

# FREE WOMAN OF THE HAREM?

JOSEPHINE  
CONGER-  
KANEKO.



**T**

HE title of this article suggests a startling contrast—that of the free woman, intelligent, strong, unhampered by restrictions, mental or legal, in the body social, and that of the child-woman in the harem, the puppet and plaything of man, uneducated, restricted by law and tradition to the actual four walls of a home, and without rights or privileges outside of this home.

In India and Persia and China we have the harem woman. The woman

who, from infancy to old age, never escapes the dominance of some individual man. In her youth it is the father; in womanhood it is the husband; in old age it is the sons.

**NO HAREM WOMAN EVER IS FREE FROM THE LEGAL DOMINANCE OF SOME INDIVIDUAL MAN. LIKE THE CHILD THAT NEVER GROWS UP, SHE NEEDS A GUARDIAN ALL HER LIFE.**

The harem woman is not allowed to go to school. She does not appear on the streets without being swathed in veils, and with a guardian at her side.

The harem woman doesn't know, probably, what the word "government" means. Politics is Greek to her, and civic conditions might be the worst ever, without the fact reaching her in concrete terms.

The harem woman literally never bothers about affairs outside of her home, and she is not up to western standards about affairs within the home.

In short, the harem woman is frankly treated as an infant, mentally, and consequently she remains as such.

(Continued on page 3, column 3.)

*After Nov. 1, this Magazine will be known as "The Coming Nation"—better than ever!*



## THE WOMEN

BY VIRGINIA CLEAVER BACON

("The great powers will force armed intervention."  
—Press Dispatch.)



IBILANT whis-  
pers of war in  
the land!  
And then on every  
hand,  
Ye hear the croon  
Of the women's  
world-old rune  
Set to their fright-  
ened pulses'  
tune:

Maidens, young  
and fair,  
Shy-eyed, yet bold  
to dare  
At love's behest;

In each virgin breast  
Hark, the cry! "If he go to die,  
When shall the day of mating be,  
The bride-time God hath set for me?  
'Tis God's own plan must wait  
While ye wreak your hate?"

Wives who know the pride  
Of children and hearthside,  
And love with service blent;  
From the dread intent  
Of the flag and drum, see them cringe, and cry,  
"Not his, the father's, not his to die!  
Let be, let be with your greed of purse,  
Ye wreck our homes with your war's wild  
curse!"

Mothers, palsied and old,  
Whose withered breasts are cold,  
Shake with a storm of sighs,  
Drop slow tears from rheumy eyes  
And moan,  
"Would ye leave me alone?  
Would ye tear my sons from me  
To go down to your butchery?  
Not beasts are we whose young ye lead to the  
pen;  
We are the mothers of men!  
Have done, have done,  
I would keep my son!"

So, if ye harken, when through the land  
Speed whispers of war, on every hand  
Ye will hear the women croon  
Their wailing world-old rune.  
'Twere well, O masters, to listen and under-  
stand!

**WOMAN'S AWAKENING**, a beau-  
tifully decorated two-color poster-  
poem by Josephine Conger-Kaneko, is  
the clarion call of woman's demand  
for justice. Printed on fine heavy  
eggshell paper. Ready for framing.  
Just the thing to look good on your  
wall. Yours for 10 cents; three for  
25 cents. How many do you want?

**R**ECENTLY the government seized 32,-  
000 pounds of cold storage chicken and  
sixty-six bottles of imitation cham-  
pagne. Both were declared unfit for food.  
Now just think if some of the stuff got into  
your house or stomach! But remember, the  
chickens and imitation champagne would have  
been sold at a profit—at your expense. Under  
Socialism we'd all have good clean chicken  
and real champagne, and you wouldn't be  
stung on the price.

## Principles of Mental Hygiene Applied to Management of Children

BY DR. LEWELLYS F. BARKER

**O**NE fact which has become ever clearer  
as medical knowledge has advanced  
concerns the nutrition of the child.  
Faulty feeding in infancy and early childhood  
may lead to such impoverishment of the tissues  
and such stunting of growth that the ill effects  
can never be recovered from in later life. A  
considerable proportion of the intellectual and  
moral inferiorities among our people is fairly  
attributable to imperfect nutrition at this early  
age. Fortunately the public is now being so  
thoroughly educated to the importance of  
breast feeding for infants and of liberal and  
suitable diet during the early years of life, by  
family physicians on the care and feeding of  
children that it is not necessary to dwell at  
length upon the subject. Plenty of good sim-  
ple food, including milk, vegetables and fruit,  
with avoidance of condiments, coffee, tea and  
alcohol is approved by all authorities.

Many parents make the mistake of allowing  
the caprice of the child to influence its diet.  
We now know the foods that are suitable for  
children, and, knowing these, the children  
should be provided with them in suitable  
amounts and should be required to eat of  
them, largely independent of choice. The  
child that learns to eat and digest all whole-  
some foods and who is not permitted to culti-  
vate little food antipathies makes a good start  
and avoids one of the worst pitfalls of life  
with which medical men are very familiar,  
namely, a finical anxiety concerning the effects  
of various foods, all too likely to develop into  
a hypochondriacal state.

There is a greater recognition now than for-  
merly, also, of the fact that children should  
not be too tenderly brought up—that a cer-  
tain amount of judicious hardening of the body  
is desirable. While faddists and extremists in  
this direction fall into grievous errors, making  
their children go barefoot and barelegged in  
the snow and compelling the feeble, non-react-  
ing child to take plunges in ice-cold water, a  
still greater mistake is made by those who  
over-protect their children and who fail to  
accustom their bodies early to cool baths and  
to exercise in all sorts of weather.

The child who is brought up in such a way  
that he is very sensitive to slight changes in  
temperature is bound to suffer from it sooner  
or later, and everyone is familiar with those  
who grumble at the weather. If children be  
suitably dressed and are early accustomed to  
taking a cool bath in the morning and to walks  
out-of-doors every day, rain or shine and  
whether it be cold or warm, the skin and  
nervous system quickly acquire a tolerance for  
variations in temperature most desirable for  
health and for the feeling of well-being.

An out-of-door life for children also leads  
them unconsciously to exercise their muscles  
more than is possible for the child who stays  
indoors. Not only physicians but also lay-  
men from the old Greek times to the present  
have been impressed with the importance of  
bodily exercise and harmonious muscular  
development for the welfare of the mind and  
of the nervous system. If we wish our chil-  
dren to be strong, energetic and courageous,  
if we desire to insure them against the nervous  
ills which follow in the wake of debility, in-  
ertia and timidity, we must see to it that all  
the muscles of their bodies are systematically  
and regularly exercised. For this purpose the  
plays of children are very important, and the  
only child, deprived of the companionship of  
brothers and sisters, unless pains are taken to  
supply other playmates for him, is much to be  
pitied. Besides play, walking, running, row-  
ing, riding, swimming, paddling and sailing

are all desirable forms of bodily  
cities, and especially during the scho-  
systematic gymnastic exercises, calisthe-  
have to be resorted to, and where no suitable  
gymnastic exercises can be obtained, parents  
will do well to teach older children some forms  
of exercise to be taken in the early morning.

In addition to the hardening of the body, the  
education of the child should include measures  
which increase the resistance of the child  
against pain and discomforts of various sorts.  
Every child, therefore, should undergo a  
gradual process of "psychic hardening," and  
be taught to bear with equanimity the pain  
and discomfort to which everyone sooner or  
later cannot help but be exposed. What I  
have said about clothing, cold baths, walking  
in all weather and at all temperatures, play  
and exercise in the open air, has a bearing on  
this point, for a child who has formed good  
habits in these various directions will have  
learned many lessons in the steeling of his  
mind to bear pain and to ignore small dis-  
comforts.

Physicians who work among nervous cases  
realize how often the child who has been too  
much protected from pain becomes the victim  
of nervous break-down later in life. I have  
seen many a woman who could bear great  
sorrow or suffer without flinching the pain of  
childbirth who still had no tolerance for the  
little ills of life. In such cases it is the idea  
rather than the sensation from which the  
patient suffers and such abnormal ideas most  
frequently arise in those who have not learned  
in childhood to bear pain well or to adjust  
themselves without complaint to the disagree-  
able sensations and experiences which are  
essential to a normal bringing up.

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charge.

## THE VAMPIRE II.

BY BERT LEACH

(Apologies to Kipling.)

A fool there was and he cast his vote  
(Even as you and I)  
For ragged pants and a tattered coat,  
And some grub on which he didn't dote,  
He voted for G. O. P. you'll note,  
(Even as you and I)

Oh, the work we do for the favored few,  
And the miserable wage we get.  
We crack the nuts and they take the meat,  
They hand us chaff and they take the wheat,  
And to make our bondage more complete,  
We vote for this system yet.

A fool there was and he goods had none,  
(Even as you and I)  
He worked like 'ell from sun to sun,  
He got no cash so he worked for fun,  
And he voted just as his dad had done,  
(Even as you and I)

Oh, he worked like fun from sun to sun,  
And he plotted and schemed and planned,  
But he just could not make both ends meet,  
If his head kept warm then he froze his feet,  
And his kids hadn't half enough to eat,  
But he couldn't understand.

The fool was stripped to his foolish hide,  
(Even as you and I)  
They couldn't use that though they may have tried,  
And the poor old fool was kicked aside,  
And his legs lived on though his head had died,  
(Even as you and I)

It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame  
That stings like a white hot brand,  
It's the cursed foolishness of a jay  
Who'll work ten hours for two hours' pay,  
And vote for the thing on election day,  
And will not understand.

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# MUST WOMAN FIGHT HER OWN BATTLES?

BY HELEN UNTERMAN



ES, and no! It depends upon the viewpoint. If men were already far enough developed to look upon women's struggle for freedom from the evolutionary standpoint, if they could see that race—and not mere sex interest—is involved, then we could answer, No. This viewpoint would furnish to men the real clue to women's struggle, namely, freedom of development and freedom of expression of her own psychology for the benefit of the human race.

The psychology of woman is different from that of man because the function of each is different. Woman carries life, and bears life, while the function of man is merely that of fertilization. To keep in mind this biological difference is of vital importance, for it is this difference which accounts for the individualistic nature of man and the communistic nature of woman. Man's part in the production of life is transient; he has fulfilled his function as a male. But woman! Ah, there is a vital difference. If fertilization has taken root, her life is at once inseparably connected with the life of another. This creates a bond of mutuality in physical feeling of which a man has no conception. The desire to protect life, to do for it, becomes so ingrained into woman's nature that it affects her whole psychic being.

Take now such a psychology and suppress it. Give it no voice in the making of conditions which shape life, and we must acknowledge the danger that lies therein for the human race. Take, on the other hand, the individualistic nature of man—I do not speak of man's nature as being individualistic in a spirit of condemnation, but I simply wish to point out the psychic effect that the difference of function of man and woman must have upon the shaping of their characteristics—and one can readily understand why the world of today, the man-made world, is Individualism personified.

Here lies great danger in the freedom of expression of but one psychology at the expense of the other, but when the freedom of both is secured a factor of high value is gained for the whole human race. Only when combined can the beauty and strength of either be developed and the shortcoming of either be balanced. Only then will they really and truly complete one another.

But at present, with the exception of a few, men do not see so far. Woman's battle is viewed from the narrow sex standpoint, and it is the narrowness of this point of view that makes the relation of woman to man the same as that of the workingclass to the ruling class. In either case the consciousness is absent that that which looks like a sex and class question is in fact a race question. For this reason it means in either case, "Fight your own battle!" In either case the object is a struggle against intense individualism. It is this intense individualism that makes larger feeling and action of the ruling class toward the workingclass impossible. And it is this same intense individualism on the part of man that makes it necessary for woman to fight her own battle against men as a sex, although she fights together with men as a class. Intense individualism blinds class and sex alike. Neither sees, always granting the exception of a few, that what they are opposing are higher forms of development and higher forms of conscious-

ness. Lower forms do not wish to give way to higher ones. This is but natural! Whatever headway we have made we have made against opposition.

If we view the class and sex struggle from the standpoint of opposing higher forms and higher consciousness, then these two struggles are alike. But in spite of the likeness there exists also a great difference.

The ruling class does not love the working-class and vice versa, hence little or no pain is involved in the class struggle as far as the love thought is concerned. But how different it is with the sex struggle! There woman must fight that which she loves! She must struggle against father, brother, husband, nay even against the one she has nourished with her own blood. And this means pain, much pain! It is this psychic element entering into the sex struggle that marks the difference between the two great struggles. And it is this intense psychic struggle, the deep conflict, the great contradiction of loving on the one hand and fighting on the other, that breaks the heart and crushes the spirit of many a strong woman. While it takes strength to struggle against class dominance, it takes more strength, or better strength of a different kind, to fight against sex dominance. But let any woman who wearies of the struggle and of her wounds remember, at all times, that she, the Mother of the Race, must fight this battle in order to maintain her position as such, not merely in word but in fact. No woman in bondage can be a true mother!

And don't despair! The overcoming of intense individualism does not alone depend upon the struggle of women against it. Look and see and you will find a great helpmate in the highly developed and centralized industry of today. Against it intense individualism will break its power. And while we as a class and as a sex have to summon our energies to fight against the dominance of either class or sex psychology, our "big helpmate"—highly developed industry—saves our mental energy by doing his share in developing the material means by which the dominance of either psychology can be done away with.

And what does Collectivism mean? Many of us feel it but do not just know what the feeling is. Collectivism is the growth of a grand force—a loving force. Under the reign of this force the Law of Love will be understood and applied. Love and not Might will become a power. Love as a Power! Can you imagine its all-embracing influence? Everything will be transmuted! Our actuating principles will no longer be gain of profit but collective love and understanding. Race interest will transcend sex interest. We will stop the fight against each other and instead will grow with one another. Then woman's soul no longer has to bleed by being forced to fight, to desert, to destroy, when her whole nature stands for growth, protection and construction, in short for—Love.

This is our final goal! That this great loving force may come to its highest unfoldment, in order that its wonderful spirit may take hold of every human soul, we must be willing to work for it and struggle against such conditions and forms as hinder and oppose its development. We must even be willing to hurt where it becomes a necessity. Keep in mind that our battles are merely the means by which our highest aspirations may be reached. But mark, they are means without which the end cannot be accomplished!

Our ideals much be nourished that they may live and grow within us, and the means we have on hand must be used that the ideal will become a future reality. The former means strength in thought, the latter strength in action.

FREE WOMAN OR THE HAREM?  
(Continued from page 1.)

Now, the western woman, of course, is not in the same class with the harem woman. She looks upon her sister of the Orient with the greatest commiseration. In the first place, her life is, to the western woman, an immoral one. In the second place it is too dependent, too narrow, too useless. The western woman does not envy the harem woman her position either as wife, mother or social creature. On the other hand, she pities her tremendously. She is willing to devote time and money to her salvation from her deplorable state.

And yet, strange though it seems, the harem woman DOES NOT ENVY THE WESTERN WOMAN. First of all, she regards the western woman as shameless, if not actually immoral.

Does not the western woman go unveiled on the streets? Does she not talk fearlessly with men, without the blush of modesty rising to her cheeks? The harem woman would never, never, NEVER think of doing such a thing.

And this is about as far as the harem woman's reasoning about the position of her western sister can go.

But since she has started it, let us carry the comparisons along a little further—at least as far as OUR intelligence permits us, and do it from the harem woman's point of view.

Is not the western woman taught, very much as is the harem woman, that woman's place is in the home, and that man is her natural protector?

And does not the western woman, too often, when she marries, find her girlhood dream shattered; discover that she is not protected, but has to take in boarders to support herself and help support the children—and sometimes the husband? The harem woman would never, never have to do that!

And does not the western woman, when her husband dies or deserts her, have to support herself and her children, even though she has never been trained for such responsibility—having been taught that man is her natural protector, and that her place is in the home? The harem woman would NEVER have to do that. Her father or sons would take care of her to the end of her days.

And is not the western man rather brutal to his woman, permitting her to work long hours at low wages in mills and factories? The harem men would never let their women do that.

Are there not hundreds of thousands of women sold into lives of shame every year in western countries by western men? Harem women are never afraid of facing this life. Their men guard them from this, as they guard them from starvation and poorly-paid labor.

The western woman is permitted an education; but has she not fought hard for this? And are there not many schools even yet closed against her? The harem woman is frankly ignorant, and nobody treats her with less respect for it.

The western woman in some instances possesses the right of franchise. But she is not permitted to hold the best-paying political jobs. The harem woman knows absolutely nothing about politics—but at least she has never had to pay the price the western woman has had to pay in ridicule and scorn and contempt, in gaining her few political rights.

In short, the harem woman is bound, but in her bondage she is protected. The western woman is free—with a string to the freedom; is bound, with necessity ever urging her on to the Great Goal. (Continued on page 4, column 3.)

# "THE UNREST OF WOMEN" A REPLY.

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO



ANOTHER man has written a book about women.

For ages piled upon ages about all the books that have been written about women were written by men. If it were not impolite we might be moved to ask if that is why so little has been written about them up to the last decade or two.

But to ask were to hint that women have been neglected.

Anyway, women are not neglected today. So they should worry about the dead past.

Mr. Martin is the man who has written the book in question, and he calls it "The Unrest of Women." (New and startling title!)

Mr. Martin takes up first the invasion of industry by women. The tendency is a new, and bad one, he says. The home suffers. And woman really does not "make good."

Motherhood, Mr. Martin insists, is woman's real business in life. (All women who are not mothers have no business—in life!)

He says that in motherhood "woman is indispensable and unrivalled." Now it is real nice of Mr. Martin to say that!

But he means, of course, that men can't be mothers, and that women will be permitted to hold down the only job that men can't very well work at.

Mr. Martin says that motherhood is by "so much the most important calling to which women must look forward that for the general run of women all the other employments are of negligible moment in comparison with it and have to be considered on a basis of their relation to it. To that calling the great mass of women in due time find their way."

The great majority of women bear children. But they do not spend all their lives bearing, or even rearing, children. The great majority of women do a lot of things besides. They cook, scrub, wash, sew, mend, nurse—in fact they follow the business of housekeeping—on board wages.

And if cooking, scrubbing, washing—in short, housework generally, is an employment to be "considered on a basis of its relation" to motherhood than we would point Mr. Martin to statistics which show that among the shortest-lived industrial workers are the cooks and general char women for families. Any girl will prefer neat, light office work. And any prospective mother is infinitely better off running a typewriter than scrubbing floors and cooking over hot stoves.

Why does not Mr. Martin say that a woman's natural calling is housekeeping—with child-bearing an incidental part of it?

Mr. Martin would not dare to say this because it would refute his argument that woman's calling is child-bearing. It would prove that woman is a part of the world's industrial body, just as man is a part of that body. It would prove that the world has depended age upon age, upon the labor of woman—just as it is depending upon her labor today.

Mr. Martin holds that woman should not break her way into man's kingdom and demand equal rights. "The better way," he says, "is to make the woman's own kingdom habitable again, and to get all the modern improvements into it, and win her back to live in it and rule it, or at least check her exodus."

Mr. Martin possesses the harem mind. But he lives in the wrong country. We can't "get all the modern improvements" into the home again. The modern laundry would not fit into the average city flat. The bakeries, turning out thousands of loaves of bread a day, would somewhat inconvenience the inhabitants of a home. The factory must stay where it is.

In short, woman must remain in the home with idle hands, under a perfected industrial system, or she must follow the industries into their new habitations.

Mr. Martin is right when he says that the woman problem is a part, and especially a symptom, of our political system. Not until we are politically sane, not until all the factors of our body social are considered politically, will woman come into her own.

"But it (the political problem) has got to be worked out by the ablest political minds our country can produce," says Mr. Martin, "and the ablest and least distracted minds for such matters are still the minds of the ablest men."

Nothing but prejudice could father such a state-

ment as the above, in view of the existing facts proving woman's fitness for coping with important social problems. The records of the federated women's clubs are wonderful testimony to their fitness! Today the Juvenile Court is a proud feature of masculine government throughout the nation. It came into existence through the insistent work of the Cook County (Ill.) Federation of Women's Clubs. The women are responsible for the small park and playground movement; the Chicago women introduced a forestry department, which is now a branch of the city government. They organized the Industrial School for Girls; they started the kindergarten, which is now a legitimate part of the public school system. They have done, without the ballot, scores of things which amply prove their ability to wield that instrument to the advantage of the whole social body.

Suffrage for women in California has had a brief time in which to be tested. The passing of the following laws is a fair result:

An act providing for the abatement of houses of prostitution. An equal guardianship act, making father and mother equal parents of their children. The bastardy act, requiring fathers to support their illegitimate children. The minimum wage act. An act regulating the employment of children, providing that no minor under eighteen years of age shall be employed more than eight hours a day, and that children under twelve shall not work for wages. An act defining the crime of rape, and raising the age of consent to eighteen years. An act establishing a state training school for delinquent girls. An act providing for the establishment of a civic center in every public school in the state. An act providing for the payment of pensions to public school teachers; another providing for the state registration of nurses; another providing for the public support of kindergartens, and another establishing a standard of weights and measures.

Most of this, we observe, is legislation dealing with the intimate moral and social life of the people. The kind of legislation most vital to our general welfare. None of it shows grants and favors to corporations. None of it is bought or corrupt legislation, which proves that women's minds are not "distracted" from their duties as citizens through their subservience as politicians.

"Women and the home" means woman and the whole world, in modern interpretation, Mr. Martin. It doesn't mean woman and the harem. Abraham Lincoln gave us the foreword when he said: "I go for all sharing the privileges of government who assist in bearing its burdens, by no means excluding women."

## SOME VERSES

BY J. C. K.

OCTOBER.

THE world is very fair,  
Even the heart of Nature hath a glory to subdue;  
Her sweet face crimsons like a conscious maiden  
Who would hide her joy from you.

She dons holiday attire,  
The woods are in yellow, bronze and scarlet  
gowned.  
The goldenrod and aster by the dusty roads  
Like sentinels gay, abound.

Harmony is consummate.  
All consciousness of selfish aim is lost.  
The old world sheds her glory over all,  
Nor stops to count the cost.

And I dreamed of this,  
Oft in the steel-blue evenings 'neath the stars and dew,  
Until October led you in upon my dreams,—  
And made them true.

## COWARDICE.

OF ALL the cowards which ignorance  
And bigotry have wrought,  
Most despicable is he who dares  
Not speak his honest thought.

## TRY IT.

DID you ever try to smile, when you were sad?  
It makes the burden lighter.  
Did you ever try to sing when you felt bad?  
It makes the sun shine brighter.

A little smile's a lure for all the joy of life—  
A little smile, and just a little song,  
And lo, the banishment of woe and strife,  
And Fate's "glad hand" the whole day long.

FREE WOMAN OR THE HAREM?  
(Continued from page 3.)

The western man is at a loss to know what to think of the western woman, or what to do with her. "Her place is in the home, her vocation motherhood," he too often believes, and tenaciously clings to the notion of keeping her in her place and at her vocation.

But Fate, relentless fate, in the garb of necessity, is forcing the woman out of the home; is making her in many instances the bread-winner; is taking the protectorate of man away from him.

The western man could assist a great deal if he would work in harmony with Fate, and help the woman to the place she must ultimately win—that of the Free woman, the intelligent, fearless, independent human being. He could help, if he would permit his ideas regarding woman to develop with the development of all other things. IF HE COULD PUT ASIDE HIS HAREM IDEA OF HER, AND AT ONCE DO HIS PART IN MAKING HER HIS SOCIAL, POLITICAL, INDUSTRIAL AND MENTAL EQUAL.

The harem man is squarer with his woman than is the western man with the harem idea. He frankly says, "The woman is the weaker vessel, and it is our duty to take care of her, and to provide for her from birth till death, and we are doing it."

The western man says, "The woman is the weaker vessel, and she should keep within her sphere and under our control; of course, we can't take care of her—conditions are such that we can't possibly support her in many instances; she has got to go out and work for herself—yet—yet—she REALLY SHOULD LET US CONTINUE TO BE THE BOSS. AND WE ARE DOING OUR LEVEL BEST TO HOLD HER DOWN AND STAY ON THE JOB THAT TRADITION HAS ASSIGNED TO US."

The harem woman is a plump, dark-eyed, indolent child, contented within her four walls, with her soft cushions, her little dinners, her sweetmeats, her brilliantly-dyed dresses, her babies. She never worries about "where the next meal is to come from." Her father, her husband, her sons, are her "meal ticket," and eastern sentiment does not permit them to shirk their responsibilities toward her.

The western woman has not reached the pinnacle of equality with the sterner sex outside the home, nor is she secure within her home. At present, and for some time, she has been a-dangle between the insecurity of the home and the lack of full citizenship, of full industrial rights, of full economic freedom.

Just how long the painful situation will last for the western woman no man knows. The time that we shall have the free woman with us depends upon two things—industrial development, and an awakened social consciousness regarding woman's place in the scheme of things.

Meanwhile, let us not blame the harem woman if she does not envy us our present social position!

THE 7,000 physicians who attended the International Medical Congress in London last month have decided to fight sexual diseases all over the world. During a debate on this question many foreign authorities and English physicians advocated state control. One surgeon said persons should be punished for concealing these diseases. Others declared that compulsion would lead to concealment. The convention decided to advocate a wider spread of knowledge regarding personal hygiene, and to ask governments to have a system of confidential notification, and to create systematic provision for the treatment of cases not otherwise provided for.



## LITTLE LESSONS IN GOVERNMENT

BY BARNET BRAVERMAN

(Continued from Last Month)

### The Jury.

#### 41. What is a jury?

A jury, in law, is a body of qualified persons, selected in the manner prescribed by law, impaneled and sworn to inquire into and try any matter of fact, and to declare the truth on the evidence presented to them in the case.

#### 42. How many kinds of legal juries are there, and what are they?

Four: A grand jury, a petit or petty jury, a special jury, and a jury of matrons.

#### 43. State the functions of each of the four juries.

A grand jury is called to investigate complaints of criminal offenses, and if cause be found, to find true bills against the accused. A petit or petty jury consists usually of twelve persons selected in court to try issues of fact. A special jury is a jury of a certain class, trade, or business, called to determine a question relative to occupation or profession. A jury of matrons consists of women chosen to determine whether a woman is pregnant or not.

#### 44. How many people compose a grand jury?

In the United States, grand juries vary in number of members, but there are never more than twenty-three, and in all states twelve must agree on a verdict.

#### 45. What are the qualifications for becoming a juror?

One must be 21 years of age, a resident of the state for one year, of the county three months, and have the name on the last assessment roll of the county, or city and county.

#### 46. Where do women serve on juries?

In the suffrage states where women vote. In some of these states their acceptance as jurors depends very much upon the opinion of the judge presiding in the case. It may be added that recently the attorney-general of California held that women are ineligible for jury duty in that state.

### Legislation

#### 47. What are the three branches of government? Legislative, judicial, and executive.

#### 48. Why do we have legislative departments in our local, state and national governments?

For the purpose of expressing our desires in the form of law.

#### 49. What departments of legislation have we in the national government?

The Senate and the House of Representatives. The Senate is known as the upper house and the House of Representatives is known as the lower house of Congress.

#### 50. How are senators chosen?

By legislators in the state Legislature of each state—and not by the people! Two senators represent each state in Congress. To be eligible, one must be 30 years of age and have been for nine years a citizen of the United States, and a resident of the state represented.

#### 51. For how long is a senator elected, and what is the yearly salary?

Senators are elected for a six-year term, and their salary is \$7,500 per year.

#### 52. How are representatives chosen?

By the people at the polls, although candidates on the Republican, Democratic and Progressive party tickets are as a rule selected by some individual political leader or powerful commercial interests controlling either the leader, candidate, or both. Representatives are allotted to the states according to the population, in the proportion of one to every thirty thousand people. States having less than 30,000 have at least one representative.

#### 53. What are the legal qualifications for representative?

Age must be 25 years; citizenship seven years or more. (Note: Salary for a representative is the same as paid a senator.)

#### 54. When does Congress assemble? What does it proceed to do?

On the second Monday in December of each year. After receiving from the president his annual message regarding the affairs of the nation, and recommending such legislation as he favors, Congress proceeds to the business of law-making.

#### 55. Who are the presiding officers of the Senate and the House of Representatives?

The presiding officer of the Senate is the vice-president of the United States. The House of Representatives elects its own presiding officer. It may also be added that each house makes its own

rules, passes upon the qualifications of its members, punishes them, if necessary, for disorderly conduct, and can, by a two-thirds vote, expel a member. Neither house may, without the consent of the other, adjourn for more than three days during the congressional session.

#### 57. What are the functions of the lower and upper houses?

The lower house originates bills providing for the collection and expenditure of money. It also has the right of impeachment, but the trial of impeachment and the approval of appointments of Supreme Court judges and ambassadors are duties of the Senate. Otherwise, any kind of bills can be presented by any member of either house. Also, bills are referred to committees, argued on the floor, and finally passed by a majority of both houses to become law. A two-thirds vote is required to pass a bill over the president's veto.

(Next month we will have our Little Lessons in Government deal with the duties of the President, and the Departments of State, War, Treasury, Postoffice, Navy, Interior, Justice, Agriculture, and Commerce and Labor. Before dealing with the United States Constitution and showing its existing flaws, as we announced last month, we thought you might be more interested in reading about Jury and Legislative functions.—Ed.)

## Announcement



### THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN TO CHANGE ITS NAME.

**B**EGINNING with the November issue, The Progressive Woman will be known as The Coming Nation.

Seven years ago, when The Progressive Woman (then The Socialist Woman) was started, there was hardly any woman's movement, only four states had suffrage for women, and none of the big magazines and newspapers gave space to the problems which were of special concern to radical women. We felt that if we reached the woman with our propaganda we must do it through a woman's paper. We said at the time that separate papers for women were merely an expediency, and the time would come when they would pass away. And when that time came we would abolish The Progressive Woman, or convert it into a magazine of general social interest to men and women.

We believe the time has come when the separate magazine of progressive appeal is growing superfluous. The problems of men and women are fast being recognized as identical. Great strides are being made toward an equalization of the sexes in the social world. It is useless longer to attempt to draw a line in the intellectual world. **THIS IS OUR REASON FOR CHANGING THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN INTO A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL APPEAL TO BOTH MEN AND WOMEN.**

We are taking the name **THE COMING NATION** because no other name suits our purposes better. The coming nation should be a nation of human beings equal in opportunities and sharing all the blessings of government equally. There should be no discrimination because of sex, and there should be no upper and lower classes. There should be only **THE HUMAN RACE**, strong, splendid, intellectual to the highest degree of an advanced civilization.

This is the end we will work for in The Coming Nation.

We are also taking this name because it is known and loved by thousands of Socialists and radicals, who will be glad to see it revived again.

The Coming Nation will have a strong list of special writers—Socialists who are editorial writers on big daily newspapers, and others whose names are well known in the literature of our movement. First-class artists will help embellish our pages with their contributions, and altogether we hope to give The Coming Nation readers a high-class, alive, intelligent and interesting propaganda and educational magazine.

The price of The Coming Nation will be in the reach of all. It will be 50 cents a year.

Bundle rates will be 2½ cents a copy. A fine list of premiums will be given for subscriptions. Send your subscription today and get the first number of the new Coming Nation and a list of premiums offered.

## MORNING

BY BERT LEACH



E workers, rise, ye must be free;  
Shall the lion slave to the  
jackal be?

Nay, rise, and strike for liberty,  
Arise, arise, arise.

Ho, slavery's night was long and  
cold,

But lo, the clouds are backward  
rolled,

And streaks of red and flecks of gold  
Illume the eastern sky.

Too long we've slept; a midnight band  
Of knaves have bound us foot and hand;  
But we must rend our bonds and stand

In militant array.

Then rouse, ye dreamers, dream no more—  
The night of slavery is o'er;

Rise, greet the dawn that goes before  
The grand and glorious day.

We'll rise and march with steady tread,  
The crimson banner at our head;  
From pole to pole the word shall spread—  
"The workers are in arms."

Let any stay our march who dare,  
With sword or cannon, law or prayer,  
Defeat and flight he'll surely share  
Who heeds not our alarms.

And when at last the fight is done,  
Yea, when at last our cause is won,  
And when at last the circling sun  
Not more a slave shall see,  
Then peace shall reign; then man and man  
Shall grip each other by the hand,  
And all humanity shall stand  
Clad—housed—fed—happy—free!

Have you ordered any of our 3-Minute Propaganda Leaflets—the liveliest, neatest, vigorous leaflets ever published for the propagation of fair play and justice for the oppressed masses? Better get some.



Of course, you won't miss your turkey on Thanksgiving Day, and you'll smack your lips after swallowing your cranberry sauce—that is, if you don't miss your turkey and the sauce. Perhaps you'll follow Oily John D. Skinnemfeller's advice, and be thrifty by buying a spring chicken, hard as nails. But whatever you do, you won't miss

The  
Thanksgiving  
Number



of  
"The Coming Nation"

next month. This number will help you laugh capitalism and special privilege off the earth. At the same time it will show you the kind of turkey the capitalist likes to pluck!

Better place your bundle orders (at 2½ cents per copy) now—and AVOID THE RUSH. Address The Coming Nation, 5445 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

# HYGIENE and THE HOME

EDITORIAL NOTE—Dr. Elizabeth Shapleigh, whose contributions on hygiene have been appearing in *The Progressive Woman*, has written a series of articles on the ill effects of capitalist industry upon the mind, health, and efficiency of the worker. This series will appear in *The Coming Nation* next month. While investigating sanitary conditions in the mills at Lawrence, Mass., during the big textile strike, Miss Shapleigh was persecuted by police officials and detectives.

## THE EFFECT OF CERTAIN DRINKS.

By Dr. Elizabeth Shapleigh, M.D.

**C**OFFEE is not a food. The feeling of satisfaction which follows a drink of coffee is due to its stimulating effect. Coffee is one of the most powerful heart-stimulants known. It is now used in hospitals where formerly brandy or other alcoholic stimulants were given. A cup or two of strong coffee will excite the heart-action, quicken brain-action, making thinking more clear, and the emotions more vivid. However pleasant this may seem for a time, nevertheless later a reaction sets in and the bodily functions grow sluggish and the sensibilities dulled. There is a tendency among habitual drinkers to establish the coffee habit. We often hear the remark, "I have a headache today because I did not have a cup of coffee this morning." The headache is due to the reaction following a former stimulation. It is wrong to brace one's self up on coffee in order to do a certain amount of work, for a person "pays for it" later.

Neither does tea contain any food-element. It does, however, contain tannin. Tannin is the chemical which is used to tan leather. Prolonged tea-drinking has a weak tanning effect, and tends to harden the lining of the stomach, causing indigestion. Much of the chronic indigestion with eruption of gas and uneasy feeling in the stomach is from this cause. Moreover, tea causes a sluggish action of the bowels. Many women keep the teapot always at hand, and frequently take a drink while about their work. The working-class, as a rule, drink freely of tea. This habit is not beneficial, but rather is harmful.

Cocoa has a stimulating effect like coffee, only not so powerful. However harmless a cup of cocoa may seem, yet if a cup or two is taken at each meal for a week or more, stimulation of the heart and brain occur, followed later by a sluggish reaction.

Drug stores furnish a variety of drinks of varying food-value. It is needless to more than mention such drinks as milk, egg-shake, chocolate-

shake, etc., all of which are both refreshing and nourishing. Moreover, fruit drinks, such as lemonade, orangeade, grape-juice, unfermented apple-juice, and mingled juices of certain fruits and vegetables also contain food elements, and as well are pleasant to the taste.

The light drinks include ales, beers, moxie, etc. These and all fermented fruit-juices contain more or less alcohol. Light drinks are often considered harmless. Alcohol even in small quantities has an injurious effect on the membrane lining the digestive tract. It is readily absorbed into the blood and injures the blood-corpuses. It also harms the nervous system. It is not necessary for a man to become intoxicated in order to develop "a drunkard's heart." A regular moderate use of beer will cause that diseased condition to develop.

To remain in good health one should drink from two to three quarts of water daily. Patients have said, "But doctor, I don't like water." It should be drunk regardless of desire. Others have said, "Water makes my stomach feel bad." Pure water of moderate temperature, never injures the stomach or causes indigestion. If the water causes a feeling of uneasiness it is due to decomposing food which is in the stomach. The water simply rinses it out and causes any gas which may be there to rise. In cases of chronic indigestion, three or four glasses of water should be drunk about an hour before each meal, that is, when the stomach is empty. This cleanses the stomach, gives a good appetite, and tends to cure indigestion. Water should be drunk freely between meals.

## THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY.

**T**HE proverb, "A merry heart doeth good like medicine" is true. Although in times of ill-health, or over-fatigue, one cannot always by effort of will rise above depression, yet many times low spirits are due to habit and can be overcome.

If you have the undesirable ten-

dency to be depressed or irritable, try the following remedy. Instead of drooping shoulders, frowning and answering everything in a surly manner, use your will-power to change your expression, attitude, and bodily posture.

Stand erect, raise the chest, draw in the chin, breathe deeply. Yawn and stretch several times, relaxing all muscles. Pay especial attention to the muscles of the throat. If they feel constricted, follow the yawn with a deep breath, and voluntarily relax and broaden the respiratory passages of the nose and throat, so that the sense of constriction disappears and inhalation becomes easy.

Look in the mirror and smile. Broaden the face, dilate the nostrils, smooth the brow, brighten the eye, and draw the lips to firm lines. Speak in tones of glad expectancy.

Look about you at what others are doing and feeling. Persistence will cause irritability and depression to be replaced by real cheerfulness and kindness.

## AGE AND WAGE OF WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

**T**HE report of the Bureau of Labor on the conditions of woman and child wage-earners deals with data obtained from between 50,000 to 60,000 women and girls in twenty-three different manufacturing industries. Half of them were under 20 years of age, and a fourth 25 or over. One-eighth of the group were married. "Of the 38,182 women, 18 years and over, for whom the facts as to age and earnings were gained, one-eighth received under \$4.00, and two-fifths under \$6.00. Practically only one-tenth reached or passed \$10.00." Yet \$10.00 is the living-wage agreed upon by the Minimum Wage Commission of Massachusetts.

In the manufacture of confectionery nearly 2,000 women, aged 18 years and over, of whom one-sixth earn under \$4.00, and more than one-half earn under \$6.00. Similar conditions exist in the cracker and biscuit industries. In the tobacco industry nearly one-third earned under \$4.00. Up to the age of 24, increasing years bring an increase of earning power. Above that age a few rise to the rank of skilled workers, while the majority drop among the lower-paid. A lessening of speed from advancing age causes a drop in wage as they are paid by the piece.

## WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

**H**OW fortunate it was for society, that the 50 or more girls who were burned to death in the Binghamton Clothing Company's building, were not inmates of a fashionable seminary! Being only factory girls, and receiving ordinary wages which factory girls receive, and doing presumably the ordinary and commonplace duties which factory girls are supposed to do, their insignificance was unimportant.

It also fortunately happens that their places can easily be taken by other factory girls, presumably at no higher wages than these girls received; for the mere shuffling out of 50 would not create such an increased demand as to raise the wages of the newcomers.

But if this fire had burned down a fashionable female seminary and fifty society young ladies had been burned to death, what a difference that would have made! The Bulgarian war, the tariff discussion, the Mexican imbroglio, would have faded into utter insignificance in comparison with such a national calamity.—Life.

## MR. DOOLEY ON SLANG

**"S**LANG is a strange thing annyhow. Th' larned Hogan says what's slang today may be dacint language twenty years fr'm now. 'Wurruds ar-re funny things,' he says. 'Bad wurruds become good wurruds an' good wurruds become bad wurruds over night. A wurrud will start be manin' wan thing an' in th' coorse iv a few years it'll mane exactly th' oposite, an' no wan can tell why. Some iv th' best wurruds in th' language was dhreadful slang at wan time. Th' fact is,' he says, 'all wurruds was slang in a kind iv a way whin they started. Wan iv ye'er ancesthors frightens a hen an' sees she's left something on th' ground. He pints at it an' exclaims in surpris "Egg!" He happens to be a man iv standin' in th' community, havin' kilt a lot iv people with his stone hatchet, an' a fellow who hears him an' wants to be in style cries "Egg" ivry time he sees th' thropy, an' so it goes ontill an egg is a egg ivrywhere English is spoke. But th' Fr-rinch calls it a "oof," which shows that whin th' first Fr-rinchman see wan he started back in alarm an' cried "Oof!"

"Now," says Hogan, 'suppose ye'er revered ancesthor had happened to use some other exclymation. Issintyally,' says he, 'an egg is no more entitled to be called an egg thin I am. We're used to eggs bein' called eggs, an' we think th' name describes thim, but if ol' Granpa Stone Hatchet Dooley had said "Glub" we'd be ordhrin' scrambled glubs at th' prisint minyit. Father Kelly says he can remember whin th' wurrud "scientist" was slang. Th' fellow that first used it was looked down on as low an' vulgar, an' wrin he sprung it a famous grammaryan fainted an' siv'ral ladies left th' room. But today th' most innocent might say it without a blush. It's as good a wurrud as anny an' is often used about dentists an' prize fighters.

Extend your subscription one year for *The Coming Nation*.

Find enclosed \$1 for four subscriptions, which I sold in about five minutes. I am glad to do all I can for the cause of Socialism—my ideal of life. It gives me great pleasure to assist in opening the eyes of people and removing the cobwebs from their brains. Any time I can be of service to *The Progressive Woman*, which is doing so much for our overworked sisters, I am at your command.—Nettie J. Damitio, Aberdeen, Wash.

## ABOUT BUNDLES

**W**HEN ordering bundles of *The Progressive Woman*, don't wait until the day before you need them to order them. Delivery of bundles is always slow. It is by freight, and the bundles are usually held up until there are enough to make a load. Yours might be among those. If it is, don't blame us. We always try to get bundles sent to the postoffice the day they come in, if they are rush orders. The postoffice also has a peculiar way of holding up a bundle and returning it to us, or notifying us (or perhaps neither), if it thinks the wrapper is put on a little too tight. Bundles must be done up loosely enough for the inspectors to slip the papers out of their wrappers, if they have a prompting to do so. This, of course, works somewhat of a hardship on the magazines, as they

tear and soil easily when not tightly wrapped.

However, these are only some of the things publishers must put up with.

So, do not be too hard on the publisher. As there is many a slip 'twixt cup and lip, there also is many a pitfall between the business office of a magazine and the destination of the magazine.

We want you to get your paper. Write us if you do not get it, and we will do our best to get it for you.

## "WHAT MAKES YOU SO CARELESS?"

**A** SUBSCRIBER writes that she is not getting her paper, and says, "What makes you so careless?" There are others who make the same complaint.

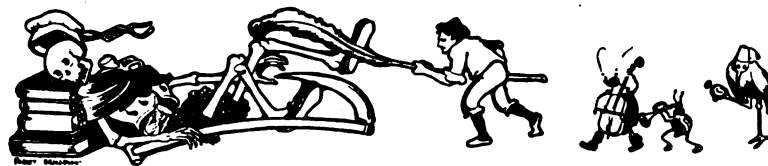
For the sake of those who do not

receive their paper at least six weeks after subscribing we will say: First, write us. We will look you up, and let you know whether your name has been placed on our list or not. In nine cases out of ten, those who complain are properly on our list, and should be getting their paper. If we write that your name is on our list, then get after your post-master or mailcarrier, and also write the Chicago postoffice.

We do not know where the blame lies, but when names are on our subscription list correctly, it certainly does not lie in this office. It must lie somewhere in the delivery service.

Have you read *WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO FREEDOM*, by Josephine Conger-Kaneko? Out two months ago, and 2,000 copies sold. The fastest selling pamphlet on the *Woman Question*. Splendidly illustrated. Ten Cents. Three copies for 25 Cents. Send your order today.

# THINGS IN THE MAKING



By  
**BARNET  
BRAVERMAN**

## PEOPLE DEVELOP OUTSIDE THE HOME



**T**HE word "home" is surrounded by many wholesome sentiments. We seldom have the courage to compare fact with sentiment. If we did, we would see people develop, broaden, and grow, not because they are in the home, but because they live, think, and work outside the home.

Life is so broad today that the only way to develop individually is to think and feel and do things in

the big world home. Contact with the arts and sciences and laws are not to be found in the individual home, but outside of it. Home life cannot have growth and development unless it keeps in touch with social life—with human life and human activities. A fine home life can only be produced by a fine social life . . . the kind that invigorates and strengthens the mind and character. Home life does not have the spirit needed in society. But society does supply the spirit needed in such homes as we wish to have. The more free and civilized a nation is, the more delightful its home and family life will be.

Home and family worship are often antisocial. Members belonging to homes where home and family worship prevail are not always receptive to the panorama of the world outside their worship. A home can be a hut, a small house, an apartment building, and it can also be the world. The world is the biggest home because it has no definite limit of progress, and what people need is more of this home, and a knowledge of what is going on in it in industry, government, etc. And then, some day, the workers in this big home—the men and women who produce the wealth of the world—may decide to run it to suit themselves instead of leaving it in the hands of a small number of financial pirates and their political and theological underlings.

## HUMAN WORK IS MAN'S, AND WOMAN'S, TOO

**D**ID you ever ask yourself why the whole field of human progress has been regarded as the exclusive realm of masculine activity?

For centuries down to the present day, education, government, industry, art, and science have been considered male functions. Woman's functions were supposed and are still thought to be embodied in submitting to man's whims, man's customs, man's needs, to the point of abject humbleness and drudgery.

You will probably remember the time when the clergy, the press, and the politician were shocked into blushing indignation of the rosiest hue because a woman, here and there, made naught of farcical man-made tradition, and entered a university or attempted to write, create, and do things outside the sphere of domestic toil. What howls went up from the pulpit that woman was doing an ungodly thing by attempting to participate in human

work—in the world's work! What protestations and derision filled newspaper space foretelling the doom of eternal femininity! And the politicians—how concerned they were because politics is too corrupt a thing for woman to meddle with! Selah!

Today, women are taking part in government, industry, education, art, and science. They are doing part of the world's big human work. They are proving that human work is not for man alone—that it is not a sex function but a human function for both man and woman. Meanwhile the reactionary, ignorance-worshipping pulpiter, editor, and politician are wondering why their prophecies have not come true, but the answer comes back to us with the message that social progress has no use for false prophets.

## A GIRL'S A GIRL; A BOY'S A BOY

**O**NE of the most ridiculous habits which we human beings have is the tendency to force upon the child the fact of sex differences in the matter of conduct.

The girl and boy are given to understand that each should look at life from a different viewpoint. At a period when the girl and boy need not be dressed differently, sex distinction is forced upon them by dressing them unlike. Nellie is dressed so that she may have different care and treatment just because she is a girl; likewise, with Willie.

Willie and Nellie are expected to talk, laugh, behave, and play differently. They are expected to conduct themselves differently with each other. Willie is told one thing because he's a boy; Nellie is told another thing because she's a girl. Bye-and-bye, Willie begins to feel that he will be a man—and he thinks of man with a capital M. Nellie realizes some time in her youth that she will be a woman—just a woman—nothing but a woman—and besides, wasn't woman made from Adam's rib?

Boys and girls are early encouraged to manifest actions and feelings indicative of their sex. When little Willie puts on his papa's hat until it touches the bridge of his nose, or jumps and cavorts about like a young Fiji Islander, we exclaim: "He's some boy, alright!" And when little Nellie looks at Willie or at other folks in mock bashfulness, we say: "Just like a woman!" Or if she cries because she's lost her "rag baby," we exclaim rapturously, "Isn't she just like a mother!" Thus, sex instincts are imparted to the young at a time when they should not be present. The reason that they do appear is because people still act and think largely upon the sexual plane—and scarcely at all upon the psychic or intellectual plane.

## RAILROADS HAVEN'T MADE GOOD

**A**T the present time there isn't a railroad in the country that has not become inefficient in handling its business. Every now and then we read about some railroad that has gone into bankruptcy, and it is only a question of time before all of them will become bankrupt or be taken over by the states through which they run. A few of the railroads today earn big profits—because they are unsafe and inefficient. Their inefficiency lies in the fact that in their desire to make speed, more trips, and to economize in necessary ap-

pliances, they overlook the safety of the people who ride in their cars.

Owning a railroad is not like owning a necktie or a new hat. The railroad is used by everybody—by all kinds of people—and is therefore a social concern. Your necktie or your hat affects you only. You can tear your necktie to shreds or you may make a complete wreck of your hat by jumping on it with both feet in a fit of maniacal glee, and nobody will feel the least worried. Nobody will be hurt in this respect, for the necktie and hat are articles of individual concern.

The railroads at present are privately owned, but socially used. That is, they are used by all the people—by the public. Being used by the public, they should be publicly owned for the purpose of giving the people good, safe service, instead of giving them inefficient service, thus enabling stockholders to get bigger dividends.

The roads don't worry about being safe. They cannot earn money if they are safe. Owned by the government, they would be run for use, and not for profit. And if it is a question of putting the railroads out of business or allowing them to put thousands of passengers "out of business," the only sensible thing to do is to take the railroads out of private business and operate them for the benefit of the people.

## PENSIONS AND PENSIONS

**D**URING the early part of September I made a short trip through the southern part of Michigan, and visited two places, the home of a civil war veteran and the home of a crippled man and family.

The veteran is a spry, active man of 73—Fred E. Miller, Socialist, suffragist, spiritualist and long-distance walker. For his services as major during the civil war Miller is now getting a pension that enables him to live in apparent comfort. One afternoon he suggested that I go with him to see this crippled man and family, whose name I will not mention.

After walking six miles, Miller and I arrived at the man's home. He is a paralytic. He cannot walk or move his hands. Four younger children and his wife are at home; five children are in other cities. The wife feeds him and attends to all his personal wants, and maintains cleanliness all about him. Some day her husband will pass beyond the Great Divide, although he told me that doctors think he may live till 80. The man has the will to live till 80. He has the mind-force to reach that age. At present he is 52.

But his wife—what about her? Will the government give her a pension for the service she is rendering society by devoting her life to her crippled husband? My friend, Miller, gets a pension from the government because he fought in a war that cost the nation many of its healthiest young men. Miller was in the war as long as it lasted—four years. The wife of the cripple has been nursing and feeding and comforting him for many years, receiving no assistance from the government, and will not get any when her husband dies. She will get no pension for her service. Thousands of women perform the same laborious task that she does, and never receive the recognition of their noble sacrifices. Such women should be receiving at least \$30 per month the rest of their lives for performing a duty neglected by society—neglected by the government.





[Send your questions (making them as brief as possible) to Betty, and she will try to answer them.]

Dear Miss Bimkins: Don't you think if people are poor and the wife has to work hard, and the husband has to work hard, that it is just stirring up trouble to tell them of their condition? Don't you think it is better to try to show them the best points in their lives, and to make them contented?—Adeline J.

Answer: No. I don't think it is best to make people contented with poverty. I do not believe in poverty myself. It is a curse to any one, and should not be a necessity. But poor people have been told to be content with their wretched lot for so long, that they BELIEVE there is no other outlook for them, and so they place their standard of living low, and never really try to throw off the conditions that hold them down. I am optimistic. I believe there is enough in this world for EVERYBODY, enough of sunshine, and of food and clothing and happiness. I am depressed when I see people who want to teach contentment to the poor, because it looks as if they thought there was no way out of their poverty. THERE IS.

Dear Miss Bimkins: I read somewhere, the other day, that women are fighting for suffrage because men have discriminated against them in the laws, and in other things. Now I don't believe that. I believe that men look upon women as their superiors and are always considerate of them, when the women deserve consideration. I mean good men, of course. What do you think about it?—John R. G.

Answer: Your letter is a little hard to answer, because you see things from your own standpoint only. No doubt you have always been good to the women of your household, and never cruel to any other woman. Therefore, you take it, all men are like yourself. But we have men in this country who think nothing of stealing and selling young girls for immoral purposes; you could hardly say these men treated womankind fairly, and no doubt this is one of the things the suffragists dislike. In the city of Chicago alone, \$20,000,000 a year are spent by men on the unfortunate women, thus enriching her keeper. This is a mighty expenditure, and must mean that vast numbers of men do not treat ALL women fairly. In the trades, women have had to fight their way against the prejudices of men; women were at one time barred from the colleges and the professions, because men didn't want them there. In very few places do women receive equal wage with men for equal work, from school teaching down to the lowest unskilled labor. In some states women cannot draw their own wages for their work. It goes to the husband. In most of the states women do not own their own children—the husband owns them.

These are just a few of the "discriminations against women" that the suffragists do not like, and we cannot blame them. Individual men are good to individual women, but somehow the women were totally discriminated against, in making the laws, until they began to fight for their "rights." Since then the laws have been amended in favor of women, bit

by bit, and some day we shall see them equally good for men and women.

Dear Miss Bimkins: Will you please tell us just WHY you believe in female suffrage?—J. O. C.

Answer: I believe in woman suffrage because woman is a human being, and as such, should take intelligent interest in the affairs of her home. And no woman can take INTELLIGENT interest in the affairs of her home without wanting to have a hand in those things that affect it most seriously. We are learning today that NOTHING affects the home so much as laws and politics. Therefore we women are taking an interest in politics and consequently want to vote on all measures that affect our household affairs.

Dear Miss Bimkins: Perhaps this doesn't come under your department, but I am perplexed and would like for you to help me out. Should a man with progressive ideas marry a girl with the very oldest fashioned ones you could imagine? How can they get along in such a contradictory state? Yet, we have been in love with each other for two years.—E. G. S.

Answer: Frankly, I don't know. There must be a sympathetic cord somewhere, to have held you together for two years. I would not advise you not to marry, since this is the case. But if neither of you can change, I would advise the development of a vast amount of tolerance in both of you.

#### THE LEGAL AND ACTUAL STATUS OF WOMEN.

Jessamine S. Fishback.



AMPAIGNS of education and enlightenment have done much to break down the barriers against women in the professions and to unify all classes of women in a spirit of common defense.

The women of Texas alone, and the women of Illinois alone, have done more public work in the last decade than

was ever done by women in all the preceding years.

The legal status of women in Arkansas, Louisiana, the District of Columbia and New York has been improved a hundred per cent and yet all over the land the class of women to whom the world owes the most are taxed without representation, taxed for property in petty pelf and that is bad enough, but taxed far more severely in strength and labor and in thought-power to make ends meet, to obey the laws, good or bad, the people of leisure and means and ease choose to make, for any purpose or for no purpose at all, except to pass away their time at the public's expense.

The fictions of law that came down to us from the days of William the Conqueror (the heresy of woman's legal disability has not a scriptural origin, as I find many believe) are so interwoven into our national life that much more than remedial statutes will be required to free us from our heritage of blindness.

The commonwealth that provides wives and mothers no more than their board and clothes, or the right to sue their husband or wait till they die to get "an equitable right" in their husband's property, has betrayed its most sacred trust.

When the doctrine of the state's protective policy is prostituted to selfish interests the government has forfeited its last claim upon the allegiance of the individual.

In the enjoyment of their own rights men are not leaving themselves the necessity of going into court to prove who they are and why they are so entitled.

To interests that prey upon women's helplessness, remedial statutes will always be necessary evils. Thousands of worthy and able women are living to no purpose and dying martyrs to selfishness because they will not go into litigation to get their rights.

It was the intent of those who organized this ponderous piece of statecraft "To form a more perfect Union (?), to provide for the Common Defense and to Insure the Domestic Tranquillity," that the courts, as depositories of the aggregate wisdom of 'the people' should act as arbiters where individuals failed to agree.

But the power of these tribunals has been so misused that they are generally considered only in the light of their essentially punitive quality, and after the husband or wife has haled the other thither they are not apt to find tranquility again in domestic life with each other.

Women with self-respect enough and strength of character enough to desire a voice in the conditions under which their children must live, need to be awakened to the benefits of affiliating with a political organization that allows them their own, instead of merely the right (without the means) to fight for their own.

It is usual to mistake sentiment for sense and sensuality for wifely virtue, but I tell you a certain truth, women are considered according to their worth, economically, industrially and financially, as well as physically.

Only the added power of the franchise can give them an equal value with men in the regulation of affairs.

Any added power can result only in added influence that will surely bring consideration, respect and honor in its train.

Too much power has always led to the abuse of power and man evidences his kinship to the original serpent in the sophistries he employs to keep the dominance of public and private affairs.

A member of the Arkansas Legislature wrote me last February, "I honor and reverence woman as the greatest work of the Omnipotent. I look upon the home as the greatest institution upon earth; women do more good in the home than men can possibly do in public life.

"No man ever accomplished great things or became great without the aid of a good true and loving woman. Therefore I look with horror upon a measure calculated to destroy the home influence of the dearest creatures upon earth.

"As a rule the women who take an interest in the affairs of men publicly have the most unhappy homes, while those who are content to exercise their influence through their husbands, fathers or brothers have happy homes.

"For these reasons I cannot support your measure to permit women to practice law."

(Signed.)  
Pray for the objects of this man's "honor and reverence." He mistakes right for remedy in his attempted adjudication. Naturally those who feel most acutely the indignity of living outside the pale of accredited citizenship are leading the effort to amend conditions but they have intellects that do not leave them resourceless.

Most of them have far happier homes than the great army of negatively virtuous wives whose lives are one long hopeless monotonous struggle to obey their husband and escape hell.

To insure domestic tranquility, we need women in every department of government, and when we have them the family will be God's unite socially and communistically.

The bread will not be taxed out of the children's mouths in the name of government. Women will not be driven to the streets or to charity

for the want of a place in the world's work.

As we should, we will pay a reasonable levy to provide for the common weal instead of the poor majority paying to swell the blessings of the rich minority. May God and good women hasten the day.

## MARTHA

By Bertha Hale Brown.



ALWAYS I think of Martha when I hear people speak of the wonderful privilege it is to find your place in the general scheme of things, and of

having your special bit of the world's intricate machinery to tend. Martha was just a working girl like all the rest of us, but she was different in some way, though the difference was all in herself, and not in the things that happened to her. I am told that her story is commonplace enough, and I wonder sometimes that I do not forget about her. Perhaps if it were not for the little boy out there at that school, wherever it may be, and him waiting for her—waiting.

Sometimes as the week's end narrows the margin for expenditure, one wonders what would happen if that bit of machinery should become obsolete and there should be no other for one's hand to guide. There's little enough of spiritual uplift in the thought of that, or in all the other thoughts that come in its train. One thinks, for instance, what the consequence might be for others. One is apt to remember at such times the myriad faces crowding the cars and elevators, thronging the streets, and how few serene faces there are, and so many weary ones—wary of the urge of circumstance. Or perhaps the machinery is to turn unceasingly, but the hand is to lose its skill upon the lever. I think of this sometimes when my eyes ache from too long looking at the stencils under the shaded light, and that makes me think of mother out at the little flat, me being the only one to look after her, and she so old—and then I think of Martha and her Jim, and the little boy that must still be waiting for her to come.

We were all curious about Martha. Kind as she was, and gentle with everyone's mistakes but her own, she was never one of us. Calm and aloof, working quietly from nine until five, she gave us a brief nod and was gone, with no lingering for harmless gossip with the rest of us after office hours.

She was very beautiful, though many a silver thread glinted in the silken floss of her abundant hair, and faint lines were creeping about her fine eyes, telling of things but guessed at by her thoughtless associates in the office of an obscure, semi-monthly paper of the farm and home variety. Martha was called the associate editor, and tended to the make-up of the paper. The rest of the girls rather envied her the dignity of her position, but she was not much better paid than the rest of us, and dignity was about all she got out of it. The editor only appeared at the office now and then, and Martha did most of his work, and her own, too. Sometimes I lifted my eyes from the mailing lists to her face bent above her desk, and mused about her, and sometimes, not quite knowing why, I felt a strong pity for her, so lonely she seemed and yet so worthy anyone's interest and attention.

Martha was always well and modestly dressed in a quiet way. We knew nothing about her life outside the office, but in some way a sort of impression gained ground that she was not—well, not as other folks.

(Continued on page 13.)



# A Little Sister of The Poor

by JOSEPHINE  
CONGER-  
KANeko

THIRD  
INSTALL-  
MENT

## VI.

TWO weeks after the informal meeting of Verona, Eva and Anton on the street corner, Rachel Hammerstein gave a party in her parlor over old Ike Hammerstein's second-hand store.

From the time Verona received her invitation, she was in a ferment until she managed to secure one for Anton, also. Rachel did not know Anton, and was in doubt as to the propriety of inviting him. Verona, to whom all things must be made possible, in so far as they related to her newly-found friend, solved the problem for Rachel by taking her to call upon Mrs. Novotny. It was evening, and Anton was at home. His surprise was great when he opened the door, and saw the laughing, blushing faces of the two girls. With consummate tact, however, and a grace worthy of a more pretentious occasion, he led them into the dining room, which was also the sitting room, and introduced them to his mother. Mrs. Novotny, embarrassed, but gracious, received the young women who had so unceremoniously burst in upon them. Under the influence of the good-natured chatter her eyes grew brighter, her cheeks flushed and Anton was glad, for her sake, of the intrusion upon their solitude.

The Novotny home consisted of three rooms, all of which were heated with one small, old-fashioned cook stove. This warmth would hardly have been perceptible to persons coming from steam heated apartments; but to Verona and Rachel who were used to open, inadequately heated houses, it was comfortable enough. Besides the young blood in their bodies was glowing at a high rate, furnishing heat sufficient for the lack in the prevailing temperature of the house.

During the course of the evening Anton made tea, which he served himself, with small, cream-filled cakes from a delicatessen store. He was invited to the party, and at ten o'clock the girls took their leave. They had not intended to extend their visit so long, but they had had such a good time, and as the street had no special etiquette regulating the length of first calls, they stayed as long as inclination led them. Anton accompanied them to their homes.

Mrs. Novotny felt a mother's pleasure in the invitation so cordially extended to Anton. She reasoned that a gay evening with the young people would bring a welcome relief from the monotony of his life. But he knew that he could not enter into the spirit of such an evening; that the most he could do would be to tolerate it, and to give a semblance of enjoyment that he did not feel.

For the young man who had known women and political intrigue in a Polish city, the trivial affairs of Chicago shop girls could hold no possible interest, unless he was, perchance, a student of sociology, an inquirer into the various phases of human expression, or a propagandist, grasping every opportunity for the dissemination of his life's religion. Anton was neither, at least in this country. The a b c of the majority of America's problems were unknown to him. Not that he was incompetent, or unsympathetic, but because he had been too busy, too cut off by the nature of his environment and his work to make an acquaintance of a

serious sort either with persons or social conditions here.

The innocent mother, however, herself totally unacquainted with her son's inner life, could not be expected to know of the experiences that had forever made trivial things valueless to Anton. It would seem the proper thing to any one, that an elevator boy in a big department store should find pleasure in associating with the clerks who sold ribbon and music across the counters. Not that the mother thought that these persons were good enough for her son; to her mind they were not. But for that matter nobody in America, so far as her observation had gone, was his equal in any respect. But this unfortunate circumstance should not bar him forever from an occasional pleasant hour with Americans, just as her brother used occasionally to receive on terms of friendship his fellow clerks from the clothing department. And he seemed to enjoy gossiping with them about the other clerks, the floor walker, the boss, and the various persons and things connected with department store life. So, for the sake of his health, and even of his sanity, this normal relaxation from the strenuous life downtown, must be accepted by Anton.

Anton was weary. The day at the store had been particularly hard on account of a great bargain sale on the fourth floor. Women had pushed and fought for place in his car, and his polite nature had been strained to the utmost in the effort to keep some of them from getting killed. This strain was worse than usual because one of the elevator boys, working overtime the night before, had lost control of his car and had had an arm torn off in its wild flight from floor to floor. His first impulse when he reached home was to lie down and sleep. This he did, until his mother called him to dress for the party.

He had had but an hour's rest, and this intrusion irritated him considerably. However, she had already brushed his clothes, and pressed his trousers, so that he had only to eat his belated supper and dress himself. The one suit he possessed, besides his working uniform, had been new two years before, and was none the better for wear, but his mother saw that it was kept well brushed and pressed for him so that he might look "respectable" when he needed it.

The "street" was not particular in regard to the time of the arrival of guests at "parties." Anton went at half-past eight, and it seemed to him that persons were coming in from that time until near the hour of going home. This, he found, was due to the fact that many of them were detained at their "places of business."

When he arrived someone was playing the piano, and the tune that arose above the din of voices—for all but the "performer" were laughing and talking as loudly as they could—was a familiar one that he had heard many times from the hurdy gurdys on the street. The player was a young man with a derby hat perched impudently on one side of his head, a cigar in his mouth, and possessing a terrific execution; it was as if he were trying to break Miss Hammerstein piano-forte.

Just what grudge he could have—but here Anton's observations were interrupted by a stillness which precipitated itself upon the room.

When Rachel came and took him by the arm as if to make some disposition of him he felt that he was the cause of the precipitate lull. When the voices became quiet, the piano player abruptly ceased his vigorous manipulation, and whirled about on the stool. Upon seeing Anton, and that there was about to be some ceremony connected with him, he shuffled off his stool, turned it over as if by accident, picked it up, and with elaborate gesture lifted it high in air, and as carefully and slowly lowered it to its place on the rug before the piano. Then he placed himself, as had the others, all standing, as nearly against the wall as he could get.

This left Anton the center of a circle of intensely interested spectators. Then with due solemnity began the introductions: "Mr. Novotny, Miss Kelly; Miss O'Connell; Miss Polkovitz; Mr. Schultz; Mr. Labrowsky; Miss Szymanski; Mr. Smith," and so on, all around the room. To each one Anton bowed with appropriate dignity. Some of the girls reached their hands to be shaken.

When the ordeal was over the crowd immediately broke into fresh conversation, loud and clamorous, like a stream rushing out of its banks. This was a relief, and Anton looked about for a quiet corner in which he could watch the party unobserved. But Miss Hammerstein, conscious of a hostess' duty, left no opportunity for quiet corners. There were a dozen pretty girls who wanted to talk with the young man of the "fine manners," and Rachel saw to it that they had the opportunity. After the first embarrassment had passed Rachel's assistance was not needed. The girls were able to take care of themselves, and of Anton, too. Some of them got black looks and whispered threats, from admirers who would brook no rivals. Of all this Anton was happily ignorant.

Verona was there, in white shirt waist, and pompadour. But Rachel's brother Ike was evidently so infatuated with her that he gave her no time for other young men, though she slipped away from him once or twice and got in a word or two with Anton. Eva Poniatowski bestowed most of her attention upon big sandy-haired Smith, who kept a drayage and news stand down the street.

The evening was not without its strain upon Anton. He looked in vain for some code, some fixed manner of conducting himself, such as one finds in what is known as "polite" society. Here each individual clung to his own method of procedure, and the result was an astonishing variety of "manners" and spontaneous activity. Some of the young men kept their hats on, some of them smoked, any, or all of them "joked" the girls by kissing them in season and out. These demonstrations were rewarded with slaps in the face by the offended young ladies. Kissing was permissible, however, in games of forfeit, and these, together with card playing, were the chief amusements of the evening. The piano was never allowed to remain quiet, and the songs that were sang were of the variety that Verona sold over the counter in the music department of "her" store. Two or three of these seemed to be favorites, and were sung over and over until Anton got the feeling that he was walking a treadmill, and longed desperately to get off of it. When the words were

not sung—and nobody ever knew quite all the words—the air was played as though the player could not get enough of it.

There came a brief, unaccountable period, when nobody occupied the piano stool. It was the pebble that turned the current in the stream of Anton's life.

He had been crowded against the keyboard by half a dozen persistent and admiring young women, and quite unconsciously ran his fingers over the keys, making a few chords. Instantly there was a cry for a "piece" from him.

Glad to occupy himself in any more congenial fashion, he slipped onto the stool and began to play. There were dreamy strains at first, that were scarcely heard above the tumult of voices. He was finding himself. It had been years since he had touched a piano and all the tonal part of his being seemed to have retreated to the hidden recesses of his soul, before the onslaught of his everyday life. The feel of the ivory under his fingers, however, began to bring it back. Then it all awoke at once; the music soul so long dammed up by the ice floes of economic necessity broke loose and there followed a thing with crash and dash, with tremendous chords and long runs in it. But it was not the crash and dash that had tormented the instrument all the evening. It was differentiated from that by the fact that it produced melody, harmony, poetry, while the other produced only noise.

Half the talking ceased; then the other half. When absolute quiet remained, the player went off again into the quieter, sweeter airs, pathetic little snatches from his native composers, and measures so infinitely sad that some of the girls were shedding tears into their handkerchiefs over them. Then he sang, and the more emotional ones fell into each other's arms, and sobbed aloud.

He sang in his native tongue a dirge from the crushed heart of Poland. His voice was more than a human voice; it was the cry of a soul that never could forget; that had suffered the insult and the ignominy, and had hoped against hope.

When he finished, the young people sat for a brief space in reverential silence. Then an irrepressible youth jumped up and shouted something about "cutting the weeps." It was a signal for the tumult to begin, and with lightning change the crowd joined in singing:

"Every day the papers say

There's robbery in the park.

So I sit all night in the Y. M. C. A.,

Singing just like a lark, —

"There's no place like ho-ome,"

But I'm afraid to come home in  
the dark."

Anton was still under the spell of his own song, and this terrible invasion upon his mood was frightful to him for the moment. He retreated to a corner, and was planning some means of escape, when Ike Hammerstein, who had managed to tear himself away from Verona for an instant, went over and made a proposition to him. Ike knew of a Turkish restaurant that needed a piano player right away. It occurred to him that Anton might like the job. The manager was a friend of Ike's and he would give him an introduction.

"You're a dandy player, all right. No trouble about your gettin' the job if you make an entry early. My name will help you out, even if you couldn't play like you do. . . . Go down today, give the old man a tune, and he'll take you quick enough. His place is at XYZ South Clark—Turkish Cafe—better go see him—only have to play evenin's, pretty fair pay—Ta, ta, now. Don't forget to see him." He called back as he made his way to Verona.

At any other time Anton would

have considered the proposition with favor—nay, with joy. But now—wouldn't that Turkish Cafe music mean just the rotten, vile stuff he had been listening to all the evening? Besides, he was ruffled and sore at the crowd he was in, and wanted no more of their kind. He found his hat, and with a curt good evening to a few of the noisy throng, slipped away. His mother's wish that the evening's diversion might be beneficial to him was unfulfilled. The whole thing had been so disgustingly low; so free from any vestige of intelligent or useful purpose, that no one could be benefited by it.

And yet, there were thousands of persons who passed life in just such a meaningless atmosphere—who lived like fools, and died like slaves. No wonder there was such a thing as bondage and oppression everywhere!

When he reached home he found his mother lying unconscious on the kitchen floor. The fire was low in the stove, and how long she had lain there in this condition he was afraid to think. His dream of higher things was gone. There was but one immediate thing to do, and that was to guard and support his mother as long as she should live. With aching heart he carried her to her bed, and as best he could brought her back to consciousness. True to his promise that he would call in no strangers, he sat with her all night, and all the next day he watched by her bedside.

#### VII.

When Anton went back to his store he found his place occupied by another man.

A wage of six dollars a week is little enough for the support of two people in a large city. But when that little is suddenly taken away, and there is not so much as a penny, and the winter is only at its beginning, and a mother is ill, and jobs are hard to find, and one is a stranger to the people and the ways of the people, it is a difficult problem to confront. But such a problem was Anton's. At first he was dazed by it. He had expected to find some one in his place; an elevator couldn't run of itself. But when the man in attendance told him, in a surly voice to "G'wan wid yel 'Tis me own job and none others," he became alarmed; and when upon appealing to his old boss he was briefly and curtly informed that they "had a new man," he was overwhelmed by the brutality of it.

Instinctively dreading the cold, he walked up and down the aisles of the great store, vainly trying to get his wits together. What would his mother do? This was his dominant thought, his great dread. His uncle, who had been employed in the clothing department of this same store, had cut away from association with the Poles in the city, and what few acquaintances he had found time to cultivate were among inconsequential Americans. Anton had been too busy himself to hunt up friends among his own people, and he felt that it would do no good to appeal to these American friends for assistance. His sensitive nature had been driven back upon itself more and more, as he had become familiar with the business methods of the people of this country. He found that each man had his hands filled to running over, with the effort to keep his own job, and look after his individual affairs, without burdening himself with the misfortunes of others. And he recoiled from the thought of embarrassing any one with his particular misfortunes, unless it should be some one whom he knew could give him work. For that was all he wanted. Just work.

To walk too long through the store was to invite the suspicion of floor walkers, and after an hour of pacing up and down, and in and out among the crowd of shoppers, he buttoned his coat closely about

him, and walked out on the street. He climbed into a car, and was well on his way home, when a light suddenly broke in upon his dazed brain. He remembered Ike Hammerstein's suggestion regarding the Egyptian Cafe. His face, pale and distressed, at once broke into a luminous smile of delight. Ten dollars a week! And he had been a conceited ass to turn a deaf ear to it. He, a beggar, thinking to pick and choose what sort of music he should play; what kind should delight his ears. As if he had a right to any kind. His native folk-songs; the nocturnes of Chopin; Moskowski; Greig; and even Paderewski, Poland's modern pride and wonder; all these were for men and women with hearts and minds; for people whose nerves, made of more than clay, were tuned to fine appreciation. His was the life of the plodder, of the machine, of the slave. Brain and heart and nerves had no place in the economy of his everyday life, and he would see that they were kept in their place henceforth. The most modern, most vulgar and vicious "ragtime" he would play; and gladly, if they would but give him ten dollars a week with which to buy the bread and meat for his stomach. Nay, five would buy him now. The body must live above all things—his mother's and his own. The soul must retire in favor of the body.

But where was that Egyptian Cafe? And—it was possible that they had already hired a player. Anton grew into a cold sweat at the bare thought. But even so, he would get Ike to interfere in his behalf; he would have him tell them he was starving; he would have the other fellow turned off, and the job given to him.

He was rapidly developing the spirit of the time. His was the viciousness that has won out in the "great" industries; that has turned out the "little fellow" in the small concern and placed the "big fellow" at the head of a score of such concerns. It was the viciousness that has in part made possible the "amalgamated" trusts. It was the brute thirst for gold.

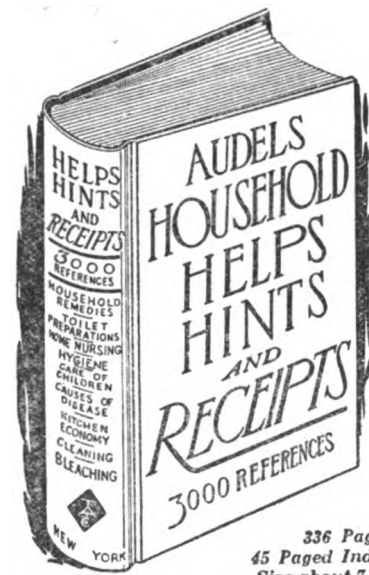
But with Anton it was thirst born of a desperate want; he needed the gold for what it would buy. Not for the sake of adding unto himself more gold. Before his fevered vision glowed the princely sum of ten dollars a week, and over against it was an empty pocket book and hunger and sickness.

He found the Hammerstein junk shop, and got the Cafe address and the recommendation from Ike. He spent another five cents for car fare. That nickel meant a loaf of bread. Suppose he failed to get the job?

But he had set his head not to fail.

It was one of those places, this Egyptian Cafe, which gives a moral shiver to highly respectable and self-respecting folk, whenever their attention is rudely called to them. They do not wish to commit the crime against themselves of being conscious of these low resorts. That they exist, they know, in a dim, vague way. But they exist for other people. A kind of people who even in thought are never permitted to intrude upon the inner sanctuary of spotless minds.

These "good" people of the pure-white consciences dare not think of the low places. They dare not push their investigations regarding them. If they do, they will find that the resorts exist for them, too, and that they exist by their consent. For them, because they help to keep the "lower classes in their place." Help to keep them out of the high places, by keeping them amused and debauched and degraded. They hold them down under the thumbs of the high and the good; fit them only for menial service and subjection. Without a "lower class" what would become of the "higher" classes? The



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lower classes are essential to present prosperity, to present greatness. Therefore, these classes must be abundantly provided with the means of keeping themselves low.

And they are so abundantly provided—by the grace of the great who exploit them, and the good who turn their eyes away, lest they witness the exploitation.

When Anton opened the door of the Egyptian Cafe he saw at a glance all that was to be seen that was of importance to him at that moment. He saw a room comparatively empty of people. But at a piano in one end of it, a tall, slim, square-jawed young man was playing a popular air. He felt faint. The floor seemed to be giving way beneath his feet. Mother, sickness, winter, misery—he saw the whole sickening panorama pass before him in an instant. So selfish were his thoughts that though he saw, he was not impressed in the least by the fact that a young, tipsy, blonde girl with disheveled hair and a toppling sailor hat with a streaming veil, hung about the pianist's neck, making love to him in a maudlin, irremissible manner.

He stood for an instant clutching the door knob as a mist gathered before his eyes. His impulse was to run away before any one saw him and asked what he wanted. But he found it difficult to let go his hold on the knob. As he stood hesitating, a stout, red-faced man approached and asked in a genial manner if they could serve him in any way. Moved by blind impulse, Anton stepped inside and sat down at the nearest table. It was a small table, with a glass top. Under the glass he could

see arranged cigarettes, pipes, tobacco and cigars. When the stout man asked him what he would have he answered mechanically, "Cigarettes." The man raised the lid and handed him a Turkish brand. "Fifteen cents," he said, and Anton drew fifteen cents from his pocket and handed it to the man. Painfully he drew from the box one of the "coffin nails" and put it between his teeth. But he forgot to light it.

The stout man walked over to where the young man sat at the piano, and began a subdued, but excited conversation. The frowzy girl slipped by Anton and went quietly out of the door. Soon the young man followed her. A tall, black-mustached individual rose up out of a back corner of the Cafe and sauntered toward the front.

"Ain't going to take 'im back?" he queried, to the stout man.

"Naw! I told him last night I wouldn't take 'im back, and, damn it, I'm goin' to keep my word this time. Tried 'im too many times already. Fool's half full now. Never can tell when he's goin' to fall down on me. If Jackson don't turn up this afternoon I'll get out and get some one else. No end of piano players in Chicago—and all-fired good ones, too. Joe Quinn's nothin' extra, though he thinks he's a whole orchestra and I can't run the place without 'im. He'll find out. Fool was all right when I first got 'im here, but he's tryin' to go the pace, and is breakin' down."

The barometer of feeling lately fallen so low, experienced a sudden upward rush, and Anton found himself standing, his heart in his mouth,



his legs wobbly from suppressed excitement. He looked from one speaker to the other with suppliant eyes, but without the ability to speak. He sat down again, and while the men changed their conversation, he smoked, with a terrible inward emotion, but with outward calm, his cigarette. When that was finished he put the box containing the remainder in his coat pocket, fished a bit of lint from one of his sleeves, leisurely took up his hat, looked at it, dented the crown into shape, placed it on his head, and walked over to the manager of the Cafe.

Without a word he took Ike's note from his pocket and handed it to the man. After reading it the manager looked him up and down, as one might an article of merchandise.

"You want to play the piano, do you?"

"Hammerstein heard me play the other night, and said you ought to have me."

"What do you play?"

"Anything."

"All right. Let's hear some of it."

Anton screwed down the piano stool, and proceeded on a thing whose chief merit was spirit. The fire in it evidently caught the favor of the manager, for when he had finished that individual clapped his hands and shouted:

"Good!—how much do you want?"

Anything he could get, Anton was about to say, but checked the impulse. Before he could frame a price in words the manager said, "I'll give you ten dollars. You play from five in the afternoon until twelve. All right?"

"All right," answered Anton. "When do I begin?"

"Today—tonight. We are just out of a player. Good thing you happened in. Hammerstein always has his weather eye cocked for the main chance. He gave it to you this time. Good boy, Hammerstein."

So the bargain was made, and the terror fled from the young man's soul. But the strain to maintain a calm exterior before the manager had made him weak. His blood was rioting through his veins. He wanted to shout. Instead he went for a long walk in the cold air to set his nerves right.

At five o'clock the Egyptian Cafe was a wilderness of lights and cigarette smoke. Anton was at his post, and manipulated the piano with the apparent endeavor to be heard above the din of conversation, thus hoping to earn the full measure of his salary. He was in truth conscious of nothing save his work, the piano, and the fact that he had a job he wanted to hold. All the resentment he had felt at the Hammerstein party because of the indifference of the young people to good music now lay buried beneath the immediate demand of material wants. Popular airs, ragtime, waltzes, followed each other in rapid succession. Some of them were played again and again in answer to applause. But for the intermission of ten minutes between each selection he would have been prostrated before the evening was over.

There is an element in the night atmosphere which brings out the bats and the spiders of evil; which sets traps of degradation for the unwary, and sends the prowler after his victim. No night passes in any great city without its victims; without its young men and women who are led into the first steps of the downward path. No night passes without its other victims, men and women wasted by dissipation, who play their poor last act, and drop out. For these is the quick shroud and forgetting. Hurry them away; lay them deep in the ground; their deeds, their poor weaknesses smell to heaven, even as their rotten bodies. The world wants not to think of them. Exposure might turn the beginner back; might cause him to hesitate, and fin-

ally refuse to follow the path that leads to the abyss.

And in this way the "business interests" of the cities would in many instances be demoralized. For to what extent the traickers in human weakness and human misery rule the business interests of our great cities, only the business men and the politicians know. And that knowledge is not favorable to true reform. The twenty million dollars a year yielded by prostitution alone in Chicago is sufficient to keep publicity at bay.

When Anton left the Egyptian Cafe at twelve o'clock he might have noticed, had his eyes been opened to such things, that the crowd, the real "gang," was just coming in. The quieter, saner revelers had for the most part departed. Only those of them remained who were ready to put foot to the second step downward.

The Egyptian Cafe was, in reality, an open door to a notorious hotel. Through it young women entered this hostelry, and some of them became permanent residents there.

### VIII.

Mrs. Oblinsky was the proudest woman on the West Side. Ike Hammerstein had shown so decided a preference for Verona since the Hammerstein party that there was no mistaking his devotion, Mrs. Oblinsky thought. And straightway visions of future prosperity began to shape themselves in her mind. She sang all day, and welcomed Ike with glowing smiles, when he came in the evening to take Verona out. Dances and theaters two or three times a week were becoming the rule. Ike never sat with Verona in her own home; to do so would have been too prosaic a proceeding; for the family would have been too much in evidence in that case. And he wasn't courting the family. Mrs. Oblinsky never objected to the going out in the evenings on the part of her daughter; it seemed to be the rule of the street. All the girls Verona's age went out regularly with their young men.

It was rumored in the neighborhood that old Hammerstein could "dig up" \$50,000 any day, if need be. He also had the name of being the meanest miser in Chicago. Mrs. Oblinsky, who was not mean, but close through necessity, argued that the tighter the old man held to his money today, the more there would be for his children—and their families—in the future. The possibility of Verona one day sharing the joys of the hoarded gold became a pleasant dream to her mother.

To this end Verona was fitted out with more clothes, and better ones, than she had ever before possessed. If the family larder suffered because of this—well, life was not all meat and drink, anyway. Mrs. Oblinsky was denying herself necessary raiment, and had already paid the penalty in a severe cold, which threatened to invade her lungs. But even so, she felt that the end justified a little indiscretion on her part, and she kept on dreaming her dreams.

As for Verona, she was enjoying life. For the most part social recreation had found but little place in her experience. And now, pretty, healthy, thoughtless, she only knew that the privations she had known all her days were becoming less severe, and she manifested her appreciation by a complete abandonment to her new privileges. There was no effort on her part to solve the whys and wherefores of things. Unlike her mother, she had never become a philosopher, nor had economic problems bothered her mind as problems. Hard times were going, good times coming. So it seemed to her. If nothing of a serious nature had interrupted her associations with Ike, she might finally have married him, thinking she loved him, unable to separate the "good times" he was giving her from the personality of the

man himself. Innocent, thoughtless maidens have done this thing from time immemorial, in high circles, as well as among the lowly.

Anton had been playing the piano at the Cafe less than a month. He was already sick of the job. But his mother continued in frail health, and cold weather had come on in earnest. Poverty under such circumstances would make one crawl on his belly on the ground for a crust of bread and a warm corner in which to sleep, and this fact the young Pole accepted as philosophically as he could. Each night brought its nauseating experiences, but he swallowed his dose, and looked beyond at the comforts it would bring for the sufferer at home.

One evening, about ten o'clock, he had just finished a rousing encore selection, when, turning about on his stool he came face to face with Ike Hammerstein and Verona. They were at a small table a few feet away, and both seemed in high spirits. Verona looked directly at him, and with a happy smile, accompanied by a graceful little wave of the hand, greeted him. Ike looked up at this, and, taking his hat off, saluted Anton. Anton, however, felt a queer pulling at his throat, and it was not a joyful greeting he returned the pair. It hurt him desperately to see Verona in this place. He had seen other girls come and go, and had felt a general compassion for them. But in this case it was a concrete, individualized feeling of resentment and regret. He hated Ike for bringing her there, and believed he meant no good by it. As soon as he could, he turned to his playing again. But for an hour they remained, and he noticed other young men talking to Verona, who was decidedly the prettiest girl in the room, and there seemed to be a good deal of drinking among them.

Ike didn't take Verona home, after they left the Cafe. Instead, they went to the "Hotel Annex," where he said they were to meet some friends. Verona, ignorant of the character of the hotel, was in a mood for any gay company or any fun that might come along. She noticed that Ike took her to a small private room, instead of remaining in the big parlors through which they passed; but she thought this only a mark of his wealth and his taste for exclusiveness. It all seemed very fine to her. She was glad she had on her new waist, and felt that Ike was proud of her jaunty appearance.

Ike closed the door, which fastened on the inside with a snap lock. He assisted her carefully in taking off her coat and hat. Then they sat down, and he looked at her. He was looking at her very foolishly. She shifted a little under his gaze. "Why doesn't he go after his friends?" she thought. Presently he became demonstrative. She did not warm to these demonstrations; they repelled her. Then she began to be afraid of something. She grew horribly afraid, but she tried to smile and tell herself that she was not afraid. The smile was a failure. Her lips were dry and she moistened them with her tongue. She would have spoken, but found it rather hard. She remembered that she had been drinking; maybe she had had too much, and that was making her feel "queer." But the fear in her took on alarming proportions; it became resentment. What was the matter with Ike, anyway?

Suddenly her voice came back. "Why don't your friends come?" she asked.

"My friend is here," whined Ike. She hated him, and her nerves grew stronger.

"If your friends ain't coming, let's go. It's too late to be out, anyway."

Ike's eyes were green. They looked like the eyes of a snake she had seen once at the zoo in Lincoln Park.

"We ain't going home. You are

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going to be my little wife, and we are goin' to stay here. It'll be all right—you can tell your mother—"

Verona moved suddenly. Ike went down on the floor in a bunch, his face striking the corner of a hot radiator with considerable force. When he picked himself up and felt his bruised and burning face Verona was turning the latch in the door, and before he could divine her purpose she was out in the corridor, and hastening down the stairs.

Verona was on the street, but she had no money, and she couldn't get home without car fare. After walk-in up and down a few times she began to feel the cold and she knew it was near midnight. She was not afraid of Ike now. A policeman was marching up and down on his beat near by, and she believed in his power—and his will—to make Ike pay for the insult if he came about her again. But even if the policeman hadn't been there she wasn't afraid of Ike. She felt somehow that he was afraid of her. If she had had the strength of a man she would

(Continued on page 12, column 2.)

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## LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR.

(Continued from page 11.)

have killed him. And he couldn't have mistaken her temper. She didn't know how to get home, but she would find a way. Maybe the policeman would give her a nickel.

She started to ask him, and nearly ran into Anton, who was coming out of the Cafe entrance. The latter was surprised to see Verona, and yet scarcely wholly surprised. He had felt vaguely that something unpleasant would be the outcome of the night's dissipation for Verona. His fears were realized in this encounter. When she saw him, Verona clasped her hands together, exclaiming: "Oh, Anton!" It was needless to question her. Her wide, glistening eyes, and her white face were intelligence enough.

They took the car together, and throughout the entire ride only a few commonplaces were spoken. Verona knew that she would never tell Anton, nor any one else, what had happened, but she also realized that he understood enough to feel concern for her.

The door of a new world was opened to her in this experience. Life would never be the same again. Men could never be the same. She had found the horror in the world that she had heard other shop girls hint at vaguely. Now she understood, and her eyes were large and luminous, her face pale, and her lips made a straighter line than usual by a closer compact of the jaws. Anton looked at her, and understood. He also admired her self-sufficiency. He felt that she had won out.

When they reached her own door he took her hand in a sympathetic pressure for a moment, but spoke no words. Thanking him in low, quick sentences, Verona knocked at her door, and he hastened away before it was opened.

### IX.

Verona stayed away from the store for several days, and made a hard fight against a threatening fever. She had gone down as usual the day after her experience with Ike, but on the second day was unable to leave her bed. Her mother, badly frightened, hovered about her day and night, the incarnation of maternal devotion.

Ike Hammerstein failed to call, and Mrs. Oblinsky wondered. Anton, who, in an accidental meeting with Eva Poniatowski, learned of Verona's illness, called once and inquired after her.

But Ike's continued absence nettled Mrs. Oblinsky. When Verona had sufficiently recovered she relieved her mind by asking about it. "Mother," came the answer, "Ike and I quarreled, and he ain't coming here again."

"Quarreled? Quarreled?" shouted the mother, "and for what did you quarrel with Ike Hammerstein?"

"Oh, never mind. We will never speak to each other again. And besides, I don't want you to mention him to me. . . . I hate Ike Hammerstein! Don't you fret me about him again. . . . I HATE him, I tell you!" And Verona flushed and stamped her foot savagely, while the astonished mother gazed at her with open mouth. Finally the force of her daughter's words struck into her brain, and her anger rose and overflowed in a torrent of abusive language.

"You hate him?—you hate him? Ah!—I show you how to hate him, you young devil. I fix you! What you go with Ike Hammerstein? What you make me buy you fine clothes? . . . You hate him because he bin rich man . . . because he bin decent man. . . . You not know what is for decency. . . . I show you hate somebody!"

She launched a tightened fist at Verona's face, which the latter evaded with a quick movement. Then followed a series of gyrations about the room which lasted until Mrs. Oblin-

sky was forced to stop for breath. A violent coughing fit prevented further argument, and Verona sank wearily onto a chair conveniently near the outward door. The woman's heart was broken. All her dreams, all her delightful castles in the air had come to naught; were to topple down, and, light as they were, seemed already crushing her body and soul.

She was crushed, but not subdued. Between paroxysms of coughing she continued to berate her daughter. Verona, weak from her late illness, and overcome with fear and astonishment, said nothing, at which her mother's anger waxed higher and higher. She made no attempt to strike her again, but Verona became frightened. She had never seen her mother like that before. She had witnessed her in many an ill temper, and knew that she was sharp tongued; but never had she given herself with such abandon to anger as now. Her face was ugly with the scowl of it, her skin looked drawn and hard and yellow. Her coughing brought a dark, brick-red flush to her face, and her hair, disheveled and dark, gave her a look that Verona hated to remember in after days. However, it never occurred to her

to tell her mother the cause of the trouble with Ike. She felt that it was enough that she hated him—that they had quarreled. She recoiled at having herself connected, even in her mother's thought, with an insult such as she had received from young Hammerstein. She felt in her soul that she would in some way be blamed for the thing happening. She knew her innocence; but her woman's instinct told her that in some way the world would hold her responsible; and that it never would forget. She had heard of girls "going wrong." She knew the terrible stigma that clung to them. People always spoke of them in whispers, and pointed the finger of scorn at them. No one ever intimated that they might not have been to blame, and, therefore, were all the more to be pitied. The world did not seem to care for that part. It simply held the fact of the misfortune against them. And she herself had condemned them, what little she knew of them—but not now. She would never condemn such a girl again, until she had heard every fragment of evidence in the case. It was a hard world for women. A

(Continued on page 15.)

## I Will Stake This Medicine Against Your Time

A Few Days Will Be Sufficient to Prove Its Value in Your Disease

A few minutes of your time for a few days and I will demonstrate to you, without expense to yourself, that I have a medicine that drives Uric Acid poison from the system and by so doing conquers kidney trouble, bladder trouble and rheumatism. I don't ask you to take my word for it, but simply want you to let me send you some of this medicine so that you can use it personally.

I am trying to convince sufferers from these diseases that I have something far better than the usual run of remedies, treatments and such things, and the only way I can demonstrate that fact is to go to the expense of compounding the medicine and sending it out free of charge. This I am glad to do for any sufferer who will take the time to write me. Understand, I will not send you a valueless "sample, proof or test treatment," nor will I send you a package of medicine and say that you can use some of it and pay for the rest, but I will send you a supply free of charge and you will not be asked to pay for this gift nor will you be under any obligations.

All I want to know is that you have a disease for which my medicine is intended, as it is not a "cure-all," and I give herewith some of the leading symptoms of kidney, bladder and rheumatic troubles. If you notice one or more of these symptoms you need this medicine, and I will be glad to send you some of it if you will write me the numbers of the symptoms you have, give your age, and your name and address. My address is Dr. T. Frank Lynott, 5153 Deagan Building, Chicago, Ill. You promise me nothing; you pay me nothing for it. All I ask, so there shall be no mistake, is that you send me the numbers of your symptoms or a description in your own words and that you take the medicine according to the directions I send you. It is my way of getting publicity for my medicine so that it will become widely known.

You will agree when you have used it that it dissolves and drives out uric acid poison. It tones the kidneys so that they work in harmony with the bladder. It strengthens the bladder so that frequent desire to urinate and other urinary disorders are banished. It stops rheumatic aches and pains immediately. It dissolves uric acid crystals so that back and muscles no longer ache and crooked joints quickly straighten out. It reconstructs the blood and nerves so that you soon feel healthier and stronger, sleep better and eat better and have energy throughout the day. It does all this and yet contains nothing injurious and is absolutely vouched for according to law.

Sufferers from these dreadful and dangerous diseases can surely afford to spend a few minutes each day for a few days to demonstrate to their own satisfaction if they are curable, especially



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when you consider no expense is involved, and I willingly give you my time and my medicine. All any fair-minded afflicted person wants to know is if a certain thing will relieve HIM or HER, and here is an opportunity to find out without cost, obligation or important loss of time. THESE FEW DAYS may be the turning point in your life.

All who are interested enough to write me for the free medicine will also receive a copy of my large illustrated medical book which describes these diseases thoroughly. It is the largest book of the kind ever written for free distribution, and a new edition is just being printed. I will also write you a letter of instructions and medical advice that should be of great help to you; but in order to do this I must know that you need my medicine. Write me the numbers of the symptoms that trouble you, and your age, and I will promptly carry out my promises. Show an inclination to get well and write me, and I will gladly send you a supply free.

### These are the Symptoms

- 1—Pain in the back.
- 2—Too frequent desire to urinate.
- 3—Nervousness, loss of flesh.
- 4—Pain or soreness in the bladder.
- 5—Weak, watery blood.
- 6—Gas or pain in the stomach.
- 7—General debility, weakness, dizziness.
- 8—Pain or soreness under right rib.
- 9—Swelling in any part of the body.
- 10—Constipation or liver trouble.
- 11—Palpitation or pain under the heart.
- 12—Pain in the hip joint.
- 13—Pain in the neck or head.
- 14—Pain or soreness in the kidneys.
- 15—Pain or swelling of the joints.
- 16—Pain or swelling of the muscles.
- 17—Pain and soreness in nerves.
- 18—Acute or chronic rheumatism.



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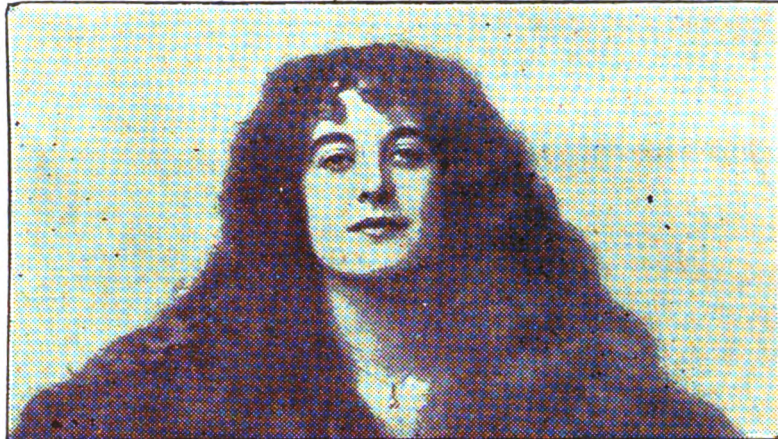
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ENCLOSE THIS COUPON WITH YOUR LETTER.

when I had time to notice her at all. We were shorthanded and had to take on extra work, everyone of us, as the circulation manager had some new scheme for securing subscriptions, and even the office boy was folding circulars. Martha helped all day, but the next day she did not appear at the office. Late in the afternoon someone telephoned that she was sick, and then for two days there was no further word. But her work was piling up and on Friday, Lason—Lason was the circulation manager—hunted her address and called up. . . . And only to be told that Martha had died the day before. We were all shocked, and not a little ashamed that we had been so indifferent, but this was soon forgotten and her place filled by another.

Martha was all but forgotten, until the new filing clerk came to work with us. One day Martha was mentioned in connection with the make-up of the paper, and it made us remember how much we had liked her. One of the girls said she would not care so much, if only Martha could have had a chance to prepare a little bit; there must have been so many unfinished things, being called out of life like that. Anna's head dropped upon her crossed arms on the desk, and she broke into nervous crying. It was sometime, however, before we got the story of Martha from Anna, who had been the realest friend, perhaps, the lonely woman had.

Lonely in death as in life, for Martha had died of scarlet fever. All one day she lay murmuring—murmuring—all the things that had pressed upon her heart through the dark years. And with the dawn of the next she had died. Then the authorities had sealed her in her coffin and had hurried her to Greenwood before the day was gone.

Little had Anna known of her, for even she was kept at arm's distance. They had rooms in the same building and met occasionally, but Martha had callers that came in automobiles and took her away, evening after evening. Only in those last hours when Anna stayed by her side did anything of her life become known.

Martha had once a home of her own, a husband and a little son. But one day the husband came home ill, and the doctors said it was the West for him. There was all too little money, but Martha coaxed until he went. Then she took stock of her resources and found them inadequate. One could fancy the quiet way she went about doing the hard but necessary things—the finding of a home for the boy, because she could not work and care for him, too, and work she must. That must have been the hardest of the very hard things that Martha had to do. So she began the hopeless task of supporting herself and her boy, and contributing to the expense money of young Jim out in Colorado. She must have deceived Jim in some way about money, for it seemed he thought there was more than there was.

The West did wonderful things for Jim; so wonderful that he was able to return home much sooner than he had hoped—or than Martha had dreamed. He arrived one night to find a motor at the door with Martha just entering. She did not see him

until many hours later when the big car was again at the door. Martha did not try to explain, and there was not much said, I fancy, between them. Jim went away that night and Martha never saw him again. That was years before—unkind years—lonely, silent years, for Martha.

But the boy? No one knew where her boy lived—hardly remembered that there was a boy at all. There were no papers—nothing to tell anything about him. All that was known was that somewhere away from the city's noise and grime he lived in some boy's school. Even if one knew how to reach him, what then? There was no money to care for him with, and no way to find his father. But one hates to think of him waiting and waiting, and never knowing why mother never came again.

Anna had sat beside her until she died and listened as little as she could, while Martha talked to Jim—always to Jim. Anna was almost glad when the crying voice sank into the last silence. "I did the best I could, Jim," she whispered, and passed out.

**SPECIAL OFFER:** Send One Dollar with ten names, and each will get The Progressive Woman for the next three months.

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If you have pains in Right Side, Back, Under Shoulders, In Pit of Stomach, Colic, Gas, Stomach Trouble, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Dizzy Spells, Nervousness, Bad Color, Blues, Costiveness, Yellow Jaundice, Torpid Liver, Appendicitis or Gallstones, send today for our **FREE LIVER-GALL BOOK**

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Send Your Name and Address Today for a Free Fifty-Cent Box of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers and Learn the Grand Truth.

If you are sick or ailing it is because the very foundation of your existence is gradually being dried up, the nerve force which radiates through every atom of your being is perishing. The brain and the nerves require nourishment just as much as the rest of the body.



Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers Make You Feel Fine All the Time.

The marvelous discovery, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers, the greatest nerve vitalizer known, restores your vitality and renews your old time strength and vigor by giving your nervous system the food it is craving. Rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, kidney disease liver troubles, insomnia, and all weakened conditions of men and women quickly disappear, the hollows vanish, energy returns, and life is worth living once more. The red corpuscles in the blood are increased and everything that passes through the digestive tract is turned into good, solid, healthy nerves and flesh, instead of being undigested and unassimilated.

In order to let you test the truth of this for yourself, a 50c box of Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers will be sent you by mail free, if you simply mail coupon below, and you will be astounded at the wonderful results obtained from the free trial box alone.

### Free Trial Box Coupon

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Send me by return mail, free of charge, a 50-cent trial box of the wonderful discovery for nerves, Kellogg's Sanitone Wafers. I enclose 6 cents in stamps to help pay postage and packing.

Name .....

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Makes Loose Teeth Firm

Stops Bleeding, Saves Gagged, Receding Gums, Bad Breath and all other Symptoms of Pyorrhea or Riggs Disease

Home Treatment Book **FREE**

Everyone dreads the dentist's chair. It is human to shun pain, expense, worry and loss of time.

Thousands of good teeth—sound teeth—valuable teeth—are sacrificed every day, just because they become loose—because the gums swell, bleed, recede and emit ill-smelling pus—through ignorance of the cause—through neglect, fear and carelessness. Thousands have Pyorrhea (or Riggs' Disease) without knowing it. Hundreds of dentists see Pyorrhea without recognizing it. Others believe Pyorrhea is incurable. I know it can be cured—have proven it.

After 22 years' study and practice of Medicine and Dentistry, I have made my Home Treatment for Pyorrhea so simple and perfect that I can tell you in a few words just what to do, and you can do it at home.

I will give this information Free to anyone who has symptoms of Pyorrhea, with my book of instructions, diagrams and descriptive illustrations, so you will know just what to do At Home without the expense or risk of a visit to the dentist. I will send all this free, and postpaid, if you ask for it on a postal or in a letter.

You better invest one cent in a Postal Card now, to save your teeth, your health and your money later on. Just write me like this: "DR. F. W. WILLARD, D 411 Temple Court Bldg., Chicago.—Send me free your book and full information about the Home Dental Treatment."



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**HONK! HONK!** Tour the "Automobile City" via the postcard route; send 25c in coin today for one dozen assorted, beautifully colored views of Detroit. Henry F. Wilson, 58 Van Court ave., Detroit, Mich.

**SEIZE THIS OFFER:** The Progressive Woman will be sent Three Months for 10 Cents.

**LADIES \$1000 REWARD!** I positively guarantee Monthly Remedy. Safely relieves longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 days without harm, pain or interference with your work. Mail \$1.50, Double Strength \$2.00. Booklet FREE. Write today. Dr. H. H. Southington Rem. Co., 515 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

**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 Cunningham 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 Cunningham, 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.

**A GREAT MAN PASSES.**

J. C. K.

**O**CCASIONALLY a man dies for whom there is mourning in every part of the world.

Such a man was August Bebel, who died in Switzerland on the 3rd of August. Bebel was the heart and soul of the working class movement of Germany, and how much he was of the labor movement of the entire world will probably never be known.

An illustration of his far-reaching influence was given in a convention of Russian farmers just after his death. This convention was closely guarded by police and spies, and orders had gone forth that there were to be no "demonstrations." The government was particularly afraid that there would be demonstrations over the death of Bebel. So, with the guards in the room, the chairman said, "Let us rise in reverence and bow our heads for a moment for a brother who has just passed away in Germany." And before the guards realized what was happening every man in the great audience stood with bared head in honor of August Bebel, the leader of the Social Democracy of Germany.

This silent demonstration was all they could do, but it showed the love and reverence that ran deep in their hearts for the valiant fighter who had just died.

August Bebel was born in poverty, and the under-nourishment of his body in his youth left him impoverished physically all his life. It was only through the strictest care and discipline that he saved his powers and thus was able to accomplish work that many a strong man would have gone to pieces under.

Much of Bebel's success was due to the unflinching devotion and assistance of his wife, Julia Bebel. She was his nurse in time of sickness, and as his secretary prepared for him the material for his speeches, looked up references and did the thousand and one things which took the burden from his shoulders, and made his arduous tasks possible. Upon the death of Julia Bebel two years ago her husband was stricken down, and it was said he had never fully recovered from the loss of his beloved wife and comrade. Their long and unflinching devotion to each other was suggestive of the romantic devotion of Karl and Jenny Marx, and of Paul Lefarge and his wife.

Nothing that Bebel achieved will make him live longer, perhaps, in the minds of posterity, than his book on Woman Under Socialism. It was perhaps the first exhaustive treatise of the historical status of woman from the economic standpoint, and has been the stimulus for a new school of works on the woman question.

Men like Bebel never really die. When that intangible something which we call the spirit of man is so fine spun as it was in Bebel it lives on and on in the generations which follow him. Very soon we shall forget the noise about Bebel's death. We shall think always of him as living. It will be as if

In the midst of the strife he grew weary,

And sank down to rest for a time. Men wept; they thought he had died: But just out of range of the physical eye

He rose in strength sublime, And the great spirit, forever undaunted,

Proclaims anew the theme of his song.

That "all men are created of one substance equal, And to ignore this truth is the only wrong!"

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**MARRY RICH;** hundreds anxious to marry; descriptions and photos free (sealed). The Unity, Grand Rapids, Mich.

**TO YOU—THE FARMER'S WIFE.**

By Verne E. Sheridan.

**T**O you, my sister in the country, I address this. Not to the "farmer's wife," but to the lady whose husband is a farmer, or the lady who is married to a farmer—do you notice the difference in the style of address?

By the way, are you never going to tire of being an "appendage"; do you never care to be an entire human being? Always it is—Mr. X. "and his wife," the farmers of the country "and their wives"—rather monotonous, I should think. What say you? Do you realize that that very term implies that wives are property?

The things that really count are the men—the citizens: their wives? Oh, bother, why mention them? You are only housekeepers, so much human stock to reproduce your kind, but never worth mentioning in connection with citizenship, and from this it has become the sloppy habit of the male portion of humanity to look upon woman as only a necessary sort of evil, a kind of "handy-guy-to-have-around-to-do-the-dirty-work" and whose skirts one can hide behind in case one gets into a scrape. I am heartily tired of it; how about you?

I address this particularly to you in the country because you seem to be the hardest hit in this day of hustle and rush. You have not only your home to keep clean and to cook for the immediate family, but at certain seasons there is a tremendous amount of work to be done in a few days; "help" is hired, then Mrs. Farmer must cook and clean up after these as well as her own. Additional work—and your additional pay? In the air, breath it in if you can. Not to mention the work you do in the fields and barns, the stock you feed, eggs you gather, etc., etc.—work without end. Do you never grow weary of this? Never want a brighter day for yourself and your kind? Are not you tired of being looked upon as a "boob" that knows nothing and never will know anything? Do you never long for a real dress to wear? Never care to travel a bit to see some of our wonderful country? Never want to hear an opera? Satisfied to have your girls grow up as ignorant as the majority of the day, and have them not know the proper use and value of sex, and be an easy prey to the men with little or no conscience? And want your boy to grow up wild, and become one of these moral lepers that poison everything they touch, because of their perverted views of things?

Perhaps you will say, yes, you are tired of this, and would change it if you could, but how?

And I tell you it is all so simple that I marvel you did not know it. Just develop your rights as a citizen, take in hand what by all the right of humanity belongs to you. It will give you poise and strength to wrestle with the "three-meals-a-day problem"; it will give you confidence in yourself and in your children. You will then discuss with them the subjects you most should instead of dodging the issue as you do now. For instance, the matter of Life and Sex, which is the greatest problem facing us just now, not to mention the power you can wield through the ballot in the making and ENFORCING of laws that will guard your girls and boys from the horrible mistakes they make through lack of proper knowledge, and from the grinding greed of this profit-mad age.

What you are not able to do for yourself as an individual, your country will do for you, WHEN YOU VOTE and NOT BEFORE. So long as you permit yourself to be looked upon and treated as a charwoman, "a rag, a bone, a hank of hair," you will sink further and further from sight under the mountain of humiliation.

The fact that you know who your mayor is and what he is doing will

not made the sun stop shining; knowing your congressman and having voted for him will not blight the blossoms on the trees. Understanding the machinery of the government will not cause you to stop bathing the children or to desert the cookstove, but it WILL give you the necessary knowledge to go about making the division of the world's goods a lot more just than it is at the present time, and in so doing, you will give more leisure, not only to yourself, but to all humanity, which is your duty, for, after all, we are sisters and brothers, if not in our virtues, then surely in our vices.

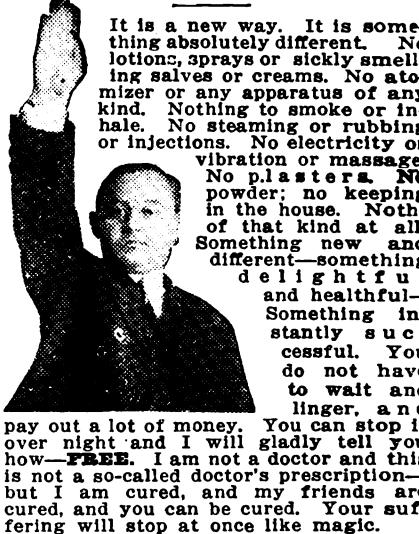


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**CATARRH TRUTH**

**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 B115, 1325 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.



LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR.

(Continued from page 12.)

bitter, dreary world. No, she would not even whisper her trouble to her mother.

After a spell of coughing, Mrs. Oblinsky sank in a sort of stupor. Her chin fell upon her breast, and she closed her eyes. A great wave of pity swept over Verona for her. Suddenly, however, she started up, her eyes flashing fire. Verona shrank from her.

"I know. I know why you not let Ike Hammerstein come back. . . . Dat Anton, he come between. . . . Now I know. . . . You bin two devils, you and dat Anton. . . . I ask you now get out dis house. . . . I tell you not come back here no more. . . . I know now what make you sick. . . . I know dat Anton, he bin too interested. . . . I know—"

"Mother!" Verona's eyes were flashing fire, too, now. Her whole

body was on fire, and Mrs. Oblinsky seeing it, checked her bitter accusations.

"Mother, don't you open your mouth to me again. I will do as you ask. I will go away. Just give me time to get my things together, and I will go, and never come back again. I think you are crazy—"

"Crazy? Crazy? Who bin crazy but you? You haf good chance to marry. You haf one gentleman wid plenty money, and you say to him, No, I will not take you. I will take Anton—dat beggar, Anton."

But Verona had already gone into another room and slammed the door behind her. She was furiously gathering her few clothes together and folding them in a telescope valise. The new waist of which she had been so proud the night she went out with Ike, she left untouched. It was hateful to her now. She could hardly bear her mother's accusations, and wanted more intensely than any-

thing else to get out of the house, and away from the sight of her. She was weak and trembling, but her anger strengthened her, and she soon had her things ready for a journey. She had been saving a little money for personal use, all of which amounted to three dollars and twenty cents. Taking this, she slipped out of the front door leaving Mrs. Oblinsky in the rear, with never a word of regret nor a good-by.

Verona took the car at the usual place, and rode as usual toward the business district. She had an idea of what she would do, and worked it out in her mind as she sat in the car. She had once visited some friends on the North Side, and knew of a district of cheap rooming houses up there. It was her intention to secure one of these rooms at a dollar and a half or two dollars a week, and get her meals when, and as she could. The first thing was to find the room. It was Sunday afternoon,

and she hoped to get settled in order to go to work the next morning. Though she was not yet strong, it was imperative that she work now, and she shuddered to think what might happen should she become ill again. Whatever might happen, however, she was determined not to let her mother or any of her friends know of her condition, nor where she was.

Her humor made her decidedly individualistic in thought, and she reckoned her personal powers to be sufficient for all her needs.

(To be continued.)

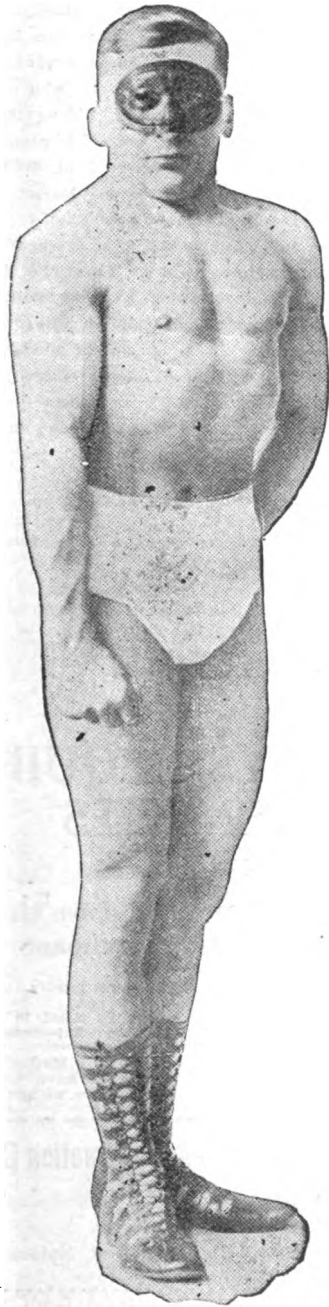
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## "GAINS 22 POUNDS IN 23 DAYS"



### 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.

# DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES POSITIVELY CURED

**A New Method that is Proving the Most Wonderful and Absolutely Certain that the World has Ever Known**

## Hope for All the Deaf

**Not a Temporary Makeshift, But the Means of a Positive and Permanent Cure**

Deafness and head noises disappear almost as if by magic under the marvelous new method of treatment discovered by one of the most famous American Physician-scientists. Remember, this is no ordinary electric treatment. You have never seen anything like it. The causes of deafness have been pretty generally known for a long time, but on account of the delicacy of the organism of the ear and the difficulty of reaching many of its parts, true remedies have for generations escaped the most searching investigations of careful scientists. This Scientist's researches led him partly along the lines of investigation into the deeper scientific mysteries of the occult or invisible Nature-forces, and in this realm he found the key to the particular Nature-forces used in this new marvelous method. After years of study, embracing the wonderful and mysterious constituents of ear organism, the mysterious phases of nerve life and phenomena found everywhere in the magic of Nature, truly startling discoveries were made concerning the relative Nature processes involved in hearing and with accurate scientific knowledge of what was necessary this marvelous new method was perfected which absolutely and positively cures nearly every case, no matter of how long standing nor what caused it. No matter how many have pronounced your case hopeless, this new treatment stands pre-eminent and alone as the only absolute and permanent relief of head noises and the restoration of hearing in a perfectly natural manner.

The doctors do not ask anyone to take their word for it, nor do they ask anyone to invest a cent until they are thoroughly convinced that this treatment will cure them. So wonderful, so simple and so certain is this discovery, and so great and noble is the work of rescuing the deaf from their terrible affliction, even from the vast silence of total deafness and of banishing the terrible head noises which torture thousand of the afflicted, that the Dr. Grains Co. will send you full and complete information concerning the marvelous discovery of this wonderful method and how you can cure yourself at home absolutely free. You can write for this information without placing yourself under any obligations whatever. Write today, explain fully your case and you will have sent you a full and complete description of this marvelous new discovery. Some of the oldest and most persistent cases have been perfectly and permanently cured to the greatest surprise of those who witness the cures and the treatment is so simple, yet so scientific and natural that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. It is guaranteed to be entirely free from harsh methods, shock, pain or injury of any kind. Since this marvelous method was perfected thousands of the deaf have been permanently cured. Write today to Dr. L. C. Grains Co., at Chicago, Ill., for full and complete information how to be cured quickly and positively, and cured to stay cured at home.

### "The Only Treatment that Actually Cured Anyone"

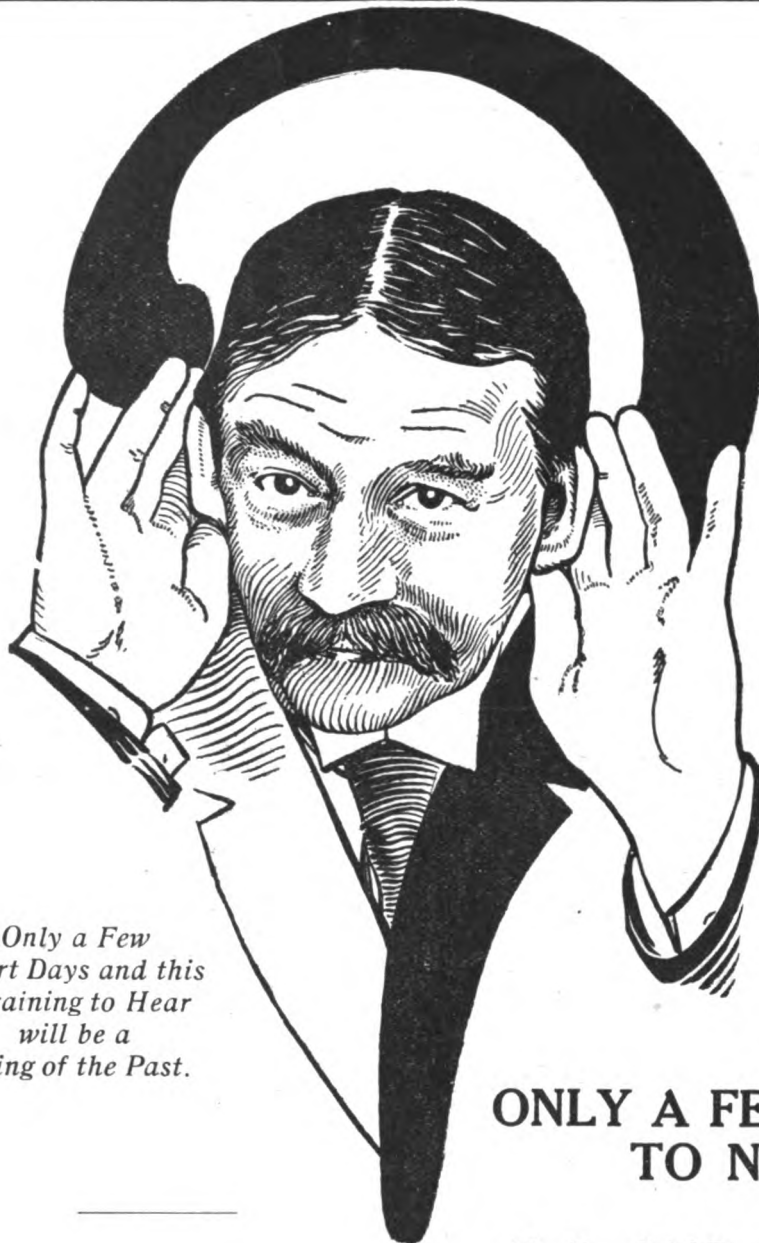
Dallas, Tex.  
Dr. L. C. Grains Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:  
To Whom This May Concern,  
I used the Electro-Vibratory treatment for deafness and was completely cured of partial deafness. I was not totally deaf, but was in bad condition, and so I do not hesitate to recommend this treatment to any one who has this terrible affliction. This treatment is the only one I ever heard of that actually cured any one. The reason I recommend this treatment is because it cured me.  
Yours very truly,  
IRA J. DOBBINS.

*Only a Few Short Days and this Straining to Hear will be a Thing of the Past.*

### "Head Noises Left in 2 Days"

Dr. L. C. Grains Co.,  
Chicago, Ill.  
Dear Sirs:  
Yours to hand. In regard to your treatment for head noises and deafness, it is nearly three years since I took your treatment. I have been deaf more or less ever since I was a girl. Now I am forty-nine years old. At times it was hard to understand my own family. The head noises got so bad at times the last year that I could not sleep sometimes. Then I tried your Vibratory treatment and in two days the head noises left me, and in a little over three months I could hear well, and I was cured and I was thankful for your treatment, for my deafness has stayed cured up to the present.  
You can use this letter, and I am willing to answer any letter from sufferers from deafness or head noises with a stamped envelope enclosed.  
Yours faithfully,  
MRS. J. HUBBARD.  
Chilliwack, B. C., Canada.



**ONLY A FEW DAYS REQUIRED TO NOTE BENEFITS**

**The Beneficial Results of the Grains Method are Usually Apparent After Only a Few Days Treatment**

As a rule, the patient will begin to notice the beneficial results of this treatment after only 2 or 3 days. Frequently the very first treatment with the Electro-Vibratory Machine will produce almost miraculous results and the hearing will be improved within five minutes.

Such instant results are hardly to be expected in all cases, however. The one fact to bear in mind is that you KNOW and HEAR the rapid cure that is being accomplished for you. This feature of the Grains Method is most gratifying to patients who have used other so-called "cures" for months without results.

## Experiments Never Before Published

Hitherto unpublished facts, and results of experiments are contained in the splendid book just published by the Dr. L. C. Grains Co. of Chicago, Ill.

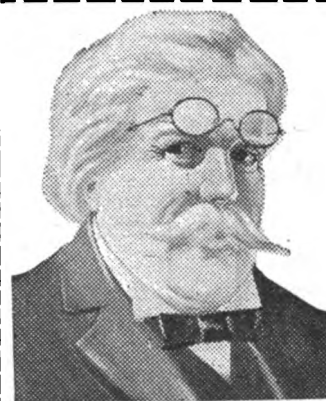
This book will be sent entirely FREE to anyone upon request. It contains information that should prove worth a great deal, both in money and comfort, to all who suffer from deafness or head noises, and as the present edition may not last long, it is suggested that readers of this paper send at once for one of these first edition books. Especially is this urged because no charge whatever is made for this masterly work on deafness.

In sending out these books the Dr. L. C. Grains Co. is doing a great work for humanity and this distribution will undoubtedly accomplish a vast amount of good.

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If I wish you to make a diagnosis of my case after hearing from you, you are to do so free of charge.

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