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CAROLINE A. LOWE

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CAROLINE A. LOWE

Ideas possess men and women and carry them into walks of life that they little dream of entering when they begin their work in the school of experience. Old ideas and plans may seem so well established, that to follow them is but a matter of course, until some thought, revolutionary, comes our way and suddenly the whole plan of life is changed, and all things become new. Institutions that we thought sacred become profane, and associates that were once congenial disappoint us more and more as the new idea takes hold.

The subject of this article is one of those possessed with the new idea, and has come forth from among the old institutions and friends to add her little or great might as it may happen in bringing about the better day for the down-trodden human race. Caroline A. Lowe, is one of the many women that is waking to the fact that woman's slavery has its beginning where all slavery begins, that is in the economic world of production and distribution. She has learned that for the race to be free we must study our relationship to the institutions at which, and with which we labor. She has learned that to be politically free, socially free, we must first be economically free, and so this idea has possessed her that the working class must be aroused to see its slavery.

The woman of the race has been subject to the man of the race. She has been the isolated part and her expression has been only as man allowed, or was forced to allow by the rising intelligence of a few brave women who dared to protest against not having any voice or part in the affairs of the world. It has been the habit of man to look upon woman as a commodity, purchasable for a price to be set between the father and the suitor. This mental idea is not dead yet and so woman has to awaken woman to the fact that to get social and political recognition she must arise and strike the blow for her economic emancipation. To do this a few women have learned that only in organization is there strength.

Following the lead of the national convention of the Socialists in Chicago in appointing a woman's committee of the party, Kansas has placed in the hands of Comrade Lowe the task of organizing the women of Kansas. We feel sure that the work is in the hands of the right person. "By our fruits we are known" and her work so far has been very successful, having organized the women of Ft Scott, Englevale, Ashley,

Pittsburg, Girard, Coffeyville, and Sycamore. At each place a personal visit is made to the teachers and an urgent invitation extended them to attend the meetings. The members of the woman's committee must be dues paying members of the party.

The work is not being rushed, but plans are being carefully laid. Every person who shows any signs of wanting to help is receiving a letter. The state office is giving every aid possible and under Comrade Lowe's directions Kansas bids fair to take the lead in woman's committee organization work.

There is an impression abroad that today we work only for a money compensation; but once a person becomes thoroughly imbued with an idea, this idea causes him or her to drop the best paying work in the world and to go forth to do battle for that which they love. Comrade Lowe had taught school for a number of years, when it began to dawn upon her that the social body was unclean and wretched. She saw the stricken human beings who toil from sun to sun and whose lives are blighted with the curse of poverty, coined into the profits of the present system. Although her entire life had been spent in the school room and she had risen to the position of vice-president in the Teachers' Association of Kansas City, Mo., she left it all to come into the work of lifting the burden of the workers that is grinding the life out of all society.

To meet Comrade Lowe is to meet earnestness and a soul devoted to a cause that is bound to win because it is right, and for the reason that such as she are enlisted to fight its battles.

The Love For Me

MARXINE.

The love that loiters thru a summer's day

Otherwise empty, garlanding with flowers

The Beloved's head, and pledging with sweet vows

And soul-awakening kisses, deathless faith—

Pleasant is love thus loved, but not for me.

When two together grapple with world-wrongs,

With upas-monsters of wide-withering hate,

And only in the pauses of the fray

Turn each to other for the unflinching love,

The comrade-faith that cheers for further fight—

This is life's crown of joys, love's height of bliss.

December Temperance Issue

Don't forget about the Temperance Issue for December. Now, comrades, is a chance to get in some special work. Let us run this number to 50,000. You can do it, women and men workers! We have never run an edition of the Socialist Woman this high—but let us make a great effort on this number. It will help increase the circulation for the future, and it will get before the people matter that they ought to read. The December Temperance issue will have some fine material in it. Order your bundles today! Special price for this issue will be 100 copies, \$1.50; 1,000 copies \$15. 2c a copy for less than 100.

Send in a dime and get a bundle of five and send them by your children to their teachers.

JACK LONDON'S NEW NOVEL **MARTIN EDEN** IS APPEARING IN THE PACIFIC MONTHLY

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY of Portland, Oregon, has just purchased for \$7,000 Jack London's new novel, Martin Eden. It is 142,000 words in length, and is a vivid picture of London's struggle from obscurity to success. Every man who has red blood in his veins will read London's latest story with intense interest. Martin Eden is a character study—the story of a fighter—a fighter as a newsboy in the alleys of San Francisco; a fighter as a rowdy in slums; and, finally, a fighter for education and culture, struggling against the odds of common birth and vulgar environment, with a desperation of courage that presents a powerful blending of brutality of strength with sublimity of purpose. His inspiration is a woman of the higher sphere of life, but his motive is the mighty impulse that animates a soul and brain born to expand until fettering ignorance is sundered and ignoble influence trampled under foot.

It is not too much to say of Martin Eden that it possesses more of fascination and virility, grips the imagination and the sympathies more keenly, and imparts more of courage than any book produced in years.

The Pacific Monthly has many other big features besides "Jack" London's story. It is typically western, and is universally recognized as the leading magazine of the West. Not only is it a high-class publication from a literary standpoint, but its artistic and beautiful pictures are making friends for it wherever it is seen.

The price of the Pacific is \$1.50 a year; but to every reader of The Socialist Woman, who will send 50 cents in stamps or money order, we will send the Pacific Monthly for six months, the subscription to begin with the September number.

THE PACIFIC MONTHLY, Portland, Oregon.

A Teacher's Plea to Teachers

CAROLINE A. LOWE, Vice-President of the Teachers' Association, Kansas City, Mo.

With a heart full of love, I greet you, my teacher companions. Throughout our life we have journeyed together. Your joys have been my joys, my sorrows have been your sorrows. Together we have tarried, on vacation times, in scenes of marvelous beauty, in great white palaces set among luxuriant gardens, surrounded by lakes alive with light and song. Here and there we caught glimpses of handsome men and women, and beautiful children, beings whose existence seemed in complete harmony with the joy of life. And together we have crossed the chasm, have hastened through dark, noisome streets, between gaunt, prison-like houses, haunted by millions of haggard-faced men, emaciated women, and lifeless babes. We have seen these flock to the machines and bring forth untold abundance. We have seen them carry this abundance into the beautiful gardens and pile it mountain-high—for themselves, retaining not enough with which to maintain life; merely enough with which to escape death.

Our hearts have ached for those people of the great cities, of the noisome streets, as we have watched them in our vacation times, when we have gone out to gather fresh material to take back to our school rooms. We have wondered that a loving father permitted this great chasm to so divide his children. That millions were kept in bondage chained to an animal existence in order that a few might become masters and luxuriate in abundance so great that they, too, were enslaved, that they, too, lost the true joy of living.

As we stood upon the bridge that spanned the chasm, many passed us. And we, teachers with our eyes open, looked and saw men and women of all professions—editors, ministers, teachers, lawyers doctors. With our minds alert, we learned that they were but messengers, carrying sermons, editorials, textbooks, court decisions and prescriptions, dictated by the masters, sanctified by our signature and delivered by us to the bondsmen, who, because of their ignorance, looked reverently to us for truth and justice.

As dealers in the futures of humanity—as teachers of men and women to be, our souls have sickened at the sight. All humanity enslaved. The masters enslaved to their desire for power, and their fear of the slave; the bondsmen enslaved to their grinding tasks, and to

their fear of the master, and we, the intermediaries, ensalved too, realizing our dependence for the necessities of life upon those who employ us—upon our masters.

How long, we have cried, How long, O Lord, has poor humanity suffered thus—and is there no hope for the future?

And then some of us, teachers—a few of us, have turned to history. Not to our school histories, for they, alas, fail to tell the whole story. But to the works of scientists on the shelves of our great libraries, and we have found—oh, refreshing discovery!—that social systems have not always been slave systems. That in the remotest period, so dim that scarcely could it be outlined, the human race stood erect, men and women gazing into each others' eyes fearlessly, none enslaved, none masters—all brothers. Throughout this long period of communism no child was conceived in slavery, in fear and reverence for a master man.

This discovery, of the one-time freedom of man from his kind, brought untold joy to us. Surely, if the race once tasted of freedom it would never be content until it again possessed freedom in all its fulness. We continued our search. What caused man to lose this great boon? How came he to pass from communism to slavery, from slavery to feudalism, and on into the present wage-system we call capitalism?

Unnoticed by man, its great unseen forces silently changing all of his institutions—his customs, his governments, his religions—the tool with which man worked, shaped the destiny of the human race. Because the forked stick of communal times became tipped with metal, its productive power increased and a surplus was produced. The strongest man desired this surplus. He enslaved his weaker brother that he might obtain it—and slavery followed communism. The metal-tipped plow improved, the slaves began to organize, they broke the bands of slavery—and feudalism appeared. The hand tool gave way to the weaving machine. The printing press brought light to the ignorant serfs, gunpowder aided in their struggle for emancipation—and feudalism passed into history, with wage-slavery taking its place.

What then? Is the wage-system the final aim of all the centuries of evolution? May we not pass on to other stages? Do we not already see a light

pouring forth from the great machine of production giving glimpses of the future? Do we not hear it crying to us, "Come unto me all ye workers! You who have produced me in common, shall now own me in common! You who use me socially shall own me socially, and never again will I hear from you, 'I was naked and ye clothed me not. I was an hungered and ye fed me not.'"

You of the school room, you who train the minds of little children—who form the intelligence of the future—do you not see that the competitive system called capitalism is already dying? That it is dead?

Millions of men, homeless, wandering the streets for a chance to work—are they not testimony of its inability to longer serve the human race? Millions of women engaged in labor, making home life and care of children impossible, millions of babies torn from the joys of childhood, thrust into factories, mines and sweatshops, converted into tiny human wrecks—are they not testimony that this system is dead, that it cannot longer serve humanity?

Profit! Profit! Profit! demands this capitalist system. It is a system of profits by profits and for profits, rather than a system of, by and for the people. The new order, the higher order, will be a system for humanity—for men, women and children. It will be a system wherein the people own the machines, and receive the benefit from them.

School teachers, as you stand before the youths in your classes, as you teach history and politics and science to your pupils, be sure that you teach them the truth! If you are intelligent you know the truth. If you are not intelligent, you are cheating those dependent upon you. You have no right in the school room.

Through the power of machine production we will pass out of capitalism into Socialism. The machine is already socially used. It is waiting for our fuller claim. Let us answer its cry, and inaugurate the new day of the Co-operative Commonwealth—the Brotherhood of Man.

YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRED.

Always watch your wrapper for expiration. If the wrapper says No. 18 it means your term will expire with No. 18. Renew before your term is out. We can't supply back numbers.

Our Unfortunate Sisters

HERESA MALKIEL

The quality of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from
heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice
blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that
takes.



It has been estimated that there are six hundred thousand women in the United States who sell their bodies for a living. I know that many of you will shudder reading of this number of unfortunates and will think of them with hatred and disgust.

But be merciful, women, those sisters of yours are not bond slaves like the prostitutes of ancient times, nor are they aliens like the medieval woman of the street. They are gathered from your very midst, from the girls who have by adverse circumstances been impelled to turn to prostitution as a means of livelihood.

Like ourselves, these unfortunates have been carried under a mother's heart, like ourselves they have been born and destined for an honest life, but victims of force and fraud, or economic conditions, they soon reached the point where society held out nothing better for them than the life of shame.

Prostitution is very seldom a voluntary choice on the part of the fallen. Girls do not elect to cast themselves away, they are driven to the haunts of vice. A young working girl is an easy mark for a man's designing. And the designers are not wanting. Their most fruitful recruiting grounds are the stores where girls work long hours for small pay; the homes that have few comforts and no pleasures; the streets where girls are often cast while still unknown to sin, but are in want and without shelter; in places where distress and temptation stand ever present.

Every case of prostitution has its cause: The most frequent causes are poverty and the sensuality of beastial men who are creating the demand. It has been calculated, by those who take an interest in the reform of this social evil, that it requires five men to support one woman.

Now think of it! There are three million men in our midst who support this shameful degradation of human beings, and yet we, virtuous women, meet them as our social equals, while the victims of

their degraded passion are outcasts from the pale of society.

How often do we make heroes of the men sinners, who boast of having sown their wild oats! We see them enter our homes and marry some of our purest girls, who become mothers of children born with deprived appetites.

At the same time we shut the door in the face of the young girl who has been betrayed and made to commit sin, before she knew what it meant to her; we heap shame and abuse upon the girl who succumbs to starvation, and in distress exchanges her body for bread.

The idea that woman once fallen must always remain in the lowest degradation of vice, is false and untrue. The greatest number of those who have fallen through poverty and fraud are striving to rise from the mire. They struggle vainly against a cruel society, which lenient towards the male offender, hurls its whole wrath upon the woman. She and she alone, remains the social pariah and her bitterest enemies are we, her sisters.

Congenital sexual perverts do exist among women, but they form only a negligible fraction of the entire number of prostitutes. But we despise every woman of the street without giving a thought to the cause that brought her there; and yet, when we take into account that practically every fallen woman is a victim of some great wrong, and that most of them want to reform, it becomes evident that our duty towards them is not to treat them with

hatred and contempt, but to pity them, and help them to rise and resume their normal lives.

Those of us who have homes and are respected members of society cannot realize the depth of degradation and misery that those women are subject to. Even the market of shame is overcrowded, and after a woman loses the first bloom of youth she is left to starve like a dog in the street, without human pity, or help. Often these miserable creatures are left to rot in their own vice, though most of them are victims of the sins of others, who have inflicted the loathsome disease upon them.

In the periodical outbursts of reform sentiment started by well meaning reformers, they are driven in herds, like beasts from their lairs, and many are the poor victims that turn with disgust from man's lecherous embraces to the soothing embrace of the river. Still others find shelter in the crowded tenement houses there to spread the poison and help corrupt new victims.

Neither regulative, nor repressive systems are going to eradicate this social evil from our midst. Contrary to the authorities, who affirm that what is best and purest in civilization could not have existed, but for the sacrifice of a portion of womankind to immorality, I say that it is the pure and the good who are responsible for this great and most shameful evil of the twentieth century. It is within your power, mothers of the race, to quench it, before it spreads any further.

Beware women, there is no telling at whose door this misfortune may knock next.

READ THIS GREAT OFFER

Sister Socialists: I want to tell you about a valuable book I would like to see you have. This is "Helpful Hints to Housekeepers," and is all that the term implies. There are receipts, hints on how women and girls can make money, and sick room receipts that will save immense doctor's bills. One of these is a simple home remedy for curing diphtheria when all else fails.

We don't want you to buy this excellent book. It is GIVEN to you by the Ladies' Helping Hand Society for two orders for linen table cloths. These are white linen, three yards long, and sell for \$2 each. Elsewhere you pay 75 cents a yard for this quality linen. We send it postpaid to any woman who sends us two orders at \$2 each, and will give the BOOK besides. Get your friends to give you an order. They need table cloths. It is easy to get them. Besides, the Linen Company will give you a year's subscription to this paper, *The Socialist Woman*, FREE.

The APPEAL TO REASON prints "Helpful Hints to Housekeepers," which is a guarantee that this offer is an honest one.

REMEMBER, if a number of women—say, 100 send orders, it means an increase in the circulation of *The Socialist Woman* just to that amount, for the Linen Company will give a free yearly subscription to each woman who sends two orders. One thousand women sending two orders means 1,000 NEW SUBS FOR THE SOCIALIST WOMAN.

Now, ladies, send your orders TODAY, to

THE LADIES HELPING HAND

Osborne, Kansas

What is the Matter with our School Teachers

KIICHI KANEKO

At the university every great treatise is postponed until its author attains impartial judgment and perfect knowledge. If a horse could wait as long for its shoes and would pay for them in advance, our blacksmiths would all be college dons.—Bernard Shaw.



In spite of the nature of their profession, and their opportunity for learning, school teachers are often among the dullest and most uninteresting persons we meet in present-day society. They are like machines. No wonder that when children get thru with their schooling they have nothing in their brains but dry, mechanical text-book information! It is not so only with the school teachers of the lower grades, but with the high-school teachers as well, and the college professors. They teach their pupils with their text books, in a most mechanical way, and they seem not to try to point out the real meaning and relative significance of the things the books contain.

I remember when I was a student at one of the highest and oldest universities in this country, the professors came to our class rooms merely to impart their mechanical learning to their knowledge-hungry, and innocent students. They gave lectures on the history of pedagogics, history of ethics, theory of economics, principles of philosophy, or sociology, or most anything.

But their lectures were dry and dead in spirit. They had no life. They had no connection with the present day problems. When they came to deal with present-day problems, they tried not to say anything. I found that the libraries were more interesting places in which to pursue my studies, than were the lecture rooms, for I could secure there brilliant teachers of all ages and all countries.

The lectures at our schools today are nothing but the merchandise of a merchant. The teachers sell their learning to their pupils by the hour and by the pound. They are not interested in developing the pupils' minds, nor do they try to educate them in the true sense of the term.

One hundred years ago when Friedrich Hegel was teaching philosophy in the great Berlin university his were not only lectures on mere speculative phil-

osophy, but he was trying to apply it to the actual problems of life and the universe. Hegel taught in the manner that Confucius and Socrates taught their philosophies. He wanted his pupils to adapt it to every day life problems. He was anxious to see his philosophy tried in the actual world. He was not afraid to solve the problems of the day from his firmly-believed life views.

Look at our universities today! Where is our Socrates? Where is our Confucius? Where, even, is our Hegel? The biologists are teaching biology, and they don't want to apply it to the question of life. The philosophers are lecturing on philosophy, but they don't want to touch the subject of the religious superstitions of today. The economists are teaching the principles of economics, but they don't want to scratch the great, gigantic, evil institution of trusts. The sociologists are trying to investigate social problems, but they don't want to talk much about Socialism.

What can we expect from these pseudo scientists, philosophers, economists and sociologists? They can not develop men like Marx, Lasalle, Liebknecht, as Hegel has done. The universities today are a hell for real students and scholars. When we see more or less interesting professors like Charles Zueblin, Edward Ross, Thomas Will, Oscar Triggs and others, in our universities, we always find them with their troubles, going from one institution to another, and sometimes dismissed entirely.

There are over 600,000 teachers, instructors and professors in our various educational institutions, and if we find the majority of them are dead in their interests of life and the problems of the hour, we can pretty surely tell what kind of influence they are exerting upon the minds of the coming generations. This is the gravest outlook of our race and society today.

Machine education can only make a machine civilization, such as we have in this country. The machine teachers can only produce machine students. The teachers are machines because they are trading their learning for an amount of money. They are machines because they do not think of the problems of life, the questions of the hour, and do not try to apply their knowledge to the need of the actual world. They are machines because they are afraid to investigate things that surround them. They are machines because they shut their eyes

to the great social movement which is raging in all the civilized world today.

The moment the teachers begin to touch and get interested in these problems their faces will be brighter. They will become more interesting personalities than they are now. They cannot help but become alive, active, self-sacrificing, and above all the most useful persons in the community.

Wake up, teachers, instructors and professors! Get interested in the great, vital, social problems of the age. It is not only for the sake of your own salvation that you should do so, but for the good of society as well.

The Day-Fly

HEBE.

Dost thou know the tale of the day-fly?
When the full-moon beams above,
She rises up from the waters
To dance at her feast of love.

And then, when the moon is paling,
Called from life's midst away,
She dies at the break of morning
For the joy of one brief day.

Such is the tale of the day-fly
Ah, human heart, is this
Not like to thy own life's story,
The story of one-day-bliss?

Books of Interest to Women.

The Origin of the Family—Engles. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

Looking Forward — Philip Rappaport. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Woman Under Socialism—Bebel. Price, \$1, postpaid.

Love's Coming-of-Age — Ed. Carpenter. Price, \$1, postpaid.

The Rebel at Large—May Beals. Price, 50 cents, postpaid.

Ancient Society — Lewis H. Morgan. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

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

Socialism and the Home—May Walden. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.

Imprudent Marriages—Robert Blatchford. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.

An Appeal to the Young—Peter Kropotkin. Price, 5 cents, postpaid.

Katherine Breshkovsky—Ernest Poole. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

Underfed School Children—John Spargo. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

Socialist Songs with Music—Charles Kerr. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

Not Guilty—John Spargo. Price, 10 cents, postpaid.

Socialist Songs, Dialogues and Recitations—Josephine R. Cole. Price, 25 cents, postpaid.

Why White Ribboners Should Be Socialists—Victor Gage Kimbert. Price, 5 cents.

Womanhood and Social Justice—A. M. Stirton. Price, 10 cents.

Pure Sociology—Lester F. Ward. Price, \$4; postage, 20 cents.

THE SOCIALIST WOMAN PUB. CO.,
GIRARD, KAN.

The New York Shop Girl

ANNA A. MALEY

In the recent issue of Van Norden Magazine there appeared an article by Remsen Crawford, entitled "Her Majesty the Shop Girl," in which the writer contends that the "muck rakers" have created in the minds of the people a condition of discontent for which there is no justification in fact. He instances the much commiserated shop girl of New York City. The daughter of the farm, he states, who wastes her pity on the New York shop girl, might see, could she stand on a down-town corner of Broadway at eight o'clock in the morning, "a smiling throng of dimple cheeked girls, neatly attired in pretty shirt waists, jaunty jackets and smart frocks, all marching and counter-marching with elastic, buoyant steps on trimly booted feet, toward factory, warehouse, office and store. There are just 130,691 of these wage earning girls in New York City, and he it said to their credit, they make \$41,994,400, or an average of \$350 each."

More than a dollar a day, comments the author, when Sundays and holidays are deducted.

Having proved to his own satisfaction that a shop girl can live comfortably in New York on one dollar a day, and having dislodged from our minds the haunting superstition that it costs money to live in this city on Sundays and holidays, Mr. Crawford proceeds to set some posers which are altogether worthy of the discernment displayed up to this point in his discussion. To quote:

"Having thus established by a somewhat tedious process as accurately as it can be established just about what the shop-girls of New York earn in a day, and a week, and a year, the real interesting part of the subject is before us: What does she do with this money? How does she spend it? Why has she toiled to earn it? Is it being used for her moral and mental uplift? Has the privilege of earning this dollar a day so fascinated her with her own independence that she thinks less and less of marriage—of taking her place at the fireside of a growing family? Does the dollar a day go to gratifying the feminine follies, fads and capricious fancies which have held women in their fetters since the gate of Eden closed behind Eve?"

During a residence of two months in the same house with a shop woman employed with the firm of Simpson-Crawford, I gained some intimate knowledge touching the questions raised by Mr.

Crawford. She may be taken as representative of the 130,000, and I take pleasure in giving the details: This blithe marcher was a widow who was employed in the toy department at a wage of six dollars a week. She was forty years of age. She lived in an inside room, a room on the air-shaft, altogether cut off from the great outdoors. In it were a narrow bed, a trunk, a small table and one chair. Among this furniture one could wriggle one's way if one were thin—and careful. For this room she paid weekly \$1.75.

And she was thin: for she paid fifteen cents for her best meal on weekdays and twenty-five cents for her Sunday dinner, a weekly dinner bill of \$1.15. For dinner and supper she ate bread without butter and drank cocoa made from water. These two meals cost her not to exceed ten cents a day or seventy cents a week. She would have drunk coffee instead of cocoa but as she surreptitiously used the landlady's gas for cooking, she must use odorless foods. Distances are great in New York and there was an inevitable weekly bill for carfare of sixty cents. These items total \$4.20. Out of the remaining \$1.80, her majesty must pay her laundry bill. She might have washed her own shirt waists, but to dry and iron them would have meant sure detection by her watchful landlady and a calling to account for the gas. During my acquaintance with this woman she paid every week without exception a fine amounting to at least twenty-five cents, most frequently for wrong addresses. Her majesty explained to me that most of these errors arose from the fact that foreign speaking customers did not give addresses clearly. One week my princess had fines to the amount of seventy-five cents and then she wept. She had been trying for three months to accumulate the price of a pair of shoes. She used a paste-board inside sole to keep her feet from the ground, and her stockings had been darned until none of the original feet was left. She had a fading beauty. In her pretty white teeth the black spots shone, but her ladyship elected to spend her dollar a day in gratifying her feminine follies, fads and capricious fancies and would not give her money to a dentist.

Such is the reward, such is the struggle of the New York shop girl. The value of her services is well expressed in Mr. Crawford's own words:

"Those who have taken so much pains to exploit the shop-girl's wrongs and

woes might have been generous enough to exploit also her achievements. When one stops to consider the great part the working girls of New York City alone play in the trade and commerce of this country one sees her as a cogent factor in the national welfare in very truth. She sews on the buttons of a continent. Her handiwork is displayed on the counters of village stores from Mexico to Maine. The dainty bonnets she bedecks with ribbons and flowers make glad the feminine heart at Easter time in every little hamlet and nearly every great city of the northern half of the hemisphere. She stitches together the garments for hundreds of thousands of men, women, boys and girls of Brother Jonathan's country. By the activity of her nimble fingers great dry-goods emporiums thrive and countless village stores do business. For the dollar which gladdens her heart every day she gives garments fine enough to be playthings of plutocrats, or cheap enough to be bought by the needy in the remotest corner of the land. With a self effacement that is beautiful to contemplate the shop-girl goes about this great work seemingly unconscious of her very great importance in the clothing, millinery and dry-goods business of the country. She rarely joins a labor union. There are only 8,000 such working women in all New York out of the 367,000 counted by the last census.

Contented, patient, modest without being meek, unselfish, happy—these are the attributes of Her Majesty the Shop-Girl."

My sister of the shop, this author tells you that your self-effacement, your blotting out of yourself and your rights, is beautiful to contemplate. But we ask you, is it beautiful? What does it mean for you? A weary, neglected body, a stunted mind, a narrow soul, a bitter spirit. Are these things beautiful? Is the husband-hunt, the chase for an opportunity to exchange yourself for a steady meal ticket—beautiful? Is the lure toward prostitution created by your poverty—beautiful? In what is your sacrifice beautiful? No child is happier because of your pain. To be sure the children of your master are pampered and overfed and taught to despise you. Your master's class despises you. They could give no stronger proof of this than that they ask you to live in New York at a dollar a day. The masters and not we insist upon class divisions and class distinctions. Any group

from Fifth Avenue may come with their curious vulgarity to inspect the slums, They would not suffer for a moment that the slum dwellers should inspect their drawing rooms.

So we tell you that your self-effacement is not beautiful. It is hideous. Yet all the workers of the world must consent to self-effacement as long as the masters own the land, the mills, the mines and shops where the workers earn their bread.

American School Children Starving

When we are talking of the number of men who are tramping the country looking for work—hungry, broken-spirited, abject creatures, who once thought themselves men, as good as any of their kind—let us not forget the women, and the little children of these men.

Last winter in Chicago after the first flurry of the panic, I had occasion to visit a number of the "homes" of those who had been thrown out of work. In every case the men were out, hunting feverishly for the chance to make even a little money by any kind of hard labor. And in every case my heart ached and my soul grew sick when I thought of the future of the women and children of those families.

"It is awful when the children cry for food, and we can't give it to them," said one woman who had never before known what it was to be down and out. Another mother, about thirty, and strong and handsome, had to sit by and watch her seven-year-old daughter burning with fever, and without the care of a doctor because she had lost her job in a department store, and there was no money even to buy food. She had applied for work at all the large stores again and again. She had tried everywhere—and was told that they might need her during the holidays. But the holidays were weeks away. Already she had moved into a questionable quarter because rent was cheap. And unless that mother got work within two weeks, there was but one resource left her, if she would save herself and her child from death through starvation. And that was the sale of her body.

It was for a charitable institution I was working—and I knew that those institutions were crowded to their utmost with destitute cases.

Such, indeed, was the condition of the poor in Chicago last winter, that the superintendent of compulsory education, W. Lester Bodine, took up the case of hungry school children, followed his investigations for six months, and finally ascertained that there are 5,000 starving

The Socialist party stands for the ownership by the workers of the things with which they must work. We ask you to join our ranks. We call you to a destiny, not of self-effacement but of full and free womanhood and manhood. Rise in holy protest against the betrayal of yourself and your brothers, join the congregation of the fighters for industrial freedom, and forge steadily forward to the day when all the workers of the world may celebrate themselves.

children, and 10,000 that are underfed, in the schools of the city.

Excerpts from Mr. Bodine's report give the following facts: "Five thousand children who attend the schools of Chicago are habitually hungry. Ten thousand other children do not have sufficient food. There are fifteen thousand underfed children in Chicago now who do not have three square meals a day. Many mothers are working for a pittance, sewing pants for the cheap-clothing trade. Some work for 50 cents a day and only three days a week. Many of these are widows with four or five children. The city is filled with deserted wives whose lives are abject slavery to home, children and industrialism."

This is but part of the report. The whole thing is so clear, and, coming as it does from a city official, one would imagine that the whole machinery of Chicago would be set going at once to feed these children.

But not so. The rulers of the present system don't do things in that way. If they did there would have been no starving children to begin with. The system that makes children starve, will naturally let them keep on starving. And they are doing it in Chicago. They are pulling out all the red tape at their disposal—and there is an awful lot of it—and are using it to offset the work of feeding the children. One authority says that the city has no legal right to feed the little folks, while one Kinesley, of the Chicago Relief and Aid society says that "the charity organizations are strangled, and funds will have to be found elsewhere if the need is as great as reported." And the capitalist papers are saying that the report has been exaggerated—that the needs are not so urgent as the Superintendent of Compulsory education claims they are.

And meanwhile the children, innocent, and ignorant of the contentions, go on starving.

If Illinois had a few Socialists in its legislature, it is likely that the matter of feeding the school children would soon

be settled. The Socialists would force such a settlement, and force it in favor of the children. They have done this thing in foreign countries, even though they have always been in the minority in the legislatures. The Socialists in the English parliament are forcing the matter of feeding hungry school children, upon the law makers. In Italy they have already had laws passed whereby children are fed at the schools. In Norwegian, German, French and Belgian cities midday meals are provided for those children who care to partake of them. If they can pay a small amount, it is accepted. If not, they are provided without pay. In all these cities where the Socialists are strongest, the children are best provided for.

And this feeding of the children by the city has proven a success. The children are healthier, stronger, and more alert mentally, than are those of our industrial cities, where, like Chicago and New York, so many thousands must go to school day after day, week after week, month after month—with never enough to eat.

The Socialist legislator gets down to the immediate needs of the people. His work is for the man at his labor, the woman in the home, and the child in the school. His business is to protect these. His business is to look to the future welfare of the unborn babe; of the woman who is to be the mother of children; of the male child, who is to be the father of sons.

The dignity of the capitalist legislator lies outside of these things, and away from them. But the honor of the Socialist legislator is wrapped up in them, and is inseparable from them. When he gets away from them he is no longer a Socialist and is turned out of that organization, among old party politicians where he belongs.

Under Socialism there would be no starving children.

Send for sub cards. They are four for a dollar, one dozen for three dollars.

A Study Course in Socialism

The International Socialist Review starts with its November number a Study Course in Socialism, prepared by Jos. E. Cohen, easy enough for a workingman to enjoy as he goes along; thorough enough to give him an insight into capitalist society that will make him doubly effective as a fighter for the Revolution. The Review including the Study Course is a dollar a year; single copies 10c. Book Bulletin free. Address

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Managing Editor.....Kilchi Kaneko
Editor.....Josephine C. Kaneko



Be Sure to Read This Column.

This number of the Socialist Woman is for school teachers. We have had the message written for them. But they will never get it unless you carry it to them. So send in your bundle orders, or send us the names of teachers to whom you want the paper sent, and we will mail them out here. The price is 2c a copy, and you can't get a better propaganda pamphlet than this for that price. 100 copies, \$2. Don't Miss This Opportunity to reach the Teachers.

Do not forget to read our advertisements, and, where you can do so, patronize our advertisers. We want to keep them. We want to get more. You can help.

Read our list of leaflets. Everything you want as an appeal to woman, I think we have now. The working woman, the housekeeper, the temperance worker, the suffragist, can all be supplied—from the Socialist's standpoint.

Lida Parce-Robinson is preparing a course of lessons for study clubs, which will be out in a few weeks. This is a great need in our movement, and every reader of the S. W. ought to have this course, both for her individual and class work. Watch out for it.

That regular monthly bundle is what you want. You always have several friends you want to give the S. W. to, and the bundle will settle that difficulty. Just think, here is the very best propaganda matter for women—and only 2c a copy in bundles. You can't beat that.

We believe you will like our department "The Examiner's Glass." It states the woman's position in so straightforward and frank a manner, without the slightest offense, that both men and women must find pleasure in it. The woman question is a delicate subject, even for Socialists. But handled scientifically it can be made interesting, and full of advantage to society.

Women, do you know that the story by Gertrude Breslau Hunt in this issue of the S. W. ought to be read by every mother in your town? Theresa Malkiel's also, is one that will jar loose that "goodness which is too often a pose," and make the real heart of womankind beat as it never beat before. Mark these articles and pass them on to your blind

neighbor. Make her see for once in her life!

We are omitting the lesson course this month because of lack of space. We are having so many fine things written for the S. W. that we will just have to enlarge the paper the first opportunity. And you can make that possible very soon, if you will. It can be done this way: Hustle the sub list until it runs to 10,000 more in the next three months, and we can secure enough good advertising to pay for enlarging the paper. Some of you have done well in the matter of sub getting; but none of you have done all that you can do. If you had, the S. W. would be three times as large as it is, would have three times its present circulation, and would be carrying a good line of advertising. Can't you see what a Socialist woman's paper could do, once the women got really in earnest?

Last month we suggested that each reader the S. W. put aside one afternoon in which to work for the S. W. A number have said they are going to do this, and already results are coming in. House to house canvas is one of the very best ways to get subscriptions. It takes nerve. But then so does being a Socialist take nerve—and accomplishing anything takes nerve. The main thing is to win out. So set aside your afternoons, and write us about them.

We were obliged to omit our discussion club this month, for the reason that we did not receive enough replies to make up the department up to the closing hour. Some of our readers have been sending in replies for the last month's subject. The matter we receive after the 15th of the month can not be used. So answers must be in before that date. Our Dec. issue is a special temperance edition and we have hardly room for other matter. When we take up our discussion again early in the spring we hope all of you will join and take an active part in it.

Wanted: 1,000 boys and girls who will sell *The Socialist Woman* in every town in the Union. You can make three cents on a copy. Once you have established a route you can make a good thing out of it. You can sell the S. W. at various Socialist meetings, at your locals, in the street or by going from house to house in your neighborhood. One comrade in Los Angeles ordered 400 copies to sell at meetings. At Lewis' Garrick theatre meetings they sold 150 copies every month. Write us for further information. Or send for a bundle of five and see how it works with you.

For 2c you can jar your school teacher loose from the old rock of capitalist conservatism. Suppose you try it. Send in for a bundle of ten.

OUR LEAFLETS.

"The Rebellion of Women," 100 free. Frances Willard on Socialism, 10c per 100, \$1 per 1,000. "Housekeeping Under Socialism," "Where Is Your Wife," "Why the Socialist Woman Demands Universal Suffrage," "Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Socialism," "A Word to Working Women," 20c per 100, \$1.50 per 1,000. Send your order today.

What Women Can Do

"When a woman will, she will, you may depend on't;
When she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't."

Women are notoriously timid creatures. And yet—and yet, anomalies that they are, once they set their heads to a thing they can do wonders—That is why we need them in the Socialist Movement.

At our Tuesday evening meeting at the Girard Local, Miss Caroline Lowe who has been very successfully organizing the women of Kansas into the party, said that she wanted a big meeting in the Court House auditorium, for the women of Girard. The motion passed the local. But next day there were expressions of doubt from some of the comrades as to the possibility of filling the hall; there were questions as to whether it would be good propaganda just at this moment before election. One dear man comrade said, "I don't want to discourage you, but we have never been able to half fill that hall. So don't feel bad if you go down and find it empty." And wasn't \$10 a good deal to spend just now for an empty hall? Just when we needed it for campaign funds, where we could reach more people.

But the meeting was held. Women distributed bills, and made house to house calls, inviting other women and men out. The room was filled to overflowing, and the outside halls held a goodly quota of listeners from beginning to end.

And the program was a complete success. Mrs. Emma Johns Call, a pianist and an artist such as many of us hear but once in a life-time, gave, among other things, Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata, the Verdi-Listz Grand Paraphrase de Concert of "Rigoletto," and a magnificent arrangement of La Marseillaise. Miss Lowe, who is one of our most systematic and polished of speakers, gave the audience such a talk as it had never heard in all its life. Wage slavery, woman and child labor, sex slavery, prostitution—she covered them all, and more, in so logical and impressive a manner that her hearers cannot forget to the end of their days. Henry Laurens Call, an orator of unusual ability gave a selection from Kipling, and responded to an encore with Kipling's "The Capitalist Class." Mrs. Kaneko presided.

It was a high-class program; the house was crowded. The women had succeeded. And even those who had doubted went away rejoicing. And here is a suggestion to women in every town and city: Go and do likewise!

The Struggle of Emma Strade

GERTRUDE BRESLAU HUNT

We sat on the tiny vine draped porch of her cottage home, and spoke of many things, as the sun shed its departing splendor over the clover lot and suburban homes nestling amid the trees.

Emma—for so she had taught me to call her, though she was past fifty and I was but thirty—watched her strong, handsome son stride away whistling, and with that grace which Markham describes as “when all the bodily motions weave and sing.” I studied her face; its peace, its strong, benign kindness, the look of cosmic knowledge touched me with something akin to awe. Finally I asked: “How about Katie? Is she still with you?”

“No, Katie is married. She has a good husband, a comfortable home, and her child with her,” she answered.

Seeing my sincere interest, Emma continued: “I never allowed her to pass herself off for other than she was. I tried to teach her to respect herself while detesting the ignorance that caused her tragedy. After she began to work and study she grew happier and developed a strong character. Her little boy is bright and she enjoyed him greatly after she ceased to be told that he was a disgrace from which she could never recover. Oh, I fought many a battle with interfering neighbors who used all their influence to have her desert her child, as though any woman could be saved by such a monstrous act! I have faith, a great faith in truth and knowledge and my faith has been vindicated in Katie’s case.”

You see, Katie was a young mother—but not a wife—to whom Emma had offered a home and had mothered through to bodily and mental health when virtuous relatives had cast her out.

Emma took up her story with a look of gentle triumph. “She learned dress-making and made her way nicely, for I helped with little Paul, and after Mr. Warren lost his wife—he’s the grocer on the corner—he began, after a time, to drop in pretty often. He had seen Katie from the time she first came, and had always admired little Paul. That child had three times the care and training most children have in this neighborhood! Katie said she wanted to make up to him for giving him such poor parentage, and he is an attractive boy! After his wife’s death Mr. Warren was always wishing that his little Lucille had as good care, and I think it was Katie’s good motherhood that first commanded his respect. Afterward love

came—and what better basis could it have? They are very happy, and though I miss her, I am as proud and happy as she. I am repaid a thousand fold too, for Katie counts me as her real mother, and from choice instead of by an unwelcome accident.”

“Emma,” I asked, after a silence, “however did you manage to raise those three children of yours? You are so small and frail, and have no trade or profession. I have often wondered. And how did you come to take in these girls with their babies? Katie makes the fifth, doesn’t she, or are there more? You are a wonderful woman, Emma, where did you learn so much? If you feel you can tell me the source of your knowledge, love and courage, I should like to know. If it is not proper for me to ask just let it go. You understand my spirit don’t you?”

I saw a change in her face—a sort of bracing as if to endure pain, but she hushed my impetuous words of protest—she reached across and clasped my hand close in her own. “Comrade, you shall know—all. I want to tell you, and now is the time. You are a teacher, a herald of the coming order, you will be asked to give judgment on many questions besides ‘politics,’” and she smiled. “If my poor story can help you any, I want you to have it. It seems to me that the best thing I can say of anyone, is that he or she can be told anything. Such a person will learn much that is hidden from those who refuse to hear truth or demand a lie. I feel I can say this of you. You know now, how much I love and trust you.

“First, I will tell you that I have aided over twenty of these young mothers in the last fifteen years. Katie is the fifth I have had in my house for a period of years. Some were here but a few weeks. As you may guess, my ‘fount of love and courage’ was the crucible of experience. I was married at seventeen back in Ohio. By the time I was twenty-two I had three babies and a drunken husband. I won’t go into details—you have some idea of what that means, haven’t you?”

I felt the shudder that went over her, even after those thirty years, and then—“I was about to become a mother a fourth time, so young, so ignorant, so terrified. I felt I would go insane and he, Richard, came home drunk. He drove the babies into corners and under the bed in terror. I tried to interfere, and he knocked me down. I lost my

baby, of course. And during my sickness, he beat the children and then tried to caress me in his drunken frenzy. I was so weak and overwrought I would have murdered him, if I could. I screamed and raved in my helplessness, but I got well. Nothing can kill a mother but an ax, it seems. Then I began to plan some means of escape.

“My parents couldn’t support me, there was no work there I could do, I was wrecked in health, no one to help me. Father gave me his best young cow for a wedding present, and I had raised two of her calves. One day when Richard was away a cattle buyer came in and asked if they were for sale. I told him if he would come back a week later I would sell them. This was my chance—you can guess the details. I got my little brood, Will, Ruth and Ned, to Chicago, where my married sister was living. My family pitied me but utterly opposed my leaving Richard. Sister Alice was kind to me at first. I had only a few dollars left so we stayed with her. Ned was not two years old and very fretful, but she minded the children while I struggled to support them. I tried everything possible—washing, dishwashing, laundry, canvassing. I fainted away in two places, and they discharged me, and took a stronger woman instead. I saw the children annoyed sister’s husband and I was not earning enough to keep them. Finally Alice said, ‘Emma, I know it’s hard, but you’ll just have to put the children in the orphan’s home. You can’t support them, I can’t keep them. It’s either this, or go back to Richard.’ I resolved to die first. Better my children should die than be slowly brutalized into skulking, untruthful, ignorant youths, possibly crippled by blows—and then there might come others. I would die first. Dr. Burton’s investigation into the cause of the high death rate of babies at the asylums in Chicago came out just then, and I was utterly terrified at the thought of committing my little ones to a place of slow poisoning. Yes, we would die together. Will was always droll and manly, Ruth was such a beautiful happy little sprite, romping and laughing, joyous and loving, little Ned so plaintive and appealing. I thought it a monstrous world, no cruelties of demons or hells could compare with this.

“I was walking slowly home one evening, thinking all this. I had been to answer an ad, and was one of ten turned away. Suddenly a man spoke to me—

he made a strange suggestion. My heart went like ice. Then a gleam of hope pierced me. My God! I had not thought of that. My life I would give gladly, in flame or blood for my children. But that availed nothing now. My labor power unto my last ounce of strength—but none would buy. My sex—that only could be sold, it seemed. Well, if the gods or demons who run this universe—for I thought in theological terms those days—would accept nothing else to save my priceless babes, I would pay their price. I was young, and fair. Had it been otherwise we would not be here. In a few weeks I got a tiny flat and set up housekeeping for George, my sister's husband, suspected, and forbade Alice speaking to me.

"I hardened my face and heart: at least the children were faring well. They knew no beatings, and were fat and well. It was better than living with drunken Richard for them I thought. One day my 'boarder' was brought home terribly injured. There had been a collision between a train and his street car and he had asked to be brought to the flat. I undertook to nurse him, and it was nine months before he got about at all. The railroad paid liberally for his care and I was selling my labor now, and while I was up day and night and worked very hard, I not only stood it but gained in endurance. My nerves recovered from the shocks, and I dreaded the day when Jim should get well. He was allowed \$500 as hospital fees, and I got it. The doctor said I had earned every cent of it. Jim took his own money and went back to Ireland for a visit. I looked around and found this cottage out by these open fields and where I was unknown. I bought it on the installment plan for \$10 a month. Wasn't it a reprieve from Hades, though? I advertised for children to board, and got them finally. Later I sent for dear old aunt Martha to come and help me, and we got along from that time. But there's a little more to tell.

"In a couple of years Jim came back and searched me out. I felt as though I grew tall and strong as I ordered him to go about his business: then he offered to marry me, and I said, 'That wouldn't make any difference, Jim, a dozen ceremonies couldn't make us man and wife. I have made use of you and some others to save my children, and I am safe now. I never want to see you again. Don't pester me in any way. Remember your own mother, never help to destroy any motherhood, Jim, bird, beast or human: it's a divine force for salvation, if anything is? And he just

answered, 'Damned if I don't believe you're right,' and went away.

"Five years later I was coming from market with the children one Saturday evening, and stopped to listen to a man talking on the corner of the avenue. That was the first time I ever heard the word 'Socialism!' I went often after that, with the children hanging to my skirts. I didn't know before that anything so good as Socialism promised was possible. One evening the speaker, Fred Strade, talked on 'Woman and Socialism.' As he spoke of how women are driven to evil, of industries that could be owned and managed by all, where we could go as easily as we send children to school, of an endowed motherhood, and of saving the children, bitter, frozen places in my heart melted, I sobbed aloud in happiness at the possibility of the rescue of all women and children from what I and mine had endured. The comrade came to me and later spoke of my emotion. He walked home with me—and a few weeks later asked me to become his wife.

"I could not deceive Fred Strade nothing but the very best in me would do for him. I felt my blood run cold, but I told him all—all the wretched story. In spirit I knelt at his feet, so greatly did his nobility of character impress me. He heard me through and then clasped my shaking body to his breast and raised my head. 'Poor little woman—poor little mother. Emma, there's not a man in this world good enough for you, but I'll come as near to it as I can.' Tears choked her, but she spoke again soon. "You know, comrade, what a great, noble love means. The sickness of a deep and speechless swoon of joy fell on me. After he went home that night I stood here and stretched my arms out to the wonderful midnight sky and I prayed. 'O, whatever forces of good there be in the universe come to me and help me to be worthy this miracle of blessing: powers of love, all good thoughts, calls of the oppressed, hopes of mothers, make me strong to help him in his task, and to come up to his stature.'

"In a week we married, for Richard was dead. We had eight wonderful years. Fred aided me to study, for my education was slight: my life was so enlarged by the new ideas and efforts and contact with others pursuing a like upward course I could scarcely remember my old self. Then he died very suddenly, chemical poisoning, from his work, and I laid his body in Waldheim. But life has been worth while even since then.

"Comrade, I am certain that not one

woman in ten thousand would choose to substitute any counterfeit for love and motherhood, if they were not denied access to the sources of life. It's a monstrous libel on womanhood. We women have our score to settle with capitalism, and we will have it settled only when it is destroyed. How I envy you your youth and strength and equipment for this battle. There are so many now, the victory is not far off. I am, as Frances Willard's mother wired once:

"As one who stands upon the shore,
And sees the life-boat speed to save,
Though all too weak to wield an oar,
I send a cheer across the wave."

Too deeply stirred to utter words I pressed Emma's hands in the darkness, and felt her grip in return and so only could we express the fullness of our mutual sympathy and hope.

Do You Know Debs?

The more you know him, the more you will appreciate the great manhood that is in him. A complete biography by his life-long friend and co-worker in Socialism—Stephen Reynolds, writings by himself on "How I Became a Socialist," "The Federal Government and the Chicago Strike," speeches on "Liberty," "The Socialist Party and the Working Class," and other oratorical gems, as well as "The Presidential Issue of 1908." All these and more, with appreciations by J. A. Wavland, Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Edwin Markham, Bartholdi and other world-renowned men, printed in book form, finely illustrated, bound in silk, or half Morocco, may be yours at \$2.00 for silk binding; \$2.75 for half Morocco. This book will be the prize gem of your library. Send your orders today.

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GIRARD, KANS.

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BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE.

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Every Socialist home, every Sunday school teacher and every Socialist mother should have these books. They are valuable aids in training children in Socialism right. THE SOCIALIST WOMAN PUB. CO., Girard, Kan.

Cheap Motherhood in America

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

Sacred motherhood!
Divine motherhood!
Be-au-ti-ful motherhood!



I know a voter so chivalrous, so imbued with deferential awe and admiration for the mothers of men, that he would not for a moment entertain the idea of the mother of his brood of six voting.

"Preposterous! Oh, quite preposterous! Why, bless me, it is unwomanly." And that settles it.

I have seen the subject of his chivalric solicitude on her knees—scrubbing. Have seen her in the garden—plucking roses? Oh, no. Hanging out clothes, with her sleeves rolled up to the elbow and the raw wind blowing on her damp arms. I have seen her face scorched with the heat of Saturday's baking.

I have seen her when I thought she needed the protection she never got. But vote? Sacred motherhood! No!

I know another woman who has known what beautiful motherhood meant—seven times. She washes for a living. "How can you do so much?" I asked in amazement at the quantity of work she puts out. "Well, if I get up at four in the morning, I can pretty well get two washings done a day."

Three of her little ones died, so she knows what stricken motherhood means, too, for she loves her children. And she carries her burden alone. She doesn't know where her husband is. He just left one day.

She is not very strong and her one hope is that God will spare her until her little ones are big enough to take proper care of themselves.

It never occurred to this mother that she ought to know anything about government—ought to vote—ought to make demands for herself and her kind. She has but the one desire: "If God will let me live until I raise my children."

Poor God! He doesn't want to kill her. Hard work will kill her. Hard work and poverty. Slavery is killing her.

In France they are pensioning mothers. In France women threatened to stop having children. The race could die out for all of them. They had borne the whole burden too long. Had suffered too much for too little. Then the whole French nation arose in alarm: "Our women aren't bearing us children," it

cried. And the world took up the alarm of "race suicide" in France.

And thus it was that motherhood assumed really sacred proportions in the Third Republic. And France has undertaken the endowment of mothers. If you will bear us children, we will at least help support them, it says.

It is more important than the pensioning of soldiers. Soldiers take life. Mothers give it. "Mothers suffer at the birth of every child as no soldier suffers on the battle field. They suffer at the death of every child a suffering inconceivable to man."

France has decided to pay, not in pretty, empty phrases, for sacred motherhood, but in that which protects the mother from the ravages of poverty, and the child from starvation and early death.

In New Zealand the widows of workers are pensioned. In this country we pension only widows of men who

fight. How much better to pension widows of those who produce—who build up the nation. This gives the little children of the dead working man a chance to follow in the father's footsteps and continue the work of production.

In New Zealand mothers vote. In France they threatened race suicide. In both countries they have received very grave and necessary attention.

What will the mothers of America do to protect themselves, and to gain the actual necessities of life for their young?

They must do something. The sad plight of hundreds of thousands of mothers in America is a disgrace to the nation. Look about you, and you will see upon every hand abused motherhood, insulted motherhood, degraded motherhood. Motherhood in poverty, in rags, eking out a starvation wage at the wash tub, in the factory—in the brothel! Selling her body and soul that her child may live, and then seeing it die by inches, miserably, wretchedly.

Sacred motherhood? Not in the "land of the free" and the "home of the brave." Not in America. Not yet.

THE EXAMINER'S GLASS

The Socialist Woman is this month instituting a new department. It will be the office of this department to examine current events and utterances as they bear upon the relation of woman to society, and the attitude of society toward woman from the standpoint of a class conscious Socialist and a sex conscious woman.

In order to do this intelligently it will be necessary to keep certain facts in mind: (1) The vast majority of women still live in their personal relationships. They have no direct and vital social relations and their powers are restricted in development by the limitations of their environment. (2) This state is due, not to biological structure, but to social restrictive forces, one of which is the essence of the economic system and another of which is social suggestion. (3) Economic changes will affect woman's economic position, and a change in social suggestion will produce a condition more favorable to her development of social relations and a cultivation of her social powers. (4) A small percentage of women have overcome the economic restrictions that still very generally bind the hands of their sex; but the social suggestion of woman's inferiority still interferes with their social efficiency and usefulness.

We are told that it will not do to recognize the sex-struggle. That it would bring dissension into the party, and that anyway, with the economic freedom of woman, which would surely come under Socialism, the sex-struggle would disappear.

We see no reason why such recognition should bring dissension into the party,

unless men wish to continue on the offensive. Women have always been, and are in a defensive position. When the offense ceases the defense will naturally come to an end.

We are convinced by the continuous utterances of Socialist philosophers and party members, that if the co-operative commonwealth could be brought into being now; if the producing man could receive the full value of all he produces, the result would be a parasitism of the female sex. Woman has never, hitherto been a parasite. There has always been too much for her hands to do. But she has, since civilization began, been kept within domestic restrictions, and cut off from social relations until she has become timid by heredity. To do the productive work that is hers by right she must now follow the machine into a social environment; and it is hard for her. She would rather not do it. And the only reason why she is doing it is because her male relations can not support her—they do not receive the full value of their labor. If this could be changed while the mental attitude of the sexes is such as it is today, the men would, almost without exception, prefer to see the women of their families remain in their domestic sphere, subject to their good pleasure in all things, and dependent upon them for the necessities of life. And the women would, with few exceptions, prefer to remain in the "shelter of the home," with its work, now no longer productive but wholly servile. They would be content with their narrow domestic interests; and the atrophy of mind and character that would certainly ensue would be a process swift and calamitous to the race. Socialism will give woman her opportunity. She

must prepare herself to claim that opportunity.

Furthermore, Socialists recognize that the process of evolution would bring in the co-operative commonwealth, in the course of time, quite without the intervention of the Socialist party. But they do not, therefore, foreswear their class-consciousness. Neither do we foreswear our sex-consciousness because of the benefits that evolution may be expected to bring to woman.

Woman's conduct almost universally expresses her timidity, her negative and deprecatory state of mind. And we are so accustomed to it that we assume it to be biological—just a part of being "womanly." Man's attitude is a constant expression of proprietorship; and that too, we accept as being the right thing. We are so accustomed to it that we either deny it altogether, or perhaps we call it "chivalry." As Socialists, we are very keen to point the moral of every passing event or utterance in the light of economic determinism, and the class struggle. We do not do this in a personal spirit. We can afford to be charitable toward the individual offender regarding him merely as the product of his environment. Even so, we shall be very keene to analyze the doings and sayings of men and women, regarding both as the products of a long history in which the sex persecution has been, perhaps, the most constant and fateful element. We shall interpret the utterances of both by the materialist conception of life; and we hope thereby to contribute to an awakening of both men and women to the meaning of freedom, equality and fraternity for women, so that when the co-operative commonwealth shall arrive, women will be found ready to assume the full prerogative of the adult human being, and man will be found ready to acquiesce in this assumption.

The task that woman has to perform is to throw off the heredity of thousands of years of subjection, ostracisms and persecution. She has to find her courage, her independence, her power. More than one man Socialist, when I have spoken to him of these things has tried to assume an airy persiflage and treat the whole subject with levity. But the Socialist party needs woman, equipped with all her powers and she can not reclaim her powers under the constant assertion of her inferiority.

Now, we hate mightily to criticise a Socialist. A Socialist, be he man or woman, can commit almost any crime in the decalogue, and be confident of meeting a forgiving spirit in the breast of the "examiner" editor. But, unfortunately, it is not so simple a matter as one of forgiveness. We might go on forgiving in the most touching manner, till the day of doom, and the suggestion of woman's inferiority would still continue to produce its legitimate results. Such a suggestion coming from a Socialist is just as potent as if it came from a capitalist, and woman can not meet her obligations until she shall have overcome it. Capitalism was built on the subjection of woman. No other foundation could have supported the structure. The freedom of woman is the overthrow of capitalism. While a large measure of Socialism could be established without securing the freedom of woman, the

freedom of woman would absolutely end capitalism. Can Socialists afford to perpetuate the suggestion of her subjection?

"And today if there were universal and equal suffrage, as we have in America, the workers of Belgium would be in control."—Robert Hunter, in *Daily Socialist*, September 24, 1908. No, Mr. Hunter, we have not "universal and equal suffrage in America." We lack just one half of having reached that ideal. For women have not the suffrage and women are people.

"As in Finland, so in this country the Finlanders take their women in politics with them—of course to the uplifting of politics."—*Daily Socialist*, Sept. 24, '08. Are the Finnish women such ciphers that the men "take them in" or leave them out at will? If so, they can hardly justify the possession of power. Is this a thoughtless expression of sex bigotry?

A. Plea to Mothers

AGNES H. DOWNING

"The trouble with Debs is that he puts the happiness of the race above everything else; business, prosperity, property."—Lincoln Steffens.

You are responsible for your children. If they are "good," you are lauded for it. Of course there are fathers who are always willing to credit the good conduct of a child, and even its good looks to his side of the house; but in general you get your meed of praise for the "good" ones. When it comes to those that are not so good there is no dispute; for them you are sure to receive and feel your full quota of censure. Nature and man are at one in this. The embryo life is given the mother to protect and cherish, and so closely is it linked with her life that from then on they rise or fall together.

It is not too much to say that every mother would choose to see her children go right. Every good mother puts this consideration before all else in the wide world. Yet even good mothers are not always successful in this the highest of their aims.

Very early you notice that your little ones are influenced by other children. They want to play the same games, they want to have the same toys, they want similar clothing; they even want the same kind of food. You also learn that do what you will you cannot entirely overcome those influences. In fact they are the social forces, the same that drive you to want things like your neighbors, and they cannot be overcome. This social force that makes us want to be like other people and to care about their good opinion, is the most powerful mainspring to much that is best in human action.

You see it early in the children, and

The "of course" by no means necessarily follows. All women are not good any more than all men are wise. Superior goodness went out of fashion for men as soon as they began to get a little freedom and power. Which was a very fortunate thing, for superior goodness is nothing but a pose anyway, and a rather nasty one at that. And there are indications that women will go out of the uplifting business as soon as they acquire the power to really do social work.

The state of New York has recently enacted laws restricting the freedom of women in contracting marriage. The catholic church has lately decreed that a woman must be married at the home of her family. And now the Federal Supreme Court has ruled that woman can not meet the terms of employment that may be fixed by her employer, because she "depends upon her brother." Plainly, the capitalist class knows what the freedom of woman means.

It would be innocent, desirable and useful only that so many poor little ones are not safe to copy. You see, every day, children that are neglected because of their mother's ignorance, or to put it in other words, because their mothers were first neglected. You see children neglected because their mothers are poor—their fathers out of work, discouraged, drunken or dead. In any case the poor children are a prey to circumstances. They do not have a fair chance.

The neglected children are preyed upon from the start. Those who must work are in dire danger from their occupations. And every evil that threatens them threatens all children; for the bad tastes spread in the same way that the taste for candy, tops or bright ribbons has spread, and with the same power of social force.

Over and over you have been told that you can conquer the force by looking to your own children. "Keep them from bad company;" "Keep them from evil associates." But after hundreds of generations of this method, there is not a thoughtful mother, especially a working mother, but fears to see her son or daughter go out into the society that we have made by following such individualistic advice. The law of averages shows that there are reasons for the fears.

The child's tastes are contaminated in the first place because of the ignorance of the mother. This ignorance has its roots in poverty. But, and this is the terrible fact we must face, the tastes of our youth once perverted, hundreds of "leading citizens" make profit by catering to their depravity. Not alone is license money drawn by the city for illegal and immoral places, but city offi-

cialists sworn to defend the laws draw rents, and enormous rents, from dens of infamy. City prosecutor Woolwine of Los Angeles said recently with respect to this matter:

"In the matter of the 'red light' district the mayor squarely said he would not allow it to be touched. Conditions were terrible. Men close to the highest city officials were rapidly erecting buildings to be occupied as houses of prostitution at enormous rentals, and these dens overshadowed the homes of poor people who could not afford to move out of the district. And all of the time the mayor and police were providing protection." Mr. Woolwine also stated that the police of the city were engaged, not in trying to suppress vice, but in "dragging women into the district," that is, women engaged in prostitution elsewhere were forced into the houses owned by the prominent politicians. What is true of Los Angeles is probably true of other cities. Every student of affairs knows those facts. The term "corruption of the cities" includes this awful moral contamination. And we mothers permit our cities to be in the hands of such men; we kiss our boys and girls good-by and send them out into this melee—it is like pouring pure water into a mud hole.

Our duty to our children is not in anything further that we may do for them directly, but it is in what we can do for the society into which we send them.

A father once told me that he did not want to save his son by any "hot-house method," that he wanted him to grow strong by resisting temptation. But how about the ones that would do the tempting—monsters of sin they would have to be, that were once some mothers innocent children. Do we want to save our own thru sacrifice of others? Even were we so ghoulish the thing is impossible. Our moral sense is not helped by contact with the immoral. If you would make your children great and strong, make for them great conditions; give them plenty that is good and wholesome to contemplate. The only just, the only humane, the only safe way is to make conditions good for all children.

Mothers, accountable as you are to society, to the future, and to yourselves, seek out the party that puts the happiness of the race before everything else. It is the only way that can save your own children.

Does your child learn Socialism at school? His teacher needs educating. This issue the Socialist Woman will do it. Two cents a copy in bundles.

The Changing Fortunes of the Home

III---The Dark Ages and The Home

LIDA PARCE ROBINSON



The weakening of the forces of social control during the decline of Rome produced the most important results for the home. Rival princely families claimed the right of private war, and there was no power strong enough to keep peace between them. The disorder spread to lower levels of society. The industries fell into decay, agriculture became a lost art. The free man became a beggar, the slave saw his shackles fall away; for the powers of government must be strong to hold great numbers of people in captivity. The barbarian became ever more numerous and insistent, and the result was a condition of general insecurity. The home, once more had to defend itself in large measure, as best it could.

As the great families became more independent and industry continued to decline, it became necessary for the common man to attach himself to some war lord, contracting to bear arms in his defense, for the privilege of having a "home" beneath his castle walls. And on this spot he built a little hut of anything that might be handy. Some mud and some stones, a few sticks and a little straw were quite sufficient. Here the home became individualized. Each villein had his wife, who fed and clothed her family, as well as circumstances would permit, while her husband responded to the call to arms, or tilled the ground in a feeble and desultory way. But the feudal lord still had his establishment, embracing many men and women servants, in which certain of the features of communal life were still maintained. Here the relation of concubines no longer subsisted legally; but each woman belonged to her own male relations or to her husband, who held her in the same terms as those in which the patriarch had always held his wife, excepting that he could no longer kill her. She was his property. In short, the patriarchal institution, while it no longer survived in the relations between man and man, remained unimpaired in the relations between man and woman. And on this principle the home of feudal society rested. Thus, while the home became extremely insecure, while subsistence in it became to the last degree precarious, it in no way presented to woman the attraction of freedom. She had

neither the security of a gregarious life nor the compensations of liberty.

But only a certain number of people could live by occupying land under feudal tenure. An enormous number of men found themselves free from chains, but, as is the way of the human organism, enslaved to their own habits of slavery. The communal habit was still dominant in the social consciousness, and it is not strange that we find the same virtues and vices joined with the communal habit of living in those institutions, the monasteries, which were the spontaneous outgrowth of this condition of society.

The monasteries began to organize industry, to cultivate the land systematically. They were the only homes that could offer real security to their inmates. They presented the social feature of living, from which the race had never been weaned away. The monks called themselves "slaves of God," and in imitation of that discipline to which they were accustomed, submitted to the most rigorous penances and exploitation at the commands of that authority which occupied to them the position of master, the Church. To woman, the communal feature of the home was no less an habitual need, and the monasteries substituted for the personal ownership and exploitation of male relations, the less personal and immediate tyranny of the Church. Moreover, the Church secured woman against that violation to which she was notoriously exposed, in the insecure condition of society, and against which the individualized home and family were unable to protect her. It is thus not surprising that the monasteries became the home of an extraordinary number of women during the dark ages.

Meantime, in the medieval towns the artisan plied his trade. Here the home had better defence against attack, and industry was more secure than in the open country. The merchant crept along the coasts with his trading ships and across the deserts with his caravans. Goods and money began to circulate among the people who worked at specialized industry, and among them the level of comfort began to rise. Home became less a place of industry and industrial training. It was no longer self-sufficient socially, as the communal home had been. Social life and interests had to be sought outside, and hospitality became an art which the common man could exercise in the capacity of master instead of that of servant. The home of the artisan and the merchant came to

be a place of comfort and a seat of culture.

As the centuries passed, the monasteries developed into teaching institutions. The body of knowledge was pitifully small; but reading and writing became the object of eager effort, the rudiments of mathematics were taught, and the foundation of those natural history collections which later became the basis of scientific generalization, was laid. As knowledge advanced the schools became ever more popular. The invention of printing gave a great impetus to the demand for learning throughout Europe. The great universities of Bologna, Paris and Oxford were founded and the youth of Europe flocked to them in thousands. It became the fashion for all who made any pretense to wealth or position to send their sons to the schools, and while the schools reflected culture upon the home, they came to be a dangerous rival to its claims, especially as women were excluded from the universities and the home had, therefore, no means of keeping pace in advancement with the schools.

It is quite alarming to think how many of the functions of the home had now been taken from it. How it had been invaded in its prerogatives. In the industrial centers the artisan went out of his home to learn and to ply his trade, and the child went out of it for his education. But still, the farmer forged his tools at the home smithy, the cobbler learned of his father all the several processes of his trade. The girl learned to spin and weave at the hearth-side loom and her mother taught her the mysteries of soap and sausages and pickles.

The question arises: Is home home, outside the family. Must the home continue to discharge its traditional functions in order to be a home? We have seen, in the monasteries for women, a place where defence, subsistence, industry, education and the social life were all secured outside the patriarchal institution and independent of the family. The family was not able to provide for the needs of woman, while it persevered in its tyranny over her. It may be right to regard the monastery as a social home, where those needs were supplied which the family could not meet, and where the tyranny of the family was avoided.

It will be observed that the definition of Hesiod and Aristotle was substantially as applicable as before. The home still consisted of "A man and property." The "man" still had a right to the services of his wife and children. He could make them work, and their wages belonged to him. Thus the home, through-

out medieval times, rested on this vestige of the patriarchal institution—an institution based on the ownership of land and the ownership of persons and of the product of their toil. The ownership of the persons was restricted, the extent of the group was limited, but the ownership of the product of their toil was still intact and the marriage relation was still associated with this economic relationship.

The object of this patriarchal feature of the family, it will be remembered, is to enable the patriarch to own property, and to secure legitimate heirs for the inheritance of the property. To keep the property in the family of the patriarch. It is rather pitiful to observe the poor villein of the middle ages, with no prospect of ever owning even the miserable thatch that shelters his head, aping the position and state of the patriarch and laying claim to the ownership

of the family on the historical pretext that the family will be endowed with property in reciprocation for the disadvantages of their chattel condition.

The practical product of this home was, that an enormous number of progeny were produced, whose uses were to fight the battles of the feudal lords. And a reliable source of subsistence was secured, in the labor of the women and the young, to mature and feed the armies of the quarreling chieftains. The patriarch-serf started out to get riches for himself, and he came to be cannon-food for his "betters."

Without the principle of physical ownership at the basis of the home, it is doubtful if those prodigious families would have been produced, which made human life the cheapest thing on earth, and human blood the commodity with which the "honor" of princes was maintained.

What Others Say on the Woman Question

The Bitter Oppression of Woman

Teresa Billington-Greig in the Contemporary Review.

Even in our day women are subjected to unfair legal restrictions, they are economically oppressed, and they have to submit to sexual and social wrong, for which they have no redress. The laws of almost all civilized nations are unfair to women in their terms and in their administration. Neither their persons nor their property are sufficiently secured from abuse. The marriage laws and the laws of parentage make unfair distinctions between men and women. The modern labor market is thronged with millions of women workers, by whom the struggle for existence has to be fought against pitiless economic combinations and universal sex-prejudice. The wages and conditions of the majority of these women are below the level necessary for decency, health and morality. Added to this the labor of the great body of women working in the home receives no adequate acknowledgment. These women are regarded as the dependents of their husbands, for whom they toil unpaid. Nor is this all. They are expected to be grateful for mere maintenance, and there is no legal statute by which a mother can secure for herself and her children a proportionate share of her husband's earnings. Then there is a graver evil still. The false training of women and the denial to them of economic independence, in conjunction with the immoral license allowed to men, provide the conditions and the victims. The extent of this evil is indicated by the unending supply of women and girls who are sacrificed in thousands upon our public streets, by the filling of our hospitals and lunatic asylums with human wreckage, by the shame that attaches to all matters of sex in the common mind, and by the tainting of the innocent children of the race.

The Morals of Women

W. I. Thomas in the American Magazine.

Man has always insisted that woman shall be better than he is, or, at any rate, that she shall limit her immoralities to such forms as he does not greatly disapprove. There has, in fact, been developed a particular code of morals to cover the peculiar case of woman. This may be called a morality of the person, and of the bodily habits as contrasted with the commercial and public morality of man. Purity, constancy, reserve and devotion are the qualities in woman which please and flatter the jealous male; and woman has responded to these demands both really and seemingly. Without any consciousness of what she is doing—for all moral traditions fall in the general psychological region of habit—she acts in the manner which makes her most pleasing to men. She also constitutes herself the most strict censor if that morality which has become traditionally associated with woman, naively insists that her sisters shall play well within the game, and throws the first stone at any woman who bids for the favor of men by overstepping the limits of modesty.

Sons Pensioned; Mothers Not

The New York Evening Journal.

All over the world the mother problem is a great and shamefully neglected problem. Women bring children into the world, they suffer, bear every possible disadvantage from the beginning to the end, and they are turned away, or brutally cheated and underpaid, when they ask for a chance at hard labor to support the children that they have given to the nation. Women are condemned to live with vile brutes, because the brutes at least keep the roof over the children. When man has money the woman is at his mercy, and when he has no money she is at the mercy of his poverty and of conditions. She suf-

ers for the childrens' sake in silence, she works for them willingly if she can get work. She is forced against her will to be a menace to and a competitor with the good workman, for, with her children before her, she must and she will do whatever work is demanded of her, take whatever pay is offered, rather than see her children starve. What a disgrace it is to this country of ours, and to every other, that the government pension rolls of scores of millions annually are pension rolls only for men that have fought! How shameful that a pension should never have been thought of for mother that gives the writer, the thinker, the worker, the mother who suffers at the birth of every child as no man suffers on the battlefield, the mother who suffers at the death of every child, a suffering that is absolutely inconceivable to man!

The White Slave Trade of Today

Edwin W. Sims in Woman's World.

It is only necessary to say that the legal evidence thus far collected establishes with complete moral certainty these awful facts: That the white slave traffic is a system—a syndicate which has its ramifications from the Atlantic seaboard to the Pacific ocean, with "clearing houses" or "distributing centers" in nearly all of the larger cities; that in this ghastly traffic the buying price of a young girl is \$15 and that the selling price is generally about \$200—if the girl is especially attractive the white slave dealer may be able to sell her for \$400 or \$600; that this syndicate did not make less than \$200,000 last year in this almost unthinkable commerce; that it is a definite organization sending its hunters regularly to scour France, Germany, Hungary, Italy and Canada for victims; that the man at the head of this unthinkable enterprise is known among his hunters as "The Big Chief."

When once a white slave is sold and landed in a house or dive she becomes a prisoner. The raids disclosed the fact that in each of these places is a room having but one door to which the keeper holds the key. In here are locked all the street clothes, shoes, and the ordinary apparel of a woman.

The finery which is provided for the girl for house wear is of a nature to make her appearance on the street impossible. Then, added to this handicap is the fact that at once the girl is placed in debt to the keeper for a wardrobe of "fancy" clothes which are charged to her at preposterous prices. She cannot escape while she is in debt to the keeper and she is never allowed to get out of debt—at least until all desire to leave the life is dead within her.

The examinations of witnesses have brought out the fact that not many of the women in this class expect to live more than ten years after they enter upon their voluntary or involuntary life of white slavery. Perhaps the average is less than that. Many die painful deaths by disease, many by consumption; but it is hardly beyond the truth to say that suicide is their general expectation. "We'll all come to it sooner or later," one of the witnesses remarked to her companions in the jail, the other day, when reading in the newspaper of the suicide of a girl inmate of a notorious house.

Equality of the Sexes

A Scotchman in the Western Clarion.

Kant, while yet young and indiscreet, occasionally unearthed a truth, and he has put this proposition in a nutshell. Says Kant: "Man and woman together complete the organism; the one is the complement of the other." This terse phrase is frequently quoted by writers on the woman question and apparently absolutely without the slightest appreciation of its consequences. Complements, be it noted, cannot be compared. For one thing to be the complement of another it must have that which the other lacks and lack that which the other has. The two must, so to speak, dovetail the one into the other. Necessarily it follows that they cannot be compared. So if man and woman are the complements of one another, to speak of one being the inferior, equal or superior of the other is as sensible as it would be to dilate on the inferi-

ority, equality or superiority of the violin to the bow.

That Kant's dictum is true is easily seen by a slight excursion into the domain of biology where we find the primal organism a sexual. There is neither male nor female, but just organisms, which continue to multiply. The next step is the bi-sexual organism where the one organism has both male and female organs, and is capable of self-fertilization as with the majority of flowering plants, some of which are habitually self-fertilizing, while others hold the power in reserve to be used should cross-fertilization fail to take place. In the latest stage of evolution the bi-sexual organism proper ceases. The two sexes are separate and independent of one another to a degree. Woman is neither man's equal, superior nor inferior, for the simple reason that there is no basis for comparison between them.

LETTER-BOX

—Last week I sold about 14 copies of the Socialist Woman at the street meetings here in Chicago, and it gave me great pleasure to see how eager men and women were to buy it. I am only sorry we did not adopt the plan of using The S. W. at our street meetings before. Dorothy Marie Madsen, Chicago, Ill.

—I liked your September number best of all. It continually improves. Mr. Kaneko is certainly original. He said such different things from the common herd about women in his letter to his sister in Japan. May Beals, Maryville, Tenn.

—The last issue is great! If possible the magazine grows better all the time. Tried to get a reading at the California State Woman's Suffrage convention held here Friday and Saturday last, of Mrs. Kaneko's article on "What will the woman suffrage convention do for the working woman?" Not being a member of the organization, however, found it difficult with their lengthy program to crowd it in, much to my regret. Sincerely hope provision has been made to have this issue fully circulated at the national convention of suffragists. It would be a pity to let such an opportunity pass without availing ourselves of it. Then, too, "How I became a Socialist agitator," by Kate Richards O'Hare so beautifully and feelingly expressed. I hope it will be put in leaflet form, so we can distribute it. We are busy people in the field, but are endeavoring as much as possible to keep The S. W. in view. Emma P. Gray, San Francisco, Cal.

—Please send me 400 copies of The S. W. for October for which find \$8.00 postal order inclosed to pay for same. I am going to sell them together with the Appeal in this town at various meetings. J. Callahan, Los Angeles, Cal.

—Your September number is really a fine one. I want five more of it. After a month or so I shall have more time and then I am going to work to get subs. for your paper, for when I am working for that I feel positive that I am working for the future best interests of my children. We live in a small suburb of Tacoma, and there are very few Socialists here, but I imagine there will be more before winter is over. Am an ar-

dent admirer of both Mr. and Mrs. Kaneko's writings. Mrs. E. E. Oglive, Wash.

—The September issue is the greatest yet. It seems to cover every phase of woman's condition. It not only serves to awaken women but is an educator of those awakened. Mrs. S. E. Bowman, Los Angeles, Cal.

—It is with pleasure that I send you the above subs. I have the honor of being one of the National Organizers of The S. W. and I certainly consider The Socialist Woman as a valuable medium in the propaganda. In nearly every town I visit I find many women beginning to take a deep interest in the Socialist movement. Will try to obtain subs. for your paper. Clinton H. Pierce, Sidney, Ohio.

—Please find enclosed eight names and the money for same. I have had two promise to pay, but I feel so proud of The Socialist Woman that I am anxious my acquaintances should read it, that I have not even asked them to subscribe. But will cheerfully pay the rest out of my own pocket. Julia Lando, Indianapolis, Ind.

—Send me The Woman for another year. I cannot do without it, altho I have lost everything I possessed by the fire in six hours. I will do all I possibly can for the sale of your splendid magazine. Mrs. Joseph L. Allan, Fernie, Canada.

—You have a big task on your hands. In my opinion one of the greatest importance and most far-reaching consequence to the Socialist movement. But you will succeed. It is a great honor and still greater pleasure to be a part in a movement where women of such intelligence, ability and strength of character as the writers and contributors to The Socialist Woman call us "comrades." V. F. Barth, Seattle, Wash.

—The secretary of our Woman's Union said last week, "The Socialist Woman grows better with each issue." Hope you will continue the lesson outlined, as we want to get down to study as soon as the weather is cooler. Mary P. Roe, Omaha, Nebr.

—You will hear from me again with another bunch of subs. as I am going to

take your advice and put in one day each week working for the Socialist Woman and the Cause in other ways. Josephine Weid, Okla.

—I liked Mr. Kaneko's article so much on "Letters to Little Sister." It has so much valuable information in it for students. I am going to reprint it in the Montana News. Ida Crouch Hazlett, Helena, Mont.

—We whose names I sent in received our papers, and all have expressed themselves as being well pleased with the first copy. We hope soon to see your own pictures and write-ups accompanying them. I am sure each reader will second this. Gertrude Punshon, Ind.

—I enjoy each number of the paper better than the last, and wish you all success. Leah Levin, Los Angeles, Cal.

—It would be hard for me to get along without The S. W. It is just what every thinking woman needs. Ottilia Schriver, Kentucky.

—Let me congratulate you on the growth in volume and circulation of your splendid little magazine. It has already become an indispensable factor in the growing Socialist woman's movement of our country. Meta L. Stern, New York.

—Your paper is fine, and I know if women can be induced to read it, they will eventually see the light and become Socialists. Camille Midney, Dayton, Ohio.

—Was very much interested in your letter in The S. W. for September to your sister in Japan and appreciate your analysis of various writers and dramatists. Lena Morrow Lewis, N. Mex.

—The enclosed nine are the result of about two hours' work, and they came so easily that I shall try to get you some more before long. They were all I could spare the time for just now. Mary E. Babbitt, Ohio.

—I greatly enjoy the paper. Think you are doing a splendid work and shall do all in my power to enlarge the circulation. Margaret Bacon, Los Angeles, California.

—Find enclosed \$4 for 200 copies S. W. We women are going to distribute them at the National Suffrage convention, as you suggested. Distributed the 1,000 leaflets. Martha M. Klein, Buffalo N. Y.

—If all poor women could read that last number it would be fine! Will write to other comrades to try and help get subs. I am only a man but I know a good thing when I see it. O. J. Christensen, So. Dak.

—I am sending 10c for a monthly bundle S. W. I am the only Socialist in the family, as my husband cannot "see it" at all, and there is little else I can do to help, besides handing out one of the dearest, bravest little papers in the world to my unseeing women friends. I am choosing Friday as my "Socialist day," as it is my lucky day, and hope there will be a harvest from the small sowing, even tho it is unknown to me. Alice C. Voorhis, Vt.

—I especially like the October issue. Hone Comrade Theresa Malkiel will write more. I am a Socialist primarily because I believe women should be free, and for her to be free means that she must be economically free, and also she should not be dependent on any mere man for her "board and clothes." Will do all I can for The S. W. Alvin L. Heim, Ind.

—Here is a club of eight subs. for your magazine to begin with. Will start a

club for study on the woman question next Sunday. Anything you have in leaflets to help along send to me. Will pay for them. Mary E. Bissett, Ariz.

The National Movement.

Philadelphia, Pa.—The Woman's Socialist League of Philadelphia gave two picnics during the summer, the first being addressed by Mrs. Fraser, of New York, and enough literature sold to defray expenses. The second was addressed by Miss Potter, also of New York, and was a financial success. Bebel's "Woman" is being studied at present, and all reports of women's work in leagues are read and discussed. It is hoped that Sunday school work can be taken up shortly. The women are enthusiastic and continued success is assured.

Kansas—Within the past five weeks seventy-five women have been organized into the Woman's Committee of the Socialist party in Kansas. Miss Caroline Lowe is the organizer, and the organizations were formed in Ft. Scott, Englevale, Ashley Camp, Pittsburg, Coffeyville, and Girard. In each of these places the women are lending new stimulus to the local movement. Miss Lowe will proceed into northern and western Kansas to organize the women there. We predict much for the future of the woman's movement in Kansas.

Girard, Kan.—The Woman's committee, or study club, of Girard, is doing excellent work, both in the matter of lessons, and in propaganda agitation. The members are enjoying very much the course of lessons outlined in the Socialist Woman. At the last meeting of the study class twenty-one women were present, ranging in age from 16 to 80 years. Much is promised by this class. Two propaganda meetings have been held—one in Franklin, and one in Girard. At both places the hall was filled to the doors, and a number of votes were made for Socialism.

Toronto, Can.—A Socialist Woman's Study Club has been organized in Toronto, after the style of that formed in Anderson, Ind. The object of the club is to increase the knowledge of its members as to woman's position in capitalist society, and her status in previous stages of the world's development. The club will meet weekly on Monday evenings. Membership fees are ten cents per month, this to include a copy of "The Socialist Woman" each month. The balance of the funds raised will be used to purchase books, for study, leaflets for distribution, and the necessary expense of the club.

New York, N. Y.—The last meeting of the central committee of the Socialist Women's Society of America took place in the New Yorker Labor temple on Oct. 8, 1908. Comrade Greier Kramer of Branch 6, Elizabeth, N. J., presided at this meeting. The reports of the different Branches were quite pleasing, but that of Branch 7, Newark, N. J., was especially pleasing as Comrade Killenbeck was elected candidate to the school board of the board of education of New Jersey. A new branch was organized in Greenville, N. J., through the diligent work of

Comrade Henry of Newark, N. J. Comrades Stahl and Henry went to Camden, N. J., and Philadelphia, Penn., to find out about the organization of the branches there, and gave pleasing reports. The secretary of the International bureau gave the reports which showed active correspondences, especially over the following subjects: 1. Woman suffrage. 2. Young people's organizations. 3. Socialist Sunday schools. Different motions and resolutions for the 10th convention were laid before the Central committee and became the order of the day and the matter of the convention.—Martha Orland, English Sec'y.

Springfield, Mass.—The interest and numbers of members are increasing in the Socialist Woman's Study Club, and though we have not planned any definite line of work, our meetings are proving interesting and instructive by general discussion on some question, conducting the business meetings according to parliamentary rule, and devising ways and means to propagate Socialism. The subject at the last meeting was "Echoes from the Red Special." Mrs. Carey, wife of the nominee for governor, was present, and having spent several days on the train, helped to make the women feel they needed to help in bringing about the co-operation commonwealth. I myself went from here to Boston, and having talked a few moments with Comrade Reynolds and other comrades, I am convinced that time is well spent in arousing women.—M. L. Pease, Secretary Springfield Local.

Rochester, N. Y.—Wish I could tell you about the Debs meeting here on October 2d, so you could see it as we did, the crowds, the enthusiasm, the music, the weather, the speakers and the way the women took part. It was the finest meeting we have ever had, and we have had some very fine meetings. It was held in Convention Hall, and the daily papers stated five thousand people heard Debs. From the way the people shouted one would think there were twice that many. Eight women of the movement helped sell the literature and take up the collection, and they did it well. The collection amounted to \$187.70, which we are glad to say will help the "Red Special" a little. After the meeting we adjourned to headquarters, where the women served refreshments. The "Red Special" has gone from here, but not the enthusiasm, and we are going to have large meetings, and we hope a large increase in the vote.—Nettie Martindale.

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