

**SPECIAL TEMPERANCE EDITION**

# The Socialist Woman

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**ELIZABETH G. FLYNN**

**THE SOCIALIST WOMAN PUB. CO.**

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# Women's Vote Effective

MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

The telegraphic sensation of election night was the vote given Ben B. Lindsay for judge of the juvenile court, in Denver, Colorado.

The "Kid Judge" was elected in spite of the fact that both old parties refused to nominate him, and he ran alone with only the prohibition endorsement. He received more votes than all ten opponents put together.

Three years ago Judge Lindsay was almost as much disliked by the politicians, but was nominated by every party but the Socialist. The women insisted on that nomination and got it. This year the bosses thought they could defy public sentiment and dropped Lindsay from their tickets, with the resulting landslide of scratched ballots.

I wish this situation widely known, not because I care about Judge Lindsay's election. I would not have voted for him had I been at home, for I know a straight Socialist ticket will count far more than any work for juvenile reform. The system, as Judge Lindsay himself is fast coming to see, will make child criminals faster than any court can reform them. But I am proud of this proof that when the women know what they want, they go after it, and get it.

They do not always know, alas, any better than the men do, what they want, or how to get what they want, but they vote, and they vote with their eyes as wide open as could be expected. Moreover, when the women want anything positively, their husbands and sons are usually glad to help them get it.

"Do not women vote just as their husbands do?" is often asked. Husbands and wives often vote the same way, undoubtedly. But quite as often as otherwise it is the conviction of the wife which determines the way both cast their ballots.

"Could not the woman have influenced the husband without the ballot herself?"

Perhaps she could, but she would not have done so. Irresponsible, indifferent, disfranchised women are not wont to influence votes. When women vote, they are interested, have opinions and help to determine the result both directly and indirectly.

Let those who live in male-ruled states ask themselves whether they can see about them the kind of women and men who would give a 30,000 majority against all parties. A few women in every community are posted and interested as citizens, but to bring out 50,000 scratched votes, virtually every woman must do some thinking and have "an idea above a chipmunk."

In other words, twelve years of woman's suffrage has been a tremendous education to the women and scarcely less an education to the men. After a decade in a suffrage state the atmosphere elsewhere, even in many well-meaning Socialist circles is oppressive. It is patronizing and sex-conscious in a childish sense exasperating to one who is used to being a full-fledged, responsible citizen.

It is greatly to be regretted that in all states there is not this effective vehicle of education, but since it is lack-

ing the next best thing is to push woman's activity in the Socialist party, so that within our own ranks both men and women may have the training which comes from common activity as citizens. We may have to wait some years for equal franchise; we need not wait at all to push to the maximum woman's work within the great international working class political movement.

I value inestimably my voting citizenship in Colorado, but the opportunities and possible service within the Socialist party I value even more. I am proud of the Denver women who, in the capitalist parties showed their would-be bosses that they had rational, purposeful men and women to reckon with. I shall be still more proud of the Socialist women when they have made the stag locals of America relics of ancient history.

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O. T. ANDERSON,  
Advertising Manager.

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# Elizabeth G. Flynn.

The first time I saw Elizabeth Gurley Flynn was at a Socialist meeting in New York City in 1906. She was the speaker of the evening. A sixteen year old high school girl, she was indeed an interesting personality. The last time I saw her was in Chicago, where she came as a delegate to the convention of the Industrial Workers of the World. Meanwhile, she had become "famous" in New York City, all the big dailies writing up her activity for Socialism, some of them giving whole pages to it. Although a "mere slip of a girl" she promises much for the future, both from an intellectual standpoint, and as a "soap boxer." For she has made most of the eastern part of the continent, speaking night after night for weeks at a time. The spirit of the poet and the revolutionist are beautifully combined in her, together with a power of logic, which often is wanting in older heads. She has been called the Maud Gonno of the American movement.

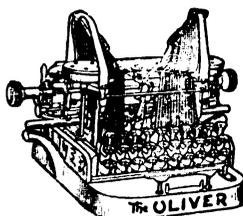
## Your Best Christmas Gift.

Will be Kate O'Hare's "Sorrows of Cupid," if you are going to make any at all this season. It is good for your sweetheart, sisters, brothers, for your parents or for your wife. There is no better book that a Socialist can offer to his friends as a Christmas gift. The publisher of this book has just gotten out a beautiful cloth-bound edition of the same for this special purpose. It is simply great. Better send in your order early. Cloth, 50c; Paper, 25c. The Socialist Woman Pub. Co., Girard, Kans.

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**F. J. McWilliams,** 1160 Caxton, Bldg.,  
CHICAGO, ILL.

## Woman's Intelligent Vote Will Abolish the Liquor Traffic

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO



Wherever the poverty, suffering, and degradation of the human race is great, we find the poverty, suffering and degradation of women below that of any other being. Wherever the blight of a curse has fallen its effect is worse on

the woman, even though she may in many cases be innocent of any fault in the matter.

A woman doctor who had practiced among the poor on the East Side in New York City once told me this story: She was called about twelve o'clock one night to attend a woman in the throes of childbirth. It was cold, the sidewalks were covered with snow and slush, and as she wended her way among the tall tenements of that district she felt that the life of a doctor was indeed a hard one. Looking for the number she found it on an exceedingly poor building, and after climbing a number of dark, narrow stairs, knocked at the door of her patient. Some one called to her to "come in," and she entered.

The woman in the throes of childbirth lay on the bare floor. There was not a sign of a bed in the room, and the fire in the rusty stove was almost dead. On the only chair sat the man of the place, with his elbows resting on a small table. Before him stood a liquor bottle and a tumbler. He was half drunk, and greeted the doctor in a maudlin, drunken fashion. He regarded the woman writhing in agony on the floor with a helpless, stupid stare.

The doctor asked him for one article of necessity after another, only to receive the answer, "We ain't got 'em."

"Why haven't you got 'em?" she demanded with some asperity. "Cause—hard luck. No money to get 'em with." And with that he drained the bottle of its contents.

Some old newspapers in which food had evidently been wrapped, lay about, and the doctor placed the woman on these. They constituted the bed upon which she bore her child. The doctor took off her own white petticoat and wrapped the little one in it. She had sent the man down on the street after some necessity or other, and he returned a bit sobered from contact with the cold. He accepted the birth of the infant quite cheerfully, and excusing himself went out again.

When he returned half an hour later, he brought with him, not food or medicine for the woman; not clothing, nor fuel for the stove; but a fresh bottle of beer! "To celebrate," he announced, and straightway began his celebration.

Where he got the beer the doctor could not imagine, since he had had not a penny an hour before, unless it was given to him by some ward boss, or saloon keeper, who wished to stand in with him on election day.

But the beer he had, while the woman and the new born baby lay on the cold, hard floor, in pain and utter destitution. Both at the mercy of a man who him-

self groped on the lowest rung of the social ladder.

This woman of the East Side tenements was only one of thousands whose hell is given them on this earth, with a drunken husband. Bound as they are by laws over which they have no control, and which keeps them in subservience to him they have promised to "love and obey," they have no outlook, no possible hope for the future, save in the divorce courts. And these, with their expense are not for the women of the poor.

It is little wonder, then, that the great temperance movement of the past quarter of a century has been largely in the hands of women. They have hoped by the abolition of the liquor traffic to put an end to the horrors of the lives of multitudes of their sex. And it has been an effort along legitimate lines. The fact that women are thus interested in women gives the lie to the frequent assertion that "women are women's greatest enemies."

In a recent plea for woman suffrage Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr college, said: "On many questions, mostly those which affect women themselves, all women and a minority of good men think differently from the majority of men." And on this question of the liquor traffic, which has ruined so many homes, no doubt the majority of women and a "minority of good men" think alike. They would abolish the traffic if they could.

But what can even a majority of women do when they are without the ballot? And what can a "minority of good men" do, when the majority of men vote for a system that makes the abolition of the liquor traffic impossible? That is the question we must meet.

To attempt to abolish this source of wealth under the stimulus of the capitalist system, is too much like trying to drain the ocean with tea spoons. The pools and shallows along the shore may be emptied and dried up. But the bed of the sea can never be emptied until its sources are cut away.

Women have gotten up petitions many miles in length, and presented them at the headquarters of a man's government. They have besought "good men" to vote for them. They have stumped the country, and printed journals, in order to reach the intelligent classes with their temperance cry. How absolutely child-like much of it has been. Think of Miss Willard appealing to men to vote for the cause so sacred to her, when she and her women followers could not themselves vote for it. Thousands of "white ribboners" have had to stand helplessly by, and see their cause defeated at the polls again and again by men careless and indifferent, and even vicious. Surely these women must have felt their humiliation most keenly. To quote Miss Thomas again:

"It is an outrage against decency and morality that every vital question in the lives of women and children should be controlled by this masculine majority, indifferent, or worse, to women's interests." It is essential, then, that women who would have temperance in this

land, should be able to go themselves and vote for it.

And when they vote, let them vote intelligently. The abolition of the liquor traffic, as with the abolition of the traffic in young girls for immoral purposes, can never be brought about until the profit system is abolished, which makes it possible for men to grow rich in the business.

It has been said that money is the root of all evil. It is more in order to say that profits are the root of all evil. If you doubt it, look about you; see the things business men are doing, and then ask yourself the question: Why are they doing it? Why does the deacon in the church rent his decayed tenements for brothel uses? Why does the college or the great university let its property for saloon uses? Why does the bar tender work long hours among the vilest kind of customers? Why do Pabst, Lemp, and other large brewers run their works? Why are the music and the red lights, and the various gaudy and costly paraphernalia found along the saloon districts of the cities and the towns?

If the human race was so anxious to drink could it not do it without all this expensive and troublesome display?

In every case we must answer it is for profits. Absolutely for profits, and nothing else. Every man engaged in the business from the big brewers down to the bar tender is in it for the money. Take the money, the profits, out of it, and the liquor traffic will collapse like a punctured balloon. The human race left to itself is not so anxious to debauch itself with drink.

The inducements held out to young men and women to drink, are in the vast majority of cases the cause of the first fall. Millions who are now enticed to their first drink through the wiles of the salesmen, will never know of its existence when the profits are taken from it, and it is not sold by business men as a money maker.

Liquor today is forced upon our people by the business interests of the country, just as much as opium was ever forced upon China by the business interests of England. The Chinese were not opium users before English commerce did that disgraceful thing of forcing the taste upon her people. Equally so will the people of America cease their liquor habits when the business interests of the country stop forcing the taste upon them by every conceivable process known to the wily business mind.

When the women of the land, who no doubt are almost unanimously opposed to drunkenness, and the evils that follow in its train, understand how it can be abolished, and demand the right to vote for its abolition, then can we look for that heaven upon earth for which Miss Willard and her followers fought so long and so valiantly.

Women, do your own political work. And see that you do it intelligently.

We are trying to make The Socialist Woman for January unusually attractive. You will want to distribute thousands of the January issue, so keep on the lookout for it.

# A Word to Prohibitionists

AGNES H. DOWNING

You prohibitionists strive to make the world better; for this we honor you.

You endeavor to make the world happier; for this we love you.

You realize that those results can be attained only by collective action, so you unite politically; for this you have our fraternal respect.

You maintain that the greatest obstacle to human happiness and progress is the use of alcoholic drinks as a beverage; in this we must differ with you.

To us the great stone in the path of progress is the system that makes poverty for so many of our fellow men.

You have claimed, and not without some show of reason, that drunkenness is the cause of poverty. It has been the cause in a comparatively few cases, but for the great mass of poverty there are other causes. If the use of alcoholic drinks could be abolished tomorrow, poverty would still persist. In support of this contention we have the testimony of social settlement workers, such as Robert Hunter, Mary McDowell, Charles Booth and others; of church workers such as Washington Gladden, Charles Vail and many more; of economists, among them Ely, Gunton and Commons; investigators, as the committee of Fifty; temperance workers, such as Sherwell and Rowntree, and even the eminent name of Frances E. Willard. We have among statisticians the name of Carrol D. Wright. In addition to the conclusion of all those students, based as they are on carefully prepared data, we have the final and convincing evidence in the 18th Annual Report of the United States Commissioner of Labor in which we learn that the average yearly wage of 18,000,000 of workers in this country is \$400—18,000,000 workers and those dependent on them makes a very large number. We also learn from the same report that only a little more than fifty per cent have steady work. With the bread winner employed only part of the time, and at a wage of \$400 a year when at work, it needs no argument to show the cause of poverty in the family.

Not only do we account for the great mass of poverty with social causes, but we contend that drunkenness, the drunkenness that causes the most suffering, is itself the result of poverty. On this point, to show the psychological causes,

we can quote Professor Commons, and a large number of others, to the effect that overwork of mothers predisposes children to drink; and both Commons and Dr. Kerr are among those who point out that poor living and the adulterated foods of the poor are causes of intemperance. Then there is a large number of workers on the lower line of poverty, undergoing the tense, fierce struggle which that means—day after day facing the jaws of hunger, without comfort or cheer, and whose only hope is to keep from the grinding humiliation of accepting charity. With any misfortune, sickness, accident, lack of work, the hope is gone. Often at this crisis the man loses hold and takes to drink. Intoxication is the one wretched delusion left him; with it he buys temporary forgetfulness. He thinks with Solomon:—Prov. 31-7—"Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more."

"He should not," you say. No, he should not; but all do not resist temptation, all cannot, or the story of the tempter on the mountain side would never have been written.

So the poor wretch drinks, and it makes his chronic poverty acute; it drives his family from poverty to pauperism: **BUT IT NEVER DROVE THEM TO POVERTY.** The system which puts profits before humanity did that. Greed for profit keeps the workers poor and ignorant, and greed for profit places the saloon in their midst.

Prohibitionists, knowing that your disinterested love for humanity makes you take up this work, we ask you, we plead with you, to investigate the economic side of the question. Putting away alcoholic drinks would leave us the poverty problem. Putting away the poverty problem by abolishing the profit system, would remove at once the incentive for the liquor business and the debasement that leads to drunkenness. It would make possible an intelligent, temperate people.

Drunkenness and poverty may be wiped out together by destroying the cause of both. This is to be the work of our generation. In the face of this great task—at the door of this opportunity of our day, stands the Socialist, and he entreats the prohibitionist to help him.

Mrs. Astor recently of New York and Newport society women.

Medill Patterson, who has blood connections with some of the families of the "inner circle" and who knows, even as those I have quoted know, lays at the feet of rich society people of America almost every immorality conceivable to the human mind. And many that are not conceivable to the mind of the busy toiler. Upton Sinclair does the same in his recent books. And many others besides these, who have studied the ways of the ultra rich.

To the simple mind of the working man and woman, these persons in "high society" must be excessively wicked. Possessing as they do, every possible advantage for culture, refinement and goodness, nothing short of a fallen human nature could force them into their present corruptness.

But let us reason a moment. Do the ultra rich possess all the advantages? Do they possess the one supreme advantage of necessity? Of the necessity to produce something useful?

No, they do not. They sit like young birds with their mouths open, while society pours into their maws all that they need, and so much more besides that they cannot feel—they are utterly dead to the necessity of personal endeavor.

So they don't work. They don't even develop their brains, their talents. They don't have to. All the brains, all the talent of the world is at their disposal. The talent of the world crawls on its hands and knees in surfeiting the rich, until the rich turn away to bizarre parties and monkey dinners for a change.

If, feeding the flesh continuously, they succumb to its call, it is but a natural consequence. They are liars, drunkards, adulterers. They live abnormally, think abnormally, act abnormally. Nature demands her quota of returns from every human life. Nature forces people to act. And if they can't act intelligently, why, of course, they will act like imbeciles or criminals.

The ultra rich are but the other extreme of the excessively poor. Nature abhors extremes. She tries to sluff them off in disease. What Nature does like is a happy medium. This happy medium she will always take care of, always protect, always love into better and better things.

Socialism stands for the happy medium. Socialism is in harmony with Nature. And Socialism and Nature are bound to win out.

The poor need Socialism, and so do the rich. **Everybody needs Socialism!**

## Do The Rich Need Socialism?

JOSEPHINE C. KANEKO

"Rich women are pigs," said Ethel Barrymore, recently, in St. Louis.

It was an inelegant accusation to make against women who are supposed to have all the opportunities in the world for culture and refinement.

"Society women as a class are such liars I can't endure them," Miss Mary Fullerton, who has recently come into a great fortune, declared. "I shall never make a profession of society," she continued. "I don't like New York, the

men there are an idle, useless lot, living off their inheritances." Mrs. W. E. Cory says the life of an artist is infinitely better than that of a society person. "It is really too absurd," she declared, "to think of people devising new forms of entertainment—curious dinners and queer bizarre functions for the delectation of their friends."

"They have given entertainments that belonged under a circus tent, rather than in a gentlewoman's home," said the late

# The Examiner's Glass

LIDA PARCE



The martyr of today is the individual in whose life the possible benefits of a dawning new system of social relations are confronted by the immediate demands belonging to a vanishing regime. His individual revolution is a part of his contribution to the social revolution.

The Devil.—This is the most reviewed and the least understood dramatic production of the century. Reviewers, to a man, tell us that the piece is intended to convey an important lesson. All are agreed that there are many "bad" things in the play. But the appeal of the play is altogether to the intellect, not to the senses. And yet, none can tell us what the lesson of it is.

Karl Mahler, an artist, and Frau Hofman have been in love for many years, but have consistently avoided each other. Meantime Mimi, the model, frankly has "counted the laundry and sewed on the buttons." She has no social or intellectual attractions, so she loses him. But she loses loyally, bravely, sweetly; and she is the only person in the play to whom the Devil is kind.

Frau Hofman feels she would be safer if Karl were married, so she gives a ball to introduce him to a girl she wishes him to marry. At the same time she goes to him to have her portrait painted; and it is here that the Devil projects himself into their affairs. He is a prosperous man of business in a proper frock coat. Frau Hofman leaves the studio with her middle-aged husband, and the Devil twits Karl with his infatuation for her; at which Karl is indignant, and he hotly declares his intention of marrying the young lady she has chosen for him. Karl at one time painted great portraits but he now paints only landscapes. "No," the Devil tells him; "You must not marry. If you do you will paint only landscapes all the rest of your life; but you must love and paint great portraits." Then the ball is given. Karl is making himself agreeable to "Saucy Elsa" when the Devil arouses his jealousy of Frau Hofman by being agreeable to her. Frau Hofman becomes jealous of Elsa and ends by addressing a passionate note to Karl calling him to her.

Next morning Elsa goes to the studio to have her portrait painted also. But Karl is not there and she sees only Mimi who tells her her sad story. Elsa loves Karl and goes away in sorrow, because she is convinced of his love for Frau Hofman and is grieved at the fate of Mimi. In the last scene, the Devil delivers the note to Karl at the studio, in the presence of Frau Hofman and the two leave the studio together, in triumph, reading the note. Inasmuch as their exit is a triumphant one, the "good moral lesson," of the reviewer, seems to be a bit clouded. Many look for the lesson, but few there be who find it. The play doesn't end at all in

the way that plays used to end for the purpose of teaching moral lessons. But there are other lessons that are sufficiently clear. Mimi didn't know how to work. If she had, she would not have been a model who "counted the laundry and sewed on the buttons." "Saucy Elsa" had no interests outside the frivolities of her social set. When she lost the man she loved she lost everything; and a very sorrowful young lady she was. And if Frau Hofman had had an art or profession with which she could fill her life and earn her living, she would not, in the first instance, have married a man old enough to be her father. Then she would not have lost her head in her infatuation for Karl and in the future she would be safe and self-supporting. Moral: Women must learn to keep the balance in their own lives by doing their own work, in a social capacity.

"Against the person and frailty of the fallen women there is an unwritten but inexorable decree of social ostracism. Once the blemish becomes known every door is closed against the unfortunate woman. Every sentiment of pity is congealed and hardened. Even the door of her childhood's home is closed against her, and the mother who will condone and forgive almost every other sin and fault in an erring child has for this no compassion, and so the doors of hope are sealed for the woman and girl thus branded."—Recent article on the Nuns of the Good Shepard in Chicago Record-Herald.

Isn't this an almost indecent enthusiasm for the fate of the "fallen" woman? And yet it is a mild sample of the kind of propaganda that has been carried on against woman by the instruments of private property ever since there was a system of private property.

In the same article the ideal of the cloistered life for woman, and a rebuke of the normal woman's life are insidiously presented. "The life of the nun is a hidden life of which the world knows little, and it is obscure because the nun pursues her appointed work and duties away from the public gaze. She avoids notice and all publicity and obtains none. Newspapers do not chronicle her doings or sayings. Her very name is unknown to the world."

We may expect to see a good deal of this kind of "dope" in the subsidized press and the ladylike magazines. It will be a part of the campaign against Socialism, for Socialism will come when women are free and every avenue of human activity is open to them. Then the woman who "falls" can rise again, even as the man.

Rev. C. T. Brady, rector of Trinity church, Toledo, has given his indorsement to Roosevelt's race suicide theory as follows: "For the welfare of the church there must be more children. Our families are not large enough. This is particularly true of the clergy. They are setting aside the command of God to multiply and replenish the earth. At present we are compelled to draw upon

the offspring of the members of other denominations to people our Sunday schools. This should not be. It need not be. The paucity of children in our church is remarkable. The future of the church depends on them."

This is not a new use for motherhood. In fact it is a very old one. But it is a fair example of the irreverence with which motherhood and child life are treated by the respectable and the orthodox. Both the mother and the child appear in this transaction as so much merchandise of the institution, to be used according to its convenience and for its support.

In the September "American" Ernest Poole has an article entitled: "Harnessing Socialism." In the course of that article Mr. Poole presents the alleged demands of the Socialist platform, and among them is this: "Protection for women in industry." Now of course, a class "protected" by another class is a class held in tutelage, and the Socialist platform makes no such demand. Then why say it does? Are the interests of man and woman identical, Mr. Poole? But the platform does declare squarely for woman suffrage, and promises an active campaign in its interests. Mr. Poole says nothing whatever about this. The subject of the equal freedom and importance of the sexes is a very momentous one to Socialism. Then wherefore trifle with it in this way.

The object of living is to express the self. Self-expression does not require an incentive. Capitalist society permits action only to those who are in pursuit of an incentive. Spontaneous expression; work that is play or love that is play; are an offense against capitalist common sense and propriety. Love must ally itself with economics and work must be a grind for a price in order to win the sordid success of capitalism. Yours for the Revolution!

The rose expresses itself in fragrance and beauty.  
The heart pours out its passion in service and song.  
The wind and the sun and the skies woo the blossom;  
But my heart, Ah, my heart has been silent so long.

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THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

GIRARD,

KANSAS.

# THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

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Managing Editor..... Kiichi Kaneko  
Editor ..... Josephine C. Kaneko



## A Word to the Wise.

Before election there was considerable talk about one million votes for Socialism. When the returns came in there were a good many less than a million. A number of Socialists were disappointed. But after all, did any one of us expect one million intelligent, clear-cut Socialist votes? I don't believe so. We thought a lot of "sympathizers" would vote with us, and make up the million. The sympathizers went with Bryan. The reformers thought they would "try just once more," to elect a democrat to office. So we lost on that score. Also about six million men, many of whom would have cast an intelligent Socialist vote, were out of work, and in moving about to look for a job, were disfranchised. But what we did get, we can count on as the "real goods." And between six and eight hundred thousand intelligent Socialist votes means great things for the future. Further, there is something else to this movement besides votes; that is the wonderful spread of sentiment that has gone over the land in the last two years. The people are beginning to think in socialistic terms. The masses are growing less and less afraid, and more and more open to conviction. And persons of wide influence in the intellectual world, are rapidly taking up the fight for the cause. So we can safely say, let the vote wait a little, until the people know thoroughly what they want, and how to handle it after they get it.

What have you done to awaken the women of your vicinity? Do you talk Socialism with them? Do you hand them a copy of the Socialist Woman with an article marked for them to read? Do you go after their subscriptions? Any woman who reads The Socialist Woman a year never can be what she was before. The whole processes of her mind are changed. She wants what she never wanted, and she is frequently stirred to immediate activity to get it. She becomes, in short, an active Socialist.

Education is the great work of today, and of the future. At no time have we felt more serious about this. At no time have we felt the need of an intelligent awakening among women, as now. The youths of the land are in the women's hands. Should not, then, the women train themselves to deal with these young people? And with their own sex?

We want to enlarge the size of this paper. If you will give it 10,000 more subscribers in the next three months, we can get a line of good, clean advertising that will make this possible. It is not possible on the present income. It costs close to 25 cents to get the paper out. We had depended on a rapid increase in the circulation, when we made our club rate 25 cents. The circulation has been good; but not anything like it could be. Nothing like it will be, once you get serious about pushing it. Remember, 10,000 more subscriptions in the next three months. That means less than one sub for each of you in three months. Surely you will do that much. How many will see that you help raise the list to this number?

Whenever there is an advertisement in this paper that you can patronize, do it. Make yourselves instruments in securing advertisements for The Socialist Woman. We have our advertising in the hands of a reliable agency in Chicago, which has begun a campaign among business houses in behalf of The Socialist Woman. You can help our agent by writing to advertisers that you patronize, and also by patronizing those who advertise with us. This is an item of great importance. Don't neglect it.

It is up to you women who read this paper to make it the greatest educational factor in the land, if you want to. If you get down seriously at the business of making it the greatest, you can do it. You have been desperately busy in the past few months trying to make votes. Now let's see what you can do trying to make brains. That is the work of the next four years. The votes will take care of themselves, once the people have the brains.

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Kiichi Kaneko.

Everybody wanted to study something. Every club talked of studying something. But most of those who talked enthusiastically of studying something did not know what to study nor how. So their plans have been laid off, or their studies did not do as much good as they expected.

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## Social Extremes Cause Intemperance

HEBE

I was walking through one of the streets which are a disgrace to modern civilization. Innumerable children swarmed about me on the sidewalk. Women with hollow cheeks and lustreless eyes hurriedly brushed by me, some with baskets and bundles and many with babes in their arms, on their way to and from market. High above me, dimming the blue radiance of the autumn sky, towered the four, five and six-story tenements, with their ugly fire-escapes, heaped high with household rubbish, with their sombre, dust-covered windows and their barren, dirty walls. The street was narrow and filthy, and the children who played in it and the women who hurried by, all bore the unmistakable imprint of poverty. The pale, wan faces of the women, grown old before their womanhood had matured its bloom, the neglected, stunted figures of childhood robbed of its birthright, told all too plainly that the residents of this street were the down-trodden of human society; that they were accustomed to suffer cold and hunger, want and privation; that they were habitually deprived of even the bare necessities of life. The street was one where the poorest, the most wretched of human beings dwell; and yet there was a saloon at almost every corner, and the saloons looked prosperous. They were cleaner and brighter and far more cheerful than the other houses, and an atmosphere of comfort seemed to pervade them. They seemed a sort of weak atonement for the squalor and barren desolation of the "homes" that surrounded them. As I turned the corner at one, a man staggered out of the door. He was beastly drunk. His eyes had a glassy appearance, an expression of unspeakable coarseness and brutality was imprinted upon his whisky-reddened features. Toppling from side to side he staggered on, mumbling incoherent words, running against ash barrels and lamp posts, and grasping about him in an unconscious effort to keep on his feet. Little street urchins shouted highly expressive epithets after him and pelted him with missiles from a garbage can, and a group of women paused to stare at him, some in derision and some in mere curiosity, while one of them simply said: "He gets full every time he gets his pay." But the man staggered on, evidently unconscious of the impression he was creating. Where was he going? Home—perhaps. Home to a wife and children. In my mind I followed that man to one of those wretched, desolate tenement homes, with a cold stove and an empty bread box, with a thin, worn-out woman slowly working herself to death, with underfed, neglected children, who have not only been deprived of all the rights of decent living, but have also been deprived of the right of being well born, because they are endowed with a weakened nervous system and an enfeebled brain as a heritage of their father's drunkenness. Probably this wife and children tremble at the thought of this father's return. Probably his home coming means the enactment of brutal scenes with vile language and blows. I shuddered. This man in his

present state—I thought to myself—is worse than a wild beast in the jungle. And yet he, too, was once a sweet and innocent babe; and yet he, too, might have become a decent man, had his environment been a different one. For poverty and intemperance are inseparably linked. The poorer a neighborhood is, the more numerous the saloons. The scarcer and more unwholesome the food that people consume, the greater is their craving for liquor. The more wretched and hopeless the conditions of life are, the stronger becomes the desire for the oblivion and temporary happiness found in intoxication.

Upon another occasion I was walking through a far different street of the metropolis. This street was clean and broad and sunny; large, elegant mansions and veritable palaces lined its sidewalks. The few children playing here looked happy and healthy, and were well dressed. The pretty, elegantly gowned fur clad and feather bedecked women that passed me by, walked at a leisurely gait, and conversed merrily, bent upon no other occupation but to enjoy their afternoon stroll upon the avenue. As I passed a large brown stone corner house, evidently a gentleman's club, the large wrought-iron portals swung open and three men came out arm in arm. The middle one was evidently intoxicated and was being upheld by his two companions who tried in vain to suppress his hilarity. "I say, boys," he drawled out, "didn't we have a bully time? Little Butterfly Belle's a peach, simply a peach!" "Oh, do keep quiet!" exclaimed one of the sober men in evident annoyance at the scene. The other, looking about anxiously, said: "Where is the carriage?" A uniformed servant who had followed the three ran to the curb stone and beckoned to the coachman. In another instant the rich drunkard was bundled into his carriage and was being rapidly driven away.

This man who had been drinking and carousing in broad day light while other men worked, and who had succeeded in making a beast of himself, no less than the man in the corner saloon, he, too, was going home. To what sort of home? Probably to a cold, glittering palace, rich in luxuries, and poor in that costlier wealth of heart and intellect. His wife, probably a society woman, did not tremble at the thought of his return, because, if necessary, she had servants to protect her. But her womanhood was wrecked by him whom she called husband. Either she was leading a life of outward glamour and inward despair, or she was cold and depraved like her environment, and continued to live with the man, though she loathed him, to share his gold. The children—the chances were that this drunkard had no children. Children are scarce in our modern palaces. But should there be one, it must, in spite of all its wealth, and luxury, be cursed like the tenement child, with a weakened nervous system and an enfeebled brain.

I paused and pondered. Then drunkenness was not caused by poverty only. Immense wealth, with its idleness and self-indulgence lead to intemperance as well. Was it possible that two such ex-

treme conditions could produce the same result?

The fact is that all extreme conditions produce extreme results. The idle rich, who are no longer capable of healthy enjoyment, because they have drained the cup of life to its dregs, turn to intoxicating drinks as the only effective stimulus to their stunted sensibilities. The overworked poor, for whom life holds nothing but toil and misery, in the hope of a momentary enjoyment, drink. It cannot be denied that intemperance is met with in all strata of society. But the careful observer will find that intemperance is most common among the very rich and the very poor, while it is least common among the active, healthy middle classes, the comfortably situated artisans and merchants and professional men. The young man who has been brought up in a happy, healthy home environment, by a father and mother who lead active, useful lives, who has been given a good schooling—this is the sort of young man who will be least endangered of becoming a victim of drink. Proper environment and education are the only safeguards against drunkenness. Proper environment and education are the only effective means for combatting alcoholism. Restrictive and prohibitory liquor laws are ineffectual because they combat the results instead of the causes; because they seek to weed the human garden by cutting off the weeds without removing the roots. If the manufacture and sale of liquor are prohibited by legislation in one state, intoxicating drinks will be secretly imported from another state. If people are forbidden to drink publicly they will drink in private. If saloons are closed on Sunday, habitual drinkers will lay in their stock of beer and whisky on Saturday night. Restrictive and prohibitory liquor laws only add to intemperance the lesser evils of secrecy and disregard of the laws.

The remedy that Socialism offers is proper environment and education for all people; a sort of leveling up to the best standard of physical and moral health. It proposes to make the idle rich useful members of society, and to free the overworked poor from their poverty and drudgery. Socialism seeks to establish a true civilization which will provide for every child that is born a clean, sanitary home, adequate clothing, wholesome and sufficient nourishment, good schooling, and the health and freedom of the play ground until its body and mind have fully matured. It seeks to establish a true civilization which will guarantee to every man and woman a decent livelihood in return for honest labor. The coming civilization may still have to grapple with the problem of intemperance as one of occasional mental and moral degeneracy; but the problem as one of general and worldwide importance will no longer exist. The roots of those ugly weeds which at present disfigure our human garden will have been destroyed at last.

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 This is the subject of a second article in the Woman's World, by the Hon. Edwin W. Sims, U. S. District Attorney in Chicago, written as was the "White Slave Article," strictly from the viewpoint of the lawyer, who finds himself called upon, as an officer of the law, to deal with this delicate and difficult subject.

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BY EDWIN W. SIMS, U. S. DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

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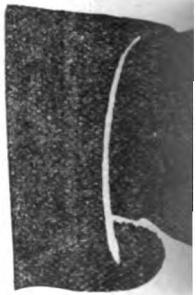
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# The Changing Fortunes of the Home

## IV—THE MODERN HOME

LIDA PARCE

When the war-lord no longer needed the serf to bear arms for him, he dismissed him from his service and the serf found himself without a home. As large numbers of serfs were discharged at the same period, the effect was to destroy one type of the medieval home. The land of the large estates was concentrated in the hands of fewer and larger farmers. In these farm homes the distaff, the loom and the forge, the implements of domestic manufacture, played an important part. This home was a factory turning out a great variety of products. Perhaps commodities were made for the market. The patriarch was the proprietor and the family were his "hands." Perhaps a number of other "hands" were hired for wages. But the family received no wages. They were regarded as having an interest in the family fortunes and finding their compensation in the prosperity of the family. They had no industrial identity. And the life within this home was such as to really weld the family together in their feelings and habits. Imagine the importance to all the family of the sprouting of the grain in springtime, of the dropping of the lambs whose wool would later furnish yarn for the loom and for the industrious fingers of the grandmother in the chimney corner; would provide clothing for the household and perhaps fill the family coffers by the sale of woven fabrics. What a tie of intimate and common interest exists in the foaling of the colts, whose strong limbs would one day draw the family wagon to meeting or to market, or, who, perchance, would take a prize at the fair for the shapeliness of their sleek bodies. The blossoming of the orchard presaged the yellow apples of the harvest time, the biting, bubbling cider at Christmas and the carmine globes before the winter's fire. The family was a small society in itself, united by the bonds of all the important interests in which all shared alike.

The number and intimacy of its economic and social interests brought its members close together, while the isolation of the family unit limited all of them to the same area of interest. The members of this family were harmonious by training and by social limitations, if not by temperament and taste.

With the dispossessed serf, it was quite otherwise. He drifted into the towns looking for work. He went without money and without a trade, to join herds of other men in like condition. Perhaps he was separated from his family altogether. But manufacturing was growing; there was employment at it for many men, and in time he became assimilated to the artisan class. The home of the artisan offered many points of contrast to the rural home. All those common interests that centered around the processes of domestic production were wanting here. Perhaps the younger members of the family worked outside the home. The close contact of the family, with society gave the opportunity for its members to find congenial fellows in the outside world, and to cultivate

their special aptitudes and tastes. Thus the strong personal ties were no longer in operation in the artisan home and at the same time the individual formed separate ties outside the family. But the patriarchal basis of the family was unchanged. Here, as in the manufacturing home, the wife and children were in a sense, the property of the patriarch. The product of their toil was his.

Throughout Europe, the modern states reverted to the early Roman law for the system of the family and the subjection of the wife, and the minor children. Sir Henry Maine says: Modern jurisprudence, forged in the furnace of barbarian conquest, and formed by the fusion of Roman jurisprudence with patriarchal usage, has absorbed, among its rudiments, much more than usual of those rules concerning the position of women which belong peculiarly to an imperfect civilization. . . . When we move onward, and the code of the middle ages has been formed by the amalgamation of the two systems, the law relating to women carries the stamp of its double origin.—Ancient Law; p. 151. And again: "I do not know how the operation and nature of the ancient *Patria Potestas* can be brought so vividly before the mind as by reflecting on the prerogatives attached to the husband by the pure English common law, and by recalling the rigorous consistency with which the view of a complete legal subjection on the part of the wife is carried by it, where it is untouched by equity or statutes, through every department of rights, duties and remedies."—Ancient Law; p. 154.

The rights of the patriarch were supposed to rest on reciprocal duties of "protection" and "support." But the state had taken over the function of defense and such defense as the state performs is the only defense that it secures to the wife and child. The theoretical duty of "support" is not enforced by law. But the patriarch owns the services or wages of wife and child by law. In some parts of the English speaking world, these archaic points of law have been modified by statute, but these modifications are partial and fragmentary; and nowhere has the old law been replaced by one which provides for the complete emancipation of either wife or child.

This dominant feature of the home subsisted down to and through the colonial period in America. When the American constitution was formed the home was not the foundation of the state, because the state dealt directly with the individual in the matters of duties and penalties, but the source of subsistence which was really much more important. With the invention of machinery and the application of water power and steam power to manufacturing, the latter was potentially removed from the home. The practical removal was a very gradual process, and is even now incomplete. At first only certain lines of manufacturing were concentrated in the towns along the streams where water power was available. Then the operatives in the mills could live in their own

homes, or at least near enough to them so that they were still tributary to the family. But when steam power was applied to the machine, the mills were released from their water power sites, and they hastily assembled in the large towns for the benefits of the best markets and transportation. Then the rural operatives either left their homes to follow their work, or the home was uprooted from its ancestral soil and followed the worker to the work. Domestic manufacture speedily became impracticable because it could not compete successfully with the factory process, and with its disappearance those common interests which had formed the basis of the unity of the family disappeared.

### The Drunkard.

Kiichi Kaneko.

I saw a drunkard in the meeting place  
of the Salvation Army.  
His face was thin and dark and unshaved;  
His clothes were shabby and dirty enough  
to be put out at the door  
Had he gone to some fashionable church.  
He leaned upon the chair, and at first  
sight, I thought,  
He was praying, but he was only sleeping.  
As the band began to play and the congregation started to sing  
He awoke from his sleep. He lifted his  
head, and looked about him.  
Presently he took his money out of his  
pocket  
And began to count it. He counted it  
as if nobody was about.  
When he had finished he looked at the  
money in his hand and smiled.  
Perhaps he counted a dime for a drink;  
Perhaps he counted another to pay for  
his bed;  
Perhaps he counted enough to have a  
breakfast next morning.  
He did not know what the people there  
were doing,  
But he knew what he smiled at:—  
I forgot where the place was, since  
then.  
But I cannot forget his smile,  
The smile that fluttered across the face  
of misery.

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# The Curse of Drink

THERESA MALKIEL



While walking in the street the other day, I came across a friend of my girlhood days. From the very first I was struck by the expression on his face. His eyes were full of sadness, while on his tightly drawn lips played a bitter smile

of hopelessness and misery.

"Don't you know me any more, George?" I asked, as I came quite close to him.

"I must plead guilty. I was absorbed in thought," came the answer—"And you would never dream what I was thinking of either."

"Now come, like a good old friend, tell me what it was. You don't look happy at all."

"Say, Bess, I just thought that I would like to get dead drunk."

Commonplace as the words uttered by my friend were, they carried a tale of woe, and of a wrecked human life. The man's material conditions have reached a stage where he could not make ends meet. Nor was there any prospect of improvement. His married life, too, was far from being a happy one, and when matters reached a point where he could not see his way out, the immediate alternative that came into his head, was to get dead drunk, and, for once, find oblivion to all misery and wretchedness.

My friend George was a man above the average type, one who could control his desires. So in him the temptation of getting drunk was counteracted by the knowledge that one drunken spell may be followed by many more, and, with an iron will power at hand, the man pulled himself together and thus averted what might have possibly become a life's tragedy.

This, however, is not the case with thousands of creatures, who, in a moment of despair and misery, become imbued with a desire for oblivion. Their brain is oftentimes too tired to work; they do not know, and don't care what the consequences may be, and inevitably the average man turns to drink.

It is not liquor that he is seeking; it is forgetfulness, and this he will try to obtain as long as misery and suffering, and privation are continually crowding into his life, while everything human, good and kind is driven out.

Temperance movements may come and go; but not until the web that covers their eye sight is raised and they realize where the true evil lies, will these movements be of any benefit to those whom they try to uplift.

What have they to offer to the miserable wretch whom they try to save from his own shadow? What consolation, or restitution for the happy hours, when, under the influence of some intoxicant, bright hallucinations crowd his brain, when life and all that goes with it seems rosy and inviting. . . It is true that all except the hopeless cases awake to find themselves more wretched than before; but they have had at least a short respite.

The thousands of earnest men and women who fight for the abolition of the terrible curse of drink remind me of the color-blind, who, to their great misfortune, cannot distinguish the really injurious color from the many inoffensive ones. Whether we have a prohibition government, which will close every saloon in the country, or one of free graft that will give the right of way to all dealers in intoxicants, in the main makes very little difference. If the saloon is closed, men will go to the drug store; when they cannot obtain liquor there, they take drugs. It does not matter to them how they get drunk; it is the state of drunkenness that they seek.

As long as men have to work until every bone in their body aches and their mental powers refuse to perform their function; so long as they come home to miserable dwellings where the smell of food is combined with that of boiled clothes and the unpleasantness is heightened by the noise of the children, and often the continued grumbling of a discontented wife, so long will they seek and be subject to the curse of drink.

What can we expect of children who grow up under those environments, when the only time they see their parents in good humor is while they are under the influence of intoxicants. They even hear them laugh and sing then, which is not the case under normal conditions. Gradually the children grow up with the desire to get big, and, like their elders, to get drunk, or if the parents are in the habit of drinking at home they, too, at a very early age learn to drink.

What is true of the miserable poor is equally true of the idle rich. Endowed with every luxury that their hearts desire, without so much as raising a finger to obtain it, they become dulled, their life appears to them meaningless, and they know of no other life, neither are they fit for anything else. What to the poor man would be a boon from heaven to the rich seems nothing but a monotonous existence from day to day. Tired of it all, they seek excitement in drink.

Thus it had been going on from time immemorial, and thus it will go on until humanity fills the gap between the idle rich and the miserable poor, and establishes an order of society where every one will have duties and obligations while none will be driven to exhaustion in fulfilling them. Where men will have pleasant homes to come to, where women will not be irksome burdens, but kind and considerate companions.

It is not by treating one wound or another that we can bring about the healthful state of a body, but by finding and exterminating the cause of the disease, that an organism can be brought back to its normal state.

Only when this present system of graft, profit and greed is abolished and a Socialist regime established, where people will have no interest in getting others drunk, that they might benefit by it; when the environments of every human being will be such as will tend to uplift the general standard of enjoyment and pleasure, then only will this terrible plague, which takes a stronger hold of humanity daily, disappear.

## WOMEN Under Capitalism

With the election of Taft we are assured of four years more of the vilest kind of Capitalism (as tho' Capitalism was ever anything else than vile!) and the men and women of this country will do well to fortify and entrench themselves, as best they can, that its sharp edges shall not all the time cut to the quick.

Our modern Christian (?) civilization strikes at our women and children with its longest and most poisonous fangs—for what can be more awful to view today than our child-slavery in the Southland and our sweatshop and factory systems in which women toil? What can be more terrible than to be widowed with a flock of children dependent on one? What were all the horrors of the Inquisition compared to the scourges of this age; was Feudalism at any time as bloodthirsty?

We look to Socialism—and rightly—to overturn this system and to "set the captives free," but the most sanguine of us needs must admit that the road thereto is long and the fight bitter and growing in its intensity. The Co-operative Commonwealth is coming for it is conceived in the spirit that never yet has been defeated in its aspirations (if it only can be fully aroused from its slumber) but many a weary year must yet pass ere its arrival can be heralded.

In the meantime is it a crime for you and me to better ourselves? Shall the "fat of the land" continue to go to our opponents and must we hug poverty because affluence might "freeze the genial current of the Soul," and render us impotent in our fight for the right? Perish the thought—yet many hold to the theory that to organize ourselves and through co-operation reap more wealth than wages mean is pernicious and wrong.

We make it our business to help our comrades by pointing out where small sums can be safely invested with the largest chances of success. We hope to lead scores and scores where the "milk and honey" conditions actually exist. We ask them to risk, but never to risk except where we too have risked—and we ask them to share with us in what looks like a series of grand successes. If you would draw away from the deadline of Want, and by persistent effort rise to where it will no longer haunt you, ask us for more information. Don't postpone—for these things are not postponable! Comrade Kaneko will gladly tell you we are not impostors! Eight years "on the firing line," and there to stay!

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CHICAGO

# Why Men Drink

KIICHI KANEKO



Drinking is not a crime in itself, but it helps to create crime. It is bad when it becomes one's uncontrollable habit. It can be avoided if one is wise enough to see its physical as well as mental

effects upon himself and his community. It can be abolished if society is organized so as to substitute other pleasures for men in place of the pitiable one of drinking. We can abolish the curse by a positive means. And by that means only.

I differ from those who want to suppress every imaginable thing under the sun by means of law, on the ground that it might hurt humanity. All things are meant for good, if but used intelligently. If we were to legislate against everything that tempts human desire, why not suppress mankind itself, which is the real source of all troubles.

Buddha tried to suppress human passions and sentiment instead of utilizing them for good. His followers, tried hard not to eat meat, not to drink, not to come in contact with woman, nor hear, nor say, nor see evils. But with no avail. The Buddhist priests today are much the same as the Christian priests. They eat meat. They smoke. They drink. They marry.

Yet Buddha is not alone in this category. We have thousands of his kind in this twentieth century. Tolstoi is denouncing human marriage as an evil—after he has had thirteen children. He is despising art and literature—after having written a quantity of novels and dramas. And in spite of his tremendous influence, his followers do not, and will not, put his teachings into practice. The negative means of solving social problems has not succeeded, and will not succeed in any age.

When men are driven to live like animals under the present system of society they—the rich or the poor—are more or less compelled to drink. The rich are compelled to drink because they live off of the labor of others, and have nothing to do, nor to interest them, other than an artificial excitement. The poor are driven to drink through physical exhaustion from overwork and a lack of opportunity for intellectual pursuits. Dulled in mind and numbed in body, it is natural that they should turn to a stimulant to arouse the sensations.

When a mere boy, I took up the habit of drinking. It was but a few years before I became ashamed of myself and stopped it. I must confess, however, that my ability to break the habit so easily was due to my favorable training and condition in life. Had I not sought my greatest pleasure in intellectual pursuits, and had not my education and reasoning power been sufficient to show me the evil results of drunkenness, I should have gone on in the way I began to the end of my life.

I believe that men form the habit of

drink primarily, then, because they do not have the thing in life to do which they want to do. The present methods of employment turn men into mere machines and their natural instincts and inclinations are shut off, or perverted all their lives. They are living abnormal lives. They try to fill up the gap with artificial stimulation. On the other hand the comparatively few who seem to be doing the thing they want to do—as in the case of newspaper men—are driven so hard at it, there is such a nerve tension all the time, that they look for a "bracer" in an artificial stimulant. However, far fewer habitual drinkers are found among those who are congenially employed, than among those who either have nothing at all worth while to do, or those whose labor has made of them machines.

Give all men the material comforts of life. Give them a chance for mental development, and congenial employment, and there will be no extreme drunkenness on earth. Let none be idle on others' labor. Let none work to the point of exhaustion, and there will be no more need of temperance agitation. Drunkenness is an effect, not a cause. The condition of life is the cause, and therein can the remedy be applied.

Here is a suggestion: Fix one day in each week in which to do something for The Socialist Woman. Take samples and leaflets to your neighbors and friends. Let them know what you are doing. Get their subscriptions. After awhile you will find it fascinating work, and it will greatly help your paper as well as your cause.

When you write to our advertisers please say you saw it in The Socialist Woman.

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## Books of Interest to Women.

The Origin of the Family—Engles. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.  
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Woman Under Socialism—Bebel. Price, \$1, postpaid.  
Love's Coming-of-Age — Ed. Carpenter. Price, \$1, postpaid.  
The Rebel at Large—May Beals. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.  
Ancient Society — Lewis H. Morgan. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.  
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Socialist Songs with Music—Charles Kerr. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.  
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Socialist Songs, Dialogues and Recitations—Josephine R. Cole. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.  
Why White Ribboners Should Be Socialists—Victor Gage Kimbert. Price, 5 cents.  
Womanhood and Social Justice—A. M. Stirton. Price, 10 cents.  
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The Voice of Prophecy contains 56 pages, brimful of Bible thunder. No Socialist or Christian can afford to be without it, for, it is pre-eminently The Volume of the Hour which is striking upon the dial of the Ages.

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## National Prohibition

J. C. K.

The recent election in Arkansas will place that state on the prohibition list. If the new law goes into operation the first of January this will make nine prohibition states in the Union. Maine, Kansas and North Dakota have had prohibition for years. Georgia, Oklahoma, Alabama, North Carolina, and Mississippi are the new Southern states to come over to the dry column.

It would look as if we were going to be a dry nation very soon, if it were not for the fact that over a dozen states have tried prohibition, and gave it up. These were New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa and Nebraska.

According to The Encyclopedia of Social Reform, Maine, Kansas and Iowa are "the only states in which there has been anything like an adequate and prolonged trial of the policy." In North Dakota the railway interests have interfered with the carrying out of the law, and whether a town there is "dry" or "wet" depends upon the pressure brought to bear by the local authorities. In Kansas, the war since the adoption of prohibition, has been with the outside dealers, who have insisted upon sending liquor into the state. In the first nine years of prohibition in this state, the local liquor dealers fell from 2,006 to 1,328. In 1904 the number rose to 3,092. The last illegal distillery has recently been driven from the state—but liquor still finds its way into Kansas.

It is because of this fact—that a state cannot be entirely free from the traffic, so long as neighboring states sell it—that prohibitionists have felt the necessity of a national party, and a national prohibition. The party nominated its first president in 1872, and he received 5,607 votes. From 1890 to 1894 it witnessed the phenomenal increase of from 9,678 to 150,626 votes. In 1892 the largest vote, 270,710 was cast. At the late election the vote fell somewhat below this.

Lord Rosebery is quoted as saying: "If the state does not soon control the liquor traffic, the liquor traffic will control the state." Let us see if the liquor traffic does not in a sense control the state today. The Wine and Spirit Gazette of New York in January 1894, said: "The liquor vote of this state, a good deal more than 120,000 strong, can, if it will, control all legislation at Albany." Later it said: "There are nearly 200,000 voters in this state who live by the saloon." That is, they get their living out of it one way or another. It is a matter of economic determinism with them. Not a case of original sin, or natural depravity. And as it was in Albany and New York state, so it is in the majority of states in the Union. And where it is not the liquor interests directly, that successfully oppose prohibition, or the enforcement of prohibitory laws, it is some other business interest, as for instance, the railroads that prevent the carrying out of the law in North Dakota.

According to the reliable statistics the Distillers' Securities Corporation has a common stock of \$32,500,000 and

bonds of \$16,000,000 more. The political power of these \$50,000.00 in the liquor business can be imagined.

What, then, of national prohibition? Will the business interests of America ever permit it? The sale of liquor—amounting in 1902 to 1,439,082,027 gallons in this country alone—is one of the biggest profit makers we have, and a number of other corporations are more or less dependent upon it. Will these stand meekly by and see it driven out of existence?

Are not the corporate interests of big business of more weight in the nation today than the will of the people? And is not the natural morality of the people subservient to their economic needs? In other words, is it not true that the manner in which we get our living determines our morals?

The nation gets its living through the private ownership of the trusts. The grain, the liquor, the railroad trusts, all interdependent upon each other, in the hands of private individuals force a code of morals upon the nation that it cannot shake off. That it never can shake off, until the people themselves take over the trusts and run them in such a manner as to determine their own morals.

This is the only way. The nation cannot regulate the trusts when the trusts own the nation. You might as well tell a slave to regulate his master. Let the nation own the trusts, before it tries to deal with them. Then, and then only, can it wipe out the drink evil, the white slave traffic, and all the other abominations that today are operated for personal profit in the hands of individual owners. Then, and then only, will the will of the people count.

### Frances Willard on Socialism.

From Address at the National W. C. T. U. Convention at Buffalo in 1897.

Look about you; the products of labor are on every hand; you could not maintain for a moment a well-ordered life without them; every object in your room has in it, for discerning eyes, the mark of ingenious tools and the pressure of labor's hands. But is it not the cruelest injustice for the wealthy whose lives are surrounded and embellished by labor's work, to have a superabundance of the money which represents the aggregate of labor in any country, while the laborer himself is kept so steady at work that he has no time to acquire the education and refinements of life that would make him and his family agreeable companions to the rich and cultured?

The reason why I am a Socialist comes in just here:

I would take, not by force, but by the slow process of lawful acquisition through better legislation as the outcome of a wiser ballot in the hands of men and women, the entire plant that we call civilization, all that has been achieved on this continent in the four hundred years since Columbus wended his way hither, and make it the common property of all the people, requiring all to work enough with their hands to give them the finest physical develop-

ment, but not to become burdensome in any case, and permitting all to share alike the advantages of education and refinement. I believe this to be perfectly practicable, indeed, that any other method is simply a relic of barbarism.

I believe that competition is doomed. The trusts, whose single objects is to abolish competition, have proved that we are better without than with it, and the moment corporations control the supply of any product they combine. What the Socialist desires is that the corporation of humanity should control all production. Beloved comrade, this is the frictionless way; it is the higher way; it eliminates the motives for a selfish life; it enacts into our everyday living the ethics of Christ's gospel. Nothing else will do it; nothing else can bring the glad day of universal brotherhood.

O, that I were young again, and it would have my life! It is God's way out of the wilderness and into the promised land. It is the very marrow of Christ's gospel. It is Christianity applied.

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- Evolution, Social and Organic—by Arthur M. Lewis.
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  - Collectivism and Industrial Evolution—by Emile Vandervelde.
  - The Socialists, Who They Are and What They Stand For—by John Spargo.
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### HOUSEKEEPING UNDER SOCIALISM

"Housekeeping Under Socialism," by Josephine C. Kaneko, tells every housewife the fact of the existence of wonderful labor-saving devices for the home, which she cannot have under capitalism—unless she is very rich—but which may and will be hers under Socialism. It is a brief statement of facts which must appeal to every woman, and convince her of the necessity of Socialism. You will want to scatter this leaflet by the million. 50 for 10c, 100 for 20c, 1,000 for \$2.

When you are getting this paper at twenty-five cents a year it means that The Socialist Woman is losing something. We must make up this loss somewhere. And thus we need advertisers in our paper. And in order to have advertisers we must have patrons of our advertisements. So we want you to write our advertisers and insist on having their advertisements in The Socialist Woman, and wherever you can, patronize them. Buy anything you need of them. It will help not only your paper but your cause as well.

## Socialist Women in England

DORA B. MONTEFIORE

Just as it is difficult to explain at the present moment to comrades of other countries the exact position of Revolutionary Socialism in Great Britain, so it is also difficult to give, in reasonable limits, an exact account of the movement among the women comrades of the party, and of the way in which political developments act and react on them. We are passing just now in England through a time of great crisis, through a time when men, women, principles and ideals are being tried in the heat of a very furnace of actuality, from which only those who possess the clear cut economic basis of the Marxian interpretation of the industrial movement shall emerge as pure metal; whilst the dross of sentimentalists, laborists, revisionists and reformists must inevitably be cast on one side, as of no use to the great upward struggling movement of the people. For, let there be no misunderstanding about it, **THE PEOPLE ARE MOVING!** Some inkling of class-consciousness is entering into the minds of the younger ones of the nation, some "hope of the days to come" is filtering into the hearts of the downtrodden, wilfully debased, purposely corrupted, too often drink-degraded, and still insufficiently educated workers of this country. And when, therefore, I sit down to write of the movement here among my women comrades, though I deplore, and feel heart-sick about the way some of those women, whom we trusted as leaders, are now backsliding, and taking up a less revolutionary attitude, yet, when I think of recent meetings where I have addressed working women, when I remember my East End women comrades, and their pathetic letters signed "Yours for the revolution," I take heart, and feel that I can still write to friends across the Atlantic, and say "All is well; we are going forward; we are on the right path, and before us the dawn is breaking!" It is through the work of the Social Democratic party, and of the Adult Suffrage Society that Socialist women look to gain their political emancipation at the hands of a liberal government, which through its prime minister, Mr. Asquith, has promised in the near future political reforms of a democratic nature. The middle class women have for some time striven to outwit and exclude the workers by demanding woman suffrage on the misleading basis of "on the same terms as men"; misleading because very few women, from economic reasons, possess the same property qualifications as men, and practically all working women would lose their vote on marriage. The recent public declarations of the Women's Social and Political Union, which started out as a Socialist organization, and sang *The Red Flag and England Arise* at its earliest meetings in Chandos Hall, drop even that cry of "on the same terms as men," and water down now their demand to "women who pay rates and taxes should have the parliamentary vote." This, as a matter of fact has always been the conservative demand, voiced by Mrs. Fawcett and the Primrose Dames, who are not slow in perceiving that an increase in the house-

holder franchise would mean a new bulwark for private property, and all that private property implies. Lady Frances Balfour, a sister of the Duke of Argyle, stated in an interview in *"The World's Work"* that "woman suffrage would almost certainly act as a barrier against some of the extreme measures which are the hope of the ultra-Radicals-Adult Suffrage, for example. Many of us, however, have the greatest objection to adult suffrage." As a result of the Political Reforms conference, organized last August by the Social Democratic party and the Adult Suffrage Society, a resolution was passed, pointing out the fact that one-third only of the adult population of Great Britain possessed the parliamentary vote, and urging on the government the granting in its promised reform bill of universal adult suffrage. This resolution was sent up to Mr. Asquith, with a request that he would receive a deputation from the conference on the subject. He has since refused to receive the deputation. The Adult Suffrage Society is now circularizing all trade union branches, members of parliament, and Socialist and labor organizations, pointing out how the cause of adult suffrage, or votes for all women and all men, is gaining steadily in strength; and urging all such organizations to pass resolutions, and send them up to the government, demanding that the promised extension of the franchise shall include our demand for universal adult suffrage.

Socialist women are also working strenuously in the agitation for a "Right to Work Bill," which shall be a palliative to the terrible unemployment existing at present through the length and breadth of the land. Mrs. Despard and Mrs. Knight—an East End working woman, and a Poor Law Guardian—both spoke at the great demonstration in Trafalgar Square on October 10, and Mrs. Murray and Mrs. Boyce, two other Social Democratic working women, are constant speakers at open-air meetings and demonstrations held by the various branches of the Right to Work committee. At a conference called on October 19 by the National Right to Work committee, a London committee was chosen of S. D. P. and I. L. P., Trade Union and Clarion Scouts representatives, with the object of taking immediate action in organizing the unemployed for systematic and determined demonstrations against the government, which through its representative, The Right Honorable John Burns, the president of the Local Government Board—the workingman who has sold himself to a liberal government for 2,000 pieces of gold a year—refuses to face the question of providing work for the one million five hundred thousand unemployed throughout the country. Miss MacArthur, secretary of the Women's Trade Union League, Mrs. Saunderson and Mrs. Montefiore are members of these various Right to Work committees.

The Socialist Woman's International Bureau held its first meeting since the summer holidays on September 30, when, after the discussion of international reports, Miss Murby, of the Fabian So-

ciety, read a most interesting series of notes she had made on the legislation in different countries for restricting the industrial labor of pregnant and suckling women; and also of the various charitable and insurance organizations for providing food or maintenance for such mothers during the period they were unable to earn wages. These notes are to form the basis of a pamphlet which the Bureau hopes to publish eventually; and which is to be one of a series of three dealing with child life. The Bureau delegates were unanimous in their expression of opinion that all maintenance of pregnant and nursing mothers must come *from the community*, and not from any private or individual sources.

## The Reprobate.

JOSEPHINE C. KANEKO.

He was wholly bad; the world had called  
Him such, and long ago had left him  
to his  
Evil ways. But yestere'en I saw him  
Where the last rays of the setting sun  
fell  
Soft athwart his uncouth form. His  
hat he  
Carried in his hand, his sin-stained face  
bared  
To the breeze which lightly lifted from  
his  
Brow his unkempt hair. The daisies by  
The wayside kissed his heavy feet. The  
birds  
Carolled a sweet good-night to him, and  
none  
Of these called to his mind his low  
estate,  
And not less lavishly than on other men  
Did spend on him the sweetness of their  
lives  
In quick response to faithfulness of  
theirs,  
I saw him straighten with some dignity  
His slouching form; his breast and nos-  
trils swelled  
With happy consciousness of fairer life.  
He plucked a wild flower from its stem,  
and drew  
The fragrance from its willing heart.  
He raised  
His head and looked upon the fair things  
Of the earth. He carefully avoided  
Stepping on a worm. He responded to  
The lower forms of life with fearlessness,  
As they had greeted him. I saw an in-  
stant's  
Light o'erspread his face, as if his soul  
held  
Converse with some holy thing. His lips  
were  
Parted with the raptness of exquisite  
life.  
And then a man—his brother, by the  
grace  
Of God—came 'cross his path. Straight-  
way  
His form was stooped, the ugliness of sin  
Was on his face again, and he who  
passed  
Him by was careful not to touch the  
garments  
That he wore. He slunk away into the  
Shadows of the coming night, a thing  
Condemned by men, despised by self, but  
holding  
In the secret chambers of his soul  
A spark of God's eternal light.

## Letter Box

—The November number The Socialist Woman is grand.—E. D. Northrup, New York.

—Your publication is splendid. Every progressive woman should have it.—Mrs. Reigh Utely, Chicago.

—Allow me to congratulate you on the quality of the Socialist Woman.—Anna Weeks, New York City.

—I was so delighted with the last number The Socialist Woman I wanted to give other women a chance to read such a splendid paper. So here they are.—Camille Midney, Dayton, O.

—Accept the enclosed list of nineteen from a brother and comrade who can not say too much for The Socialist Woman, and the cause it represents.—Lewis P. Newman, Seattle, Wash.

—I feel that every person who is especially interested in the emancipation of woman should procure and preserve a complete file of your admirable journal. May it prosper prodigiously.—Walter Hurt, Ohio.

—The new department, "The Examiner's Glass," promises great things. The old fashioned viewpoint of countless Socialists on matters pertaining to women is most apparent, and all of us will bear watching.—Mila Tupper Maynard, Sparta, Mich.

—Sorry I could not send my subscription before. A fellow has got to afford it some way, when the women get after him. I am going to try to do something to help The Socialist Woman as it is needed and needed badly.—J. F. Mabie, Montana.

—Comrade Irene Smith introduced The Socialist Woman in a speech here, resulting in the enclosed fourteen names. I want the wives of the local workers to read the Socialist Woman and help in the movement here.—Abby J. Schwartz, Bellingham, Wash.

—I picked up these twelve names in about an hour. The paper is fine. Loaned my copy to a neighbor and got her to a teacher and got her, and it is still going the rounds. The last number was especially good.—Fannie E. Edgar, Salt Lake City, Utah.

—I shall try to get subs for The Socialist Woman and will do all in my power to arouse the women of this town to the cause of Socialism. I do hope the Socialist women will be more intelligent in regard to politics than the old party women.—Mrs. Lydia Wright, Kans.

—The enclosed thirty-four subs gathered up among my friends. Please send the paper as soon as possible. All are anxiously awaiting it. Women can do a lot of good in our movement. One of my neighbors has converted her husband and brother, and now is working on her father. I am pretty sure she will win him over.—Mrs. Wm. Hilsdorf, Rochester, N. Y.

—The Socialist women of Indianapolis are proud of our paper, and of you, our comrade editors, that you had the democracy of spirit to establish a paper which appeals to woman, not by the vulgar methods of the "woman's page," and Ladies' Home Journal, but approaches her as a human intelligence

without hint of condescension.—Sara Kingsbury, Indianapolis, Ind.

—"The Examiner's Glass" in the November issue is most excellent. It is what we need. Wish every woman could read it again and again. Comrade Kaneko's to the teachers I have felt the truth of so much. Anna Maley's is finely written, and so practical, and Theresa Malkiel, I love her articles; one feels that they come straight from the heart.—Agnes Downing, Los Angeles, Calif.

—Bless your dear hearts. You "touched the button" in the November number. Miss Lowe's article is splendid, Theresa Malkiel's ought to suit the advanced thinker, and Kiichi's "What's the Matter," is a buzzer. Anna Maley has certainly "done noble." Haven't touched the others yet. You see, I begin at the beginning and read right through—ads and all. The Socialist Woman has come to stay. We don't take it "to help the movement," but because we can't get along without it.—Frank O'Hare, Okla.

### The National Movement.

**William Morris Club, San Francisco.** Starting the year with an empty treasury, the William Morris Club gave an entertainment and social charging a 25 cents admission, and raised \$20. A collection taken at a lecture given for us by Comrade C. Calvert Smoot helped swell the fund. The Woman's Co-operative association, organized by the club members for relief work after the earthquake disbanded with \$45 in the treasury. Those who had sent this money gave it to be added to our treasury fund, and used for propaganda purposes. Three sewing machines awarded the association by Wm. R. Hearst in the relief sewing contest were disposed of, and the money turned into our fund. During the year we contributed \$3 to the Panic Edition of the Appeal. Distributed 1,000 copies of the Socialist Woman. \$5 went to the Equal Suffrage Campaign fund, \$2.25 to the Direct Legislation committee of the Equal Suffrage association, and \$10 were joyfully voted to the Red Special fund. As an organization we are dues-paying members of the Woman's Council of S. F. Calif., of the State Woman's Socialist union, and of the National Progressive league of New York. Our motto is: "We strive to build the Comrade World in Freedom, Art, and Fellowship." We meet every third Thursday in the month at 2:30 o'clock. Equality hall, 139 Albion ave. New members welcomed.

**Rochester, New York.**—The Women of Rochester have organized a class to take up the study of Socialism, with eighteen attending the first meeting. This matter was brought before the local, as we believe in doing our work through the local, and they gave it their hearty indorsement. We have decided to use Vail's Modern Socialism as a text book, it being easily understood, and comes in an edition within the means of all. Later we expect to have debates. A visiting committee has been

elected whose duty it is to look up women who need to be called upon, find in whose district she lives, and ask that Socialist woman to call on her. In making these personal calls we extend an invitation to attend our meetings, and leave literature. Our literature committee is at present making up its program. We are all very enthusiastic, and hope to accomplish good work this winter.—Mrs. G. M.

**Anderson, Indiana.**—The Socialist women of Anderson are with you, in spirit, in your noble efforts for our sex thru the magazine. We went into the country for our meeting yesterday. Rode in a big farm wagon. Carried our famous "arrested banner" and an improvised red flag, made by tacking a strip of red cloth to a hoe handle, wore red sashes, waved red bandana handkerchiefs and made ourselves quite conspicuous in general. We stood in front of one of the factories, while we waited for the wagon, and sang the Red Flag and held up our banner. The office force came out and stood at the door and the workers put their heads out of the window. A year ago one of our Socialist men was discharged from this same factory on a small excuse, but really because he was a Socialist. We have no jobs to lose, so we serenaded them good. As we went thru the country we gave our "yell" and sang the Red Flag, and called upon each man we caught sight of to vote for Debs. We came home good and tired and rather hoarse but all ready for the next opportunity to let people hear from us. Here is our yell:

"Who are we? Who are we?  
The Socialist women, who want to be free.

Where do we come from? Ha, ha, ha!  
Anderson, Anderson, Rah, rah, rah!"

We are nothing, if not enthusiastic!  
—May M. Strickland.

**San Diego, Calif.**—The San Diego Woman's Socialist Union will celebrate its sixth birthday early in December.

We have tried various methods of conducting our meetings, and found that taking a systematic study of scientific works on Socialism has proved the most successful.

Our meetings are held every Friday afternoon at Socialist headquarters. After a short business session we have current events, and then the lesson of the day, led by members in turn.

The books studied are: Mills' "Struggle for Existence," Engel's "Origin of the Family," Simons' "American Farmer," Ferris' "Socialism and Modern Science."

We have had several new members recently, and for their benefit we are studying Spargo's book.

We have been holding afternoon socials in the different wards of the city, with short talks on Socialism and why women should be interested in it; also showing how little interest the old parties have taken in woman, and her having equal opportunities with man.

We served refreshments on election night at Socialist headquarters for all comrades and friends.

**San Jose, Calif.**—Organized May, 1907. The officers consist of secretary, treasurer and librarian, the secretary calling the meeting to order, and a chairman being elected at each meeting. There is also a committee of two on parliamentary usage, a political, and a literary

committee. Meetings are held monthly at the homes of the members. In September it was voted to send a copy of the Christian Socialist to the Carnegie library and the reading room of the Coffee Club, and 300 of Mrs. Downing's leaflet, "A Word to Working Women," are to be obtained for free distribution. The meetings of W. S. U. are well attended.

Los Angeles, Calif. — Our Union is growing very fast, reaching more and more women and our branch, which used to be almost exclusively men, has now many women among its officers and workers. Our women too took a prominent part in the pre-election parade, having several banners, mottos and transparencies. Our children rode in large floats with "A Vote for Socialism is a Vote for Us." "Empty the Factories and Fill the Schools." "No Hungry Children Under Socialism," and others. Comrade Mrs. Wilshire addressed us recently, giving a very excellent talk on the Woman's National Progressive League. Our state work is well under way, and Comrade Ethel Whitehead will soon go out as our organizer.—A. D.

Girard, Kansas.—The Woman's Study Club of Girard, meets each Friday evening in the week. It is studying, with considerable interest and profit, social and economic evolution, with the relation of women to both. The lesson course admits of a good deal of original research, and will leave the members with a good scientific basis for future development along economic and socialistic lines. The club has given a number of lecture programs at the school houses of near-by mining camps, and it served a luncheon at the local on election night. The first month's review was held last Friday evening when the men were invited to attend. Another interesting meeting was one addressed by Comrade Preevey, the organizer of the National Socialist Woman's committee. Comrade Preevey said her trip into Colorado had taught her at least what ought not to be done by way of organizing women. She was routed much in the manner of the soap-boxer, and in many localities there had been no announcement of her coming, and her lectures were made on the street corners, where it was too cold

for women to come. One organizer, hurrying through the country cannot do the work, Comrade Preevey thinks, and the indifferent manner in which her routes were arranged is only an expense to the party, without adequate returns. She thinks, however, that women should be appealed to in some manner. It is a question that the Socialist women of the country must take up.

Socialist Woman's Society of New York.—Organized only last July, we have made considerable progress in many ways. A number of branches have been added to our society, and the Social-Democratic Frauen Verein, with its thirteen branches, and a membership of over 400 has joined hands with our organization, and from now on will be known as the Socialist Woman's Society. We have worked out a systematic course of study, and will send out lecturers among our branches. Concerning our branch here at Yonkers, we have been pretty active through the entire summer, distributing literature, holding open air meetings and agitating among women, and men, too, wherever it was possible. Our membership increased considerably, and we hope to make a great deal of progress during the winter.—T. Malkiel.

### A Line of Type.

The way to get Socialism for tomorrow is to begin with the child of today.

When the minds of the people have been made right, their votes will be right!

The world is progressing. Socialism is only one more step in the path of progress.

Mercy is a beautiful quality; but it is mightily strained under the capitalist system.

The notion that woman was made from the rib of man—a sort of side issue, as it were—is not very popular among Socialists.

The working class must no longer be regarded merely as the "foundation of society." For the welfare of the social

organism it must soon be looked upon as the foundation, the superstructure—and the roof on top.

Sometimes when I look into the homes of the working women today the only thing that keeps me from going raving crazy is to picture in my mind the homes of these women in the future. Then they will have time to cultivate the moral and artistic sense—and the wherewithal with which to apply it.

On the side streets of all our great cities and larger towns are horrible dens of vice into which thousands of young men and women are lured to destruction every day in the year. These places are run FOR PROFIT, and are a legitimate part of the capitalist system. Otherwise they couldn't exist.

There are a few Socialist men and women who think that women should keep still about their emancipation until the day after we get Socialism. But Socialism isn't coming all in a lump, nor all in a day. It won't be established in its entirety in a hundred years. And the woman question is going to be one of the last things to get settled—unless the women get busy about it now.

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**COMRADES**—Your attention, a moment please. Having had twenty-five years' experience with Sanative Medicine I wish to make it possible for you to have the benefit of it. Are you sick or ailing? Write and tell me all about it. Enclose 2 cents stamp. Address Mrs. Emma C. Carey, M. D., L. Box 23, Agra, Okla.

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The actual wholesale price of this pen to large dealers in quantities is \$2.00; they in turn sell it as high as \$4.00. It has a beautifully chased hard black Para vulcanized rubber holder with two wide, elegantly engraved 14k gold filled bands. The pen is a No. 4 solid 14k gold, tipped with iridium points.

**It is a Patent Self Filler** Can be filled in a few seconds, no soiled fingers, no dropper, no button or rib sticking out on the side like the majority of self-filling pens; a practical pen in every respect, fully guaranteed to give entire satisfaction.

Remember these are not seconds or shop-worn or inferior in any way, but **Strictly New Fresh First Class Goods**. We guarantee every pen to give satisfaction. We give you 30 days to test it; at the end of that time, if you don't want it; send it back and get your money. Think of it! A first-class, self-filling, elegantly chased, black holder, with 14k gold-filled bands like cut for only \$1.75. Your money back if you are not more than satisfied, or if you do not find it one of the handsomest pens you ever saw at any price. We bought an immense quantity (if we told you how many you would count our word) at a ridiculously low price. The factory needed money. Now is your time to buy a pen, yes a dozen, and sell them to your friends at a big profit. Price in dozen lots, \$16. Remit by post office money order or registered letter. An everlasting Christmas present.

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