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ROSE PASTOR STOKES: SOCIALIST WRITER AND SPEAKER

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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Three Women

EDNA PORTER

God made her a woman, let her pass as such.

I see before me a woman. She is seated on a step—it may be a backdoor or a church—it doesn't matter. A cold, blinding rain is falling. She doesn't seem to know—she doesn't seem to care. All she ever had was her dreams. How she pulls her hair and rubs her hands over her face now and then!

She is dirty, filthy, ragged and torn and covered with vermin. Her toes may be seen through her time-worn shoes. Her skirts, so wet, cling to her withered form—her jacket is torn, very torn, and you can see her naked back.

Her hair is so white and it hangs over her eyes; it is wet with the falling rain. Every now and then a cold, strong wind lifts up a lock, then beats it down again. She is drunk, oh, so drunk! Some men pass by—they laugh.

"Why do you laugh?"

They don't know.

Children see her, they scream and run away. Why? They don't know. Grown-up, some on foot, and some in carriages, all go by. It is the law—how we loathe the miserable! Only the dogs linger.

The old, upkept hands are busy with an occasional scratch, or a dig, and sometimes she lifts them to cover her face; years ago she may have moaned aloud with curses of hatred, but now she is dumb. It is too late; she has given up. Gradually her hands slip away from her face and I see her eyes—oh, God! Have you seen them? **When once you have looked into her face you can never forget!**

She's a hag—a hag—a hag—that distorted, suffering face tells its tale.

The poor are demoralized through poverty and she is a parasite on humanity.

Again I see a woman.

She is reclining on a divan; there is a maid to dress her hair; there is a maid to do her nails, hand and foot; there is a maid to adjust her gown: Maids, maids, maids, they are flying all over the place.

The place—why, it's a fairyland. Oh, how beautiful it is! Everythings seems to float into everything else—an endless chain of splendor.

And the woman, is she beautiful? She will be when they have finished with her. Oh, they are artists at their trade, these little hand-maids. This creature will look like a Fairy Queen—I used to see her in fireplace long ago. Oh! Oh! Oh!

There she comes, the Fairy Queen. She has long hair with jewels on the ends and a crown is on her head made of the most beautiful, sparkling gems. They came out of the heart of the world! Oh, goody, goody, I clap my hands—I can see her better now. She has on a cloth-of-gold. Now she floats out of the castle. She is going to meet the dark prince. I know he's waiting in the woods for her.

How glad I am to have seen her.

Oh, now she's turning back, she has forgotten something; perhaps it is the half heart which is the key to the secret passage—it must be that. She's calling to someone, why its only one of the maids—I don't think she likes them very well—she is calling: "Marie, Marie, where is my Babe, my Babe, my precious Babe?"

Ah, now I shall see the little princess—Marie will bring her—will she look like the Fairy Queen, her mother? Why, no, she doesn't, oh, its a dog!

A curly-haired, perfumed, white, poodle with funny little feet.

"His collar, Marie, how could you forget that? Bring me his new one, the one of pearl and sapphires, his birth stones. Yes, his muddy's darling, and muddy loves 'im so much, oh, so much. Does 'oo love 'oo muddy? Kiss 'oo muddy. Of course 'im does—muddy will put his collar on herself; Marie may go back."

Ugh! Put the fire out. I will see no more of my beautiful Fairy Queen.

The rich are vitiated through luxury and she is a parasite on humanity.

And now I see a real woman. The woman who understands and knows the causes of effects.

She will reach out with a helping hand to the poverty-stricken and the idle rich and will show the way to true labor, love and life.

She is awake, active, enthusiastic and intelligent. But she is here!

'Tis the age of woman around the world and we hear the battle cry of revolt. She is in every field of life. The old home work has gone into the factory and she has followed.

The desire to come into her own is upon her—her voice will be heard above the din. She will no longer be subjected to man and the question of sex slavery is being solved.

She sees child labor and its wrongs—the mother knows and she wishes to be heard from this point.

She is in universities and professions, science and art, on the platform and stage.

She wants a vote, for she knows that no **"sex or class will ever make laws fully in the interest of a sex or class not represented in the lawmaking."**

This woman knows the miseries and the hopes of life. She understands the conditions of the men and women in the present day industries. She has reached the "scientific stage." She has studied industrial economics and sciences of co-operation. She reads philosophical Socialism. When she does take hold of the real issues of life we will awake and realize that 'twere better so.

A healthy, loving mother, standing shoulder to shoulder with man, carrying on the work of the world, doing her part with a willing heart and hand on their walk through the avenue of life, down the road of understanding.

The culminative productive of the ages: The Progressive Woman.

We cannot all be great statesmen, but we can all be little ones. And if our children were brought up as citizens of a democracy, taught by example as well as precept, taught by an occasional father as well as by an instant mother, they would not be so easily imposed upon as the public is today.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Giving the ballot to women does not alter human nature. It does not modify the earth, nor the state, nor the city. The thing that must be modified is human stock, and that is easily modified in children. This is in the hands of women. If we do not like the people on the earth, it is up to us to make better people. We are the makers of men and because we are makers of men, it is requisite that we should be citizens of the world they live in.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

VAUDEVILLE.

CARLYLE SHELLY.

"Come on Bill, now do your best,
And watch your song and cues.
How's your voice And what do you think
Of their new dancing shoes!
We've got to knock 'em cold tonight,
And soak 'em while they're down,—
That house holds every critic,
And half the mangers in town."

Their nerves were up to the breaking point,
And they spoke in whispers tense
About the "act" which they knew was good,
And which John Drew called "immense."
Then the orchestra commenced to vamp
The beginning of their song
And the two of them swung upon the stage.
Feeling good and strong.

At last their "act" was over,
And they went to their dressing room.
Their prospects were all rosy-hued,—
There was not a sign of gloom.
Bill he had done a cake walk,
And Sam had danced a jig,
And they saw some contracts coming—
they thought—
With a future good and big.

Then they started in to planning
Just what they were going to do.
Bill would get that handsome hat
He'd promised to sister Sue.
And then he'd raise the mortgage
Dad had put upon the "place,"
And ma would want for nothing,
From calico up to lace.

Then Sam he interrupted Bill,
And, laughing through his tears,
Said he felt happier that night
Than he had felt in years.
"Now Mayme can go out west," he said,
"Where her lungs'll soon get strong,
And she'll be her own sweet self again
Before so very long."

But the days wore on; their shoes wore out.

And they looked for "time" in vain.
Poor Sue hadn't got her pretty hat,
And Mayme was on the wane.
The landlord came for his petty rent,
On a dark and drizzly day
And declared he'd dispossess them,
When Sam said they couldn't pay.

At last they got a whole full week,
And their hopes began to soar
When they were told by an agent sleek
That he would give them more.
But Monday found them back again
Upon the "Great White Way,"
With two empty pocket books,
And some new bills to pay.

But "hope rings eternal in the human breast,"

And it sprang for awhile in theirs;
And then it gradually died away,
And their hearts were filled with fears.
One day they sat and solemnly thought,
And remained as in a spell, . . .
Then Sam spoke up and said to Bill,
Say!—Vaudeville is Hell!"

When will we have a new heaven and a new earth? When womankind has awakened to a social consciousness.

Just how much DO you care for The Progressive Woman, anyway? We would like to know.

The more you buy from our advertisers, the better they like it.

Hedda Gabler

HERESA MALKIEL

Hedda Gabler is the most misunderstood, most criticised product of Ibsen's pen. The question, what had inspired the great genius of the nineteenth century to create that cold, heartless, capricious and seemingly unnatural type, has been asked frequently by those who have read the tragedy of the incomprehensible woman's life, or have seen it personified on the stage.

It must be remembered, however, that Ibsen's works are all symbolic. That in his great love for the people the humanitarian artist endeavored to give the world an exact photograph of the decay of modern society, and thus warn it of the impending disaster.

The sex problem concerned him greatly. In the general world-wide female unrest he foresaw clearly woman's gradual awakening, as well as the danger of opposing her long slumbering, but now fast rising, force.

In little vivacious Nora he gave the world a bird's eye view of womanhood first opening its eyes to the degradation of being cuddled, humored and treated like a toy for personal gratification, considered a nonentity where human rights are concerned, but dealt with severely at the first error, the first trespass on forbidden grounds.

From Ellida's lips we hear the cry of womanhood against the hopelessness and helplessness of its one-sided position in society, where it has no other choice, but a passive submission to the will and desire of a possible provider; a heart-rending protest against the monstrosity of the nuptial vow—"Until death, for better or for worse do I promise to be thy wedded wife."

Hedda is womanhood cast adrift. The portion of womanhood that has long left the ancient mooring place, but does not know where to seek a new suitable place to drop anchor once more. Like a ship without a rudder it goes hither and thither, without any definite aim, without really knowing what it seeks.

Hedda is a true type of the middle class and ultra rich girl of the present era. Her mother before had already stepped across the threshold of the old, narrow traditions and naturally rears her child in a different mold from the one she herself was reared in.

In early childhood the girl discards the quiet, modest and prime existence of bygone days and with all the vigor and enthusiasm of youth gives herself up to physical training, to outdoor exercise. She becomes an expert horse woman, a fine tennis player, a good shot, a brilliant dancer. The healthy, well developed body craves daily for new impressions, for greater activity, while mere out and indoor sport loses the attraction of novelty.

She longs for a change and commences to seek an outlet for her long accumulated energy, which is not forthcoming so readily. She matures meanwhile and feels that—speaking in the words of Hedda: "I have positively danced myself tired, my dear Assessor. My hour has come."

But when the hour comes she must, in spite of the different environment that she was reared in, submit to the fate of her grandmother. In her search of a path for a life-long trail she comes soon to realize

that the only way open to her is—marriage; that is, if some one is good enough to ask her. For she was not trained to meet life's problems and could not battle with adverse circumstances.

Naturally enough, she becomes eager to accept any offer of a life-long maintenance. "Oh, no—I would not say it, nor think it either," she utters, when the harsh fact stares her in the eyes. And, in order to quiet her own conscience, she tries to find a center of gravity where the abhorrent and yet necessary deed could find at least a slight excuse.

"So you see it was our mutual enthusiasm for Secretary Folk's villa that first constituted a bond of sympathy between Tesman and myself. From that came our



HERESA MALKIEL

engagement, our marriage, our wedding journey and all the rest of it. . . ."

"And you didn't really care a rap about it all the while?"

"No, goodness knows, I didn't! And now I am bored, I am bored, I tell you."

Tesman is a simple-minded, good-hearted child, with special abilities for certain studies, while Hedda, on the contrary, is a person of strong character, above average intelligence, quick perception and a strong desire to live, while she lives. Nevertheless, according to the ethical standard of modern society, she loses her identity immediately after signing the marriage contract and becomes Mrs. Tesman, nobody else but the wife of Jorgen Tesman, to be guided and protected by him until death. What wonder that, when the reality of her position dawns upon her, she concludes: "It is this which makes life so pitiable, so utterly ludicrous!"—

At this juncture, on the day of her return from the wedding journey, the coming tragedy takes root. She finds herself suddenly in her grandmother's place, without

the least desire or fitness to fulfill the latter's mission.

"I have no desire for anything of that sort. . . . No responsibility for me!" she exclaims, when Brack consoles her with the prospect of a new future responsibility which may fill the void in her life. Once within the walls of her new home she realizes that she is trapped and caged in a life-long prison, with no other prospect in view but to bore herself to death.

We meet with Hedda Gabler not only in Ibsen's book, or on the stage, but every day of our life. She figures in the divorce courts, in the insane asylums, on the suicide lists and at times in the death cells of our prisons. And yet—in spite of these facts, she is not a natural criminal, but the product of unnatural conditions, the child of the existing regime, and is more to be pitied than blamed.

She is still young, beautiful, full of vigor and desire to partake of that life for which she was striving all along, but failed inevitably to reach. Her surplus energy seeks an outlet, and more often, like the blind feeling their way, she takes a wrong step which brings in time her own destruction.

Ibsen's master-mind saw far ahead of his time and understood that, if society persists in offering upon its altars of mistaken morality the youth, energy, flesh and blood of our womanhood, it will soon reach a point of chaos and utter ruin. He created Hedda in order to demonstrate his views that womanhood, torn away from its old traditions and not given a chance to find a legitimate outlet for its awakening intelligence, will break in time all the barriers of its artificial sphere, hastening heedlessly, perhaps its own destruction, but surely the downfall of modern society.

Today current events in marital relations have reached the point where they have become a matter of great uneasiness to the government, the church and all other pillars of society. Brought face to face with the grave problem of our numerous, daily increasing divorces, these upholders of present-day morality to not conceal any longer their unspeakable horror regarding the future of the family. Theodore Roosevelt, the great advocate of race preservation, appointed a special commission to investigate the cause and number of divorces in the United States. It took the commission four long years to accomplish its task, but he seems to be the only one so far who has benefited by this task. For, besides informing us that at present the rate of divorces amounts to one in every twelve marriages, it tells us nothing new. Its statement that the majority of divorces are due to desertion loses its effect when we come to think that, out of the two main causes which constitute a ground for divorce, people will always prefer to give desertion to that of adultery.

But granted that desertion does constitute the main cause of our numerous divorces, the question arises—wherefore this wholesale desertion? It is impossible that the women of the different states have conspired to desert their homes, or vice versa, though the commission tells us that the women deserters are in the majority. (We must bear in mind that the poor do

not figure much in the divorce courts, for they do not possess the required cash.)

Here Hedda serves once more as a mirror of the passing show. When asked by her former friend Lovberg whether she considers it an insult to her love for Tesman to be addressed in the singular, she replies with a sarcastic smile on her lips: "Love, did you say? What an idea!" She scorns the very thought of having any love for her husband.

At the same time the real motive of her marriage to Tesman, the luxurious life she had hoped to lead, has proved only a myth. She dropped once more into that genteel poverty from which she had expected to run away. In rage she blames him and not herself for the heedless deed. The more so that her only plausible excuse for it, their mutual enthusiasm for Secretary Folk's villa, has disappeared as spontaneously as it had come upon her.

The thought of being forever and a day in the company of one and the same person, for whom she has no sympathy or feeling appalls her. She broods over her girlhood days when she was free to choose her male companions of whose friendship she says:

"As I look back upon it all I think there was really something beautifully fascinating in that free and frank comradeship of ours. It was the only opportunity to have a peep into a world which a young girl is forbidden to know anything about."

It is to this desire to have a peep into the outside world, to the longing for a frank comradeship and, last but not least, to the union for mercenary reasons and not for love, that we can trace the beginning of most marital difficulties. It is not the lenient divorce laws which, as our clergy state, cause all the numerous divorces, but the lack of sentiment, equality and friendship between the uniting parties. To the unnatural code of false morality that persists in maintaining a woman's sphere one must attribute this wholesale family disruption.

If Hedda had free access to the general sphere of life, if she had been taught the means of guiding her own destiny and had some definite aim in life, she would have, to all probabilities, never married Tesman, thus saving herself from destruction and society from the loss of two human lives. Her fate is the more pitiable for, though she realized fully the horror of her position, she had nothing to turn to. This part of womanhood, which Hedda personifies in herself, is drifting about without a mission in life, without knowing what it is really seeking. And in the heat of a distracted mind, bowed down under the weight of stored-up energy this unhappily mated part of humanity tries to find an outlet for its powers—on the state, in clandestine love affairs, in the destruction of somebody else's happiness, and so forth. All in the hope that "then life would perhaps be livable after all."

The genius of Schumann was introduced into this country through his wife, Clara Schumann, by her wonderful playing of his works. Prior to that time little was known here of the great composer.

It was not until the fourth century after Christ that the actual history of music as a separate art began.

P. W. sub cards, four for \$1.

Knowledge is power. Read up on the woman question, if you want to win out.

MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH.

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth is the dramatic reader who first introduced Elizabeth Robin's play, "Votes for Women," into this country. "Votes for Women" is taken from the novel, *The Convert*, and is a dramatization of the efforts of the British women to secure the ballot. It was staged in England, and, having a successful run, no doubt assisted greatly in creating a sentiment for the women's movement there.

Mrs. Wentworth is the wife of the brilliant Socialist writer, and speaker, Franklin



MARION CRAIG WENTWORTH

H. Wentworth, and is herself an ardent Socialist and suffragist. She is giving a course of readings at Steinert hall, Boston, which includes plays from Ibsen, Maeterlinck, Zangwell and others.

A Few Magazine Writers and Artists Who Are Socialists.

Eugene Wood, Peter Finley Dunne (Mr. Dooley), Ellis O. Jones, Charles Edward Russell, Jack London, Upton Sinclair, W. J. Ghent, George Allen England, Ernest Poole, LeRoy Scott, Lincoln Steffens, Will Payne, John Kenneth Turner, Wm. English Walling, N. G. Creel (Ray McCormick), Chas. Lincoln Phifer (Push), E. G. Lewis, Eugene V. Debs, May Wood Simons, Rose Pastor Stokes, Robert Hunter, John Spargo, Morris Hilquit, Wm. Mailley, Franklin H. Wentworth, Kate Brownlee Sherwood, Marion Wentworth, Grace D. Brewer, Walter Hurt, J. Stitt Wilson, Jessica Ford Reynolds, Mary E. Marcy, Mila Tupper Maynard, Horace Traubel, Kate Richards O'Hare, Lucien Daniel (English), H. G. Wells, Jerome K. Jerome, Bernard Shaw, Robert Blatchford, Tom Mann (artist), Walter Crane, Ryan Walker, Mrs. Maud Walker.

Universal suffrage and universal education means universal revolution.—Henry Watterson.

Brainerd, Minn., has a Socialist mayor, chief of police, and three out of ten councilmen.

FREEDOM THROUGH RESEARCH.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

With all man's boasted liberty, he is a slave,
And has been, and must be, until he draws the

Blade of research through Tradition's lore
And separates the falsehood from the real.
Restless, eager, ever on the alert for truth—
This activity alone can free him from his chains.

The smug and easy liver, he who prates of power,
Who bows to prestige and lets "well enough alone"—

He's the arch enemy to Progress and to Truth.

His name is legion, and while he sleeps
Men bloated with ambition and with greed for power

Beslime his literature, his art, his music,
With narcotic lies. They mix
The lotus juice with all his drinks,
And instill iniquitous poisons in his veins;
With insidious and insinuating threat,
They paralyze his every manly power.
And he, poor hapless fool, takes good and bad,

Drinks wormwood with his wine, sinks ever deeper

In the mire that draws him down, and utters no

Protest. Thus have the shackles bound him round

As age piled up on age. Today he feebly boasts

Of Liberty, and yet—gods! how he is crushed!

How like a bloodless dreamer, with wide staring eyes,

He moves with cautious stop from place to place,

Afraid! afraid! Slave to the wheel of prejudice,

Bound by Tradition's thongs.
Men of the world, wake up!

Throw off your hypnotic sleep; seek Nature
For your laws, and search your own souls
for their needs.

Today with all your boasted liberty you still are slaves!

And shall today draw closer 'round you slavery's thongs?

Nay, let today break from you Superstition's crime—

The arch crime of all ages—ignorance.
Take the torch of

Reason and search for Truth. Search! Search!

Your freedom hangs on this alone—and lo! through

Your research it shall come home to you.

The Romans had no distinctive music of their own. They were pre-eminently a martial race, and probably the music they most appreciated was the trumpet-call. In their earlier days they were too busy, and in their later times too lazy, to cultivate the art among themselves. In the era of luxury and dilettantism which preceded their decay, they employed Greek slaves as singers and players. In the reign of Nero, who affected a devotion to music, the pursuit of the art became the fashion for a time, but the Romans were not in earnest and consequently left behind them no marks of musical culture.—The Southern Scribe.

Read the ad of the Girard Manufacturing Co., carefully.

So long as children are mothered by slaves and dependents they cannot themselves be free.

LONDON'S ACHIEVEMENTS

ELSA C. UNTERMANN

Every economic period of the world's history has its class literature, that of the exploiters and of the exploited, which, as one class gains the ascendancy over the other, is molded into one, after the pattern of the victorious economic factor, only to be again separated as new divisions spring from the ascendant class. In literature, then, there also appears Hegel's "negation of the negation."

For instance, in the days of the old Roman empire, before it became Christianized, the proletariat preached and wrote of Christianity as a class doctrine, as a plea for the enslaved masses, while the patricians fought it tooth and nail as a movement that endangered their power. But as the patricians became stronger and more successfully stifled the outbreaks of the robbed workers, they gradually absorbed the teachings of Christianity and perverted them from outpourings for the freeing of humanity into a religious dogma that held the plebians in check.

Now it is the teachings of Socialism that have the most vital hold upon the thought of the time. At this stage of the game it is easy to see how the reactionary is slowly being changed into revolutionary literature. Writers who fight against and deny one phase of Socialist thought must accept and struggle for other phases.

Take as an example the criminologist Labriola. Although he writes numerous volumes containing a startling array of facts proving that criminals are not responsible for their crimes, but that the state is the malefactor, still he is an opponent of Socialism. Other scientists in their special line also prove the assertions of Socialists, but in other lines they are generally not so progressive.

One of the foremost writers of revolutionary literature is Jack London. His works contain the flower of Socialist philosophical and economic thought. He invariably combines fiction with science. In "The Call of the Wild" he has admirably described how a return to the conditions of ancestors may cause a relapse into the old stage of development.

"Before Adam" is another evidence of London's genius for uniting the instructive with the entertaining. No where could one find a work that states more plainly facts about the life of primitive man shortly after he passed the ape stage. And yet it is written in such a winning and interesting style that even those who harbor a dislike for studious or instructive matter cannot resist the temptation to read it.

Many persons, among them some of the acknowledged judges of literature in America, hold that "The Sea Wolf" is overdrawn. That a man should regard human life as inconsiderately as the leading character of this story does, that a man should desire to outdo his blood brother, is incomprehensible to them. These disagreeable traits that capitalism (which they uphold) has created in the man they condemn, never dreaming what their cause may be. The splendid qualities he displayed, his indomitable courage, his thirst for knowledge which not even a capitalist society could crush in him, they overlook entirely. Perhaps the dandified, evaporated, little professors who pass the verdict of "overdrawn" upon this book have never

done more than use polite swear words behind the backs of the men whom capitalism has placed in a position where they might rob them of their bread and butter. And as to their knowledge of the sea; well, perhaps they have paced along the sands with the salt breeze in their nostrils and composed in a landman's ecstasy something about a "sailor's lolling life on the wonderful emerald sea."

If there are Socialists who have difficulty in imagining how conditions may develop in the future they should read "The Iron Heel." Commencing with affairs as they exist in society today the author has pictured most clearly how things might easily shape themselves in the future. An autocracy, such as is portrayed in this volume, is even now in the making. The favored unions that are mentioned are also coming into existence.

The part of the story that appealed to me especially was that describing the manner in which the revolutionists again and again escaped from the servants of the autocracy. Instead of using false beards and



MRS. "JACK" LONDON

The companion-wife who has figured largely in the London romances.

other stage fittings to disguise themselves they perfected themselves to such an extent in the art of transformation that at a moment's notice they could alter the expression, the gait, the voice, and thus become unrecognizable. They were such adepts in his sort of acting that each could impersonate several individuals.

For those who like to inquire into the why and wherefore of human actions "Martin Eden" is the book. Here London presents to the public in a relative manner truths that Dietzgen and Spencer applied to the universe in general. Everything is united, they say. The portrayal of Martin's behavior when he first discovered Spencer (he attempted to find the connection between all objects that came in his way, from diamond rings to tobacco) is characteristic of persons just becoming conscious of the unity of existence.

The fact that everything is right if you examine it from the right standpoint is also set forth. Although he portrays characters of all descriptions, whose thoughts are as widely different as their natures, he

is able to give such a lucid representation of the emotions and action of his men and women that, as you read of each one, his or her individual position seems to be the right one; but when you proceed further and read of someone else, then this person's standpoint seems to be correct.

All good writers work for this effect. But not all have succeeded in obtaining it as well as London. Perhaps, too, it is more noticeable in "Martin Eden" because in it there are pictured side by side human lives as different as it is possible for any to be.

Often Ruth is thought narrow and weak because she could not follow Martin in his intellectual progress. But readers who hold such an opinion of her have missed a splendid thought achieved by Socialist philosophy, which the author has woven all through the book, namely, that men are not the directors of their own actions. They have no free will. In the direction that the conditions of their existence drive them they go; what they command them to be they will be. That Ruth was not only a bourgeois, but worse still a bourgeois woman which means that her mind was doubly enslaved, is also emphasized strongly, and makes her suffering as pitiable and deserving of as much sympathy as Martin's, whom society had favored to the extent that it had made of him a revolutionist.

London plays the role of interpreter of modern Socialist thought and applies it to living beings. For those who have no time or inclination to go deeply into the problems of the day he paints in a manner that will appeal to them chapters of life that confront them daily, whose meaning they may have failed to grasp before.

No writer strives more energetically to throw off the mystic and unreal; he writes many unusual stories, but he always forcefully presents reasons for mysteries; he does not wish a person to conclude one of his books in a maze that nothing less than cold water will clear away; his aim is rather that the book be laid down with a brighter understanding of some fact.

If more scribes held this end in view we might all be happier. There are already too many question marks buzzing in our minds. What we want is something to decrease their number.

The more sex conscious the masses of women become, the sooner will they be ready to work for both political and economic emancipation.

To any one sending 10c for five of this issue will be sent a large picture of Debs and the Girard children, printed on fine tinted paper, ready for framing.

Josephine Daskam Bacon, the well-known writer, evidently thinks that the right to vote has something to do with a woman's economic interests, for she is reported as saying that no woman who is earning \$5,000 a year is a suffragist. "Why should she be?" queries Mrs. Bacon. It is true that the woman, like the man, in financial straits, can free herself with the ballot. There are suffragists, however among women whose salaries reach \$5,000 and more. Mrs. Ella Haag Young, as superintendent of the Chicago schools, receives a salary of \$10,000. Julia Marlowe and Ellen Terry, famous actresses, and Miss Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr college, no doubt receive even higher salaries, and they are all ardent suffragists.

How Girls Can Strike

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

"A whole lot has been published about what the rich women have done in this shirtwaist strike," said a woman friend, "but I haven't seen very much about what the girls themselves have done. Why isn't something said about them?"

I had been going the rounds of the halls where the shop meetings of the strikers were held, collecting the proceeds from the Special Strike Edition of the Call. It was a dull, wet day, the East Side streets were slippery and dirty with a nasty mush consisting of a week-old snow mixed with the regular refuse that the rich metropolis is too poor to remove promptly from its working class districts. One did not walk through such streets; one slid, splashed and floundered and felt lucky to be able to do that without falling. And the cold rain soaked one through to the skin in short order.

I was leaving Astoria hall on East Fourth street when Gottlieb, the chairman of Casino hall, across the street, accosted me. He was accompanied by a young girl. She was thinly clad, her clothes were shabby, her shoes were torn and sodden, and her face and hands blue with cold.

"Mr. Mailly," said Gottlieb, "look at this girl. I want to tell you about her. This is the worst case I have in our hall. It's the worst case I've heard of. This girl is only sixteen years old—she has no father or mother living; she has no relatives or friends; she has only been in this country about six months; she can hardly talk English.

"Listen, Mr. Mailly." Gottlieb was getting more excited as he went on. "This girl hasn't had anything to eat all day—she is hungry—she must have something—and we can't give it to her. Also she cannot pay the rent of the room she lives in—she must get out if she cannot pay. We can do nothing; we have nothing.

"And listen. Think of it. This girl, she got from a man a five-dollar bill for one copy of the Call in the Cafe Monopole on Second avenue today and she brought it in and gave it over to me. And she so hungry and with not a cent, and we needn't have known she got that five dollars. Think of it! And she says she won't scab—she doesn't care what happens to her. But oh, Mr. Mailly, we must help her. You must give her something now. I have brought her to show you."

It was not my function to give out money to the strikers; it was only for me to collect it, but I gave Gottlieb two dollars from what I had collected and I saw him hand it over to the girl, who, shivering and anxious-looking, had been watching and listening as Gottlieb told her story. And she went away looking as grateful as if she had received more than what was her due, instead of much less than enough to meet her immediately needs.

It was at Clinton hall one night about eleven, and Secretary Shindler's office was still thronged and busy. Bertha Heitner came in and turned over the proceeds of the sale of 200 Calls. She was wet, but enthusiastic. Bertha had broken the record for Call sales the day before and she was proud of it. She had been working that second day to maintain her record. She watched Rose Schneiderman count and credit the money, her eyes shining with excitement, her cheeks flushed and her tongue rapidly relating the details of the

day's work. Bertha is not more than 18, and she is pretty, though she is no exception to the rule of the shirtwaist strikers.

It was only when she saw the amount was entered, and entered correctly, that Bertha sat down and became quiet. Then an anxious look came into her face as she relaxed. She was silent for a few moments as if she had just remembered something which demanded serious attention. Presently she got up and came over to me.

"Mr. Mailly, I want to speak to you." We went aside.

"Listen, Mr. Mailly. What for do we sell papers?"

"Why, for the strike benefit fund, of course."

"For the strike benefit fund, is it? But what becomes of it, eh?"

"It is given out in benefits to strikers, Bertha, you know that."

"I know nothing. Listen." She got excited suddenly and grasped my arm: her voice rose involuntarily. "There are girls dying with hunger—they are starving—they get nothing—I know it. Why do they get nothing?"

"They get all the union can give them," I said. Then something in the girl's face struck me hard.

"Tell me, Bertha," I asked, "what about yourself? You have had nothing—you, too, are hungry."

Her eyes dropped and she hung her head. "I've had nothing to eat today," she faltered, like a caught child.

"And you have been out selling papers in that rain and slush all day with nothing to eat. Good heavens! You must get something—but haven't you asked for benefits?"

"No, I'm ashamed," she confessed.

"Ashamed? Why be ashamed? It is perfectly honorable."

"But there are others who need benefits, too," she replied.

I argued with her to ask for benefits. "Do it at once. And explain to Miss Schneiderman. She understands. She will help you."

Bertha turned away and a moment after I started for home. When I got outside I thought of something. I stepped back into the office and, catching Bertha's eye, I signaled her to come outside into the hallway.

"Here," I said, when she had joined me. "Take this and go out and get something at once; don't wait for the benefit."

She drew herself up proudly. "Thank you, Mr. Mailly, but I couldn't take it."

"Here, don't be foolish, child, take it," I coaxed.

"It is kind of you," she said, but I wouldn't take it. I'm going to ask for benefits. Goodnight."

She went back into the office. Next day Miss Schneiderman told me they had given Bertha five dollars—the first since she had come out sixteen weeks before with the Triangle Waist company girls.

"There were forty-three of us in night court last night," said Esther, "and it cost the union over \$400 to pay their fines. It was a shame.

"Yes, I was fined. I talked to the judge and Mr. Taylor, our lawyer, helped me out, but it did no good. I showed that the policeman couldn't have heard me calling 'Scab' even if I did it and I offered to show my arm where it is marked where the

policeman pinched me. It's black and blue, so it is. The judge just said '\$10,' but he didn't say anything to the policeman, of course.

"But say, I did hate to see that money paid over to that court, when I thought of our girls who ought to be getting benefits instead. Yesterday I made up my mind I'd never let the union pay another fine for me, if I was arrested, but last night I was so tired and sick, I couldn't just resist it.

"I didn't have anything to eat all day, you know. In the morning I'm always in such a hurry to get out to do picketing I don't stop to eat before leaving home. I was busy all morning and Saturday, you know, the shop closes in the afternoon and we had to be around earlier than other days. Then I was arrested and taken to the station house and we had nothing to eat until we got home after coming out of night court. One of the other girls bought a five-cent cake, but, gee! what was that among a crowd like us?"

"They kept us waiting in that place outside the courtroom until the drunks and bums and other people from the streets were taken care of. There was a fierce crowd, being Saturday night. The officers wouldn't let us girls sit down on the benches because we were strikers. But they let the other people, men and women, sit down. It was awful, standing there in that bad-smelling place!

"One of our girls got so tired she went to crouch down to rest herself, when one of the officers came over and poked her with his club and says, 'Here, stand up. Where do you think you are? In Russia?'

"Well, when I got before the judge I was so worn out I didn't care what they did to me. I just let the union pay the fine and went home. But I won't let them pay the fine next time! They can send me to jail; they can do what they like with me; but I ain't going to let any more money be paid into the court for me, when benefits are needed by the girls."

And she meant it every word.

She came into the headquarters of the Women's Trade Union league one morning and asked for Miss Marot, the energetic, inexhaustible and highly efficient secretary of the league. When Miss Marot appeared the girl, who was about sixteen years old, said she wanted to speak to her alone. They went into a room together. Then the girl revealed her body covered with bruises literally from head to foot.

"However in the world did you get into that state, child?" exclaimed the shocked Miss Marot, when she could speak.

"My father and brother beat me," was the answer. "They want me to go to work. The boss he writes letters offering me \$10 a week, rides in automobiles to and from work, lunches free in the shop—all sorts of good things, if I'll go back, and father and brother they want me to. They coax and plead and argue with me, but I won't go. Then they beat and beat me, but I won't go back. I won't go to work, not if they kill me. You must take care of me, you must save me from them."

"I have placed her in a nice home with some good people," said Miss Marot, in telling the story afterward, "and she'll stay there or somewhere else where she'll be safe and comfortable. And I don't think her father and brother will care to hunt for her after what they have done. . . . But, oh, these girls! Did you ever see the like of them for devotion and bravery? They are the greatest ever!"

SOCIALISTIC STRAIN IN OLGA NETHERSOLE.

A reporter for the New Orleans Item interviewed Olga Nethersole while she was playing in that city, and gives the following interesting account of this most interesting of personalities:

"Yes, 'The Writing on the Wall' is the last word to my own development," said Olga Nethersole, in her dressing room at the Tulane, as she was preparing for her scholarly performance of "Sapho." "It represents the farthest north of my researches in psychology."

"It is no longer 'I' our 'thou,'" said Miss Nethersole, 'It is they.' Call it Socialism if you wish; then Christ was a Socialist. I have come to the conviction that it is the community, not the individual, that must be preserved. It is not only the religious precept of keeping thy brother, it is an economic principle—a principle in the adherence to which may be found that which it best for the individual as well as for the community and for the nation."

Miss Nethersole presented a graphic picture of the inspiration which resulted in "The Writing on the Wall," of her work and visits in the slums of New York, of the terrible things she had seen, of the blighted, sordid, diseased lives of the poor of great cities as consequence of a grasping landlordism that forced its tenantry into quarters where life itself was on sufferance, where health and happiness and virtue, even, were impossible.

"My play is an arraignment of these conditions," said Miss Nethersole. "It is in a way a return to the Aristotelian style of drama, where living issues were handled, by which people were taught to view great problems in the concrete."

"This play, written for me by a young Harvard graduate, whom I found to be in thorough sympathy with my own views, has placed his name with those of the masters of the drama. He went with me to see the things that I had seen; he saw the horrible environments that breed vice and mental perversion and moral filth, and he wrote a play that will live as long as the language."

On and on flowed the deep, rich voice of the actress. The orchestra was playing the light, brilliant "Sapho" music, and rising and falling to its ebb and flow, Miss Nethersole's tones kept even pace, as with an accompaniment.

"I have talked to you very freely," said Miss Nethersole, holding out her hand; her grasp was firm, like that of a man. "These are things I cannot talk of lightly. I must speak of them seriously, if at all. I believe this to be the problem of humanity—not 'I' nor 'thou,' but 'they.'"

As she spoke the "Sapho" music tingled down through a maze of dainty, fairy chords in the silence.

Little Sister of the Poor.

Have you read "A Little Sister of the Poor?" This is what Selma Jokela, Malcolm, Minn., says about it: "I am so pleased with your little book, 'A Little Sister of the Poor,' that I wish I could translate it into Finnish, when I am through with my other work—the book I am helping to write. It is one of the very best propaganda books in that line and as it is written by a woman it is more eagerly read by women. Please let me hear from you as soon as it is possible for you to do so." "Little Sister" is a twenty-five cent book, but through January we will give it to you for fifteen cents, or eight copies for one dollar.

Because of her economic dependence upon man woman is a twofold slave. She is, therefore, forced to fight for her economic freedom along with the working man, and for her sex freedom along with those of her own sex.

Walt Whitman, Socialist

JOHN EDWIN SNYDER

When Lincoln said to Seward, on seeing Whitman pass, "There goes a man!" it was no idle speech. There only have been a few men in the world, the rest followers, model men, imitations of the real." Whitman personified the universe. Through him all people, all natural things and forces had expression. Not one thing was greater than another in the whole universe. He sang the world and society en masse. Each desire, each act and each fruition he celebrated as the greatest event.

The unthinking world called him egotist, individualist and vulgarian. The poets, authors, orators and thousands of his lovers hailed him as interpreter, lover and comrade. Giving the true life of all the race by singing himself, he stood to be misunderstood. "I celebrate myself," was taken to mean that he was bragging on his own greatness. However, in the next line, "and what I assume you shall assume, for every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you," he gave a hint of his real intention of singing the race through him.

I am of the old and young, of the foolish as much as the wise, material as well as paternal, a child as well as a man.

He claimed that his thoughts were the thoughts of all men, all ages and all lands."

They are not original with me, if they are not yours as much as mine, they are nothing, or next to nothing.

Whitman never asked the world to accept him.

I exist as I am—that is enough; if no other in the world be aware I sit content. And if each and all be aware I sit content. One world is aware, and by far the largest to me. And that is myself.

Realizing the mental attitude of the race on the question of sex, he sang the woman the same as the man, always including the feminine with the masculine. And if he ever gave first place to any one act above another, it was that of procreation. "The greatest thing of the world is to be the mother of men." All birth, the budding of plant life and human life, the birth of thought and institution of democracy, was to him pure and divine fruition. He rated all things high, but the birth of babes he rated highest.

Old institutions—these arts, libraries, legends, collections and the practices handed along in manufactures—will we rate them so high? Will we rate our cash and business high? I have no objection. I rate them as high as the highest, but a child born of a woman and man, I rate beyond all rate. When breeds of the most perfect mothers denote America, Then to me and mine our due fruition.

Some might think that Whitman lost sight of the need of the social and political freedom for woman, but he sang of this as well as of the glory of procreation.

The great city stands where women walk in public processions. In the streets, the same as men, where they enter public assembly and take places the same as men.

Being a man complete, he had no fear of being superseded by women, if given equal power in the world's affairs with man. By giving himself up freely to all to love, he grew to be, the man, confident of his own power.

Doubtless I could not have perceived the universe or written one of the poems if I had not freely given myself to comrades to love. Equality and Democracy for ever! Always the continent of democracy.

The lowest expression of life had its place in his songs, and he proved them to be excessive, overflowing goodness. No hate, nor "better than thou" feeling, arose

in him at the sight of the unfortunate and weak. When he stopped by the city dead house to drop a tear for the unclaimed prostitute, the full orb'd maturity of his soul appeared. He saw but a wrecked human house. A fair, fearful wreck, tenement of a soul.

Fair, fearful wreck, tenement of a soul! Itself a soul, unclaimed, avoided house! Take one breath from my tremulous lips, Take one tear, dropped aside as I go, For thought of you—dead house of love.

He believed in the equality of the races, in the equality of the sexes.

Thoughts of equality—as if it harmed me to give to others the same chances and rights as myself! As if it were not indispensable to my own right that others possess the same!

The wife—and she is not one jot less than the husband; the daughter—and she is just as good as the son; the mother—and she is just as good as the father.

Be not ashamed, woman, your privilege encloses the rest, and is the exit of the rest! You are the gates of the body and you are the gates of the soul!

Many times I longed for some one who would celebrate labor and the laborer. And even after having read Whitman for a number of years, I still felt the need for some one to come and sing the song of labor. And then one day I discovered Whitman's Carol of Occupations in which he sang the song that I longed for.

O, you robust sacred! I cannot tell you how I love you! All I love America for is contained in men and women like you.

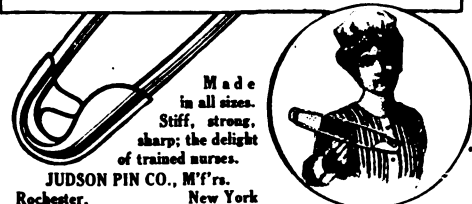
Every word to him was a song when it named an occupation. The blacksmith symbolized a shop, sparks, anvils, in fact, all that children see when they pause by the "Village Smith's" door. He just put down the word and suddenly it dawned upon us that here is the song of labor. Each word has come to be again a poem as it was when born into expression.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, is supporting a school for the education of young Socialist propagandists on the beautiful island of Capri.

CAPSHEAF The Safety Pin Without a Coil

SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was not considered—until the inventor of the "Capsheaf" made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears the clothing. Send postal to 101 Franklin St., New York City, for free samples. Use "Capsheaf" once and you will always use it.



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Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneko



BEN HANFORD DEAD.

As we go to press comes the sad news of the passing out of our beloved comrade, Ben Hanford. Although this is a release to a body long racked with pain, it is a great loss to our movement, for Comrade Hanford's mind was active and alert in spite of his physical weakness. His last words, written when he knew the hand of death was upon him, are characteristic of the spirit of the man: "I would that my every heart's beat should have been for the working class, and through them for all mankind."

Comrade Hanford would not ask that we shed tears for his death; but for a renewed buckling on of the armor of Socialism. Let us celebrate him by doing the thing he would have us do.

The splendid Russian woman, Katherine Breshkovskaya, and the novelist, Nicholas Tschaikovsky, charged with being revolutionists, will be placed on trial in St. Petersburg in February. In 1905 the editor of The Progressive Woman met Madam Breshkovskaya at Hull house in Chicago, where she had the honor of sitting at lunch with her. Later we walked the long reception hall together, while Madame asked questions about the Socialist movement, and showed especial interest in the immense circulation of the Appeal to Reason. She had not dreamed there was anything like it in the world, she said. She spoke to immense audiences in Chicago, addressing them in her native language and in the Polish. She has spent many years in Siberian exile, has suffered imprisonment, and, indeed, both she and Tschai-kovsky have practically sacrificed their lives for the cause of humanity. May they be given an open and fair trial.

An article, "The Beast and the Jungle," by Judge Ben Lindsey in Everybody's Magazine, disclosing some of the political rottenness in Denver, has brought a \$50,000 damage suit upon the writer. It is a dangerous thing to tell the truth these days, and a very paying one to lie.

The Ladies Home Journal is asking its readers to suggest topics for discussion through its columns. The subject of "Votes for Women" was recently discussed by Jane Addams, affirmative, and Lyman Abbot, negative. The Progressive Woman suggests to its readers that they write the Ladies' Home Journal asking for a discussion of Woman's Status Under Socialism."

WOMAN'S DAY.

The last national convention of the Socialist party set aside the last Sunday in February as special Woman's Day. So far, these special days have been celebrated in a number of places, and this year there will be more and larger celebrations.

In order to meet the demand for literature for these demonstrations, The Progressive Woman has planned a special Suffrage number, which will contain interesting and instructive articles on this important question from the Socialist standpoint. The New York comrades have already ordered 1,000 copies of the Suffrage edition. How many do YOU want? Send your orders in early, so that we may know how large an edition to get out. In order to reach every point by the 29th, it will be necessary to go to press ten days' earlier than usual. This will double up our work, but—all we ask is that you make liberal use of the Suffrage issue in your demonstrations!

In bundles of five or more, 2c a copy; 1,000, \$15.

DON'T SEND STAMPS

to the P. W. when avoidable. Coin remittances as high as 50c reach us safely when placed in cardboard. For more than 50c money order is desirable. When it is necessary to send stamps, one-cent stamps are preferable.

Ida M. Tarbell's History of the American Woman running serially in the American Magazine is intensely interesting. The average reader will be surprised to learn that the days of our grandmothers produced such radical women as some that Miss Tarbell tells about. Barbarous Mexico is also a series of articles that every freedom-loving American should read and ponder well.

The P. W. is not a money-making concern, still, we must do business according to the demands of the present system. So help keep the funds up by sending in bunches of subs, if you want your paper to prosper.

Send 50c for a nice cloth-bound copy of Moyer's songs with music.

Have you tried the Capsheaf safety pin?

Elizabeth Robins' article, "WHY?" in December Everybody's gives some pretty good answers to the questions that are often asked as to why the English suffragettes are making such a fuss to secure the ballot. Her reasons, condensed, are: 1st. Because women have discovered what men said they never would perceive, namely, that the higher interests of all classes are the same; and though the working woman has the more obvious and pressing need of this reform, the woman of the middle and upper class has, in her fashion equal need of it. The very foundation of women's activity to secure the vote is a keen sense of wrongs and a conviction that through suffrage they might be righted. 2d. Thinking women have found that to work for the public good without working through the laws is to save one's soul with mere charity-mongering. It is to scratch at the surface instead of striking at the root of evil. 3d. All sorts and conditions of women have come to realize that each class has urgent need of the support of the other in hastening this reform.

The Socialists of Oklahoma helped the Oklahoma suffragists with all their might in securing signatures to the initiative petition for the woman suffrage amendment. Let it be remembered to their credit.—Woman's Journal.

Mrs. Oliver Belmont, a leader of the New York suffragists, believes in economic freedom for women and says that marriage should not bar a woman from earning her own living if she chooses to do so, any more than it should bar a man from the same privilege.

A Men's league for woman suffrage has been formed among the Columbia university students, with Prof. Max Eastman as president.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Terror in Russia, Prince Kropotkin. Methuen & Co., 36 Essex St., W. C. London.

Is an account of the present state of Russia. The statement is non-political and deals with the questions from a purely humanitarian standpoint. The facts recorded are based on official reports, and altogether the volume is valuable for a thorough understanding of the barbarism prevailing the Russian government. Price, 10c.

The Seven That Were Hanged, Leonid Andrieieff. Tucker Series, Edwin C. Walker, 224 West 143d St., New York, N. Y. Price 15c.

An interpretation of the psychology of seven criminals awaiting death by hanging. Les Nouvelles, Paris, says: "Nothing can give an idea of the penetrating emotion of this recital, which unfolds itself so simply, without any attempt at morbid effects or theatrical revolt, without the least explosion of hatred or indignation. Yet, in its sorrowful sobriety it constitutes the severest and most definite of arraignment, more eloquent, perhaps, than the frightful balance sheet—4,000 death sentences, 74,000 exiles, 180,000 political prisoners, in three years!—lately drawn up in the manifesto against the abuses of Tsarism and signed by the elite of English thought!"

Social Forces, Edward T. Devine. Price, Postpaid, \$1.25. Charities Publication Committee, 158 Adams St., Chicago.

Twenty-five editorials which discuss subjects of permanent interest have been chosen from this volume from among the six score or more written under the heading, "Social Forces in the Survey." They embody Dr. Devine's social beliefs in a most impressive way, and the book becomes a formulation of that "new view" of which Dr. Devine has been both exponent and advocate.

Your Character, Elizabeth Towne. Price 75c. Address the author, Holyoke, Mass.

Contains twelve little 8-page deluxe books, printed on the richest 80-lb deckle edge paper, all bound together in one volume, with Chippendale limp, with artistic cover design in two colors. A dainty souvenir for those interested in astrological delineations.

In the Border Country, Josephine Dodge Daskam Bacon. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York.

A beautifully bound and illustrated little volume, as artistic as it is reactionary. See review elsewhere.

Crime and Criminals, by the Prison Reform League.

A revelation of the shocking conditions, cruelties, etc., existing in our American prisons. Every lover of justice and humanity should read it. Address Prison Reform League, 443 S. Main street, Los Angeles, Cal.

OUR ADVERTISERS

(The following from our heaviest advertiser speaks for itself. Those having household goods for sale may take a hint from this:)
Editor Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan.:

Dear Friend—You will be interested to know that our advertising space in your columns is bringing us most satisfactory returns. The January number brought us more large orders than we remember having received from an advertisement placed anywhere, and those who ordered from previous "ads." are also "repeating" which leads us to place a very high estimate upon the earnest crowd you have behind you.

Thanking you for the kind words you have personally spoken for us and with best wishes—Yours very sincerely, The New Girard Mfg. Co.; Henry Vincent, General Manager.

THE EXAMINER'S GLASS.

One of the signs of the coming social revolution is the new purpose which the drama is being made to serve. It has taken us a long time to get enough of tragedy for tragedy's sake. Even now the majority are not averse to it.

Rome used to have her

real tragedies for amusement. She tore up living men and animals in the arena, to glut her thirst for blood and horror. People were so habituated to blood and horror that the sight of it was pleasant to them. We no longer rend people into fragments for our amusement; but we still enjoy the imitation of suffering. Our minds find it difficult to get away from the horrors of past ages, so deep set is the habit in the race mind. We still like to see villains do their dark deeds because we are habituated to dark deeds. And then we justify ourselves by killing off the villain. Not in real life, but in the best possible imitation of it. Broken hearts and ruined lives are still right in our line; though we are beginning now to neglect that line. The stock is not being replenished.

The play that succeeds best now is one that comes into our own experience, not merely as an analysis of human nature, but as an analysis of social conditions, not past conditions, but present ones. And no drama for a considerable time has made a first-rate success unless it has dealt with the social question, usually in its sex phase and dealt with it in a serious and sympathetic spirit.

The real tragedy for amusement was barbarism pure and simple. The imitation of tragedy for amusement is a vestige of barbarism. The play that analyses social conditions for the purpose of shedding light, of explaining causes of suffering, of suggesting relief, is a harbinger of real civilization. It shows that we are learning to turn our faces from the past and its horrors to the future and its light.

A splendid expression of sex-class solidarity is now taking place in New York, where the shirtwaist makers are on strike, and a number of wealthy women are making it easier for them to win that strike. By hiring halls for public demonstrations for them and advertising the meetings, and by being on hand day and night to bail them out when arrested the wealthy women have enabled the girls to hold out until many of the bosses have been forced to concede to their demands.

Meantime, girls doing picket duty have been arrested, clubbed and bullied quite impartially by the "natural protectors" of women.

The girls have been sent to the workhouse in large numbers for doing picket duty, and Judge Cornell explains this on the ground that the wealthy women have been bailing them out. Note the close reasoning and the judicial attitude involved:

"The reason I sent so many strikers to the workhouse was due to the custom of wealthy women paying the fines and offering bonds for the girls. Society women who have hysterically taken up sides with the strikers are to blame for the prolongation of the strike. I say so most emphatically . . . they have made a most unhappy error in supporting the strikers. Appar-

ently they have ignored the manufacturer's side."

Another judge, Justice Olmstead, reproaches the strikers bitterly for being on "strike against God and nature." This last is fairly exquisite.

Readers, please take notice that these two judges are not members of the "weaker" and "emotional" sex.

A bill has passed the lower house of congress making it a crime punishable with ten years' imprisonment and a fine of \$5,000 to purchase a ticket for transporting a white slave from one state to another. Good! Now will the senate pass the same, thus making it a law? Or will the watchdogs of the railroads be on hand to defend their sacred liberty to sell such tickets? Doubtless a large and lucrative business would be destroyed, the liberty of the individual would be assailed and dividends diminished. The bill probably will not pass.

The English suffragettes are working for just one thing now: The elimination of the sex line in politics. When Mrs. Pankhurst spoke in Orchestra hall, Chicago, she stated that the suffragettes regarded this as only a first step in suffrage reform and other social movements. And they decided on trying for the first step alone, first, because they believed there was a better chance of making progress that way. And history told them that this is the way progress is made: one step at a time. Mrs. Pankhurst said they decided on the means they have adopted for a very definite reason. Namely, a responsible minister with whom they were consulting, a man who was friendly to their cause and in whose honesty they believed, told them that no practical statesman could bring in a bill for woman suffrage unless the women could in some way make it practically necessary for him to do so. They believed they had at last found a man who had enough respect for them to tell them the truth. Their practical sense told them that what he said was so. And they proceeded to act upon his advice at once. One had only to hear Mrs. Pankhurst speak to feel assured that they had made very good progress toward that end. And no one who has had any experience or has been an intelligent observer of politics will question that the minister told the suffragettes the exact truth. Men are not passing any kind of reform legislation until they are forced beyond any power of resistance to do so; and they are not passing woman suffrage bills for the dear love of chivalry.

Mrs. Philip Snowden, in her address at the Auditorium, confessed that she believed woman suffrage to be a long way off in England. Although they have received many promises and much encouragement from statesmen, she said there is no reason to suppose it represents any intention on their part to do anything. She said she believed blood would have to be shed in England before there would be woman suffrage. Though Mrs. Snowden could not indorse the methods of the suffragettes, she said she must do them the justice to say that they had made the woman suffrage issue a live one in England; a thing it never was before.

Wherever the Socialist program has had a measure of success, wherever it has practically improved the condition of the working class, this has been accomplished by co-operating with other forces with which they have had some principle of action in

common. Coalescence on one point does not mean an abandonment of principles; but it does mean a chance of making some advance on that one point.

The Socialist party now sees the necessity of supporting the labor unions, even if they disagree with them on every theoretical principle; though it does not sacrifice its principles in doing so. But there is in the labor unions an extreme feeling of resentment toward the Socialist party, engendered by the conduct of the Socialists in the past. This feeling has now to be in some way overcome or lived down before there can be any united action between them. This is why the Socialist movement is so backward in America. It would be an unfortunate thing to create new antagonism between the Socialist party and other organizations; and it would seem as if there is special reason to avoid such a course at this time; when the party is having to examine itself so closely to discover the reasons for its failure to advance.

The National American Woman Suffrage Association does not understand the class struggle now. It is like the labor unions in that. It doesn't know yet that it is a working class movement, but it is. At least nine-tenths of its membership get their living through men who work. It decided a few years ago to take up some other reforms outside of woman suffrage; notably, that of child labor. It has only to follow up that question a little way when it will find itself up against the capitalist system, and involved in the class struggle, whether it will or no. But it has got to learn this by experience—like the labor unions.

It seems we nearly all have to learn by experience, and in the long run that is probably the best way. When you have learned a thing by experience you know its implications. You don't go around trying to tear something down with one hand while you hold it up with the other.

Every time a Socialist talks about "fallen women" he helps to preserve and cherish a very keystone of capitalism. A "fallen woman" only exists for a society in which a woman's sole value is a sexual one. When a woman has won her way to economic independence in the class struggle she will know that the man who talks about "fallen women" is both a joker and a joke. When sexual dependence and all the erotic mania that goes with it have been swept away, a standard of ethics will be established between the sexes, in which woman will hold a place of real "respectability." She will be respected because she will be in a position to command respect. And original respect; not one derived from her relations with a man. Such a standard of ethics will be an immeasurable advance upon the present makeshift. Our present "fallen woman" system is simply a confession of failure. It has no place in the Socialist philosophy.

The fact that a woman has a rich master does not make her any less a slave, either economically or sexually. This fact is often brought out in divorce cases where wives of rich men are forced to sue their husbands for alimony.

It is literally true that while men are long since living in a democracy, women continue to live under an autocratic form of government, for government without the consent of the governed is tyranny. Whether the tyrant is one man upon the throne or the entire male population, is only a difference of degree, not of kind.—Meta Stern.

If you have any P. W. sub-cards on hand, get them into circulation.

The Passing Show

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players. . . .
They have their exits and their entrances.
And one man in his time plays many parts.
—As You Like It.



Once while in Chicago I bought a ticket to a Ben Hur matinee. I started early, and on my way stopped at the Board of Trade. As I sat in the gallery watching the men in the pits bidding on grain, I thought I had never seen anything more intensely exciting. Every few minutes it looked

as if pandemonium had broken loose. Gray-haired men, middle-aged men, young men, all with tense, eager faces, some in which the lines of passion had left their mark, and who in every sense of the word "looked the part" of the habitual gambler, were there. Screaming, at times fairly howling, gesticulating wildly—it was truly the outward expression of a life of chance, of hazard, of battle, in which the victory was to the shrewd, the unfair, and in which the defeated were crushed, often irrevocably, to earth. . . .

I watched and watched for a solid hour this strange playing, this tense, feverish performance, this supremely realistic acting. And when I left it my head reeled with the excitement of it, and I carried its inhuman noises with me through the roaring streets, and into the depths of the great, quiet, almost sacredly quiet, theater.

I had been told that Ben Hur was an exciting play, with its touches of deep human passion, its chariot race, and its spectacular setting. And I settled myself for another hour of sensations.

But they never came. Ben Hur and the proud Roman, Iris and the Jewish maiden, the burning of the ship with the slaves chained to the galleys, Hur's narrow escape from drowning, the chariot races, the lepers, the miraculous healing by the Christ, and the gorgeous setting of it all—these passed before me with no more effect than the play of little children in a summer garden.

And all because I had just witnessed the greater play of human passions in the pits at the Chicago Board of Trade.

And so it is with all life. "The play's the thing!" But the make-believe play is never so great, never so vital, as the play on the real stage of life, done by real actors.

And when was the world more of a show tent than it is today? Indeed it is become a veritable hippodrome—and with so many "rings" that we are forever craning our necks this way and that, in the fear of missing a single "attraction" in any of them. And the fine thing is, that it has become a theater of progress. All the real plays lead on to the future. There is the contest, to be sure, between the progressive and the reactionary actors. And the plays themselves are the contest between pro-

gress and reaction. But the progressives are coming to the front with such vigor and rapidity that the judges are already foretelling the final and complete revolution of the entire stage.

In New York City is being enacted one of the most intensely interesting of dramas that society has known for ages. Interesting because of its uniqueness. It is a woman's strike. Or rather a girl's strike—almost a little girl's, since there are so many very young girls engaged in it—against unjust working conditions. The strikers are shirt-waist makers. Always they had labored under conditions not only hard, not only poor in pay, but in many instances revolting, positively dehumanizing. Conditions that produced the street woman, and the lifeless tenant of the morgue. Forty thousand little shirt-waist makers were originally engaged in this drama. Several thousand of them have returned to work on their own terms. The others are waiting. But while they wait the show goes on. There are many exciting incidences. There are arrests for picketing the factories. There are fines and bullying by the police. There are the night courts and the work house. It is an incident of the class struggle, a fight between the weakest of employes against powerful employers. Yet color is lent by the sympathetic assistance of rich women. At this point it becomes a sex struggle. The struggle of women for rights which men have seen fit to deny them as women. Mrs. Belmont and Miss Milholland, both members of the millionaire class, have been arrested in their efforts to assist the striking girls. Miss Milholland, a Vassar girl and a Socialist, recognizes the class struggle in the strike. It takes on two phases to her—class and sex. Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of Pierpont Morgan, who had lent her assistance, became frightened at the class phase, as interpreted by the Socialists, and withdrew her support.

Whether the play ends in favor of the striking waist makers, or against them, it is highly educational in nature and has taught these girl workers something of the class lines in modern society, and the economic conditions which create them. This knowledge is the beginning of real liberty.

Out in Spokane they have put on The Fight for Free Speech. It is melodramatic, reaching at points the dignity of tragedy. The reactionary forces personified by the city officials, policemen, petty judges, etc., are very ludicrous, where they are not positively brutal. They are ridiculous in the belief in their divine right to suppress the free speech of the workers, for the furtherance of their own class interests, and are brutal in the methods employed in the suppression. American citizens—and those who happen to be just citizens of the world—when they are so bold as to speak publicly their honest convictions are caught up, carried to the police station and off to jail, where they are packed into tiny cells until there is room neither to sit or lie down, and are kept thus for days and even weeks, are fed on bread and water and are steam heated to the point of suffocation, and subjected in turn to freezing drafts; where they become

sick and emaciated, and in this condition are loaded into a very hell of a makeshift hospital, or turned on the street in the dead of winter to shift as best they can. It is a great play, this Fight for Free Speech in Spokane. Men and women all over the country are watching its progress, for upon its outcome depends the future attitude of the northwest—whether it is to be progressive or reactionary.

For some months the lime light has been turned on a small, but popular stage down in Kansas, where Fred D. Warren has been sparring with the federal courts. Having arrested the editor of the Appeal on a flimsy charge, the courts have found that they have a hot proposition on their hand and one which they cannot succeed in dropping. They are afraid to end the case one way or the other. To end it in favor of Warren would be to acknowledge defeat. To end it against Warren—well that has been the hard nut in the problem. For when Fred Warren was summoned before the judge at Fort Scott on his first trial, he refused to be impressed as was Anatole France's Crainquebille, with the blinding, awe-compelling majesty of the court. They couldn't make him confess that he had said "Mort aux vaches," when he hadn't said it. If he had confessed that he had said "Mort aux vaches," or in any other way insulted the majesty of the law, all would have been well with him. The court would have been magnanimous. It would have let him off easy. I only desired, anyway, to frighten the little old Appeal and its readers, thus showing them that all naughtiness of a radical shade was subject to the displeasures of the law. But, unlike poor Crainquebille, and the class he typifies, Warren denies to this day that he said "Mort aux vaches," or stole a horse, or plucked flowers in the park, or did any other dastardly or unlawful deed. And not only has he failed to "confess," not only has he failed to be impressed, over-awed or subdued, but he has turned investigator himself, and is doing some things with the judiciary that rival anything the mimic stage ever offered. An immense audience is watching the Fred Warren Case vs. the Federal Courts, and however this play—beginning as a farce—ends, one thing is assured; there will be fewer Crainquebilles in the land; the ermine of the judiciary will have lost most of its sacredness, and, in the crude, but expressive language of the street, those over-zealous for their class interests will give a long pause before they "butt in" upon the Appeal to Reason when they feel an itching to "handle" the radical element of the nation.

Across the Atlantic in the mother country is being enacted another drama, thoroughly up-to-date, and without a precedent in the history of the ages. It is called the Movement of the Suffragettes; it is the struggle of women to wrest a little political power from the strongholds of masculine rule. A spectacular incident of this drama was the arresting of 160 women charged with "unlawful assembly"—whatever that may mean. An almost tragic incident was the treatment that many of the women received while in prison. The case of Emily Davison is one in point:

"Miss Emily Davison, a young university graduate, imprisoned for taking part in a suffrage demonstration, objected to forcible feeding. She barricaded the door of her cell by putting two plank beds end to end,

and, as they did not reach quite across the room, she filled the gap with the other furniture, and sat on it to keep it firm. The temperature stood at several degrees of frost. The prison authorities put a hose through the window and played upon her with ice cold water for some time, until she began to gasp for breath, and they became frightened. They then took the door off its hinges, hurried her to the infirmary, wrapped her in hot blankets and tried to undo the results of their assault."

This bit of by-play, if witnessed on the mimic stage would drive the audience into frantic protest against the villains who dared to perpetrate it. Yet, "truth is stranger than fiction" in more ways than one, and the real play of the suffragettes may yet come to blood-shed before the stupid public realizes the determination of the women to win.

Some startling announcements are made for the real American theater of the future. The Suffrage Movement is one of them; the War on the White Slave Traffic is another; but greatest of all, and including all, is the development of the Class Struggle, or the Movement of the Working Class Toward Industrial Freedom.

"The play's the thing!" But the march of society toward the goal of a true civilization is the play that is worth while!

On! on with the play!

fourteen had finished the practical part of a course in elocution and made several decided "hits" in literary entertainments. She has a very sympathetic voice, and plays with a great soul touch. She appreciates art and literature and has great imaginative or creative powers.

At sixteen she entered the dramatic school, and in six months finished a two-years' course. She then spent a year in stock work and was able to manipulate every part from fifth woman to leading woman. Soon after she went to New York and was successful in a vaudeville sketch written by Clyde Fitch that he immediately wrote a part for her in "Girls." This brought her national fame, and at twenty years of age she was a leading woman on Broadway.

Ruth Maycliffe—to use her stage name—feels deeply the principles of human rights, is an actress because of her deep and highly sensitive nature, and is anxious to see everything done that will tend to elevate and popularize the stage, as she realizes its great power as an educational factor. She is with the advanced school that believes in naturalness on the stage instead of acting and mere stage effects. She is a Socialist, and the daughter of Luella Krehbiel, former organizer for Kansas, now active in the New York movement.

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It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard Children.

Last month we offered the picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children, printed on smooth tinted paper, ready for framing, to any child who would send us ten cents for five copies of The P. W. So many responses were received that we have decided to continue this offer. So, send along ten cents for five copies of this number, and you will receive one of these fine pictures, never published anywhere but in The P. W.

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FERN KREHBIEL

FERN KREHBIEL.

(RUTH MAYCLIFFE)

Fern Krehbiel was incidentally taken to the theater one evening by her parents when she was but little over five years of age. They expected her to spend the greater part of the time in sleep, but instead she sat upright the entire evening, scarcely taking her eyes from the play, Othello, as interpreted by Thomas Keene and his company.

As her father took her up in his arms she declared she would become an actress and she has not deserted the childish resolve for a day in her life. Before she was twelve years of age she knew the story of every Shakespearian play and at

INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

META L. STERN

Woman Suffrage in Norway.

Women voted for members of parliament in Norway for the first time at the parliamentary elections held there last October.

National suffrage was granted to the women of Norway in 1906, the bill having been passed by the "storting" by a vote of 70 to 51. This bill did not call for universal woman suffrage, but made the right to the ballot subject to a property qualification. Self-supporting women, residing in cities, must pay taxes on an income of at least 400 crowns (about 112 dollars), and those residing in rural communities must pay taxes on an income of at least 300 crowns (about 84 dollars) to be qualified to vote. In the case of married women, the husband must have paid his taxes at least two weeks before election to enable his wife to vote. Failure to pay taxes disfranchises the wife, but not the husband. Strikingly undemocratic, as this limited suffrage with its unjust property qualifications appears to us, it is a noteworthy fact that the Socialist members of the "storting" voted for this limited suffrage bill without one dissenting voice, and that the Socialist and liberal votes carried the bill, while the conservatives voted against it. This only goes to show that conditions differ radically in different countries, that we cannot abide by hard and fast rules in regard to our tactics, and that limited woman suffrage, though wrong in principle, may be temporarily acceptable in practice. That our Norwegian comrades were justified in taking the half loaf instead of waiting another decade for the whole loaf, has been amply proved by results. The enfranchised women have greatly swelled the forces of the liberal and progressive parties, and the Socialists have added thirty thousand women voters to their ranks, while the conservative and reactionary parties are the losers. This, by the way, is a splendid refutation of the frequently heard assertion that women are essentially conservative. The "Morgenbladet" the leading organ of the conservatives, sums up the situation in the following words: "The election has taught us one lesson; it is that the only party which will profit by woman suffrage is the Socialist party."

An immediate result of the election is concerted effort on the part of all the progressive elements to abolish the property qualifications and to introduce universal woman suffrage. The radical party has made universal woman suffrage a chief plank in its platform, and the Socialists naturally favor universal woman suffrage on principle, and are actively engaged in a campaign in its behalf. A new suffrage bill has been introduced, and the newly elected "storting" is soon to take up the question of votes for all women.

International Socialist Bureaus.

At the first international conference of Socialist women held in Stuttgart, Germany, during the summer of 1907, it was decided that the "Gleichheit" (Equality), the official organ of our German women comrades, should be made an international bureau of Socialist women. Active women comrades from all over the world report the progress of their movements at regular intervals to the "Gleichheit," and the international department of this newspaper has thereby become a source of informa-

tion and mutual encouragement to Socialist women generally. To spread this information and encouraging spirit among the English speaking comrades, a second international bureau was formed in London two years ago, conducted by delegates from the Fabian society, the Social Democratic Federation, the Adult Suffrage society and the Socialist Teachers' club. This organization publishes its reports on the woman's page of "justice," but has also made The Progressive Woman its official organ. Comrade Clara Zethin, editor of the "Gleichheit," is at the head of the original international bureau, while Comrade Dora B. Montefiore conducts the London bureau. At a conference of Socialist women held in Brooklyn during October last, it was decided to conduct a similar department of international notes in The Progressive Woman.

A conference of Socialist women was held in Vienna on Sunday, November 28th. In that part of Austria in which the capital is situated our comrades have not been as successful in organizing the women as in some other parts of Austria. At a conference held in the preceding year only ten delegates appeared from the province, and it was reported that in many quarters where Socialist men were active and successful, the women were practically unorganised by the police. There are the night courts and the work house. It is an incident of the class struggle, a fight between the weakest of employes against powerful employers. Yet color is lent by the sympathetic assistance of rich women. At this point it becomes a sex struggle. The struggle of women for rights which men have seen fit to deny them as women. Mrs. Belmont and Miss Milholland, both members of the millionaire class, have been arrested in their efforts to assist the striking girls. Miss Milholland, a Vassar girl and a Socialist, recognizes the class struggle in the strike. It takes on two phases to her—class and sex. Miss Anne Morgan daughter of Pierpont Morgan, who had lent her assistance, became frightened at the class phase, as interpreted by the Socialists and withdrew her support.

Whether the play ends in favor of the striking waist makers, or against them, it is highly educational in nature and has taught these girl workers something of the class lines in modern society, and the cooperation of Local New York, and with the ardent support of the entire party organization, it is expected that a large and enthusiastic meeting of Socialist supporters of woman suffrage will be held there on Sunday afternoon, February 27th.

Three members of the national woman's committee of the Socialist party, residing in and near New York, have sent out the following letter to party locals and to the party press:

"Comrades: The national woman's committee with the endorsement of the national executive committee, has set aside the 27th of February, the last Sunday of the month, as Woman's Day. The Socialist party is pledged to work for equal suffrage for men and women, and at this stage of industrial unrest among the working women it is of special importance to point out to the latter our true relationship to them. Let us then make Woman's Day a rousing national success! Let the Socialists make it an occasion to point out to the working woman their viewpoint of her rights. We must embrace this opportunity

not only as a means of agitating for vote for women, but also as a fit time to awaken the class-consciousness of our toiling sisters, and thus win their hearts and mind for Socialism. Comrades, the day is near and it behooves us to urge you to proceed at once with the arrangements for meetings and celebrations which you are going to hold on that day.

"Fraternally yours, for the national woman's committee.

DR. ANTOINETTE KONIKOW,
META L. STERN,
THERESA MALKIEL.

It is to be hoped that comrades everywhere will heed this appeal, and will strive to make our national demonstration as successful and effective as it merits to be made.

REPORT OF SOCIALIST WOMEN'S BUREAU (BRITISH).

From November, 1907, to November, 1908

Arising out of the congress of Socialist women at Stuttgart in June, 1907, at which conference an International Socialist Women's bureau was founded by Clara Zetkin the editor of "Gleichheit," the Socialist women of England convened a meeting at Chandos hall to consider the lines on which a Socialist women's bureau (British) should be formed. Mrs. Hendin of the women's committee, S. D. P., convened the meeting and it was decided that the immediate object of the bureau should be "the establishment of regular communication between the organized Socialist women of all countries."

It was agreed that the bureau should consist of two delegates from the Fabian society, two from the Social-Democratic party, two from the Clarion scouts, two from the women's committee, S. D. P., two from the Adult Suffrage society and two from the Teachers' Socialist society. Mrs. Hendin was appointed honorable secretary and Mrs. D. B. Montefiore reporter to the bureau.

The bureau undertook to be agents in England for the sale of the "Socialist Woman," an American publication appearing once a month.

On May 27, 1908, a public meeting was held at Chandos hall, at which Miss Murby (Fabian) gave a paper on "The Common Sense of the Woman Question." This paper has since been published by the Fabian society.

It was decided at a meeting of the bureau on April 29, 1908, that a series of papers on the Responsibilities of the State Toward Its Children should be read on different occasions at the bureau meetings, and on September 30, 1908, Miss Murby read the first paper of the series on "The Endowment of Motherhood." On October 28, 1908, Mrs. Townsend (Fabian) read the second paper on "Nursery Schools" or "Ecoles Maternelles," and in October, 1909, Miss Hicks (S. D. P.) read the final paper of the series, on the "State feeding, Clothing and Medical Attendance of School Children." Mrs. Townsend's paper is already published by the Fabian society, and the bureau hopes that the other two papers will be published shortly, so as to make the series complete and put before the public a valuable collection of facts in relation to the responsibility of the state toward its children in various countries.

On the occasion of the meeting of the bureau on April 5, 1909, the following reso-

on was passed by those present, and awarded to Paris: "This meeting of the International Socialist Women's bureau (which sends fraternal greetings to the men postoffice employes in Paris who showed such courage and determination in standing solidly for their men comrades through the recent strike; and congratulates their women comrades on the success of the strike."

On April 28, 1909, a meeting of welcome was offered by the bureau to comrade Clara Zetkin at Chandos hall, on the occasion of her visit to England in order to help forward the cause of universal suffrage. The men's committee of the S. D. P. assisted in this welcome. In June, 1908, Mrs. Montefiore and Mrs. Murray attended as "international delegates" the conference of the "Woman's Suffrage Alliance." Our comrade Clara Zetkin, has kept the bureau supplied with most interesting and helpful information from the women Socialist in the various countries of Europe. In the earlier meetings of the bureau these reports were read by Mrs. Montefiore, the reporter, but latterly, as they have most often been published in the Woman's Column of "Justice," where they obtain wider publicity, it has not been thought necessary to read them first at the bureau. When the bureau was first convened the women of the I. L. P. and the Woman's Labor League were asked to send delegates, but they did not see their way to doing so. Since the "Socialist Woman" was adopted as the organ of the bureau it has changed its title to "The Progressive Woman," a change which the bureau much regrets.

Resolutions are now being prepared by the bureau for the agenda of the International Socialist congress in Copenhagen in June, 1910.

On behalf of the bureau.
CLARA S. HENDIN, Hon. Sec'y.
DORA B. MONTEFIORE, Reporter.

One of the notable occurrences of the shirt-strike in New York City was in respect to the revelation it made to Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont, the wife of the multi-millionaire. Mrs. Belmont, who has taken a great deal of interest in the strike, went to the police court between light and dawn to become bail for some of the working girls who had been arrested for "picketing" and, waiting there for six hours, she saw sights the like of which she had never dreamed of all her life before. This is what she said about it:

"During the six hours spent in that police court I saw enough to convince me and all who were with me beyond the smallest doubt of the absolute necessity for woman's suffrage—for the direct influence of women over judges, jury and policemen, over everything and everybody connected with the so-called courts of justice. A hundred-fold was it impressed upon me in the cases of the women of the streets who were brought before the judge. Every woman who sits complacently amidst the comforts of her home, or who moves with perfect freedom and independence in her own protected social circle, and says, 'I have all the rights I want,' should spend one night in the Jefferson Market court. She would then know that there are other women who have no rights which man or law or society recognizes. The necessary publicity cannot be obtained through the newspapers. They do not find it profitable to give space to experiences affecting the strata of society to which the majority of the people who come here belong. There can be no doubt that our police courts are a disgrace to the city. It is the duty of the women to take up this burden, as well as it is the duty of the men to permit the women to share such responsibilities. The men of this country have become so absorbed with business matters and money-getting that they have permitted the social laws to drift into a state that will, sooner or later, become intolerable. The entire social structure is wrong from the foundation."

Luther Burbank has signed the national suffrage petition. Mr. Burbank is a judge of fruit, and he does not believe that the seed of justice will bear the fruit of disaster.

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7249 Delmar Boulevard, University City, St. Louis, Missouri

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PUBLICATIONS	SUBSCRIBER	ADDRESS

There are hundreds of Socialists in every large town and city, who are not reading The P. W. Why not go after their subscriptions?

We have widened and lengthened our columns, thus making the present size of The P. W. equal to 20 pages of the old style.



FOR THE CHILDREN



IF I WAS A MAN.

If I was a man a great big man
Like some big men I know,
I would not brag about myself
And treat the women so.

I would not smoke the vile cigar
Or chew the filthy weed
Or guzzle booze while there are shoes
That wife and children need.

I would not loaf upon the street
And places less polite
And leave my wife and babes, too,
At home alone at night.

If I was a man, a great big man
As big as men like you
I would not brag about my vote
And use it as you do.

You vote a hovel for yourself,
A mansion for the drone
The choicest meats for rich men's wives
And "liver" for your own.

The "Bible," some say, is their guide,
To it their faith is pinned,
But when it comes to getting votes
The "Bottle's got it skinned.

If I was a man, a great big man,
I think you'd profit by it.
I'd do better or I would quit
And let the women try it.
—Pearl Thompson, Webb City, Mo.

NOT "FRAIDY CATS."

I should think by the number of letters we are receiving from Socialist "tots" that there are not many "Fraidy Cats" among them. They speak right up and tell why they are Socialists, and they order papers to distribute among their friends. Now this is fine, because when these little folks grow up, they will make the best Socialists in the world. Also I notice that the greatest number of letters come from the west and south. Where are our little folks of the north and east? Are not they, too, good Socialists? Let us hear from them.

SHORT STORIES.

Some of our little folks refer in their letters to the southern cotton mills, the cotton fields, the tobacco plantations, and to the little workers in them. Now we would be very glad to have them send us short stories or sketches about these places. Tell how the children who work in them live; what kind of homes they have; how long they work; of what the work consists; what sort of clothes they have; what games they play, and so on. We want our readers to know just how these little toilers live, so that they will be all the more eager to abolish capitalism, and bring about Socialism, which will give the children a good schooling, good homes, the best clothes, and all the pleasures they need for their welfare. To the boy or girl sending the best short story we will give a Socialist Primer, and for the second best photos of Debs and Warren, and third best a picture of Debs and the Girard children.

The five-year-old son of Comrade Creel of the Appeal staff sat comfortably rocking himself in a chair. "Here, dear, come and wheel baby," called his mother.

"Well, mama," replied five-year-old, "I'm a capitalist. I'll sit here and watch you wheel baby."

Taft has given recognition to the presence of the "white slave" traffic, but he does not accuse the Socialists of promoting it; he must know that his supporters are responsible for its presence.—The World's Referee.

WHY LITTLE FOLKS SHOULD BE SOCIALISTS.

LENA MORROW LEWIS

I am sure the little boys and girls who are Socialists are very glad the editor of The Progressive Woman has decided to publish a department for them. This is a very wise thing to do, for really the Socialist movement belongs to the children. It is a movement of the future and the little folks of today will be the citizens of tomorrow.

Now that we are pretty well settled from our holiday gaiety, I want to talk over some things with you. The big folks told you when you were very little that an old, white-haired, fat man with long whiskers came down the chimney the night before Christmas and left you some presents. That if you would stay awake to watch him he would not come. Well, when you grew older one day somebody told you that story about the funny, strange old man called Santa Claus was not true, that the big folks just made it up so as to fool the little folks. When you found this was really so, it just seemed as if your heart would break. You felt so badly and so cheap—humiliated is the big word for it—you didn't know what to do. But after while when you found you had to give up your belief in Santa Claus another idea came into your mind. Now that there was no longer any real Santa Claus, you found that if people had any presents given them other folks had to give them. So by the time the next Christmas got around you began to think what you could do to make people feel good over receiving presents. And you found that while it was hard to give up the old Santa Claus, you learned it was a greater joy to do Santa Claus' work than to just think he was doing it all himself.

But I am writing this little story because I want to tell you something about the big folks that is very much like this story of Santa Claus. Did you ever go to a Fourth of July celebration where they had speaking and some man told you we were a free people? Now, just between you and me, do you think men and women who have to work for somebody else to get enough to keep themselves alive are very free? And do you think men that have no jobs and cannot find any work and have never had a chance to learn how to do useful and skilled work can be free? Do you think men that have to work all day in a coal mine, and little girls that work every day in a cotton mill for ten or twelve hours have very much freedom? This story the big folks believe about the people in the United States being free is just like the Santa Claus story you used to believe. IT ISN'T SO. Now when big folks wake up and find out they have been believing something that is not so—they feel bad just like little folks do. But after awhile they find that it is not so bad as they thought, because if they have no real freedom now, that does not prevent them from going to work, and doing all they can to be free people. Freedom consists in the opportunity and right to live and enjoy life. And the Socialists are working to show people how they can be free. You see it was the capitalist that made up that story about all people being free. But when the workers

find out they have been fooled, they will just get in and work as hard as they can to be really free. There are so many big folks that don't take any interest in this question and so that is all the more reason why you little folks should do all you can for the cause.

Besides, anyway—the big folks will die some of these days, and if the little Socialist boys and girls of today work hard perhaps by the time they are grown there will be more Socialists than any other class of people in the world.

SOCIALIST TOTS.



Last Sunday at the Universalist church in Comanche, Texas, the young lady teacher of the little boys' class was talking about the beautiful life of Jesus and how hard it is to follow in his footsteps. A little boy 8 years old said, "I can tell when we can." When?" asked

the teacher. "When Socialism gets in power," answered the boy.

Little Virgil Thornton's papa is a Socialist and is always talking about Socialist agitators. One day Virgil was lying on the floor, when he asked his little sister Bessie to get him something to eat, and Bessie at once said: "That is the way I have you to wait on all the time," to which Virgil replied, "You are an agitator."

The Los Angeles lyceum for children uses Moyer's songs. One day a little girl of the lyceum heard her mother discussing with a friend the probability of establishing Socialism in the near future. As the obstacles were dwelt upon with some discouragement by her mother the little tot piped in with: "Never mind, mother, we'll win it in our day."

Two little tots, daughters of a staunch Socialist, were present one day when a Socialist of local prominence was visiting their father. One of the little girls said something that to the youthful sense of propriety of the other was very shocking. After the visitor left Laura said: "Mamma, Ethel talked ugly today." "Yes," replied the mother, "and company was here." "Yes," continued the little girl, "just think, she said it before a Socialist."

Little Herbert Engels, six years old, of Kansas City, Mo., is an ardent Socialist, believes that people ought to read Socialist literature and is eager to throw the Appeal on every door step. Recently in conversing with a 15-year-old boy on the subject he said: "Socialism is what makes people good. It gives them proper living, teaches them not to steal, or shoot, or kill people when they are boys and grown up men, and not to rob people's houses or pocketbooks. Socialism is getting away above capitalism. When I was five I got interested in a meeting at Socialist headquarters. I heard Debs at Convention hall and saw him down on the Red Special. I heard Arthur Morrow Lewis and Lena Morrow Lewis, and many others. That's how I learned Socialism. My favorites are Debs and Arthur Morrow Lewis.

Does your neighbor take The Progressive Woman? Have you asked her to take it?

Letters from the Children

Dear Editor—Mama takes The P. W. and she likes it well. And I like it myself, and I read it every day. You want to know why I am a Socialist. Because I think it is right and because it tells about the poor children that have to work in the sweat shops all day and do not have time to play. I go to school and I am 12 years old. You ask me what piece I liked best. I like the Socialist Tots the best. Enclosed you will find 10c for Debs and the Girard children, and papers and I will hand them to my friends.—
 Little Hobdy, R. No. 4, Box 22, Hartford, Ky.

Dear Editor—I like the Children's edition fine. It is the "Struggle for Existence" best of all. I am a Socialist and the reason I am one is because I want to live and see the people free and the poor little children have nice and happy lives. I live in the south where the little children have to work in the cotton mills and tobacco factories, where they catch the backing and it lasts forever. They cough themselves to death. I don't have to work in them, but I don't know what I will have to do for on. Oh, I was about to forget to tell you of the good comrades that work so faithfully for the better time who have been at home. I tell you their names; John M. Ray, J. L. Guy Miller, E. E. Carr, Geo. H. Goebel, Russ Furner, and, last but not least, Mother. God bless her! My papa is trying to get Debs to come by selling Appeal cards. He says if Mr. Debs comes he is going to take all us. Mama, my two brothers, and sisters, and says he is even going to take Jack. Oh! I wonder who Jack is. I will tell you. Jack is our shepherd dog. When papa makes the Jack comes in and comes to my bed and asks to wake me up. We all love Jack. I am 6 years old.—Mattie Wilson, Pfaftown, N. C.

Dear Friend—My uncle Frank got your papers, The Progressive Woman, and he wasn't here and was reading them. They are good little papers. They have some nice stories in them. I read a story about the Hustlers' Columns and I thought I would write you a letter. I paid attention to your story and I like this little paper; it is a fine little paper, too. I read all the stories in it and couldn't find the best story. They are good.

I am a Socialist. The reason I am a Socialist is that if the Socialists were running the government there wouldn't be so many little children dying to death and freezing to death now-a-days. I am going to send for the five copies and promise to hand them to my little friends. I go to school and I will give them to my schoolmates. We will sign for the paper as soon as papa gets 50c. I am twelve years old and in the fifth grade. I have three more sisters. My name is Minnie. As soon as I get my picture my papa going to get some pretty moulding and frame for me and hang it upon the wall. So I must write for this time. Write soon. Good bye.—
 Minnie Allen, Lakemp, Okla.

Dear Comrade—I did not see the December issue of The P. W.; in fact, I did not see the paper at all. But I saw the little letters and I thought you would still offer the picture of Comrade Debs and his little friends and five copies of The P. W. I like the Children's edition very well. I am a Socialist because I want to see every man get the full product of his labor. I think every boy and girl ought to be a Socialist, then they would not have to work in lives away just to live on this earth. If I were a Socialist they would be happy and I would be happy, too. My papa takes the Appeal to Reason, The Red Saw and The Chicago Daily Socialist and I like them all. Enclosed please find ten cents for five copies of The P. W. to hand to my friends. I want the picture of Comrade Debs and his little friends. I am thirteen years old.—Yours truly, Willis Tris, Henryetta, Okla.

Dear Friend—I read your add in the paper led "Progressive Woman." I am twelve years old and a Socialist. The reason that I am is because I think it is the only thing that is right. I ask me which story I like the best. The fact that I like them all. I go to the public school. I think that is the best school to go to. I am in the sixth grade. I have five sisters and a brother and mother of whom I am very fond and I have a pet kitten which is petted and loved by my one. When I get the copies I will hand them around each friend of mine and hope I will be successful, for I want to help the Socialists all I can. I hope you will get the 10c all o. k. Please send the copies, too.—Yours truly, Miss Florence Schultz, 1003 School st., Two Rivers, Wis.
 P. S.—Best regards to friend Mr. Debs and to his friends.

Dear Comrade—I am a girl ten years of age and my mama gets The Progressive Woman and my papa gets the Rip-Saw and Appeal to Reason and the Whilshires and the International Socialist Review and The Evolutionist and that is the papers that he gets. I always read mama's Progressive Woman. I like it very well. I think you asked what article I liked best. I like them all very well. I think "The Purse That Jack Found" is a very nice one, and so is the Struggle for Existence. You asked why I am a Socialist and if I was one. I am a Socialist and the reason why is because I want to help the Socialists win and make the world

better so that every man will have work and a home to live in and if he has a family to be able to keep his family. I will hand the copies to my friends when I go to school again.

I guess I will close for this time.—From your comrade, Pearl Frederley, 1658 N. Market street, Williamsport, Pa.

Dear Comrade—Please send me the papers and the picture of Comrade Debs and the children. My mama takes your paper and we like it fine. I am a little girl nine years old. I saw Comrade Debs here in October and shook hands with him and he said, "You little ones are the ones we are working for." I want the pictures and five copies of The P. W., and I want another picture and five more copies for friend. My friend's address is 2520 S. A. street, and my address is 223 N. 7th street, Elmwood, Ind. My name is Argy Bond and my friend's name is Oliver Stack. So good bye.—From a little friend.

Dear Comrade—Mama takes The P. W. and I like it fine. Enclosed find ten cents (10c) for five copies of The P. W. and a photograph of Comrade Debs and his Girard friends. Yes, I am a Socialist, every inch of me, because Socialism teaches "Those who do not work shall not eat." Three cheers for Socialism.—Arge Feltnor, Clarksville, Ark.

Dear Comrade—I read your letter out of The Progressive Woman's paper and see you want children to write to you. I read every word in the paper. I paid attention to what you said. I like the Children's edition. I liked the children's lesson, "The Purse that Jack Found." I liked it best because it explained why Jack was a Socialist, that is because he was a good boy.

I am a Socialist because I had read the Socialist Primer and know what it means. I earned my ten cents. I will do it; I will hand them to my friends. If I send a letter to the paper, will you print it? I am a girl seven years old. Good bye.—Mildred Smith, Mountain Home, Idaho.

Dear Friend—I am a little boy ten years old. Grandma takes The P. W. and I like it fine. You ask why I am a Socialist. Because it means equal rights to all. I like the Children's edition and I like "The Purse That Jack Found" the best.—
 Roy Willey, Clarkville, Ark.

I have just gotten up a club of seven to subscribe for The Progressive Woman.

I am very interested in the Socialist movement. I believe in Socialism because I think that the little children will not have to work in the factories and mills. I think they will get to go to school and play every day.

We have a Socialist movement in Homewood. We are doing great things. We had Mrs. Gertrude Hunt, of Chicago, to lecture and and we are going to have some other good speakers. We have John W. Slayton lecture for us every Friday night and have others lecture at three o'clock on Sunday.

I would like to present the branch with a large picture of Eugene V. Debs. Would you please tell me where I can get one or can you send me one instead of the children. I would like to have a real large one if possible. Will find enclosed 10c for papers and postage for reply. I am very anxious to get Debs' picture.

I am a little girl eleven years old. My name is Ellanora Nestor, Pittsburg, Pa.

Editor P. W.—My mama takes The P. W. I like the Children's page very much. I think Socialism is all right because the little boys and girls will not have to work in the mills; they can then go to school. My papa is state secretary of Nebraska. I often go to the meetings.

I have heard Comrade Debs twice. When the Red Special started out from Chicago I had a short ride on it. I am eight years old and in the third grade.

Success to The Progressive Woman.—Irene Wright, 1729 J street, Lincoln, Neb.

Books for Home Reading for Sale by Us

Woman and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons, 5 cents.

Socialism and the Home, May Walden, 5 cents.

Little Sister of the Poor, Josephine Conger-Kaneko, 15 cents.

Outlines in the Economic Interpretation of History, Lida Parce, 15 cents.

Sorrows of Cupid, Kate Richards O'Hare, (paper), 25 cents.

Sorrows of Cupid (cloth), 50 cents.

The Socialist Primer, Nicholas Klein, 15 cents.

Socialist Songs (with music). Compiled by Charles H. Kerr, 10 cents.

Songs of Socialism, Chas. H. Moyer, 25 cents.

The Changing Order, Triggs (cloth), 75 cents.

Looking Forward; the Status of Woman, Rapaport, \$1.00.

FICTION AT REDUCED PRICES.

The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair, (paper), 35c.

Beyond the Black Ocean, McGrady (paper), 35 cents.

When Things Were Doing, Steere (cloth), 75 cents.

Peculiar People in a Pleasant Land (cloth), 75 cents.

The Sale of An Appetite, Lafargue (cloth), 50 cents.

Rebels of the New South, Raymond (cloth), 50 cents.

The Recording Angel, Brenholtz (cloth), 50 cents.

The Scarlet Shadow, Hurt (cloth), 75 cents.

A Captain of Industry, Sinclair (cloth), 50 cents.

JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON: REACTIONIST.

ELSA C. UNTERMANN

Today, when all the world is in a ferment in consequence of the fights women are making for freedom, when the suffragists and women strikers are gaining more support from every side, when papers, whose subject is Woman's Emancipation, spring up all over the globe, one would scarcely expect that a woman would advise her own sex to refrain from struggling for freedom when it is almost in reach of the hand. Yet Mrs. Bacon does this very thing in her latest book, "In the Border Country," which comes like the almost inaudible sound of a bugle in the rear van calling a retreat, when the front ranks amidst a deafening uproar, assail all objects with energy and have victory nearly in their grasp.

There is nothing but Eighteenth Century sentiment on the Woman Question in the book. According to the author, a woman is committing a sacrilege when she follows a profession or cultivates a talent she may possess. The only occupation in which she should busy herself is motherhood. She martyrs the female sex to an appalling extent. Speaking of this sex she says: "Their duties cannot be their pleasures very long or very often." Yet a man has the privilege, nay, is even expected to strive for an occupation that will prove to be both a duty and a pleasure.

To the artist who wishes to follow her career, although she is married, she says: "Let men make pictures; do you make men!" The writer's idea of the manner in which a woman should develop her character is that she should allow her children and husband to absorb her whole personality and herself to become a nonentity. But men are constantly urged to strengthen their individuality; it is considered a very necessary asset for their conquest of success.

When she says to the artist, "Let men make pictures; do you make men?" she makes an entirely unlogical statement. Are not men as necessary to the creation of human beings as women? Then why should they not share the responsibility of their upbringing? You say they do, in providing their subsistence. But if a woman is capable of supplying the same means of subsistence, and conditions are steadily making it more possible for her to do so, why should she not exercise this power as well as man? Will not a babe sleep as well if lulled to rest by its father, in a cradle earned by its mother as vice versa?

Mrs. Bacon contends that women should not enter the professions because they will be unable to instruct their children. But we progressive women declare that we are going out into active life in order to learn something of real value to impart to our offspring, something that will be beneficial to them and to us also, and will give everyone satisfaction. Our ideal is not to give up as much as we can for the pleasure of others. Our aim is to fight for a system under which everyone's task will be a combination of pleasure and duty.

How to "Boycott" the Meat Trust

Such is the cry from every congested center where the little retailer is struggling for existence against the inevitable fate of extermination. So if you are a member of the "Boycott Meat" club, we have the very article you want for the time being in place of meat, our new **Cereal Food Primel**, of which you were told in our January ad.

It Cuts Down the Cost of Living to Bed Rock.

You can now live as cheaply as the Chink or the Jap with his rice! Then our cooking oil knocks out the hog. A gallon of lard now stands you \$1.50 even if given full weight. We will give you a better shortening and for \$5 take the place of \$10 worth of lard. Here is the best value for \$10 you can get from any provision dealer in the United States today:

5 gal. cooking oil (lard for same service would cost)	\$9.50
1 case Ceroblend, coffee and cereal blend, retail price	2.80
1 case Nutreto, cereal food drink.....	3.00
1 case 24 18-oz. pkgs Primel, cereal food	2.40
	\$17.70

ALL FOR A TEN DOLLAR BILL (you pay the freight)

Then remember some of the other prices below, and make up still larger order to come in same shipment:

5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 4.....	\$.85
5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 3.....	.95
5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 2.....	1.00
5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 1, mighty fine.....	1.08
5 lbs. Arabian brand, our old favorite.....	1.15

(Retailers will never charge you less than 5 to 8 cents a pound more for poorer blends.)

Finest Japan tea, only 43 cents; Ceylon or Young Hyson, 39 cents; choice Gun-

powder, 37 cents; English breakfast, 33 and 39 cents; Imperial, 36 cents.

Big sample of either tea, coffee, Nutreto, Ceroblend or Primel mailed for 10 cents to pay postage, and get copy of our monthly Message and price list thereafter.

More \$10 orders from January ad. in this paper than ever answered one of our announcements in any paper. And below is how a lot of them write us:

THE BEST I EVER TRIED.

Your letter at hand, and under separate cover sample of Primel, the best cereal food I ever tried.—Theo. Foulbouv, Missouri.

ORDERS TWO CASES.

Received your sample of Primel and am very well pleased with it, as am ordering two cases with other goods. Enclosed \$10.60.—Louis Steinke, Idaho.

TRYING TO CONVERT THE GROCER.

We tried Primel for breakfast, and it is all right. Have given a package to our grocer and asked him to try it.—Yours truly, T. M. Broderick, Kansas.

SEND SOON AS YOU CAN.

I tested your breakfast food, Primel, and like it very much. Please find enclosed \$2, for which send me one case Primel as soon as you can.—Adam Rausch, Washington.

THE ONLY ONE I EVER CARED FOR.

I received the suspensives some time ago and the sample of Primel today. I think both are splendid. This cereal food is the only one I ever cared for.—R. Howard, Colorado.

THE COMMON VERDICT.

I received the package of Primel, gave it a trial, and found it the best cereal food I ever used. When I am ordering again will add Primel to my order.—Yours respectfully, F. Rheam.

SHIP ONE HUNDRED POUNDS AT ONCE.

We are pleased to say that the Primel you sent in our order of Dec. 11th is just fine. Please ship us at once one hundred pounds.—M. D. Alexander, The Co-operative Mercantile Co., Birmingham, Ala.

GOOD-BYE, COFFEE.

I have tried your Nutreto. It is all right. No more coffee for me. The cooking oil is all right, too. Will have some of my neighbors try it and will do all I can for you.—W. C. Foote, Wisconsin.

BEST WE EVER TRIED.

Enclosed find money order for another ten gallons cooking oil for a new customer. We found it excellent. Your sample of breakfast food was good; the best we have ever tried.—A. T. Higby, Washington.

JUST WHAT I HAVE BEEN WANTING.

We received the sample of Primel and liked it just "fine." I want to know what price it is. Why don't you put it into the stores to sell? It's just what I have been wanting for a long time.—Mrs. D. R. McIntosh, Kansas.

THE BEST EVER—BY THE WHOLE FAMILY.

I received your sample of Primel, and will say that

it is the best breakfast food I ever found that a whole family like to eat. I think you have a winner in Primel as a cereal food, and I certainly wish you great success. Will send you an order as soon as am able.—Yours for success, John Romig, Missouri.

GOOD FOR INVALIDS, TOO.

Sample of Primel came to hand o. k. and next morning we all had the satisfaction of testing it, merit, and all, with one exception, were loud in the praise of our new food, "Primel," and she (our coo said, "Oh, it'll do." I took particular notice that she had her share at supper time instead of at breakfast, and no one complained of having had bread either.

The only real complaint I have to make against it is that it was too small a dose for an invalid who handles a plow ten or twelve hours a day, but I believe that if prescribed at least twice a day meal time, instead of "before or after," as doctors direct, that it would be a dandy "cure-all" for stomach troubles, and especially so for a person who had been in the habit of eating post-oakum or gny knots. I do really believe you have found a "breakfast food," yes, and a "supper food," too, that will fill a much-needed place in the line of cereal products.—S. T. Rablen, California.

About thirty days ago we loaded up on long-range advertising gun with a thousand ten-cent stamps for powder and a thousand sample packages of Primel (our new cereal food) for solid shot, and fired them at many people all over these United States. This shot cost us over \$150, but it has produced startling results.

For the last three weeks we have been bombarded with orders for Primel at the rate of over one and one-quarter tons per week, and they are increasing all the time. Above statements explain why.

We sent out a man here in Girard with a sample of Primel, a pencil and some order blanks, to ask every family in Girard to order a package, and give it a trial. He got 417 orders in ten days, averaging three and one-half cases per day, and the grocer here ordered 36 cases to supply their customers.

We want this work done in every town. If you care to undertake it, write us, and we will send instructions and terms. Meat time, your family should be using the goods, then you will have the enthusiasts and know how to talk it.

New Girard Manufacturing Co., Girard, Kan.

Women Who Support Their Husbands.

Accurate statistics show us that in the city of New York there are 25,000 women who, by their own labor, support their husbands and families.

Various are the causes which compel these poor women to take in the family that part which by law and custom has been assigned to the husband; the impossibility for the man to find work, and the relative facility with which the woman finds something to do; the sickness of the husband; and, finally, the vagrancy to which many men give themselves.

The curious fact is this: that the 25,000 women who provide for the household needs have not the right to vote, for they are not considered suited to this important function of modern civil life, while the husbands, who, for one reason or another, are not able to procure the necessities of life for themselves and their families, have the right to choose the leg-

islators and sometimes to be themselves elected.

And then they say that the "Suffragettes" are visionaries!—L'Araldo Italiano (New York Italian Daily).

Comrade Elsa Untermann, daughter of Ernest and Helen Untermann, is now associated with The Progressive Woman. Although scarcely more than a little girl in age, she is very competent, and we feel that our forces are strengthened because of her coming to us. Our readers will no doubt enjoy her book reviews in this issue.

WONDER EYES.

CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER.

Little White and Blue
And Little Rosy Red
Wandered on into
A posy bed!

There they stood and smiled,
Nodding left and right.
At Wonder Eyes, the child—
Red and Blue and White.

Let the dear woman who thinks she has nothing to do with "public" affairs pass her eyes over the following table of prices and if she concludes that the making of these prices does not concern her, then we give it up. She is a hopeless case:

	Today	3 Months	48
Eggs, per dozen	\$.42		.30
Jonathan apples, per peck	1.00		.40
Oranges, per dozen30		.45
Soda crackers11		.10
Canned corn, can15		.124
Butterine, pound22		.18
Rice, pound	10 &	.06 &	.07
Flour, 1-2 sack85		.72
Lard, pound17		.12
Pork chops, pound20		.14
Neckbones, pound05		.02
Pig tails, pound10		.05
Spareribs, pound13		.07
Soup bones, pound	10 &	.15	.05
Chickens, pound22		.15
Geese, pound22		.15
Frankfurts, pound12		.08
Pork sausage, pound12		.08
Butter, pound40		.30

Some very excellent articles for this issue came in too late for publication. All material for publication should be in the office not later than the 20th of the month.