

Standard
JUL

2-3

The Progressive Woman

VOL. III

AUGUST, 1909

NO. XXVII



DORA B. MONTEFIORE

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

PRICE 5 CENTS

50c. A YEAR

Dora B. Montefiore

Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore, who, in response to several invitations, proposes coming over to the states this autumn to lecture on "Socialism in Many Lands," and the "Position of Women in Many Lands," has been a worker for the last twenty years in the cause of political, social and economic freedom for all men and women. She began her public work in Sydney, New South Wales, where in 1890, she was one of the pioneers in forming the Womanhood Suffrage league. The first meetings of the league were held in her house; and she and her friends were successful in resisting all blandishments which would have led up to a middle class demand for votes for propertied women and established the league with the democratic demand of votes for all women which demand has now been granted in every state of the Australian commonwealth.

Since her return to England she has continued her social and political work, and for a time was active in the ranks of the W. S. P. U., which organization stood by her during the famous siege of her house in Hammersmith, when, for the third time, she refused to pay income tax on the plea that "taxation without representation was tyranny." This siege during which she and her maid servant kept the bailiffs out of the house for six weeks was recorded and illustrated in the press of every European country, and was considered by English members of parliament as being one of the most logical and effective of the various forms of agitation used by women suffragists to bring before the public the disabilities under which they suffer. At the end of six weeks the bailiffs came armed with the full power of the law, and demanded admission in the king's name. This being refused, they broke open the door with crowbars, and the furniture was forcibly removed, and sold by public auction. In 1906 Mrs. Montefiore was one of the first batch of Holloway prisoners; her offense was getting up on a seat and speaking in the lobby of the house of commons. The sentence was two months' imprisonment; but under the rigorous treatment of Holloway, where she and nine other Women Suffragists were subjected to the same discipline in every detail, as were the thieves, drunkards and prostitutes, collected nightly from the London police courts, her health broke down and she was removed from prison by her friends. After a period of rest she has once more taken up active political work as honorary secretary of the Adult Suffrage society, which society works for the abolition of the property qualification in the exercise of the franchise and for the

obtaining of votes for all women and all men.

Mrs. Montefiore has spoken for Socialism and for Suffrage in France, Denmark, Sweden, Finland and Hungary; and made a special visit to Finland in order to learn how the Finns had obtained their democratic constitution under the autocratic suzerainty of the tsar. She then visited Russia, where she has many friends, having collaborated with Russian refugees in the translation of some of Maxim Gorky's and Garshuin's works. She is a constant contributor to Justice, The New Age and several other Socialist publications, and is at present a member of the executive council of the social democratic party.

A SOCIALIST WOMAN'S REASON.

J. G. K.

Why am I a Socialist? Because—if I consider the material reasons first—I like nice things. I like beautiful, splendid things. I like the sort of things that the common people today do not have. The working class, to which most of the people belong, live mostly in cheap, shoddy homes. Their houses are ugly on the outside, and fairly hideous inside, if we judge from the artistic standpoint—and until we do judge from that standpoint we are not a cultured, civilized people. The working people for the most part have in their homes cheap varnished furniture that they buy on the installment plan; they must do with ugly ingrain carpets, or coarse Brussels rugs on their floors; it is fairly inhuman to sell them many of the pictures that hang on their walls. They eat out of coarse earthenware, and do without the conveniences that make home life a comfort and a joy. And as their lives are, so their tastes and their desires are warped and stunted.

What to the average person is a Bokhara, or a Cashmere rug? A Cloisonne vase, a bit of Servian china, a piece of Martele silver, a Turner picture, a strong mission chair with straight lines, and the fine grain of the wood showing? What are splendidly bound books on commodious shelves? What operatic music, and the truly great in the drama?

And if there are a few to whom all this means something, they so often say that these things very properly are, or should be, the property of the rich.

And yet the rich are so few, and the poor are so plentiful. And because the poor are so plentiful—we must see everywhere the ugliness of their lives—of their environment. The truck, which, for commercial reasons, is forced upon them, must always be

with us, too. For it is out of their cheap, shoddy goods that the factories make their greatest profits. And the poor people pay these profits when they buy their ugly house furnishings.

Under Socialism cheap stuff will not be made for commercial reasons. Things will not be made to sell, but to use. And they will be good things, artistic, and well made. Almost every artist is a Socialist—and there is a reason. He hates the vulgarity of a commercialized life. He likes beautiful things; not to own always, but to look at always. And he knows that under capitalism these beautiful things are as scarce as the people who can own them.

The material reason for being a Socialist leads to the spiritual reason. We absorb our environment. What we live in, we grow like. Morality has generally been considered to consist in refraining from killing our brother, stealing our neighbor's wife, or pilfering from another's purse. Under this limited definition many a mean person is considered highly moral. When we are really developed we will discover that bad tempers, evil thoughts, jealousies, bickerings, scandal mongering, cruelty, ugliness, and a host of other recognized virtues are highly immoral. That they are enervating, depraving, harmful. We will also learn that an ugly environment is largely responsible for all of this immorality. And we will proceed to make a better environment, one thoroughly good, and beautiful and pleasant. In this way we will produce poets, singers, humanitarians, workers, lovers, artists, and a real brotherhood of man, where we today have anarchy, strife, greed and individualism rampant.

This is the reason I am a Socialist.

The Little Socialist Magazine

The leading monthly for boys and girls. 50 Cents per year, 5 Cents per copy. Special rates for Socialists Sunday Schools.

15 Spruce Street, New York

We have a new supply of Kate Richard O'Hare's Sorrows of Cupid. Those who have been calling for it may have it now.

Say, by all means don't forget to get that neighbor of yours to subscribe for The Progressive Woman. She needs it.

Chicago's Soul Market—Fourth edition, fifty pages, just off the press. Illustrated. Most radical book ever written against white slavery. Fully endorsed by press and selling as fast as can be printed. Order now. Prepaid twenty-five cents—silver or P. O. order. Agents wanted. Jean T. Zimmermann, M. D., 422 Dearborn street, Chicago.

Official Protection of Vice---II.

AGNES H. DOWNING

When the public of Los Angeles learned that its mayor and police commissioners were not alone protecting criminals, but were under a thin guise, running houses of vice themselves, indignation ran high. Public houses of prostitution were closed, in fact these places were closed by their promoters as soon as the facts were made public, and they have remained closed ever since. There was also a universal demand that the city resort to the Socialist measure in its charter—the recall.

Los Angeles had some little time back been bonded for twenty-three millions of dollars for a city water supply, to be brought down by constructing an aqueduct from the Owen river. Harper represented certain interests backed by the Southern Pacific machine, and the expenditure of this large sum by his administration was far from satisfactory to another group of capitalists, conspicuous among who was E. T. Earl, owner and publisher of the Express. To change the administration, and place affairs in hands that would favor other interests was the object of the patriotic gentlemen who headed the recall.

To effect this they sought and found a cause that would appeal to the moral sentiment of all good people. It was not the first time in history that such resort has been made; not the first time that the public has responded to a call for a moral change that was uttered by persons really seeking economic advantage. So when the Express and the Herald demanded the recall of Harper on the ground of his moral corruption, the recall was inaugurated. The Earl forces nominated George Alexander, the Socialists Fred C. Wheeler.

Notwithstanding the exposures, Harper had his supporters. He was still good enough for the Southern Pacific machine. Twice the bill boards were placarded with posters pleading for fair play for Harper. Not a law-breaking saloon-keeper, not a gambling house keeper, white slave keeper, or den keeper of any disreputable sort but was decked with a Harper button, while the Times, peerless organ of conservative that it is, stood stanchly for him. Yet in the middle of the campaign, consequent on further incriminating evidence being discovered against him, the mayor felt obliged to resign and withdraw his name from the ballot. Because of legal provisions the time was too short for the machine to put up another candidate, and it immediately tried to secure the election by the city council of the man it favored. Failing in this it filed an injunction

suit in an effort to stop the recall election. When this injunction was denied it was only three days before election.

Then occurred an incident, perhaps without parallel in the history of International Socialism. The heavy wing of the capitalist party finding itself face to face with an election which it was unable to avert, with no time left to secure a candidate of its own, it did the unexpected. Rather than see Alexander get the place it threw its influence to the Socialists. So the forces behind the machine lined up for Wheeler. Of course this was distasteful, abhorrent. The city central committee of the party published a vehement statement, setting forth that the party and its candidate stood uncompromisingly for Socialist principles and for the Socialist platform. The machine paid no heed, and when the votes were counted instead of the potential 3,000 Socialist votes that the party had reasonable grounds to expect it received 12,500, only a few hundred votes from electing its candidate. Experienced Socialist workers felt no cause to rejoice. The vote did not mean a growth of Socialism; it was an accident.

Alexander was elected, and the public awaited to see justice done the criminals that had been exposed. The evidence was in the hands of Mr. Earl and his associates; in the offices of the Herald and the Express. It was this evidence that brought about the recall election; it was this that had forced Mayor Harper to resign under fire.

Mr. Earl had gotten the account of the graft directly from Nick Oswald, "king of the red-light district," and had paid him \$10,000 for the story. It was in substance that directly after Harper had been elected the mayor, Sam Schenck, a police commissioner, and Nick Oswald, an experienced bawdy house keeper, had formed a syndicate for the business of running houses of prostitution. Each month Oswald had paid to Chief of Police Edward Kern \$1,500 which the latter divided equally between the mayor, a captain of police and the chief himself. The cadet system was enforced to keep the girls more abject and to enhance the profits. To corroborate these facts the unspeakable Nick Oswald, who had been in hiding since the investigations were made public, was granted full immunity and he returned and testified. Of this the public approved, for shocking as were Oswald's crimes, it was shown that his partners in guilt were higher officials, who are sworn to enforce the laws, so it was deemed justifiable that he be given

immunity to the end that convictions for the others be secured.

Other facts were brought out of valuable presents given by Pearl Morton, a notorious procuress, to court house officials. Testimony also showed that at one time when there was a rivalry between Nick Oswald and Tom Savage, the latter an ex-alderman, for the control of the red-light district, Schenck offered the office of district attorney to a city prosecutor if he would "put Savage down and put up the flag of Oswald."

With all this mass of testimony indictments of guilty officials were expected, but only two were brought and these two quite harmless. One was against Schenck, the other against a captain of police, Broadhead. They were merely a sop to appease public indignation. Harper, Kern and two of their associates furnished bail for the indicted men, and the trials have been continued from time to time. Soon the farce will cease by dropping the trials and quashing the indictments. The public was treated to exposures, sensations, and then to a whitewash. The decent moral community that had favored the recall, that had forced the retirement of Harper; that had listened to the revolting stories of how women were bought, sold, inhumanely abused, and done to early deaths for the profit of a few fiends, fully believed that the exposures were made in good faith and that the criminals would be dealt with according to law. But their faith was shattered. Nothing was done. Nothing will be done—not while criminals, protected by still more criminal corporations, name the prosecuting officers.

The interest that the ordinary politicians have in the white slave traffic is to use the facts to put the other set of officials out and themselves in. The great public at large must awaken. The Socialist press of the country today is waking them up, not in the interest of self-seeking individuals. The interest of Socialists in this painful subject is vital. It is working girls, the poorest working girls that are the most frequent victims. And the party that stands for the interests of the workers the world over cannot forget the interest of the weakest, most unprotected workers that are shamefully imprisoned and enslaved before their eyes today.

If the woman hasn't a right to vote, I would like to know where the man got his.—Eugene V. Debs.

If you can't talk for Socialism you can distribute leaflets. They will talk for you.

Why Women Should Not Vote

HAZEL PUTNAM

A Mr. Booher (significant name) in a recent article on the above subject, makes, among others, the following points:

"Physically speaking, man cannot occupy the woman's sphere, nor woman man's sphere. Mentally they are likewise in the same predicament. Woman's temperament is radically different from man's. Her's is sympathetic, lovable, kind and pleasing; his firm, reasonable, just. The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world' is an unadulterated truth. Woman's sphere is that of motherhood. It is a natural sphere, physically, mentally and morally. The right of franchise carries with it the right to hold office. Look at man as he is and you will discover that he is adapted for the heavier and sterner duties of life, while woman is pre-eminently fitted for the finer part—that of a counselor, a queen in her sphere, but a drudge and a slave out of it."

I would like to say in reply to Mr. Booher that if he will study the conditions around him more closely he will see the need of more of woman's sympathy, love and kindness.

If there had been more sympathy, love and kindness in our government George Pettibone, an innocent man, would not have been unjustly imprisoned for more than two years, and thereby murdered. Nor would thousands of young innocent girls be forcibly ruined in our man-ruled cities every year.

By law a woman cannot dispose of her children as she thinks best. Who made this law? Man, of course. A woman can do nothing with her children that is against the wish of the father.

If woman's sphere is that of "motherhood," and "man cannot occupy woman's sphere, either physically or mentally," why not give her absolute power to treat and do for her children as she thinks best? Such conditions as these are examples of man's "firmness, reasonableness and justice."

"On every hand we are confronted with mothers engaged in other labor than that for which she seems especially adapted." Why? Because man is not able to furnish her with the necessities of life. Give her the ballot and she will help bring about the ideal life. Where there is one woman going to clubs and thereby neglecting her children there are ninety-nine going to the factory, wash-tub and field to get the food that it takes to keep their little ones from starvation. And it is the ninety-nine who need the vote and would use it that we want equal Suffrage for.

Go to 100 homes and if you do not

find that ninety-nine of the "queens in their spheres" are not "drudges," may I never behold the pitiful sight of a "drudge." Take the farmer's wife with her manifold duties for an example; and the farmer's wife is not an exception. You can consider any woman with four children who does her own work, and you can't consider a woman who hires help, for if you do, what are the servants—queens?

If a woman is fit to train a child she certainly is fit to say what conditions that child should live under when grown. If woman were given the right to vote and hold office she could be "queen of her sphere" just as much as now, and if she does not want to be "queen of her sphere," but an officer instead, do you think it a fair sample of man's reasonableness and justice to hold them by force?

The work of office holding is not so heavy as a great deal of the factory work now done by women. Therefore, if "man is better adapted for the sterner and heavier duties of life," why not give him the factory work and the women the office holding? And where can a woman be a better "counselor" than in an office of the people?

"Woman today without the voting right has more honor and is accorded greater rights for her sex than she could hope to have were she given the right of franchise." These words are an insult to every self-respecting woman in the world. What woman is so low as to want "honor and rights" because of her "sex?" We want honor and rights because we are and want to be so recognized by the law—man's equal.

"Give her the full and sole freedom in her domain, her sphere, and hold her accountable for her short comings in her domain and likewise man in his." Who is going to hold her accountable? Man, of course. He can, as he has the power to make and enforce laws by which he may hold her accountable.

Who is going to hold the man accountable?

The Bible says God helps those who help themselves. I do not know if this is true or not, but I do know that no one helps those who do not help themselves, and as we cannot help ourselves without equal Suffrage, we are going to have the ballot or die trying to get it.

The good old summer time is just the finest in the world for doing propaganda work and securing subs. Try it.

The Progressive Woman one year, 50c.

WHAT SHE DID.

"Please state to the court exactly what you did between eight and nine o'clock on Wednesday morning," said a lawyer to a delicate-looking little woman on the witness stand. "Well," she said, after a moment's reflection, "I washed my two children and got them ready for school, and sewed a button on Johnny's coat, and mended Nellie's dress. Then I tidied up my sitting room and made two beds and watered my house plants and glanced over the morning paper. Then I dusted my parlor and set things to rights in it and washed some lamp chimneys and combed my baby's hair and sewed a button on one of her little shoes and then I swept out my front entry and brushed and put away the children's Sunday clothes and wrote a note to Johnny's teacher asking her to excuse him for not being to school on Friday. Then I fed my canary bird and cleaned off the breakfast table and gave the grocery man an order and swept off the back porch, and then I sat down and rested a few minutes before the clock struck nine. That's all." "All!" said the dazed lawyer. "Excuse me, judge: I must get my breath before I call the next witness."

MIDSUMMER IDYL.

J. C. K.

Red poppies, butterflies,
And you and I;
Like an inverted sea,
Clear and deep, the sky.

In the shade slim grasses thread
Like pearls, the dew.
Lady bugs climb up their stems
And gaze at you.

Katydid and crickets
From the grasses scream—
In the world just you and I.
And love's young dream!

SORROWS OF CUPID

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.
There isn't a pamphlet in the Socialist literature so beneficial as propaganda matter among women as this little book. We urge you to read it. Every chapter is a gem. Price 25c. The Progressive Woman Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

Every time you take a street car ride, or go for a walk in the evening you might do good work for the cause by carrying along some of our leaflets and handing them to those you meet.

The first public playground was opened in Brookline, Mass., 1872.

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE
 by Ben Hanford. This is a book that we can easily recommend to our readers. Every woman will find it a valuable addition to her store of Socialist knowledge. Price 25c a copy.
 The Progressive Woman Pub Co

For Sale

HEBE

Ours is a commercial world. Money, not human minds and souls, constitute the prime moving factor in all our social relations. Not what we are, but what we have determines our social position. Everything is for sale. We barter our labor power, our intellectual ability, aye, even our conscience, like the commodities that we produce. Ours is no age of sentiment. Once in a while one hears of old-fashioned people who will not sell at any price the old homestead where generations of their family dwelt, or choose to deny themselves comforts and luxuries rather than part from some heirloom around which tender and reverent memories cling. But these are rare exceptions and appear ridiculous. To the present generation of money-mad world such sentimentalities are utterly foreign. We sell our heirlooms and our homesteads as readily as we cast off a pair of old shoes. Indeed, the modern man and woman, especially if they reside in a large city, have no home in the old sense of the term. There are those among us—not a few, but thousands of them—who sell their labor power at starvation rates to outdo their struggling fellow worker; there are they who sell their votes at the polls and their voices in the law-making bodies of the land without even being conscious of their own utter degradation; and there are they, cultured, educated men and women, teachers and ministers and scientists, artists and orators and journalists who sell their minds and do not hesitate to write and speak and act in opposition to their own convictions. Everything is for sale.

Yet we are not so utterly dead to all higher human sentiment that we could fail to pause and falter in our commercial tendencies, when the flesh and blood of one of our kind are actually involved in a bargain. We do not sell human beings nowadays, at least not outright. We shrink in horror and moral indignation from the descriptions of slavemarts where men and women and children were sold like cattle, and pride ourselves upon our advanced stage of civilization that would not tolerate such barbarous customs.

And yet human beings are occasionally sold outright, even today. Last winter, when the national calamity of unemployment was at its height, and the bitter cold helped to increase the misery of the unemployed, dozens of strong, sober, decent men, but men whose pride had been crushed by want and privation, offered themselves for sale. That is, they offered their labor power, their time and their service to anyone who

was willing to give them clothing and food and shelter in return.

Now the cold, dreary winter days have been succeeded by the long sunny days of summer. But to the unemployed, to those who are penniless and hungry, the scorching summer's heat means but another form of misery. And again, we learn that a human being is for sale. This time it is not a man bowed down with cares, deliberately selling himself for bread. It is a cooing, rosy, blue-eyed baby as blissfully unconscious of the cruel ways of the world into which it unwittingly came as it is of the barren walls and the empty cupboard of the room in which it was born. It is a hall room too small to give sufficient breathing space to one person during these hot, oppressive days; yet in this particular room five people, a man, a woman and three children, are herded together like sheep in a stall. The children are all of the baby age, the age that is so infinitely sweet and so wonderfully interesting to the tender, doting mother. One little girl is four, the other one two years old, and the little boy, the one who is for sale, came to the hall room only a few weeks ago. The parents are both young; they are willing and able to work. But wherever they turn to sell their labor power they are confronted by the inexorable words: "not wanted." The mother worked until she was blessed for the third time by "sacred motherhood" which necessitated an interruption in her occupation of earning bread for the two other children. She has not been able to find work since, and she has three little ones to care for. The father is a skilled working man; he has learned a trade; he is competent to provide for a family. But during the hard times he has only found irregular employment now and then, and for the last six weeks he has tramped the streets in vain in search of a job. There is no bread in the hall room. The two little girls are hungry and cry themselves to sleep. Both parents look pale and wan from lack of food. The mother's breasts from which the newly born should draw the nourishment that nature has provided, are as dry as a desert. It is a desert indeed in which this whole family dwells, in the midst of a great, rich city that is fairly overflowing with good things to eat that may be had by all who have money to buy them. In order to obtain this money, enough money for bread and milk at least, the parents have gradually sold all their possessions; their furniture, their clothes, their little trinkets from better days. A bed and a mattress are all that are left in the hall room. Now

they own nothing that could be bartered for bread except their children, and because they are hungry and desperate, and because they would rather give up one of their little ones to people who can feed and clothe and shelter it than see it starve under their very eyes, they are going to sell their baby. Five hundred dollars is the sum they ask for their child. You happy and prosperous mothers who would not sell your babies for all the wealth of the world shudder at the thought of a mother coolly fixing a price for her baby. Yet to these unfortunate victims of our system 500 dollars would mean salvation. It would mean food and clothing for themselves and their other two children and a fresh start in life. This man and woman might have to toil many months to earn as much by honest labor, provided that an opportunity for honest labor is given them. Besides, they know that people who are able and willing to pay 500 dollars for their baby will give it a better home and better care and a better education than its poverty-stricken parents ever could.

You shake your head, dear reader? You think that, no matter what the inducements may be, it is a case of moral perversion if parents sell their own offspring? Of course it is. But this perversion of parental feeling, like the obliterated self-respect of the men who sold themselves for shelter, food and clothing, are not proofs that human nature has degenerated. They are but symptoms of the disease that effects our entire social organism, and the name of this disease is poverty. People used to consider it an incurable disease and used to preach to those who were its victims that they must bear their lot in meekness. Today we know that poverty can be cured. We must but apply the right remedy. Instead of permitting a few to own the sources from which all must live, we must make the means of production social property. We must provide work for all and give to all the full product of their labor. The name of this remedy is Socialism. If you do not know about it, or if you do know and still do not bestir yourself to bring it about, you are only helping to perpetuate a system under which the bodies and souls of men and women and even their babies are for sale.

A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR is going out rapidly. Better send your order today, if you want to get in on the first edition.

The first legislative inquiry into the slums of New York was in 1857.

The Red Flag.

BY UPTON SINCLAIR.

Dedicated to Fred D. Warren: Six Months in Jail.

Hark to the thunder, hark to the tramp, a myriad army comes—
An army sprung from a hundred lands, speaking a hundred tongues!
And overhead a portent new, a blood-red banner see!
The nations gather in affright to ask what the sign may be.
Banner of crimson, banner bright, banner flaunting the sky!
What is the word that ye bring to men, the hope that ye hold on high?
We come from the fields, we come from the forge, we come from the
land and sea—
We come in the right of our new-born might to set the people free!



The only published portrait of Fred D. Warren, Editor of the Appeal to Reason.

Masters, we left you a world to make, the planning was yours to do—
We were the toilers, humble and sad, we gave our faith to you.
And now with a dread in our hearts we stand and gaze at the work of
the years—
We have builded a temple with pillars white, ye have stained it with
blood and tears!
For our little ones with their teeming hopes ye have roofed the sweat-
shop den,
And our daughters fair ye have prisoned in the reeking brothel's pen!
And so for the sign of our murdered hopes our blood-red banner see—
We come in the right of our new-born might to set the people free!
Tremble, oh masters—tremble all who live by others' toil—
We come your dungeon walls to raze, your palaces to spoil!
Yours is the power of club and jail, yours is the axe and fire—
But ours is the hope of human hearts and the strength of the soul's
desire!
Ours is the blazing banner, sweeping, sweeping the sky along!
Ours the host, the marching host—hark to our battle song!
Chanting of brotherhood, chanting of freedom, dreaming the world
to be—
We come in the right of our new-born might to set the people free!

Mrs. Maynard Shipley is connected with her husband in editing the *The World*, at Oakland, Cal.

These photograph post-cards of Girard subjects are first class. Five cents each.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED

Always watch your wrapper for expiration. If the wrapper says No. 27 it means your term will expire with No. 27. Renew before your term is out. We can't supply back numbers.

WHAT SOCIALIST WOMEN ARE DOING.

Caroline Lowe is speaking at the encampments in Oklahoma.

Gertrude Breslau Hunt has just closed a campaign in Pennsylvania

Anna A. Maley, national organizer of the women, is working in Massachusetts.

Luella Twining is resting after some hard work in a tent colony near Los Angeles, Cal.

Edna Porter, the Socialist actress, is studying music in New York City during the month of August.

"Mother" Jones is on the war path somewhere in the country. It is safe to say that she is "doing things."

Ellen Megow, one of Chicago's forceful women speakers and writers, is on a lecture tour through the south and west.

May Beals-Hoffpaur is vegetating near a little village called Rafter, in Tennessee—and incidently reading and writing a good deal.

May Wood Simons, associate editor of the *Chicago Daily Socialist*, and chairman of the woman's national committee, is at her post on the paper.

Luella Krehbiel is chaperoning her daughter, Fern—Ruth Maycliffe on the stage—who is with the Clyde Fitch Theatrical company in New York City.

Lida Parce, writer and lecturer, is coaching up on Latin and French preparatory to doing some hard grubbing at the Chicago university next fall and winter.

Lena Morrow Lewis spoke in the vicinity of Girard in July, making her headquarters at the home of the P. W. After which she went to Texas to speak at the encampments.

Ethel Whitehead, the president of the Socialist Woman's union of California, is busy organizing the women, and showing the party men that they can't make a success without the women.

Grace D. Brewer, who has been on a speaking campaign with her husband, George D., is again at her desk in the Appeal office taking dictation from Comrades Warren and Debs, and "doing" the Army column of the Appeal.

Meta Stern—"Hebe"—editor of the woman's department of the *New Yorker Volkszeitung*, speaker, and member of the woman's national committee of the Socialist party, is resting for a few weeks at her summer home in Tennesseville, N. Y.

Corinne S. Brown is recuperating from a nervous break-down at her home in Lagrange, Ill. After a strenuous summer and winter of street and hall speaking, and other work connected with the party, she collapsed about the first of March and was ordered to take a rest for a year at least.

The True Story of Ruth Herrington

LENA MORROW LEWIS

It was with a weariness almost beyond endurance that Ruth Herrington dragged herself into the little hall bed room she called home late one Saturday night. The meager wages she received had long since ceased to be sufficient to cover the expenses of a girl in her position, and she had learned in some way how to make up the difference.

The artistic temperament in Ruth had never had an opportunity to express itself. It was a hard struggle just to exist. But Ruth was inclined to take life philosophically, and to her own surprise she found herself asking some very strange and queer questions. She had been selling her labor power openly and her sex secretly, all for a mere existence. Hard work and a stunted life was the price she was paying to keep within the ranks of the so-called respectable class. This myth of respectability did not provide comforts for her body, or satisfy her love of the beautiful. Was she not paying a greater price than it was worth? And thus she reasoned and argued with herself until now the question was settled for her.

The firm where she worked decided to cut down expenses and Ruth found a polite note inside her wages envelope this Saturday night saying she need not return on Monday morning.

Cooking, sewing, nursing, teaching, all these were out of her range of knowledge. For more than eight years she had served as a cash girl and clerk in a store, and now her position lost, there was but one door open to Ruth. And the woman who sanctimoniously says "I never would have done it," and succeeds in keeping out of the life Ruth entered upon, pits her knowledge and experience against the other woman's ignorance and lack of opportunity.

To keep within the ranks of respectability meant starvation. Some how or other she was beginning to look upon "respectability" as a very unsubstantial thing when it came to the question of bread and butter. Down deep in the girl's heart was an innate self-respect. That which was necessary could not be very wrong. And so the new life began. Ruth loved beautiful things. She had sold thousands of dollars worth of fine laces over the counter, and while she did so, wore cheap, shoddy materials herself.

Now all was changed. Beautiful garments adorned her body, food and drink she never tasted before were indulged in and the fear of want was for the present removed. Everything went well for a time, but while she was being relieved of one problem all unconsciously another was loom-

ing up on the horizon. Necessity had driven her to this life, and she felt within herself a crude sense of justification. The economic problem was solved, but the commercializing of the most beautiful and vital relation in life was beginning to pall on her soul. While her body was being fed and clothed her soul revolted at the life she was compelled to live; and the intensity of her feeling against her environment was being stamped on every feature of her face and evidenced in every movement of her body.

And so when Dr. Berlin, whose professional services brought him where Ruth was, recognized her mute



LENA MORROW LEWIS

appeal to be released from that living prison, he said, recalling his own little girl who was but a few years younger than Ruth. "Would you not like to get away from here?" And the look in her eye told the answer plainer than the spoken word. To battle for bread in the outside world required more physical strength than Ruth possessed, and so, with the help of some good friends she set about to regain her health. In a little while she was again ready for work, and was fortunate enough to secure employment as a waitress in a first-class restaurant. Several days passed by and Ruth was beginning to feel that she was safely out of the under world, when, to her horror one afternoon, she was called to the desk and given her time.

A very respectable man, a pillar of society who knew where she had been, objected to her working there, and the approval of this man was of more importance to the establish-

ment than helping this poor girl into a decent life.

It was the same old problem that faced her when she had lost her position before, and so after trying in vain to find something to do, she said to Dr. Berlin one day, "I am going back to the old life; its the only door open to me."

She knew all the inner secrets of the life, and she resigned herself as best she could to her fate. The same old round of wine and song and dance and apparent gaiety, when stranger than a fairy tale in dreamland, there came to her a wonderful experience. Something was beginning to steal into her life that could not be measured in dollars and cents. Harry Wright had touched a chord in her heart that had hitherto remained silent.

She knew something of a mother's love, which, with all its tenderness, would have had a patronizing element in it, if her mother had been living and had known of her life. She knew what it was to experience the friendship and love of a benefactor and some how she felt herself beneath this love. But this new love—Harry's love—was so different. This love transformed her into a woman worthy to be loved. Though she might have commercialized her body, yet to Harry Wright her soul possessed all the virtues of a virgin.

And so once more the problem was solved. A marriage to Harry placed her among the respectable class, where no pillar of society could demand her dismissal back into the under world.

Ruth had come out into a new world, but she had left behind her thousands of girls whom no lover comes to redeem from a life of shame, victims of want, slaves of the passions of men, condemned by the very society that drove them to where they are, there to remain until society reconstructs itself on a new basis and men and women shall cease bartering and selling their bodies for gold and no longer make merchandise of the treasures of the heart.

At the first meeting of the International Female Nurses' conference, to be held in London this month, Japan will be represented by Mrs. Take Hagiwara and Mrs. Nobu Matsudaira, of the Japan Red Cross society. Mrs. Matsudaira is the fifth daughter of Marquis Nabeshima and is now staying in England. Mrs. Hagiwara once traveled in Europe, accompanying Marchioness Yamanouchi, and is now in Paris in the suite of Prince and Princess Nashimoto. They are the first Japanese women to represent Japan in an international women's conference.

Have you read *Little Sister of the Poor*? Read it, and pass it on to your neighbor.

The Progressive Woman

Published Monthly by

The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.
Girard, Kan., U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

Single subscription one year.....	\$.50
In clubs of four or more.....	.25
Club rates for Canada.....	.40
Foreign subscription50

For a bundle of ten copies or more at the rate of two cents each. Do not send stamps for subscription when you can avoid it. Send one-cent stamps when you cannot otherwise.

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Inch.....	\$ 1.00
Quarter Page.....	5.00
Half Page.....	10.00
One Page.....	20.00

All advertising matter should be addressed directly to the publisher.

Entered as second-class matter February 12, 1909, at the postoffice at Girard, Kansas, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Managing Editor.....Kliehl Kaneko
Editor.....Josephine C. Kaneko



Comrade Edna Porter sends the following: "Little Adeline Johnson, of Lynn, Mass., was attending a picnic where she saw a tremendously fat lady. She immediately pulled her father by the sleeve and said, 'Oh, look, papa, there goes the Trust's wife.'"

A LITERATURE CAMPAIGN.

Do you know that there is nothing so effective in Socialist work as a literature campaign? And it is so easy to carry one on. Perhaps that is why we do not do more of it. It is comparatively inexpensive, too.

A Socialist comrade who holds a responsible place in the movement said recently that he had at one time spent \$60 on an organizing trip, was out three weeks, spoke to small crowds, organized six locals, and reached almost none but Socialists during the entire period. As much as \$90 and \$100 have been spent on such trips without any better success. I have myself sat in Socialist halls in New York and Chicago, listening to an eloquent speaker, who was receiving a fair sum for his efforts, and who REACHED ONLY A HANDFUL OF PEOPLE WHO WERE ALREADY SOCIALISTS.

Now a campaign of literature

reaches the unconverted. The very people we want, and unlimited numbers of them. And if PERSISTED IN, finally makes Socialists of them. I once heard Comrade Gaylord, of Milwaukee, say that in his town—which is noted for its large number of Socialists—they scattered literature with such system, and such persistency, that the homes of the working class were constantly flooded with it, and the women began to burn it. "And when the women began to burn our literature," said Comrade Gaylord, "their husbands said 'Don't burn that stuff, we want to read it.'" Of course, that settled it. Milwaukee voters have put a number of Socialists in the city council, and elected members to the state legislature.

Germany has done a wonderful work with a persistent literature campaign. And this sort of work is ideal for women. Those who have not learned to make speeches, who feel backward or unequal to making a personal appeal, can keep on hands quantities of literature and fairly swamp their neighbors with it. What if the neighbors won't read it at first? Keep at it, anyway.

Organize your women's clubs. Arrange special days for literature distribution. Select your leaflets and papers to suit the various persons you visit. Drop them in the mail box, or put them inside the door. Be sure that they reach the parties you intend them for. And follow this up week after week. Once or twice will not do. Even a dozen times will not do. **KEEP AT IT INDEFINITELY. THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO BRING RESULTS. AND RESULTS WILL COME.**

Suppose you try this plan. I should like to have word from all who will try it. We will watch the results together.

SPECIAL EDITION.

The October issue of The P. W. will be a special organization number. While the specific object of this magazine is to do Socialist propaganda work for and among women, we feel that there are some phases of organization and information regarding the building up of Socialist sentiment, and a dues-paying organization qualified to establish the economic freedom of both men and women, that our readers should acquaint themselves with. We also hope to interest many of our readers who are not yet party members in the party organization, and familiarize them with the reasons and importance of becoming dues-paying Socialists.

Local workers, organizers, state and national speakers, will find this an excellent number to distribute among the party membership as well as outsiders. This issue will be further advertised in the woman's edition of the Appeal, which is to appear in September.

Woman's Edition of the Appeal.

REMEMBER—In September there is to be an edition of the Appeal to Reason devoted exclusively to reaching and interesting women in the Socialist movement. Every Socialist woman's club, and every individual woman should set their heads to making this woman's number reach a million circulation. **DON'T MISS THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO CARRY SOCIALISM TO THE WOMEN OF AMERICA.**

Warmer than the warmest days of the eighth month; warmer than an August sun on white sands; warmer than the long day in which the rain cometh not, and the wind ceaseth to blow, is the heart of the earnest Socialist. In this crucible of heat and fire will old things pass away and all things become new. From this heart of hearts will spring a new heaven and a new earth—the Co-operative Commonwealth, the Brotherhood of Man.

Public sentiment must be aroused against the white slavery of woman-kind. It is one of the sorest spots in our present system, and certainly will suggest the necessity of overthrowing conditions which make it possible.

The most significant feature in the progress of modern society is the rebellion of women against age-long oppression. It means revolution, the most complete since the introduction of civilization.

You will be interested to learn that the composer of "Billy Possum"—a jolly bit of rag-time, advertised on another page—is the youngest son of J. A. Wayland, the founder of the Appeal to Reason.

The Progressive Woman is the only concern that carries picture post cards of Comrade Warren, the now noted Socialist criminal (?); 5c each, five for 25 cents.

The photograph post cards advertised elsewhere in this issue are too good to be missed. They are, indeed, "just like life." Send your orders today.

The Progressive Woman stands for the political and economic freedom of women and men, the unbridled fight of both to participate in the world's work.

We have plenty of Suffrage petitions on hand. Furnish them to you for the asking. Don't fail to send for a few and get them filled.

The Progressive Woman in clubs of four or more, 25c. Forty cents in Canada and foreign countries.

Back numbers of The P. W., 1c a copy in bundles.

Socialism and the Sex War

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

Socialists cannot afford to ignore the struggle of women for recognition and place in the world's work. So vital, so fundamental is woman's place in the grand scheme of things that for her to move, or readjust her position even the slightest, is to threaten the very foundations upon which our social structure is built. And because this is a fact, some of our otherwise revolutionists religiously refrain from all mention of the sex struggle for fear the movement will be saddled with having caused it. The buga-boo of "breaking up the home" is fraught with intense terror to some who merely smile at the accusation of breaking up the government. And since woman is the pivot of the home, they are willing to relegate to her the adjusting of her own affairs, and the fighting of her own battles.

And in the meantime womankind are fighting as best they can their own battles.

The women of England are attracting the attention of the whole world to their demands that women shall have the same privilege as men in casting a ballot. Recently for the thirteenth time the militant Suffragettes of London bombarded parliament in their quest for the elective franchise, and more than 50,000 people gathered to watch them. It took 3,000 police, mounted and on foot, to guard the sacred persons of the men who regard the eternal feminine as eternally inferior, and whose sole excuse for being on earth at all is that they may perpetuate the race. In the state of Washington the campaign for woman Suffrage is on, and a train known as the Suffrage special has been touring the state, carrying the most eloquent women of America, who are giving very good reasons why the demand of the women for the vote should be harkened to by the state legislators in 1910. In the city of Des Moines, Iowa, Miss Gertrude von Petzgold, an English Suffragette, had one of her Suffrage meetings interrupted by the casting of a bomb by a gentleman who believed that an effective method of preventing the women from casting the ballot in anything like the near future. Some New York Suffragettes recently became the laughing stock of those who would rather laugh than listen, by going forth upon the streets with a hurdy gurdy, and a tambourine, through which they hoped to collect a little revenue for the cause. Besides the efforts of the women themselves, most of the leading magazines of the day are giving page after page to the serious discussion of the "woman question," not only by women,

but also by grim professors, who have come to look upon the modern woman as a serious proposition in social affairs.

So the sex struggle is here. If it is too big for the Socialist movement, then it will be settled outside the movement. But having an economic basis, the Socialist movement is the legitimate place for its discussion, its fearless and open discussion, and it should not be left to outsiders. It is not a matter of foisting it upon the movement. It is a matter of the movement recognizing and explaining it, as it recognizes and explains the class struggle. If it has a deeper significance than the class struggle, why, we needn't be afraid of that. The moment we become afraid of any social phenomena, that moment we begin to lose our power, and another stronger than we will come after us, and will oust us from our place as revolutionary leaders.

When Socialist women become earnest enough in their propaganda to attract the world's eyes to their work; when they can forget themselves and their bourgeois respectability in their battle for liberty; when they have become militant in large numbers, then shall we make in one month a longer stride toward our goal than we have made altogether in the past twenty years.

The Socialist movement being an all-inclusive one, a human movement, and not a one-sex affair, it must either work with equal fervor among both sexes, or it must cripple along on one leg, and finally wait until the women catch up and furnish the added requisite to its locomotion.

The economic dependence of woman, which, together with her ignorance, is the basis of her slavery, must be done away with. Socialism, which promises to give the means of life into the control of the people—all the people irrespective of sex—is the one hope for the economically dependent woman.

It should be the pleasure, then, of every true Socialist to take seriously that clause in the party platform which pledges the party and the party workers to fight for woman suffrage. Let not this pledge stand as an empty theory. And most of all does the Socialist woman have a wonderful field for propaganda, when she enters seriously the work of reaching and enlightening women who suffer from the pressure of present-day conditions.

Go, then, to your work, O women, joyously, whole-heartedly. Let nothing deter you, nothing intimidate you. The revolution cannot come without

you and your kind. Always remember that.

Lenora O'Reilly, the working girl orator of New York City, who startled the state legislators when the Suffrage hearing was held, has now succeeded in startling her fellow-Suffragists of the well-to-do class. At an outdoor meeting held by a number of the elect in the upper section of Manhattan, Miss O'Reilly was asked to speak. She spoke first of the beautiful suburban place with foliage and flowers all about, and then asked if they realized that it was dangerous to bring a working woman to such a place and let her see that there is a great, beautiful world from which she is shut out. She said the working woman wanted a little more time that she could call her own, and that the only reason more of her kind were not attending that meeting was because they could not afford the 10 cents necessary to pay the car fare out and back. And yet they would not accept it as a gift. They wanted a chance to earn it as their right, and they were beginning to see that they could not get their economic rights cal right to the ballot.—*Woman's Journal*.

MR. KANEKO IN JAPAN.

Mr. Kaneko writes that aside from considerable exhaustion from his trip which kept him in bed for a week, that he is improving every day. He sends his best regards to all Progressive Woman readers, and hopes that they will stand by the little craft until his return.

We are giving you in this issue the only published picture of Fred D. Warren. Everybody wants to know what Comrade Warren looks like, so this issue will be sold out in a jiffy. If you want a copy send 5 cents today for it. Or, in bundles of five or more, 2 cents each.

CHARLES F. AKED, Rockefeller's pastor, wants everyone to unite to make the old man happy by rejoicing in his riches. Suppose he means, too, that everybody should unite to make the rest of the people happy by rejoicing in their poverty.

THERE is no safety for you in this world till there is safety for every other man. How many are trapped and ruined, now?

SOCIALISM is for peace and honesty. Capitalism is for larger navies and greater profits.

Woe to the cause that grows respectable.

THE thin skinned are the easiest skinned.

SOCIALISM is for the many. Capitalism is for the few.

Are you afraid to be free?

The Birth of Freedom--*An Allegory.*

ETHEL WHITEHEAD

Scene—A cave. A man is seated despairingly on the ground. By his side is a sword, shield and helmet. In the background is dimly seen the crouching form of a woman, who, with bound hands vainly strives to suckle her child.

Man speaks;

O, woe is me! O, despair! O, misery! These many years I fierce have fought;

For freedom's cause my sword has been unsheathed,

Our mail-clad hosts in serried ranks, with glist'ning spear and shining helm,

How fair they looked on battle morn; Exulting in our strength and urging Freedom's slogan

On marched we, our pennants flying in the breeze.

We fought! Ah, how we fought! 'Twas freedom's fight we waged,

The love of freedom nerved our arm, and

Spurr'd to deeds of daring.

On, on we pressed. They say it was a victory.

For whom? The dead by thousands lay upon the field;

At night the moon did shine on forms all stark and still;

Homes were desolate, despair and grief were everywhere—

After many a glorious strife with sword of high

"O, God of Battles praise Thee!

Thy people now are free."

Free! When man oppresses man, when gold and greed go hand in hand;

Free! When countless millions starve and pine.

O, Freedom; Thee I've sought. Say is my search in vain?

The child cries, and the man stirs impatiently.

Woman speaks:

Hush, my darling, hush, be still.

Man:

What ails you that you disturb my thoughts?

Are not these things enough to bear? Must yonder wailing brat make hideous din?

Woman:

If my lord would loose my hands, perchance

I could soothe the child.

Man:

The child! The feeble puling brat! What use art thou, that thou dost bear such sickly offspring?

Woman:

My lord is hard. My wifely duty have I done,

Obedient always have I been,

If I might help my lord.

Man:

There, there! Perhaps I but too harshly spoke

Thy bonds I'll loose, and thou my face may lave,

And smooth the furrows from my brow and when I sleep some provender provide

That so I may go hence, and once more fight for Freedom.

He looses bonds, she strokes his brow, and he falls asleep. Enter the spirit of Freedom, and touches the woman on the shoulder.

Freedom:

What dost thou?

The woman gazes at her in amaze, but does not speak.

Freedom:

What dost thou?

Woman:

I smooth the furrows from the brow of my lord.

Freedom:

Why?

Woman:

That he may go and seek Freedom.

Freedom:

For whom?

Woman:

For mankind.

Freedom:

And womankind?

Woman:

When man is free, I, too, shall be free.

Freedom:

How often has he said that he was free, and yet thou sittest

In humble attitude and smooth his brow,

When young and fair, with witching smiles and coquetries,

With guile and flattery his heart you seek t' ensnare

Then when you gain his heart, or catch his wayward fancy,

He holds you bound, the while it pleases him.

Why kneelest thou? Why think'st thyself abused and mean?

Rise! break thy bonds. Help in the fight for Freedom.

Woman:

O, who art thou, that speakest thus? Wouldst have me forget my womanliness?

Away! I heed thee not.

Freedom:

Why should you endure the pain and woe?

Is not Freedom then for you?

How can man be free, when he shackles woman?

For the sake of your child, O, list to me.

How can the child be aught but feeble sick and puling

When thou art bound! Come, bear the child of Freedom.

Man has awakened and is listening.

Woman:

For my child I must be meek and womanly.

Man keeps me safe—protects me; 'twould anger him.

To him I must leave the great world. Freedom:

Come.

She drags woman to the mouth of the cave.

There! Behold the world. The azure sky, the waving trees,

The boundless ocean breaking against the rock-bound shore;

See the waving grain, the stores of coal and fuel;

Are these not thine?

Then see the toiling millions. See where they work;

See where the many toil, that few may dwell in luxury and ease;

See—man is slave of man. And see, where woman toils.

All men, poor and rich, slave or free, weak or strong

Are 'gainst her upward march.

Woman, you must be free. Stand up, and claim your own.

Man springs forward and drags woman back, saying to Freedom:

And who art thou, that thou dost prate telling to woman to forget her state,

Her place is in this cave, to mind the child, and keep a place of peace and rest for me,

That so I may be strong to gain our Freedom.

Say, who are thou, thou base deceiver? Freedom:

Man, I am the one you seek. I am Freedom.

Man:

Freedom! Thou? Thou liest.

He turns to the woman and says:

O, thou foolish one. Have I not sought Freedom for thee?

Am I not capable, am I not strong, is not this my work?

Woman looks him in the face.

And yet—I know not, perhaps thou, too, canst help—

We must have Freedom.

Woman:

I cannot help, my hands are tied.

Freedom:

O, man! Long hast thou sought me, All through ages dim and dark, thou hast battled for me.

The child of freedom thou hast sought to birth,

And yet the mother of the world in bondage hast thou held,

Insane and blind. In thy assurance thou hast held

The woman for thine own. Hast barred her way to liberty,

Her hands have tied, and then have wondered that you found me not?

Woman, awake! No longer be enslaved; demand thine own

For dear humanity. Be free.

Woman springs to her feet and exclaims:

I will! Remove these bonds, O, man, I will be free. Let us seek Freedom together.

Man, gazing at her in astonishment, murmurs:

And birth the child of Freedom!

Woman:
Yes!

Man looks in her eyes, and, his face lighting up, extends his hands. She places hers in them, and he says:

A new light is breaking. Woman how blind we have been.

I see in thee a beauty new. My timid slave no longer,

But companion, comrade, friend.

Why didst not sooner seek thy Freedom?

Woman:

Blind was I as thou, I thought this cave my place.

But now—

Man, leading her towards the door of the cave to the sunlight where Freedom stands and points the way: Now—we will birth the child of Freedom.

Finis.

OUR LEAFLETS.

REPLY TO ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS, by Theresa Malkiel. This is one of the best things to hand to the average person—man or woman—that you can find on suffrage. Don't fail to get a supply to use on all occasions.

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Agnes Downing. Tens of thousands of this leaflet have been scattered, and orders are still coming. This is because it is so convincing. Order a package today.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON SOCIALISM. Suffragists do not generally advertise the fact that their great leader E. C. Stanton was a member of the Fabian Socialist Society of England. In this leaflet she sends a plea to a suffrage convention that they investigate Socialism. It is a fine leaflet for propaganda among suffragists.

A PLEA TO CLUB WOMEN, by Agnes Downing. The club woman is a decided factor in forming public opinion. This leaflet is calculated to turn her mind toward the study of Socialism. Get a package and hand them to your club women friends.

WHERE IS YOUR WIFE? by Kitchi Kaneko. There are a good many Socialist locals in the country which have no women members. In some manner the men comrades are to blame for this fact. This leaflet is the very thing to hand them. They ought to be distributed among the members of every local in the land.

All the above leaflets are 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

FRANCIS WILLARD ON SOCIALISM. Frances Willard, like Elizabeth Cady Stanton, announced herself as a Socialist in the latter years of her life, for she, too, recognized that the profit system lies at the bottom of all slavery. This leaflet, 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN,
Girard, Kan.

One hundred and fourteen deaths by fireworks on the Fourth of July is the latest returns. Probably as many persons have been killed and wounded in celebrating since the Revolution as were lost in that war. Does any one think that such "celebrating" is worth while?

The only way to improve The Progressive Woman is to make it larger, or get it before more people.—Price Morgan, Missouri.

It is well to do right, but the salary is small.

O, CONSISTENCY, THOU ART A JEWEL!

JULIA SMITH HOBSON

One need not go far from one's home to meet, in the world of promiscuous characters, inconsistencies of all shades.

I will take the space to chronicle only a few that have come under my immediate observation when I was working for signatures to the monster Suffrage petition.

A clergyman, who is supposed to expound such Bible truths as "God is no respecter of persons," etc., declared in the pulpit that the women had better be at home looking after their children than meddling in politics. No doubt some of his female flock are so devoted to the church, that they may seem to neglect home duties, yet we do not condemn all the mothers for their interest in church work.

There are always some members of society ready to abuse a privilege or right, but we see no consistency in advocating the prohibition of that right to an entire class because a few abuse that right.

Who ever heard of anyone proclaiming that a certain man made a failure of his business because he took time to study and read enough on the affairs of his country and to express his ideas on the same at the polls? Yet it would ruin the home for a mother to perform the duties of citizenship.

O, consistency, thou art a jewel, indeed.

A lady teacher was employed in the seventh grade of a town school. During a conversation in recitation some how the subject of voting came up. One boy asked, "Do women vote?" Another asked the teacher, "Would you vote if you had a chance?" She answered, "No, I would not; I do not believe in women voting."

Now, it happened that this self-same young woman was elected to the office of county superintendent of public instruction last November. Working to gain the nomination to this office required a thorough canvass of the voters, which must have seemed very degrading to one who believes that voting is out of woman's sphere. She was seen approaching negroes as well as all grades of illiterate white voters. Yet, it would be a shame and disgrace for this same "lady" to go to the polls and cast an intelligent vote.

O, consistency, thou art unquestionably a jewel.

The writer of this article wrote a lady editor of a county local newspaper, asking permission for space for Suffrage articles to appear occasionally, presuming that one in her exalted position in the business world

would be a champion of the rights of her sex.

She replied in the following manner: "The columns of my paper will be open to all fair-minded contributions. You will find me lined up on the right side of all the woman's questions; but I must be conservative and you know that is pretty hard on a woman." **Conservative, preserve what is established.** I fear my dear lady has forgotten her proper sphere in becoming an editor, for the established custom has decreed that man shall fill such offices of merit and influence.

It is now two months since the correspondence occurred and no articles have appeared. Nor was I expecting any, although she did not return the articles as requested, if she did not aim to use them.

Certainly, some members of our sex think it proper to become privileged characters by entering other and more conspicuous lines of public interest aside from voting, but, no, the mothers, who, of all ladies, should be interested in the quality of the social fabric, which will play so prominent a part in the fashioning of their children's characters, must not think of performing the unladylike act of voting.

O, consistency, consistency, where dost thou dwell?

Only in the minds of those, who, laying aside all prejudice and traditional teaching, seek for truth wherever it may be found.

Lesson Outlines in the Economic Interpretation of History

By Lida Parce

Anyone who wants to study social evolution from a Socialist viewpoint should possess this little book. It will give you a clear glimpse of human civilization from its prehistoric stage down to our own day, especially in its relation to the status of woman-kind. Neatly bound, brown paper cover, 64 pages. Price postpaid, 25 cents a copy. 6 copies for \$1.25. Send your order to Humanist Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

The Evolutionist, Comrade Arthur Morrow Lewis' new magazine, makes its appearance for the second time. As everyone knows, this magazine is designed to carry the Garrick theater lecture course to thousands who cannot attend the Garrick meetings. It is highly intellectual in tone, and should be widely read. The second issue contains, besides the regular matter, a poem by Mrs. Gilman, and a story by Gertrude Breslau Hunt. Send 5c for a sample copy to The Evolutionist, 180 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

The Progressive Woman in clubs of four or more, one year, 25c.

The Dream of a "Play-Like Land"

MARIAN

Ernestine is twelve years old, and full of odd fancies and curious notions. She sometimes thinks wise little thoughts, and often dreams strange little dreams. Sometimes she dreams them with her eyes open, while she swings in the breeze in her hammock under the old apple tree. But she also dreams just as queer ones after a visit from the sand man, and the other day she told me one of these. She said it like this, with a far-away look in her dark eyes:

"The boys and us thought we would have a Play-Like Land down in the orchard where we always go to play. It was a big, deserted land, with just us on it, and we were to own everything, and build great cities, and grow into a very powerful people. We had been ship wrecked, and had discovered this beautiful island, like Robinson Crusoe did. It all began lovely, and we girls helped the boys, and they helped us, and everything went on fine. At last we had our cities all laid out, and many elegant houses built. We felt quite rich. Then somebody said we must have a government, and a president, and a senate, and all the other things, like the people in the United States, where we came from.

"So we started to make a government. We elected Johnny Sprig as president, and I wanted to be vice president, but everybody screamed and laughed, and said 'the ideal' I asked them 'why the idea?' and they said real women couldn't be vice presidents, and of course girls could not be, in this Play-Like-Land. But I said I didn't see why, and I insisted, but they wouldn't elect me. They elected that little Jimmy Smirk, and I was simply mad, because I do hate him so. Then they elected the senators, and I wanted to be speaker of the house, and they said I talked too much, and besides, women weren't those things in the United States. Then I wanted to have them elect some girls to the senate, and they wouldn't. None of the girls wanted to, either, except Tillie Bright, Mamie Sharp and me. The others snickered and said 'the idea.' And I said again, 'why the idea?' Didn't we work just as hard as anybody and do our part in building this Play-Like Land?

"But Tillie and Mamie and I let it go. We had to. Then when we had our government all made and everybody—all the boys—elected to office, we started to live. Everything went on pretty well for awhile. But the lawmakers made some laws about the girls having to get married, or society would look down on them as old maids, or they would have to

work awfully hard for almost nothing, and so everybody got married. Then, if they didn't like it, they couldn't break off, because society would point the finger of scorn at them, and call them disgraced. That is, it would at the girls. The boys didn't seem to make much difference whether they were married or not; they did just about as they pleased, anyway, and there wasn't much disgrace to it. But then they made all the laws, and enforced all the laws, so we girls didn't have much show. If we even chirped against things, they said we would be disgraced, so we simply took it.

"But a sad thing happened. Agnes Overwraught, who was always a high-strung girl, married Martin Bully, and he wasn't good to her. She wanted to leave him, but he told her she would be disgraced forever, and as she never was a very strong character anyway, she was afraid of what society would say, and kept on torturing herself by living with Martin. One day he went a little too far in his teasing and domineering sport, and she hit him on the head with a heavy glass bottle. He died at once, and Agnes was called to justice.

"Poor Agnes. He hadn't struck her, or really hurt her, but she hated him so, and being forced to live with him all the time unstrung her more than ever, but this wasn't sufficient excuse for the murder, as they called it, and the boys decided in their court that Agnes must die, too. So they tied a rope around her neck, and she paid the penalty of her crime. Somehow we girls didn't feel very good about it, and I told the others it all came out of our not having anything to do with making the government and the laws. But they couldn't see it that way.

"The boys worked in the fields, mills and factories, and we worked at home, and they got all the money, and sometimes gave us a little to spend for pleasure, and many times they wouldn't give us only just what we needed to run the house on. We didn't like that, but the boys said they were supporting us, so why should we care for anything more.

Every time election day came around a few of us girls said we wanted to run for office, and help make the laws. But most of the boys and the rest of the girls said it wasn't according to the way things were done in the United States, and they wouldn't let us. After awhile some of us went to work outside with the boys, because they made machines that we could run, and we could handle them at lower wages than the

boys, so they took higher places, and began to make a great deal of money. At least some of them did. They made so much money out of the machines that we ran at small wages, that they got as rich as kings. They soon began to buy up everything, and it wasn't long until most of the boys were as poor and helpless as we girls had been, and some of them even more so, because we kept our jobs at low wages, and they couldn't get any jobs at all.

Things began to look desperate for most of us, but they were bright enough for a few, because these few just kept on getting richer and richer, and also bought up the officials one by one, and had them make the laws in their favor, and gradually nobody had any rights except the rich boys. Even the wives of the rich had no rights except what their husbands gave them. For they still handed out money to them, as of old, and the girls didn't have any way of making any for themselves. But the poor working girls had the hardest time. They often broke the laws the boys had made, and were arrested just the same as if they had had any rights themselves.

"It was getting so bad that I thought it wasn't Play-Like Land at all, but our own real United States, and I wanted to knock everything over, and begin all over again. I found some people who were dissatisfied, and after a time we started to making speeches on the street corners, telling about all the injustices, how people who had no rights were treated just as if they had; how they had to obey the laws, and got punished the same as those who made the laws—and often worse, and how a few had gotten all the wealth, and the houses and gardens, and most of us had nothing. But here the boys made some new laws that interfered again, and some policemen came and told us to stop and get down off our boxes. I didn't want to get down, and I told them so. But one jerked me by the arm, my box fell down, and I hit my head on the pavement.

"I guess that woke me up, for I started, and my eyes came wide open. Then gradually I knew I wasn't in Play-Like Land at all, which boys and girls had built, but in our own real country which men and women built."

Ernestine looked off into space for a moment after reciting her dream, and then turning suddenly to her mother said, "After all, mother, this country is just like Play-Like Land, and you big girls haven't got any rights, because you can't help make the laws, and you have to do just as

the big boys say, and if you don't, society points the finger of scorn at you, and the courts punish you, and—mercy! It is all just as bad as Play-Like Land." Again that far-off look, and then, "Mother—let's change it!"

COLORADO TEACHERS WIN.

The Colorado Teachers' association secured from the last legislature bills

1. For the certification of teachers, being graduates of colleges and universities with certain qualifications.
2. For the consolidation of rural schools and the transportation of pupils.
3. For the establishment of a retirement fund for teachers.
4. For the establishment of a home for mental defectives.
5. The limit of bonded indebtedness was changed from 3 1-2 per cent to 5 per cent of the valuation in districts of the first class, and the manner of holding elections for bond issues was changed.
6. Better laws were made for the support of the county high schools.

Comrade Mrs. Lora Harris Passes Away.

The sad news comes of the demise of Comrade Mrs. Lora Harris, of Sparks, Nevada, state secretary of the Socialist party of that state. The death of Mrs. Harris is a shock to her many friends, and a great loss to the Socialist movement. But 41 years of age at the time of her death, Mrs. Harris was for some years an enthusiastic and indefatigable worker in the cause of better society. Her passing away is a loss deeply felt by hosts of friends and comrades. The Nevada movement has lost an earnest and highly efficient official, and the Nevada comrades a lovable friend and co-worker.

In carrying on your Socialist propaganda remember that every little bit added to what you have done makes a little bit more. And every little helps.

The Progressive Woman 25c a year in clubs of four or more. Forty cents in foreign countries.

Oberlin college, the first co-educational school was founded in 1833.

Send for some suffrage blanks and get them filled.

Subscription cards, four for \$1.

WANTED. A Socialist Traveling Companion 'Round the World with Wilshire's

All Expenses and a Salary Paid. A red hot Socialist preferred. Write at once for complete information.

WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE,
Dept. 9 200 Williamst. St., New York

TO AN AGED COMRADE *

BY MAY BEALS HOFFPAUIR

You have sowed for the world and man,
The harvest you cannot reap,
You have won nor fame nor gold nor lands,
But your faith in man you keep.

You have stood for the right alone,
Facing odium, danger, death.
Poverty is your reward, and pain
That shall end with your dying breath.

I, beginning the path you trod,
Love you, so near the end.
Can I, too, conquer the trammeling clod
Till the higher self ascend?

I know not, many brave men fall
Ere they reach your brave life's span.
Old friend, 'tis due in great part to you,
If I keep my faith in man.

*W. G. Markland, of Chattanooga, Tenn., author of the "Markland Letter," one of the most forceful documents ever penned in defense of woman. For publishing the "Markland Letter" Moses Harmon, editor of "The American Journal of Eugenics," was sentenced to nine years in the penitentiary.

WOMEN IN OFFICE.

Many years ago the courts of Massachusetts appointed Mrs. Julia Ward Howe justice of the peace in Boston, but the courts declared her ineligible. Within a few months Miss Fairchild has been appointed to that office in Linn, and there is no objection. Miss Esther Morris was appointed justice of the peace in Wyoming in 1870. At the last election in Kansas (1908) one out of every twenty-four persons elected to office was a woman, and one-third of all the county school superintendents were women. Within the past year Cleburne, Texas, elected a woman treasurer; New Orleans a woman factory inspector; Portland, Oregon, a market inspector and a city health officer; Tulsa, Oklahoma, a woman president of the board of health; Charlotte, Michigan, a county superintendent; Wilmington, Delaware a county commissioner; Concord, New Hampshire, a woman president of the state board of charities, a woman tax collector.—Ida Husted Harpe..

Once the weary man of Galilee said: "The spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because he hath anointed me to preach good tidings to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty them that are bound," and the pharisees of that day tried to cast him from a precipice because of the message. Now, when the Socialists preach the hope of ending poverty and of making all mankind free, the modern pharisees declare they are too materialistic. And Jesus said that, because of this message, "the spirit of the Lord God is upon me."

The articles The Progressive Woman is running on the white slave traffic should be read by tens of thousands. Do you realize the necessity of enlightening the public on this matter?

Have you scattered that leaflet, "Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Socialism?" Only 20c a hundred.

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

Souvenir Post Cards

Souvenir Post-Cards of the following Girard subjects can be furnished at any time: Views of Appeal to Reason; Views of the big press; view of office with Warren and Debs; office of Progressive Woman, with the editors; Miss Caroline Lowe, Kansas state organizer; Miss Lowe and Mrs. Kaneko; Woman's Conference delegates in front of the Appeal, Mrs. Kaneko and others.

These are genuine photograph post-cards taken by our official photographer, Comrade Duncan, and sell at 5 cents each.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN
GIRARD, KANSAS

LETTER BOX

Enclosed find list of four. This makes sixteen so far this month.—Mattie Fowler, Arkansas.

Enclosed find list of subs. This makes ninety for the entire month. Hope to make it 100 at least hereafter.—Lena Morrow Lewis en route.

The only way I see to improve the P. W. is to make it larger or get it before more people. Enclosed find four new names.—Price Morgan, Missouri.

You are getting out a fine paper, and I am introducing it wherever I can. Hope you the greatest success. Will help all I can.—G. H. Poor, Milwaukee.

I am sending four more subs. Could not do without the P. W. Will send more names, as I wish to help the cause along.—Alice D. Moran, San Diego, Cal.

I enclose herewith two subs for the magazine. Our club is scattered for the present on account of berry picking, but the good work goes on.—Estella Tarkoff, Colorado.

The July number of the P. W. was the best yet. March on with your noble work for the emancipation of women. I enclose \$1 for leaflets.—May M. Bostwick, Los Angeles.

Enclosed find \$1 for four names. Let me tell you how much I enjoyed your article, "Forget It," in the last Woman. Also the one on Suffrage. Both are needed.—Agnes Downing, California.

Enclosed find \$10 to pay on cards. Have disposed of the fifty. Comrade Margaret Moore Goebel helped me sell thirty-six at a picnic here. Better send fifty more right away.—Anna A. Maley, Boston, en route.

The P. W. is excellent. But to say so is not enough. You need money to get it out. Enclosed are eight subs to help along. Hope every other reader will do as much this month.—Clyde Martin, Pittsburg, Pa.

Please find enclosed four subs. We had a very successful outdoor meeting on Tuesday, June 22d. Comrade Luella Twining was with us. Our women are alive and doing good work.—Leah Levin, Los Angeles.

The P. W. and the Christian Socialist are my favorites of all the Socialist papers. I think you are doing a world of good. My cares are multiplied, so I hardly have time to think; still, I know a good thing when I see it.—Levi Crouch, Connecticut.

Enclosed find a few sheaves. Wish they were bigger. Have just returned from a short trip, and one more W. S. U. is the result, with two study clubs of women in order that they may study Socialism and find out if they want to be Socialists or not. I am more and more convinced of the

necessity of separate organizations for women as I proceed in my work of organizing.—Ethel Whitehead, California.

Your wonderful little paper ought to be in every home, and I hope to see it take a much needed place AT THE FRONT. I want some copies of "Sorrows of Cupid." Hope you will have more; it takes wonderfully. Even the scribes and pharisees will read it.—Eleanor Raymond, Michigan.

Would like to drive away that lonely feeling by keeping you busy for a few minutes looking after the enclosed subscriptions. Your paper should be read by every man and woman the world over, for it is excellent, and to my notion can't be improved. Hope to send more subs ere long.—Maud Fairbairn, Winnipeg, Canada.

It is not putting it too strongly when I say that not one of your readers can value the P. W. more than I. My present fervent prayer is that my more leisurely comrades will hustle and support the work valiantly until I can become a valuable supporter of our "little gem." I enclose three names and please send "Sorrows of Cupid."—Julia Smith Hobson, Kansas.

Why don't you suggest that every worker get someone else to work. A handful of us can't do justice by the P. W., but we can insist on other comrades coming in and doing their share, too. There ought to be hustlers for the P. W. in every local in the U. S. Until there are, we are not doing our duty by the women. I enclose a list of five.—Pauline Heorsh, St. Paul, Minn.

I am sending you one dollar and four names for the P. W. Am sorry the list is not longer, but it is the best I can do this time, as I have so little time to get about to see people. While I know it is mainly the substantial \$ that you most need just now, it may encourage you to know that my heart is with you in your work. I know what it means to keep a Socialist paper alive, to say nothing of building it up. With all good wishes for the health of the fine little paper.—Clara C. Rogers, California.

I enclose a list of four subscriptions. I was very pleased to hear from you after a long silence. I have been thinking of you and sympathizing with you a great deal since the departure of your husband. I sincerely hope that Mr. Kaneko will return to you healthy and happy. You certainly are doing nobly alone and unaided with The Progressive Woman. It is getting better all the time. By next week I hope to send a small contribution and a few subscriptions.—Yours fraternally, Meta Stern, New York.

Alone with my husband this Sunday afternoon, I have been reading

aloud to him the instructive and interesting articles in the July number of the P. W. The picture and report of the convention at Girard are fine. Your article, "Woman Suffrage and Socialism," is good. We had no idea women had tried so hard for economic liberty at so early a date. Too bad they let a few seeming concessions lull them to rest. I hope Socialism will never lull until it gets all.—Mrs. E. J. Puckett, Kansas.

I have been a reader of the P. W. but a short time, but cannot tell you how highly I value it. I think it the most original and logical paper published in the interest of our down-trodden sex. I think if every woman in America could read this paper and digest its logic the time would soon come when even Comrade Cohen and the world at large would realize that we are not so much nearer the lower forms than our scholastic lords. It is the duty of every woman who appreciates the work you are doing to take an interest in and help make a success of the P. W.—Lillian Fellows, Arkansas.

LENA MORROW LEWIS VISITS US.

Comrade Lena Morrow Lewis made us a visit of a week and a half in July. We had a good time, and talked a great deal, as women will. But we were "discussing things." Not merely gossiping. Comrade Lewis is an omnivorous reader, even taking her pamphlet, magazine or book to the dining table with her at times. I told her I did not know when she had time for sleep, since she read so much. What she reads is immediately transferred to others—if they are receptive—hence the "heap much talk."

Comrade Lewis is intensely interested in the woman question, and the emancipation of women. She was formerly a national organizer for the Suffrage movement, and also for the W. C. T. U's. The discovery of the economic basis for all the ills against which she fought brought her into the Socialist movement. She is an untiring worker for The Progressive Woman, and has offered some premiums of Bebel's Woman to the five locals in California that send in the highest number of subscriptions to The Woman before the middle of September. This is to stimulate interest in others.

Comrade Lewis is spending the campments in Texas, and incidently sending in big batches of subs for the "Woman."

Progressive Women

who have a piano or organ in their home should send for "Billy Possum" a two-step composed by Walter H. Wayland. It is new and is making a great hit.

Tell others. Postpaid for 25c.
WALTER H. WAYLAND, GIRARD, KANSAS

The National Movement.

REPORT OF OPENING WORK.

ANNA A. MALEY. *National Organizer of Women*

Springfield, Mass., June 27, 1909.—And address was given on Sunday afternoon upon the importance of the women to the general Socialist work as well as its importance to them, before the Hampden County Socialist Federation. About thirty-five were present. For the Springfield club the following were elected members of the local woman's committee, subject to confirmation by the club at its meeting of June 29: Mrs. Mathilda Pease, chairman, address 87 Court st.; Mrs. Mary A. Jones, Mrs. F. William Krahl, William A. King, Richard S. Brooks. This committee has power to add to its number and will work through the summer to the end that all recommendations made by the national woman's committee and confirmed by the national executive committee, may be carried out. Mrs. Pease is appointed to the work of pushing *The Progressive Woman*.

Inquiries regarding children's clubs or Socialist Sunday schools were made and the organizer hereby recommends that a bulletin of information concerning the method of organizing these clubs be prepared, this bulletin to contain also a complete list of Socialist literature for children, prices, publishers, etc. This information might constitute a standing page in *The Progressive Woman*, to which publication all inquiries might be referred. In this way a valuable bureau of the best available information on Sunday schools would be established and the circulation of our woman's journal would be stimulated.

Westfield, Mass., June 27, 1909.—Westfield is about fifty minutes by trolley from Springfield. Its population is 14,000. The general movement here has been inactive, no local meeting having been held since February. A public Socialist meeting was held on "the green" on the evening of the 28th, at which the comrades were invited to meet on the following evening for reorganization and discussion of activity among the Westfield women. Nine members assembled on the 29th, voted a resumption of meetings, the organization of speakers' clubs and other work. The following local woman's committee was elected: Chairman, John Billingham, 61 Montgomery Road; Chas. M. Harnish and Miss Catherine Tierney.

It was decided to undertake a distribution of *The Progressive Woman* among the city teachers. Recommended hereby that *The Progressive Woman* arrange to issue a teachers' edition as early as may be; that same be advertised in the "Woman's" issue

of the Appeal to Reason and that a national distribution of the teachers' edition be undertaken by clubs and locals. Westfield has decided not only to distribute the teachers' edition, but to continue the canvass on the two following months.

ORGANIZATION.

California.—The Woman's Socialist union is established for this purpose, to educate women and make them efficient workers, bringing them into the party; to rouse them to a sense of their position, and not only this, but immense good can be done to the cause by a woman's organization. Since the state organization was started in the spring from only having four unions in the state, there are now eleven, and more to come and this in the face of many difficulties. The W. S. U. is fast becoming an acknowledged factor among other clubs of women, and expects to be still more so. Such meetings as were held in Oakland will be held again and again in various parts of the state; the W. S. U. is alive and doing business, and invites all those in sympathy to come and help. To the men it says, stand by us, we stand by you, to the women it says, come help us still the cry of the children, help us drive oppression from the land, help us lift up the standard of a purer, nobler womanhood, that will be satisfied with nothing less than equality, and this, not because we want it for ourselves, but because we believe a free womanhood is essential to the well being of the race.

Indianapolis, Ind.—At the last meeting of the Socialist Women's club of this city it was resolved that the Socialist women should join the Woman's Suffrage organization, working through it for her own political enfranchisement. Also that they should join the Socialist party, so that they might help to formulate and determine the policies of the party.

Chicago—Education and organization—these were the key words of the large conference of Socialist women that met recently at the Cook county headquarters, 180 Washington street. From all parts of Cook county women came from the various Socialist branches to take part in the conference.

Mrs. Anna Anderson, the chairman, introduced the speakers of the afternoon, the addresses being made by Leonora Pease, Emma Pischel, Laura Dainty Pelham and May Wood-Simons.

Many women also took part in the discussion that followed and numerous questions were asked.

The next of these conferences, which are to become a permanent feature of the work among Socialist women in this county, will be held September 18.

PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE S. W. S. OF N. Y.

"The secret of all oppression," says August Bebel, "is the economic dependence of the oppressed."

Through all of human society we find a group upon whose backs the world's burden is laid. The working classes of all lands constitute this group. They submit, and must submit, to their oppression because they are economically dependent. They are economically dependent because they do not own the tools and materials with which they must work. They eat their bread by the grace of those who own the tools and materials. They have their lives upon terms laid down by the masters of the world, and this is the heart and the essence of slavery.

Through his political rights and industrial experience the workingman succeeds in protecting himself in some measure against the encroachments of the master class upon his rights.

The woman of the working class has no political power and but little industrial training. Lacking these weapons of defense, she suffers abject defeat in the battle for existence.

The working class man is oppressed because a master stands between him and the means of producing his bread supply. The wife of this same workingman is one step further removed from the sources of her life—she is dependent upon her husband, or, as has aptly been said, she is the slave of a slave.

By a thousand brands her slavery has marked her, but none so deeply as her meek acceptance of her condition—her failure to recognize her essential human dignity and to insist upon her rightful place in the human scheme.

To stimulate among women an interest in the study of the nature and causes of economic dependence and its attendant oppression; to quicken in them a desire for the removal of that oppression, and to crystallize this desire into action shall be the aim of the Socialist Woman's society.

The executive committee also finds its work no sinecure. At every meeting there are problems of program and policy to be solved. The decision was made, for instance, to use the petition blanks gotten out by the National American Woman Suffrage organization in its work for a national Woman Suffrage demand. For, it was argued, co-operation in such a cause was logical and necessary, and besides, going about to have these petitions signed offered a splendid field for Socialist propaganda.

Address all communications concerning the Socialist Women's society to ANITA C. BLOCK, 746 St. Nicholas avenue, N. Y., City.

A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

This story tells how the little women in the crowded working districts of our great cities must constantly struggle to keep the wolf of poverty from devouring them, and the wolves of lust from dragging them down. If you haven't read it, order a copy today and read it. **IT IS YOUR BUSINESS TO KNOW THE HARD LIVES OF THESE WORKING GIRLS, SO THAT YOU MAY HELP IN OVERCOMING SUCH CONDITIONS.**

"There is no saner, or more convincing woman writer today, than the editor of The Progressive Woman. Mrs. Kaneko is always logical, and is as conservative as it is possible to be when dealing with the subject of the woman wage-earner under existing social conditions in our large cities. *A Little Sister of the Poor* is the story of a young girl reared in the unfavorable environment of the West Side district of Chicago. Send for a copy and read it."—The Swastika Magazine.

"I read Josephine Conger-Kaneko's new book, '*A Little Sister of the Poor*,' at one sitting, simply because I found it charming from the first page to the last. You need not buy this book from a sense of duty, because after you have read two pages, you will want to sit down and read it all. The interesting, lovable and always human characters will carry you to the last page. You will want to know what happens to them. This book is like a personal visit out to our West Side and by the time you have finished it you will feel as though you had lived there for a long time. '*A Little Sister of the Poor*' is a book to give your friends who persist in closing their eyes to the misery attendant upon the heels of Capitalism. Nobody can read it and believe that modern civilization has attained the ultimate heights, leaving nothing to work or hope for. It is a thought-producer and interesting always."—International Socialist Review.

Good, clear print and bound in scarlet imitation velum. Twenty-five cents a copy. Five copies, \$1.00.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, GIRARD, KANSAS

HOGS ARE CHEAPER.

Mrs. Mary Crowell, of Bryon, Ill. has won a great reputation as a raiser of high-grade hogs. Buyers compete for her pigs. George Pratt, hog buyer for Armour & Co., is reported as saying: "On general principles I am opposed to woman suffrage, but a woman who can raise as good droves of hogs as Mrs. Crowell can is as much entitled to a vote as I am." This shows the incompleteness of the purely commercial view of the

woman question which largely prevails in the financial world. A woman who can raise fine hogs is declared to be worthy to cast a ballot, but a woman who raises a family of fine children, as thousands of women are doing, is not thought of as deserving a vote. Which are worth more, hogs or boys and girls?—*Woman's Journal*.

ALL that goes up must come down doesn't appear to apply to the price of life's necessities.

WOMEN UNDERPAID.

The number of women who earn their own living in the United States has now reached the surprising total of nearly 6,000,000. This means also that many of these women work not only for themselves, but for the support of others. And these figures are exclusive of the great unnumbered portion of womanhood which bears the name of housewife and labors in the home to keep the household together. In fact, the custom has become so fixed that the withdrawal of woman from the ranks of business at this day would leave the business world well nigh stranded. The change in the public attitude toward women in business has taken place within the last half century.

Woman's admission into the ranks of teachers dates back several centuries, and at the present time she has so far outstripped men in the successful handling of young scholars that the field is left almost entirely to her.

It is a strange fact, however, that, for all woman is more capable than man in teaching the young, she is paid on an average much less than the comparatively few men who have entered her chosen field. At the same time woman teachers are generally better trained for this work. This is the situation as noted by Professor Thronthike, of Cleveland university, who has recently issued a book on the subject.—Ex.

The man who tells the truth is banished from nine cities.—Turkish proverb.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

Have you ordered this wonderful book? Sold many editions. A fresh edition just off the press. Better send your order before this edition is out.

A woman is always appealed to by the sorrows of Cupid. Comrade Kate Richards O'Hare who wrote this little book, was fortunate in her choice of a title. Hidden under the sorrows of Cupid is the Socialist message, plain and simple, and so interwoven with Cupid's woes that it must appeal along with them to the reader. Romance, truth and propaganda, all in one. You can't get a better combination! Order today for your friends, wives, sisters, sweethearts! Paper, 25c. Cloth, 50c.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Girard, Kan.

