. She Has Nothing To Sell

For over 20 years Jas. Anderson of Hillburn, N. Y., was a confirmed drunkard. His case was about as bad as it could be, but a little over ten years ago his devoted wife, after years of trying, finally succeeded in stopping his drinking entirely.



Write to this woman if you have a relative or friend who drinks  
Not only did she save Mr. Anderson but she stopped the drinking of her brother and several of her neighbors as well. All this she accomplished with a simple home remedy which any one can get and use. And she now desires to tell every man and woman who has a relative or friend who drinks, just what it is.

It can be given secretly if desired and every reader of this notice who is interested in curing a dear one of drinking should write to Mrs. Anderson at once. Her reply will come by return mail in a sealed envelope. She does this gladly, in hopes that others will be benefited as she was. One thing she asks however, and that is that you do not send money for she has nothing to sell. Her complete address is 29 Hill Ave., Hillburn, N. Y.

**NOTE**—This offer should be accepted at once by all who have dear ones who drink. In fact, every one who has to contend in any way with drunkenness should know about it. Therefore, if you do not write Mrs. Anderson yourself CUT THIS NOTICE OUT and mail it to a friend who could use her advice. And even though you do answer it, MAIL IT TO SOMEONE ELSE who you think would like to know what Mrs. Anderson used. In other words, let this notice reach as many as possible for Mrs. Anderson will reply to every letter, no matter how many she receives.

**THE TRUTH FROM ONE SENATOR**

**T**HE cotton manufacturers have taken the highest protection and paid pauper wages. They are compelled by statute to work humane hours and conduct their business on humane lines; and not one has voluntarily reduced the hours of labor. They seek to control the government to prevent labor legislation, escape just taxes, to control the police and inferior courts, and secure military aid for the suppression of strikes. They secure special commodity rates for their goods and other preferences from railroads. Thousands of adult operatives work for \$7 a week and live under wretched conditions. The death rate in our New England mill cities is the highest in the United States.—Senator Hollis of New Hampshire.

Let the slogan of every PROGRESSIVE WOMAN reader for this month be: "I'll Get a Club of Four!"



## The Proof's in the Reading! An Order for 1,000 Copies!

**L**AST month we told our readers what **WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO FREEDOM** is about. Of course, we felt you would take us at our word, and you have, judging by the number of orders for it. But we like to back up our words with **ACTUAL PROOF**, and here it is: **CAROLINE A. LOWE**, the well known lecturer, writes as follows:

"**WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO FREEDOM** is fine. We've been in need of just such a pamphlet—simple, concise, and yet reaching the heart of the woman problem and at the price within the reach of all. Enclosed is order for 1,000 copies, which you will please ship to me as soon as you can."

You will want your copy after reading Miss Lowe's letter. You will also want copies for your friends.

### FOR LADIES.

No more pimples or blackheads. Send 25c for a tested prescription, to R. C. Hinz, 2330 Fond du Lac Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

## Why be old at thirty? Why not be young at fifty?

Why should any woman be thin, scrawny and homely when she has it in her power to be as beautiful as her more fortunate sister? A well-known beauty reveals secrets of beautifying that every woman should know; also tells how to remove wrinkles and develop the bust to beautiful proportions, by a new discovery. Let this woman send you **FREE** everything she agrees and beautify your face and form quickly.

### Having Pimples, Blackheads, Superfluous Hair and Other Facial Blemishes and Appearing in Public is Positively Repulsive.

This clever woman, by her marvelous and simple methods, has brought about a wonderful change in her face in a night. For removing wrinkles and developing the bust her method is truly wonderfully rapid. She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a secret and pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She turned her scrawny figure into a beautiful bust and well developed form. She had thin, scrawny eyelashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen. She made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face in a single night.



You can imagine her joy when, by her own simple discovery, she removed every wrinkle from her face and developed her thin neck and form to beautiful proportions.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, but a common sense method.

It is simply astonishing the thousands of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment. It is beautifying their faces and forms after beauty doctors and other methods have failed. No woman need be unattractive any longer. She has it in her power now to be beautiful, attractive and fascinating.

Ethel Baker, of N. Y., writes: "My bust, which was flat and scrawny, is nicely developed."

E. Waibel, of N. J., writes: "I was always troubled with hair on my arms, but now they are as clear of it as the palm of my hand."

Gertrude Morrow, of Pa., writes: "Your beauty treatment causes the wrinkles to quickly disappear."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Cuningham is sending **FREE** to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to womankind, as it makes known her remarkable but simple methods of beautifying the face and figure of unattractive women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will send you, absolutely free, her various new beauty treatments, and will show our readers:

**How to remove wrinkles; How to develop the figure quickly; How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows; How to remove superfluous hair instantly; How to clear the skin of blackheads, pimples and freckles; How to remove dark circles under the eyes; How to quickly remove double chin; How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body; How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling; How to stop forever perspiration odor.**

Simply address your letter to Evelyn Cuningham, Suite B 359, 2637 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of secret information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

## Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

### IT TELLS YOU ABOUT

The paradox of woman's so-called inferiority.

The subjection of women to laws against their sex.

Woman the first slave. Ancient Hebrews held women as natural inferiors.

The literature and thought of India hostile to women.

Laws regarding women among the more modern races.

The position of woman among the barbaric races.

Position of the German woman anything but enviable.

What Napoleon thought about women.

Wife-beating in England a common offense.

Hiduous laws repealed by woman suffrage agitation.

How England rates her women. Effect of industry upon women.

The status of women in the United States.

The first daily newspaper started by a woman.

The great Woman's Rights Movement.

Men on the Anti-Slavery Association of 1840, who refused to serve on committees if women took part.

Women not supposed to speak their minds.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Anelina Grimke, the great suffrage pioneers, and what they did.

Declaration of sentiments adopted by the first Woman's Rights Convention. Superior to the American Declaration of Independence.

Suffrage states.

Why does woman seek the ballot? The ballot a weapon for democracy. Home under capitalist government.

The sweated labor of women and children.

The housewife of today. Position of the married woman. The divorce mills. The only cure. The high cost of living. White slavery. Intelligent use of the ballot. Platform planks of the different political parties.

No reason why people should suffer for necessities of life.

The trusts. The only way to control them.

The Road to Freedom. Socialism.

This pamphlet will sell by the thousands. Its strong, vibrant notes of optimism and aspiration and social justice will appeal to you and every one who reads it.

An extra edition has been printed that enables us to sell **WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO FREEDOM**, for 10 cents; three for 25 cents; 7 cents in lots of 20 or more; \$5 per 100; \$30 per 1,000.

Send us your order today.

Address  
**THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN,**  
5445 Drexel Avenue, Chicago.

## Special Introductory Offer of High-Class Tailored-to-Order

# \$20<sup>00</sup> Suits at \$12<sup>68</sup>

We want fifty thousand new customers. To help advertise and introduce our fine tailored-to-order clothing, we will let you order at our lowest wholesale prices—prices that save you one-third to one-half. They are the same prices the store-keepers must pay. In ordering of us during this great introductory offer, you save the retailer's profit entirely. This offer means, to you, the opportunity of ordering America's finest tailored-to-your order clothes at bargain prices such as have never before been heard of by the retail buyer. Instead of paying your tailor \$20.00 for your made-to-order Suits, you buy them now at \$12.68 and if you want the finest grades, we have them at \$17.00 to \$24.00 instead of \$28.00 to \$40.00.

### We Show You How to Measure Perfectly

This is the only made-to-order clothing book that shows you just how a first-class tailor measures—it is the only book that teaches you, in a few minutes, how to measure yourself or anyone as perfectly as any tailor can do it—and this book is issued by the only tailoring house which is big enough and liberal enough to say to you this: "By our simple, quick method it is next to impossible for you to make a mistake—but even if you should make a mistake in measuring—we and not you stand the loss. We even pay the express charges both ways."

### Would You Accept a Swell Suit Free Just to Advertise?

When sending our catalog and the other great offers, we will also tell you about our great Free Suit Offer—making it possible for you to get all your clothing absolutely Free of any cost whatever. This means exactly what it says—all your own clothes for nothing. Now if you want this fine, big Tailor Book, order blanks, instructions, tapeline and everything all free—just send us your name. But write us at once as this offer is good for a limited time only. Take a postal and your pen and simply say: Send Free Sample Book, Wholesale Price List, Special Suit Offer and the full proof of what your advertisement says. Address:

**The Chicago Tailors Association, Dept 640, Van Buren Street, Chicago**



**This Beautiful 20 Year Watch \$3.75**  
Elegantly engraved THIN MODEL, GOLD FINISHED double Hunting case, Jewel American lever movement, stem wind and stem set. 20 year guarantee sent with each watch. Long gold finished chain for Ladies, fob or vest chain for Gents Free. THIN MODEL

**\$3.75**  
20 Year Guarantee  
EXAMINATION FREE. Let us send it C.O.D. to your express office, after you examine it, if you think it is a bargain and equal to any \$15.00 watch, pay the express agent our Special price \$3.75. Mention Ladies', Men's or Boys' size. HUNTER WATCH CO., DEPT. 997 CHICAGO, ILL.

**SOMETHING NEW**  
CORNS and BUNIONS removed quickly, without pain or inconvenience. 25 cents, by mail. Money back if not satisfactory. THE KAMPDORE CO., Elkhart, Ind.

**THE LABORER**  
A Weekly Journal of the Working Class. Published at Dallas, Texas.  
FEATURES: Editorials by Nat L. Hardy; paragraphs by A. L. Hicks, one of the most interesting paragraphers of the day; and an excellent woman's department edited by Winnie Fouraker of the Dallas public schools.  
SUBSCRIPTION: Just 50 cents per year, and worth it!  
Now address THE LABORER, 1704 Commerce street, Dallas, Texas.

**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.  
AFTER SUFFRAGE—WHAT? by Barnett Braverman.  
THAT 50 PER CENT, by L. J. Engdahl.  
SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN, by Carl D. Thompson.

THE SOCIALIST PEACE CONGRESS, by Meta L. Stern.  
SUFFRAGISTS! WATCH OUT FOR THE WOLF, by Barnett Braverman.  
THE TEACHER'S RELATION TO THE LABOR PROBLEM, by May Wood-Simons.

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?

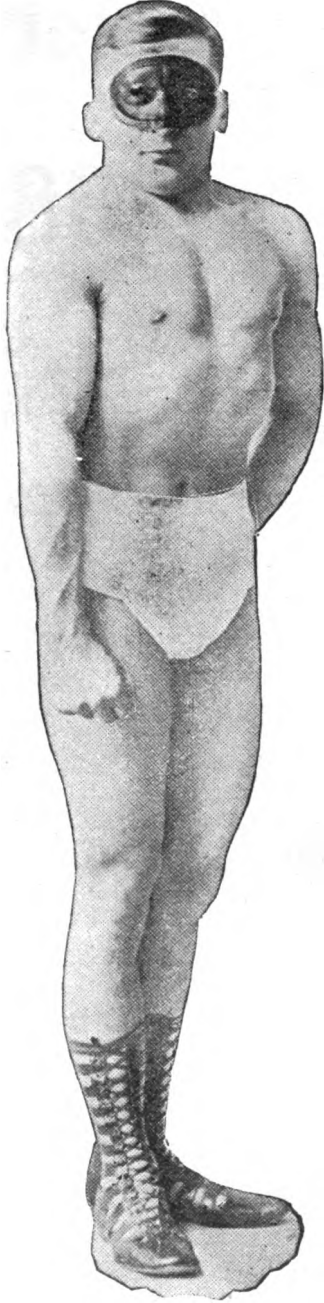
**Free Book on Drink Habit**  
Wives, mothers and men themselves are reporting by the hundreds a really effective, safe, quick acting home method of overcoming the drink habit. A very interesting book, giving important information, illustrated, will be sent in plain wrapper by the author, Edward J. Woods, 534 Sixth ave. 220C, New York, N. Y., to anyone who applies. Cut out this advertisement and show it to others who want to save somebody from ruin.—Advertisement.

**SHEET MUSIC**—Popular selections at wholesale. To introduce our proposition, we will send three big hits for 10c, postpaid. Keller, Robinson & Munk, 36 West 118th St., New York.

Fifteen high-class, assorted postcards, 10c, postpaid. Word Publishing Co., Washington, D. C.

A WOMAN HAS DISCOVERED a wonderful curative remedy for skin troubles and will send a free sample for trial. Write today. MINNIE HUDSON, Ellensburg, W. Y.

**THIN FOR YEARS**  
"GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"



**Remarkable Experience of F. Gagnon**  
Builds Up Weight Wonderfully

"I was all run down to the very bottom," writes F. Gagnon. "I had to quit work, I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds in 23 days."  
"Sargol has put 10 pounds on me in 14 days," states W. D. Roberts. "It has made me sleep well, enjoy what I ate and enabled me to work with interest and pleasure."  
"I weighed 132 pounds when I commenced taking Sargol. After taking 20 days I weighed 144 pounds. Sargol is the most wonderful preparation for flesh building I have ever seen," declares D. Martin, and J. Meier adds: "For the past twenty years I have taken medicine every day for indigestion, and got thinner every year. I took Sargol for forty days, and feel better than I have felt in twenty years. My weight has increased from 150 to 170 pounds."  
When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land, voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds, given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building, after all.  
Hadn't you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: "I'd give most anything to put on a little extra weight," but when some one suggests a way, they exclaim: "Not a chance; nothing will make me plump. I'm built to stay thin." Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true.  
Sargol has put pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh on hundreds who doubted, and in spite of their doubts. You don't have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish, and you let the scales tell the story.  
Sargol is absolutely harmless. It is a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh-producing ingredients. It prepares these fat-making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don't need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks' assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days' test will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn't it worth trying?

**50-CENT BOX FREE**

To enable any thin reader, ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test, we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won't, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c in silver or stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full size 50c package will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 695-J, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

If you want a beautiful and well-rounded figure of symmetrical proportions, if you want to gain some solid pounds of healthy "stay there" flesh, if you want to increase your weight to normal—what you should weigh—accept this Free 50c Package today.

**COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE**  
FREE COUPON  
This coupon entitles any person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10 cents is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in silver in letter today with coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return post. Address The Sargol Company, 695-J, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.