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Martha A. Porter

The women of the south have not fallen short in the great wave of feminine advancement that is sweeping the country. The progress they have made in the last few years, considering all they have had to contend with, is remarkable and has made an easy stepping stone for those who are to follow.

The time is here when it is absolutely necessary for women to be in touch with all the different lines of thought in the every-day life conclusively, thousands are grouped into the different women's clubs.

"Little Mrs. Porter," of New Orleans, La., was born in Wabash county, Indiana, where she spent her girlhood and taught school for several years. She has been affiliated with woman suffrage for twenty-five years, and has been an ardent, active Socialist for ten years, believing that women must understand politics, for the one thing greater than freedom is the knowing how to use it. In New Orleans she has had a long, fierce battle for Socialism, and at times has had to use her every effort to keep the local alive till it seems that she is the mother of the organization there.

She is one of the many Socialists who have worked so hard and will never realize the good they have accomplished. She is well known throughout Louisiana, has addressed

the different locals, and has never been known to refuse to argue Socialism with any one, irrespective of age, size, color or sex. Not long since she had the opportunity for the first time of debating the subject in the Era Club of her city. It was no small triumph for her, for she has striven for many years to get her co-workers in this club to study the question of Socialism. When Mrs. Philip Snowden, the bright and popular suffragette from England addressed the Era Club just before her return to her native shores, Mrs. Porter asked her what party she would vote for if she had the ballot. Mrs. Snowden responded that she would very likely vote the Socialist ticket, but first of all she must secure her right to a vote.

All comrades who have visited New Orleans have been hospitably received, and all who may do so in the future will find a cordial welcome at the Porter House.

Mrs. Porter has a parrot whose by word is, "I'm a Socialist." It is needless to add that Polly has quite a reputation.

Along with her otherwise busy life, Mrs. Porter has found time to raise two talented children, the daughter, Miss Edna, being a successful actress, now playing with the Morrison Faust company, and the son a very competent musician.

Dr. Parkhurst on the Suffragist

E. M. H.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, who is doing some pyrotechnic stunts of a certain literary quality, on the first page of the New York Evening Journal, has recently expressed himself regarding women suffragists. Among other things he says: "It would be just as easy to fall in love with an avalanche or with a blizzard as with a woman's rights woman. And a woman that is not of the kind to fall in love with misses both her opportunity and her destiny.

"They—women—have larger resources of influence today than men have, if they only knew how to use it. A woman that is affectionately sagacious is mistress of the whole situation. She cannot throw man in a wrestling match, but can easily draw him by the cords of sweet and intelligent enticement.

"Woman is certainly made to be loved, so that it can be confidently affirmed that whatever renders her less lovable renders her less womanly."

Now wouldn't that set me going some if I was a "woman's rights" woman? The fact of the matter is,

that it does anyway. Whenever I hear a male creature talk about women using their "sweet and intelligent enticement" when they want anything from the lords of creation it makes my blood run cold.

Let us suppose that I had a wife; a nice, nifty sort of a creature, that I thought a plenty of; and suppose she took a notion that the school house where our little Mary and Jimmie went for their intellectual training was nothing but an unsafe fire trap and she wanted it fixed up or torn down, which desire would be perfectly proper and legitimate on her part, seeing that the children were precious to her; and suppose she had no means of getting the old school house fixed up or torn down, except by applying to the masculine members of the school board. And suppose her feminine instinct told her that she would have no influence with that crusty old set in the world unless she should resort to the "cords of sweet and intelligent enticement." Then suppose they began to respond to this "sweet and intelligent enticement" and smiled

at her in that rapid way that men responding to such enticement can smile.

Holy smoke! Do you think I would like it? I'd rather she had the ballot any day. Because then she could go and simply tell those men what they had to do, if they wanted her support next election, and there wouldn't be any "enticement" business about it.

Or suppose I had grown daughters at work in a big department store and they wanted their wages raised. Do you think I would advise them to get the floor walker, the manager, or what not of the store interested in their desires through the exercise of an "affectionate sagacity?" If I was an honest and decent dad, I wouldn't. Too many innocent girls have lost their souls in following just such pernicious advice as this of the Doctor's. Drawing men by "sweet enticement" and "affectionate sagacity" is like handling dynamite. The sooner women can run their affairs in life without it the better for them.

"Woman is certainly made to be loved, so that it can be confidently affirmed that whatever renders her less lovable renders her less womanly." Maybe. But personally I don't believe a woman has any more business standing around the world waiting to be loved than a man has. There are many things of value in life besides sex love. But supposing this is true, what is it that is going to render woman less lovable? To the modern, up-to-date, fairly intelligent man, the woman to be avoided is the clinging vine, who doesn't know that she has any brains, and would bore him to death by her inanity the first evening they spent together after the marriage knot was tied. What the modern man really likes is a bright little creature whose eyes shine with intelligence, who is able to stand on her own feet, and who keeps his life from becoming dull and sordid in an effort to keep along beside her in her grasp of the world's progress.

And you can bet your best necktie that such a woman is going to look out for the welfare of her sex, and of the children of the land. And if she gives us men an occasional black eye in the process—why, that is her right, too. We know we need it, and will add respect to our love for her because of it.

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Does the American Woman Want War?

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO



In every daily paper we pick up, no matter what its political coloring, we find forecasts of war. Men discuss the probabilities of war on the street corners and at their places of business; the magazines have leading articles on the subject; even the women sometimes speak of it.

And yet nobody seems the least bit put out over the prospect. It is

spoken of quite calmly and dispassionately, as if we were proposing an airship line to Europe, or a subway from New York to San Francisco. Nay, it creates even less personal interest than would the discussion of these projects.

And why? Do you know what war means? War, with its carnage and its bloodshed? War, with our fathers and brothers and sons sacrificed in its conflicts? War, with our homes desolate and draped in mourning? Do you know what it would mean to kiss your loved ones and send them out of your door and away into that horrible carnage? What it would mean to sit in an agony of suspense from one week's end to another, waiting, watching, hoping for news, and yet fearing when a paper or a letter came that it might carry an unbearable message for you?

Does it take a very great stretch of imagination to think what all this would mean? And yet the women of the land seem wonderfully indifferent.

Perhaps they think that war means a fight for the son of the woman in the next county or the next state. That it would never invade their family. That it wouldn't be their husbands or their sons, who would be called out to receive in their tender flesh the biting powder and the death-dealing shot.

But don't allow yourself to rest on any illusion like that. If there is war it means *your* son, the boy for whom you bore the birthpangs; it means *your* husband, *your* brother, as much as any one else. Those whom you have had no share in electing to office have already provided for that. The Dick Militia Bill, which became a law in 1903 has this for its first section:

Be it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America in congress assembled, That the militia shall consist of every able bodied male citizen of the respective states territories and the District of Columbia, and every able bodied male of foreign birth who has declared his intention of becoming a citizen, who is more than eighteen and less than 45 years of age, and shall be divided into two classes—the organized militia, to be known as the National Guards of the state, territory, or District of Columbia, or by any such other designations as may be given them by the laws of the respective states and territories, and the remainder to be known as the *reserve militia*.

So the men of *your* family, if they are between the ages of eighteen and forty-five, and are able bodied, *are now* members of the reserve militia, subject to a call from the president of the United States at any time, and any who "shall refuse or neglect to present himself upon being called forth shall be subject to trial by court martial."

Those who predict war say that it will be one of the worst carnivals of murder and blood shed the world has ever known. Never in the history of the world have the nations of the earth been so crowded upon each other, so set to it to keep themselves independent of each other and responsible only to themselves. They cannot prevent either their commerce or their people from entanglements with other nations. With the expansion of industry commerce knows no border lines, but seeks an outlet wherever it may be found, and with the improvements in the modes of travel, and the methods of rapid communication, the people over crowded in one country seek relief from their condition in another.

All this is in line with evolution, which finally will force the amalgamation of nations and peoples. But we are very ignorant today. The times are forcing issues that we are not ready to meet intelligently, and the result will be fighting and wrangling and unjust oppression among the peoples of the various countries until they learn that the world belongs to all, and that it is to the interest of all to live peaceably together upon it. It is large enough, and rich enough, and kind enough to afford life and sustenance—and more, it is lavish in possibilities discovered and undiscovered—for those who are born upon its bosom.

We ought to know this fact today. For now is one of the times when *knowledge* would save an unthinkable amount of torment and suffering. We may hinder, but we cannot *stay* the world's progress, so the enlightened thing would be to accept it intelligently,

and arrange our mode of thought and living to keep step with it. But will we do it?

If war is precipitated it will be at the hands of those classes most greedy of holding large, unearned, unnecessary shares of the world's wealth. These wish to hold and to expand their territories, and will endeavor to do it at the expense of millions of lives of those who are without property and therefore without rights, in the real sense of the term. And whether war comes between the United States and Japan, between our country and Mexico, or between the rich and poor of our country, it will be the poor who will do the fighting on both sides. Those who precipitate the war will see to that, and the ignorant masses will fall in line.

If war comes, there will be one class of people, however, who will not bear arms on either side. These will be the women. It seems to me that the position of the women will be a peculiar one, in such a case. Unlike their sisters of old, they are no longer homebound, ignorant of public activity and public affairs. With six million wage earning women, 800,000 organized club women, hundreds of thousands of suffrage women, all taking more or less active interest in public affairs—what will their attitude be in time of war?

In other words—*will the women of the United States have nothing to say on this subject of such importance to them?* Will the womanhood of the nation sit in supine silence while the men of their hearts go out and tear each other to pieces in the interest of—a few greedy capitalists? Will all this thinking, suffering, toiling aggregation of human beings do nothing to prevent war?

Is it not time today, that the women of America began their protests against any future slaughter of their men folks? That they bound themselves together in one vast anti-war league which had for its purpose the abolition of war forever from our land? A prominent writer has said that if the people of this country could have taken a certain stand a few years ago, war in the near future might have been averted. Now, he contends, it is too late. But is it too late?

It is a serious question, women of America. We are on the verge of a great transition in our social life. Shall we allow this transition period to be marked by a carnage of bloodshed worse than the world has ever known, or shall we set ourselves seriously and vigorously to see that the line is passed with as little friction as possible?

Surely, the mothers of men, for once in the world's history, will have something to say on this matter of such tremendous moment to them.

A Gigantic Scheme

To Give Organized Vice Legal Recognition and Protection From the State

MISS M. E. HUGHES in the *Liberator*

The following article on the regulation of vice is not a news story. We give it as proof of the manner in which our wise (?) legislators handle this question of vital importance to womankind.—Ed.

AN ACT.

To prescribe the limits in cities of 300,000 population and over in which houses of ill-fame, hawdy houses, houses of prostitution and assignation houses must be located, defining said district in the City of St. Louis, providing for the regulation and control of said houses and the inmates thereof, and prescribing penalties for the violation thereof.

If ever woman's righteous wrath and indignation reached the boiling point it was when we sat in the committee room at the state capitol to hear the above measure discussed and listened to the arguments of the promoters of this infamous bill.

The first thing that the author of the bill did was to present a large bundle of petitions.

"We have here petitions that have been signed by practically all the bankers, the real estate men, the doctors, nine hundred mail clerks, men in various lines of business and professions and by a great many prominent clergymen of St. Louis asking for the segregation of places of ill-repute. These clergymen represent the Catholic, Protestant and Jewish churches." As he spoke he displayed the petitions with the signatures.

The author of the bill, assisted by one ex-Senator Somebody, gave many reasons why this bill should become a law. They started out by attempting to prove that the social evil was a necessary evil.

"If it were not for this class of women no virtuous woman would be safe in St. Louis," said the author of the bill.

Of course, it would be out of the question to expect that good men themselves would protect women. We have read about such in ancient history, in romance and in fairy tales, but according to the modern man's own testimony they don't exist in the present day!

Now, if the situation is really so alarming and the men in St. Louis have such anxiety about the safety of women, then why in the name of goodness and common sense don't they pass a law providing special officers for our protection if the present body of officials haven't time or authority to protect the women of this city? Or why don't they pass a law permitting women to carry a loaded revolver or a good sized club? I'll venture that the average woman can take care of herself thus equipped. But better still, why don't these chivalrous (?) men adopt some method or pass some law that will properly deal with and dispose of that

class of villains which are so dangerous to womankind?

But no, they want to legalize and perpetuate this diabolical traffic which takes from the ranks of pure womanhood, according to the general estimate, almost five thousand victims a year in the city of St. Louis.

Where is any safety, economy or wisdom in such a so-called system of protection!

Do men think that women are such fools as to believe their arguments?

No intelligent woman today for one moment believes that her honor and safety depends upon the dishonor and destruction of her sisters. Whatever dishonors her sister dishonors her, and the tolerated, protected demi monde is the greatest insult that a city can offer to pure, honorable women!

"Put these women away from everyone else. Keep them from our churches, our schools and our homes," said these men.

The outcast woman troubles the church, the school and the home very little so far as her personal presence is concerned. In a most vital way these three institutions are affected by the redlight iniquity, but it is *not* through the "scarlet woman," for she is practically barred out from each. It is through the "scarlet man" against whose ravages there seems to be no barriers either social or statutory.

It is not the "scarlet woman" who is the hypocrite in the church today; it is the "scarlet man." It is not the woman of the street who demoralizes the home and carries disease, ruin and death to innocent lives. It is her companion in sin—man.

If these women are so valuable as our protectors why should they be banished from our homes and churches? The home should receive them as its most honored guests; the church by all means should be active, not in closing its doors upon the abandoned Magdalene, but in reaching out for her rescue.

Jesus said, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her."

And the woman was stoned to death! Not at all. Her cowardly accusers sneaked away condemned of their own guilt.

And Jesus said to the woman, "Go—into that territory which is bounded on the north by Cass avenue, south by Chouteau avenue, west by Jefferson avenue and east by the Mississippi river, and there shalt thou commit adulteries and whoredoms and thou shalt not be condemned by any man for thou art a necessary evil; but when thou diest thou shalt go to hell because there is no salvation for women like thee."

No, Jesus did not say anything of the kind, but that is what these churches are saying.

Jesus said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, sin no more."

The doors of our churches and homes are not closed to the male prostitute and libertine; and why not? This foul, unclean creature crowds into the congregation, sits in the front pew and sings in the choir, and his heart is as black as hell. He has never known repentance, in fact, he does not think that he has anything to repent of, although he may have destroyed dozens of pure young girls. It is this vile-hearted vulture who is demoralizing society, who preys upon innocence and virtue, who scatters disease and ruin broadcast and from whose contamination no one is safe. In by far the majority of cases the poor, abandoned creatures of the redlights owe their downfall to just such as he.

Of course these men want a "reservation" to which they can consign their victims when they are ready to discard them and go after fresh prey; and then to think of preachers being in favor of such "reservation!"

Some time ago there was considerable said about a Vice Syndicate in this city, and we believed in its existence. We did not, however, suppose that the *business and professional heads were so generally identified with it*, nor that so many preachers would get tangled up in its projects.

Talk about regulating this infamy! Just as well talk about regulating the devil! If the officers fail to give attention to this evil when the law prohibits it, do you think they will trouble themselves about it when it is made a lawful business?

The atrocious crimes and deeds perpetrated upon helpless victims in these dens of iniquity are too horrible to relate and what would they be when once this loathsome, fiendish traffic is given the protection of the law?

Let the law but give the brothel keeper and the saloon keeper a district where they can carry on business unmolested, and all the machinery of the underworld would soon be in full operation there, and Satan might well set up there his throne for he would have complete control.

"It will take seventy blocks for this district."

Just think of seventy blocks of buildings built according to the modern style of brothels, owned and inhabited by the vicious element and located in the heart of the city!

"The madams of this district will have a rescue home for girls who want to leave the life and also a children's

home for children that belong to the women and girls. These homes will be managed by Catholic and Jewish nuns," said the author of the bill on one occasion in an attempt to show the good points in this wonderful system of regulation.

Most brothel keepers are just about as much interested in the real rescue work as the devil is interested in supporting a church which is engaged in the real salvation of souls.

"We have a petition signed by 3,600 working girls in St. Louis imploring that something be done to protect them from assaults and insults which they have to meet," said the author of the bill.

Well, we cannot see how these girls are to be benefited by the kind of legislation which the bill provides for, and their very petition is a proof that the demi monde of St. Louis has failed in protecting them.

"We must have this district in order to protect our children and working girls against these evil influences," said one of the men.

In the very territory designated by the bill there are more children than in all the West End or the suburbs of the city, and in this same territory nearly all the working girls are employed.

"St. Louis is helpless to cope with the situation and is practically on her knees begging this Legislature to do something."

Poor old St. Louis!

"Nearly every Protestant church is praying for this bill to pass for they want to save their women from these contaminating influences."

Now wouldn't that take your breath!

Was there ever such a spirit of interest in woman's warfare? Surely it does surpass anything on record, and the

women themselves will never appreciate it as they ought.

We don't believe, however, that nearly all the Protestant churches are praying for such a law; and those that are had better go to praying for something else. They had better begin praying and working for the salvation of men in this city. Why don't these preachers go to work preaching the gospel of purity and a clean life among men and hold up the single standard of morality for both men and women instead of getting down on their knees and praying for a "reservation" where men may revel in sin!

In all the arguments produced by the friends of the bill there was not a single sentence, clause or word which intimated that the "scarlet man" should be restricted in any sense or that the boys of the city needed any protection from vice.

Are Women Better Than Men

When we read the arguments put forth by the average suffragist in favor of votes for women, we are forced to the conclusion that if women are not as great mentally and physically as men, they are at least a whole lot better morally. Even the "antis" say that women should not have the ballot because they might contaminate themselves by mixing in the filth and mire of man-made politics.

And it is a fact that with the little power that woman possesses she has endeavored to do some very good things for society. I have before me a report of the General Federation of Woman's clubs of this country, of which there are some 800,000 members, and they have all sorts of committees seriously investigating, tabulating and classifying such anti-social conditions as child labor, liquor traffic, low wages for women, long hours and unsanitary conditions, legalized prostitution, gambling, adulterated food, and so on. Things that the men's clubs never thought about, evidently. Then, women show a sense of cleanliness, of art, of the preservation of beautiful and historic places. They have park commissions that keep up the beautiful spots in the cities, and clean out the ugly places. They usually have the saloon and dive elements against them when they seek to invade the political field. Furthermore, every one knows that it is the woman who keeps the home together, who does the tiresome and monotonous work for the family, who bothers with the children, tying up their stubbed toes, kissing the tears away, and receiving with patience all their small confidences. And this, more than the rest, perhaps, goes to keep up the tradition of woman's "goodness."

In the face of all this it would be rather difficult to prove that woman is not at least just as good as man, and

maybe a wee bit better. And I am not going to try to prove it. Not I!

But let us see what we mean by "goodness" and "badness." Are they not, after all, relative terms, used to suit the convenience of the times, and do they not change with the changing of conditions? There was a time when woman was not looked upon as the good and virtuous creature that she is regarded today. The holy Chrysostom in the early centuries of our Christian civilization said: "What is woman but an enemy of friendship, an unavoidable punishment, a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable affliction, a constantly flowing source of tears, a wicked work of nature covered with a shining varnish?"

It would have shocked the early church father to death if any one had suggested in his time that this "wicked work of nature" ought to have a voice in the public councils, or any other rights and privileges that men enjoyed. How comes this transformation then—this revolution, for it is nothing less than a revolution—in the public mind regarding woman?

There are certain historic facts concerning the various positions of men and women in society that it is just as well to familiarize ourselves with, now that women are making such a noise in the world, are really becoming a part of its active life.

For centuries, during the prehistoric period of man, the sexes lived in promiscuous relations with each other. The instincts of the female tended to this promiscuity even as the male. Her sex impulses were modified, however, by her child-bearing habits, and the long period of nursing and dependence on the part of the young. Here came her first discipline regarding

matters sexual. But to the civilized mind this modification was small and civilization was impossible until one or both of the sexes further improved upon their primitive habits. This improvement came with the subjection of the woman to one man. For more than a thousand years woman was held in absolute slavery, subject at all times to the rigorous discipline attendant upon a slave's life. We have early historical accounts where her infidelity to her master—or husband—was punishable by death. This was one of the results of her lingering instincts toward promiscuity. Monogamy for her was as hard, no doubt, as it would have been for the man, at the beginning of her enslavement. The consequence was that her enforced monogamic life was attended by every conceivable cruelty; the old wild spirit of freedom and self-will must be broken for the good of the social body, and it was broken on the altar of her subjection to the individual man. And if woman is "moral" today she has paid the price in blood and tears and agony.

And not only was her morality achieved in the long dark ages of cruel discipline, but also her gentleness, her patience, her fortitude and—her tact. These qualities have been grounded in her until they have become a part of her, and are called "feminine virtues." If they had not, there would be no possibility today of freedom for women. If they had not, her submission would still be the price of civilization, for civilization was founded upon her subjection—the taming or domesticating of her—along with the ownership of private property. We cannot conceive of a civilization in which free promiscuity of the sexes exists, and since man has never become wholly monogamic in

his habits it has devolved upon woman to restrict this freedom.

And this is why woman is constantly referred to as being "better" than man. But the question has been raised as to what her character will become once she is allowed freedom again, is given full social rights with man. There are those who believe that she will throw aside all her acquired virtue and modesty, and precipitate a return to the swamp age. Others say that if woman carries the results of her age-long discipline into the wider social sphere it will tend to clean up all the evils that exist today.

In his essay on "The Woman's Question," Karl Pearson says some interesting things in this connection: "If the growing sex-equality connotes sex-freedom—a return to general promiscuity—then it connotes a decay of the state, and it will require a second Pauline Christianity and a second subjection of one sex to another to restore stability. But sex-equality must either be marked by the cessation of prostitution among men, or, if it remains, the like freedom to women. I see no other alternative. We shall have the choice between equal promiscuity and equal restraint. The misfortune for society is that the former is a much easier course to take than the latter, and one which history shows us has been generally adopted.

"Yet there is one ray of hope, which may, after all, foretell the dawn of a new social era. If it be so, the equality of the sexes will not again connote the return of a swamp-age such as befell the tottering Roman empire. That the past subjection of woman has tended largely to expand man's selfish instincts I cannot deny; but may it not be that this very subjection has in itself so chastened woman, so trained her to think rather of others than of herself, that after all it may have acted more as a blessing than as a curse to the world? May it not bring her to the problems of the future with a purer aim and a keener insight than is possible for man? She may see more clearly than he the real points at issue, and as she has learned self-control in the past by subjecting her will to his, so in the future she may be able to submit her liberty to the restraints demanded by social welfare, and to the conditions imposed by race-permanence."

If we expand the terms "good" and "bad" into their broadest sense we may call them social and anti-social. And these are qualities of experience, of discipline. Man, in his conflict with the world has developed remarkable intellectual powers, which are essentially social qualities. On the other hand, in the realm of morality and personal egotism, he has had practically no restraint, and his sexual promiscuity and selfish indulgences are anti-social qualities. Woman, on

the other hand, through her peculiar experiences has developed strong racial conservatism, the power of self-abnegation and the monogamic tendency in the sex relation. All of which are social qualities, essential to the upbuilding of a high civilization.

And the law of evolution which forced woman into bondage for the sake of the larger social weal, is now forcing her into the outer world for the same purpose. As she protested against her first enslavement, so she is in many instances protesting today against her emancipation. It is not of her seeking. Conditions are shaping matters in spite of her, and in spite of her they will carry her age-long discipline into the world's arena, where it will play its part in the social life. For "the destiny that shapes our ends" is a stern and grim master, which we obey in spite of our protests.

Are women better than men? It all depends upon the times, and the disposition that Fate wishes to make of them. Today the scales seem to be turning in the woman's favor.

Progression

FRANCES F. SPANGLER.

It is better to march in the grand procession.
In the foremost ranks of the world's progression,
Than be trodden beneath the resistless feet
That know no rest till the work's complete.
The fittest survive, in species or kind,
Is Nature's decree to matter and mind.
Onward and upward is Nature's plan.
From the lowliest atom to soul of man.
Then keep this truth in your soul's possession;
There's no halt or stay to the world's progression.

Our Leaflets

Is your neighbor one of those who believe that a woman ought to get along solely by the exercise of her feminine influence? Give her "Reply to Anti-Suffragists" to read. Is she an overworked woman? Give her "A Word to Working Women." Is she satisfied with a cheap, unsanitary, inconvenient little house to live in? Give her "Housekeeping Under Socialism." Is she a suffragist who doesn't believe in Socialism? Give her "Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Socialism." If she is a temperance worker and opposed to Socialism give her "Frances Willard on Socialism." If she is the wife of a Socialist who doesn't care to see her at the local give him "Where is Your Wife?" Any of these leaflets 20c for 100. \$1.50 for 1,000.

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A red-haired child
Sick in a fever, if you touch him once,
Though but so little as with a flinger tip,
Will set you weeping; but a million sick . . .
You could as soon weep for the rule of three,
Or compound fractions. Therefore, this same
world
Uncomprehended by you, must remain unin-
fluenced by you.

This narrowness exists to some extent in all women and also in all men. Few even of those who deplore it understand the scientific reason for it.

Of course it is easy to understand why personal love and sympathy for her immediate family are so highly developed in the average woman. The children of the sympathetic woman are better cared for than the children of the hard-hearted woman. Therefore they have a better chance to survive and perpetuate their mothers' sympathetic nature.

The reason why woman has not developed broad sympathies is a similar one. A woman who is constantly and acutely conscious of the wrongs and miseries of the world, is fearfully handicapped in the struggle for survival. If Tommy's mother sits down to weep over the Italian sufferers, or goes out to lecture in their behalf, instead of seeing that Tommy's mush is properly cooked, Tommy's chance of survival is less than that of the narrow woman's son. One who has studied the delicate organism of woman and the effects on it of intense sympathy with suffering, understands that the chances are greatly against Tommy's being born at all of a woman who feels the world's pain as her own. Not till the world's pain is lessened can a broad and sympathetic race appear.

Understand that I do not mean mere sympathy with pain only, or pity. This is the lowest form of sympathy, the form inveighed against by Nietzsche and the pagan philosophers in its broader sense. Sympathy is intelligent response to the thoughts and emotions of others, whether pleasurable or painful. It is through sympathy that men are stirred by the artist's brush or pen or voice. It is one of the highest faculties of the human mind. But alas, we cannot develop the higher form without the lower also. One of Zangwill's most heart-rending word-pictures is of a modern girl with the inherited instincts of a Lady Bountiful who obeys those instincts in the heart of London. Margaret Engelbourne denied no favor from

the cheering of a death bed to the hunting of a flat for a gay actress who was better able to hunt her own flats. Of course Margaret is worked to death—dies by slow tortures. It is the fate of any woman in civilization who responds to every tug of her heart strings. The wider her sympathies, the swifter her doom.

"Life would be intolerable," says Herbert Spencer, "if while causes of misery remained as they now are, all men were not only in a high degree sensitive to the pains, bodily and mental, felt by those around and expressed in the faces of those they met, but were unceasingly conscious of the miseries everywhere being suffered as consequences of war, crime, misconduct, misfortune, improvidence, incapacity."

It is not strange that woman so often shuts herself within a narrow path of peace, closing her eyes to the red war of the world, stopping her ears to the battlecries and the moans of the dying. For man's rule has made the world a hideous place of death that can be changed to an earthly paradise only by fearful and heroic struggle.

It is an important biological law that no organ or faculty can develop beyond the limit at which it gives more pleasure than pain to its possessor. Pleasure is an incentive to the actions demanded by the conditions of existence. Pain is a deterrence from the actions that lead to death.

If the exercise of a mental faculty such as sympathy gives pleasure it will be exercised more and more and will develop highly. If however its exercise gives pain, it must become either calloused or bruised.

Under present conditions with the horrors of capitalism on every side, intense sympathy must yield more pain than pleasure if the mind is broad enough to comprehend the suffering of all. In other words a man or woman whose sympathies are both broad and strong is an unfavorable variation not fitted to survive in a capitalistic environment.

The reason then why the narrow woman is the predominant type today is that she is the type best fitted to survive under man's dominion. Women, like men, are what their environment makes them. If you want better men and women do your share towards making a better environment.

The Claim of Socialism

The "WILLIAM MORRIS Sentiment." Hand-somely printed in two colors on heavy paper, 9x11 inches. Suitable for framing. Makes a very attractive decoration for the home. Sure to attract attention: fine propaganda. Every Socialist will want one. Price, 10c each, stamps or coin. Address Mrs. L. E. Jones, 908 Union Ave., Anderson, Indiana.

Why Women Are Cheap

FRANCES S. POTTER, UNIVERSITY MINN.

From whatever moral plane one views the function of the ballot, there is, for woman, this obvious value in creating or in controlling and chastening its economic power. The larger economic aspect of the suffrage immediately follows in influencing and regulating through the laws, the conditions of commerce, national and international, the relation between labor and capital, buyer and seller. Only the ignorant or the wilfully blind today are in any doubt as to woman's need for the ballot to protect herself and her claims in these things. The reason women are cheaper than men is because they are more helpless. The reason that children are cheaper than women is because they are still more helpless. Only the animals are more so, and it is because they are the most helpless of all that they are the cheapest of all. It has become self-evident in this country that the people who have the ballot get more consideration than those who haven't. They have a weapon with which to defend themselves against oppression. It is known that in the four equal suffrage states the laws protecting women and children, regulating wages and hours, are more favorable than anywhere else in this country. It is equally obvious that women are more careful of the interests of children than men are, and that woman's economic object in demanding the ballot is fortified by a natural instinct and that she is acting for the good of the race. The primal instinct to protect her young is quite as powerful as the determination to free herself in this present world-wide movement for political equality. In most of the states of the union women are obliged to struggle for their economic ends indirectly. If they are wage-earners they have to influence the conditions under which they earn, conditions sometimes which kill, maim, and undermine health—they have to influence these conditions, indirectly. If they are not wage-earners or otherwise financially independent, then their economic survival is still more indirect. And indirection is the unhappiest development in woman's situation and in woman's nature.

I shall not weary you with what you already know, namely the history of women so far in the civilization of the race. From the point of her emerging from the savage state, if not before, this has been, generally, the history of an economic slavery; and the economic slavery is the occasion of that indirection which honeycombs every phase of woman's life.

The vote of the women has increased at each election, and it is a factor in securing purer and better municipal government.—Ex-Governor Lyman U. Humphrey of Kansas.

The Progressive Woman

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Managing Editor.....Killehl Kaneko
Editor.....Josephine C. Kaneko



We believe that the social organism is passing through a transition period and when the new order dawns woman will come in on the top of the wave, thrust there by the need of the times.

Are there any club women in your town? Would you like for each of them to have a copy of The Progressive Woman? Then send us their names.

Have your speakers sell The Progressive Woman at their meetings. Everybody in the audience will want a copy.

Those suffragists who think that the possession of the ballot will end all of their slavery ought to read The Progressive Woman. It will show them where they are enslaved on the economic side.

Six out of forty-one state secretaries in the Socialist party are women. They are Mrs. Edna Snow, Arkansas; Mrs. May Strickland, Indiana; Mrs. Lora Harris, Nevada; Mrs. Winnie Branstetter, New Mexico; Miss E. H. Thomas, Wisconsin, and Harriet M. Kenefick, Arizona.

Don't forget that The Progressive Woman is the only paper of its kind in the world. It ought to have a "monstrous big" circulation.

New interest is constantly growing in regard to the Mexican political refugees who are held in prisons in this country at the request of President Diaz, and the financial interests of the United States and Mexico. There is a special effort on foot to get the women interested, and we will in our next issue give a good story about the revolutionary women of Mexico.

A bundle of five of The Progressive Woman for 10c. The best propaganda material you can get for women readers.

Yes, women have brains. They are going to use them against the best

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

interests of society, too, if they are not educated properly. Go after them today with the truth about Socialism.

We are printing a few letters elsewhere in this paper so that our interested readers may see what others think of The Progressive Woman. We know that you women who are dead in earnest about this work will rejoice to know that so many others are with you. You have good reason to cheer up, for there is a mighty woman's movement rising all over the land and it is going to make itself felt in the next few years. Buckle on your armor and join us.

We have a new leaflet by Theresa Malkiel entitled "Reply to Anti-Suffragists." It is one of the finest things out. You ought to scatter a thousand of them at least. Fifty for 10c; 100 for 20c; 1,000 for \$1.50.

The suffragists of the United States are sending out petitions to be signed by every man and woman of twenty-one years and over in the country—if these signatures can be secured. The Progressive Woman has a lot of these petitions on hand, and will be glad to furnish you with all you can use. Each petition holds about twenty names. Send at once. They are sent to you free.

A comrade writing about the suffrage petitions asks if it would not be better if the women stopped petitioning congress and joined the Socialist party, which will give them the vote once it is in power. But we might as well ask if it would not be wise for the labor unions to stop haggling over wages with powerful employers and join the Socialist party which will insure the full product of their toil once it is in power. Both the suffragists and the unionists must go through a certain phase of development and as it is all in the line of progress and a fight of the oppressed against the oppressor, it is up to the Socialists to help them win out, if they can.

Does a mother's duty toward her children cease the moment they are out of her house? I saw in a Chicago juvenile court one day a group of girls from nine to twelve years old, who had been victimized into evil practices by men who were voters and guardians of the laws. Are the mothers satisfied to leave the law making to this sort of material? Will these protect their children, when they were outside the home? It is a question mothers must face—and answer.

The legislature of South Dakota has passed an amendment granting equal suffrage. However, there is a provision that it must be indorsed by a referendum vote to be taken in the year 1910. This makes South Dakota a fruitful field for this phase of our agitation.

BOOK REVIEWS.

SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By Morris Hillquit. Published by the Macmillan Co., New York. Price, \$1.50.

When asked by students to give a list of good books on Socialism we have sometimes been embarrassed in giving a reply, since our literature on this subject has hitherto been of two classes, that which is too primary for the real student, and that which is too narrow for the average investigator. This embarrassment will be done away with in the future, because of the appearance of **SOCIALISM IN THEORY AND PRACTICE** which is neither primary, narrow nor prejudiced.

The first part of the book is given to an intelligent discussion of law, individualism, ethics, state and politics in their relation to Socialism. All students possessing an acquaintance with these subjects will find the author's treatment of them interesting and worth while, even though they do not fully agree with his conclusions. There are references to recognized authorities on all the subjects. The latter part of the book gives a very good outline of the various reform movements of the world, showing wherein they differ from the revolutionary Socialist movement. In his discussion of the suffrage movement, however, the author dwells rather too much on the European standards, and the demands of the European suffragists, which ask for the ballot on the same terms with men. This argument does not especially interest the American suffragists, since the women of this country are demanding universal suffrage for their sex, and are not bound by conditions peculiar to European countries, where men have a limited vote.

On the whole, the book is especially good for college students, for study clubs and those individuals who wish the fullest possible knowledge of Socialism, its aims and purposes.

K. K.

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE. By Ben Hanford. Published by the Wishire Book Co., New York. Price, 25c.

This is a book of "red-hot shot" from the inspired pen of the author. Not a dull line in it, and plenty of movement for the Socialist who finds himself dragging in his work. The one prose poem, entitled "Chicago," will give the book a long life. It is a gem in which is reflected the great city lying almost strangled in the iron fingers of capitalism. The other essays are above the average.

PROCEEDINGS National Convention of the Socialist Party. Published by the Socialist Party, Chicago. Price, 50c.

THE CRISIS. By Robert Hunter. Published by Samuel Bloch, Chicago. Price, 10c.

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The Evolution of a Socialist Woman

CLARA BROWN'S DIARY, No. 4

Clara Brown is not the writer's real name, but that we cannot give for obvious reasons. We are permitted to print these extracts "because other women may be traveling the same road."—Ed.

May 1. Such a long while, and not a word written in my diary. But life is growing strenuous these days. First of all, while I was away on that wonderful visit—wonderful from more points than one—old Mrs. Burns didn't take very good care of things. I simply had to pitch in when I got home and clean house. Henry and the children said things weren't so bad—but then men and children aren't half responsible when it comes to keeping house. And that makes me think what May said so often about women voting: "Men can't keep house half decent, so why should they be expected to do all the government work decently, when government is but an extension of house keeping?" Maybe there is something in it.

May 6. My last entry was interrupted by a call from our pastor. I am afraid I am getting critical, for I didn't feel quite like I used to when Brother M. called. He is just the same, and I am sure a nicer or a better man never lived than he. But somehow our conversation turned on the question of the poor, and he didn't seem to have just the right idea about them. Maybe it is because of my trip to the city and the sights I saw among the poor there, that my sympathies for them are larger. But then, he, as a minister, ought to know all about their terribly hard lives. I told him I thought the church might do something practical for the poor of the land right now. It really seemed the great mission of the church, I said. But he thought the church was doing about all it could in that line. And he named over several charities and the foreign missions, and told how much money is devoted to these things every year. But somehow I wasn't satisfied. Our work seems very mechanical, and so many people go on suffering just the same. He spoke repeatedly of the "best" people in the church, and I couldn't help but feel that he meant those in the highest social positions. Of course I have always looked upon them as our best citizens and church members, too, but after all, are they not largely responsible for a good many of the ills from which society suffers? At least, with all their wealth and influence, couldn't they stop a good deal of the suffering? I would like to talk these matters over with Henry, but he always gets excited and rambles off into a lot of stuff that I don't understand, about class oppression and proletariat and bourgeois, and I imagine that he is talking Socialism, and somehow I don't want to hear that. But I do want to know more about why things are as

they are, and what can be done to help them. I can't make anything out of "class struggle," "bourgeois" and "proletariat." I know what Jesus meant when he took a whip of scorpions and drove the money changers out of the temple, and I don't see why Brother M. doesn't talk more in that line. If Jesus did anything on earth it was to stand by and comfort and help the poor.

May 10. Our pastor preached a sermon against Socialism last Sunday night, to a crowded house. It was the first time the church has been crowded for a long time. Henry went with me, too. I was glad he did. Still, I wish he hadn't heard that sermon. I almost wish I hadn't heard it myself. When we left Henry said, "And to think that I sat under that man's preaching all these years!" And that was about all he did say, at least to me. He stopped on the street corner and talked with another Socialist for about two hours—it seemed to me. I went on home and to bed.

May 11. Henry must be quite popular as a Socialist speaker. He seems to be at it all the time, when he isn't working. I wish he would talk a little more to me. Seems to me I miss his company more than I did at first. Maybe it is because I have so many new things to think about. I asked him the other day if he thought it would be a good thing if women voted. He said, "Oh, yes, if they knew enough to vote for their economic interests. If the working class woman understood her historic position in society she would join hands with the proletarian movement and together they would march on to freedom, which means universal suffrage and economic freedom from all masters. The class-conscious proletariat is historically for woman's suffrage." I tried to follow his speech—which sounded fine enough—but couldn't just catch all its meaning. However, if the proletariat is a man and is for woman suffrage it is a good thing, because SOME of the men will have to help us poor women out. We can't do much alone. I am beginning to believe in woman voting, anyway. Maybe we could clean up a few things in the governmental housekeeping, as May said. I wonder if May could understand Henry; she is awfully smart.

May 15. Henry has lost his job. He came home rather dejected, and didn't say much about it, but I have discovered that he thinks he was dismissed because he is a Socialist agitator. I suppose, however, he can soon get another place. He will have to, because, though we have tried hard enough, goodness knows, we haven't managed to save very much.

May 20. Henry is still out of work.

He says he thinks he is blacklisted. At first I blamed him for losing his place. But it does look like it is not a free country if a man can't talk what he thinks and still hold his job. Especially when his family is depending on him for its living. It really amounts to a kind of slavery.

May 24. Henry can't get a job anywhere, it seems. But the state secretary of the Socialist party wants him to go out on the road as a speaker, and he says he is going. Seems real jubilant about it. Well, it does look as if we are in for it. I wonder what our friends will say?

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

The Shop Girl

ERNEST M'GAFFNEY.

The wolf of poverty follows me on
Through the dingy streets of the town;
So close beside that his shaggy hide
Might almost brush my gown;
And after him thrust, the wolves of lust
Come eager to drag me down.

And body and soul have a scanty dole
From the pittance that I earn;
And cold as the breath of the wind of death
Are the lessons that I learn;
With a pitfall dug for my weary feet
And a trap at every turn.

And ever a tempter is near at hand
To lure with a Judas kiss
And lead me away, if be led I may,
To the depths of that black abyss
Where in serpent guise old memories rise
And over the fallen hiss.

I never may know surcease from woe,
But I know of fortune's crown;
I am one of a score of thousands more
Who toll in the cruel town;
And the wolves of lust and poverty
Are waiting to drag us down.

And the Christ that the Bible teaches of
For only men did die;
Or else would heed in this dreadful need
My bitter, despairing cry;
And the creeds away for the heathen pray
And the Christians pass me by.

And many and fast the days whirl past
While early I work and late;
And around my path for the aftermath
The basilisk watchers wait;
And civilization bids me choose
The grave or a harlot's fate.

And I dread the light of to-morrow's dawn
And the weight of the future years;
My life is blurred by a hope deferred
And my heart is numb with fears;
And my hands that rise to the sullen skies
Are wet with a woman's tears.

Alone I walked where the spectres stalk
In the roar of the mighty town;
Oh, God! for a knight to aid my fight of high
and pure renown.
Is there never a man to lift me up
Where myriads drag me down?

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SORROWS OF CUPID

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

The Examiners Glass

LIDA PARCE



The world moves; and from time to time the human lot is mitigated just a little bit. A hundred years ago the subject and dispossessed state of women was referred to the "will of God." Of course

women were perfectly helpless under that regime, for the will of God was revealed only to men. Now it has gone out of fashion to have special revelations of the will of God and the sex persecution is obliged to express itself in the terms of science, if it would be truly squelching. Now women have some chance under this new fashion, for the revelations of science are made impartially to man and woman. But it is a dangerous thing to express the same old feeling in the new way, unless a man is willing to make himself ridiculous.

A couple of men have thus contributed their full quota to the gaiety of nations of late. Dr. Max G. Schlapp, of Cornell University has been very widely quoted in the press as follows: "Women who disregard their sex character, engage in the pursuits of men and devote their vital energies to politics and other male pursuits must inevitably lose the womanly charm, the feminine character, and even the function of motherhood itself." As to these "male pursuits:" The Dr. must know that there is no function without its corresponding organ. Is there then a male organ differentiated to the functions of politics? We think not. We might as well settle down to the principle that the only sexual function is the function of reproduction. Unless we can prove the function by the possession of the organ. This ridiculous doctor further says: "The declining birth rate in civilized countries corresponds to the entrance of woman into industry and intellectual pursuits outside the home." It isn't the work, mind you, it is the "outside the home" that plays the mischief with the reproductive powers of women. Ah! Work always was good for women. Until yesterday they did practically all of it. Since yesterday the "home" has changed utterly. The home is an entirely social institution. Nothing biological about it. How is it that the biological function of reproduction which has withstood so many and varied and extreme social changes, now hangs by such a slender thread that it is in danger of extinction if women work outside this entirely new home. In the past reproduction has been performed

"any old place." Even if there wasn't any home.

Then the Doctor knowingly proceeds: "The mouse and the bat have much in common, but the bat which flits about has but one offspring at a birth, while the more inactive mouse has from eight to twelve." The little, quiet, grey mouse has always been considered a model of womanly character; but the Dr. here seems to make quite a new application of the lesson of the mousely virtues. Does he suggest that women shall remain "inactive" and cultivate their "feminine charm" in order that they may emulate the mouse's productivity? Even so, the mouse takes an unrestricted part in mouse society and she feeds herself and her young. But even the thoughtless bat, with all its flitting has not become extinct.

If we were going to try to present this subject seriously, as this Herr Dr. has tried to do, we would begin by sorting out our ideas. We would put the social in one list and the biological in another. If we wanted to prove a connection between the birth rate and woman's political activity, we would get the statistics of births in the states where women have the suffrage and those in which they do not, and we would compare the two.

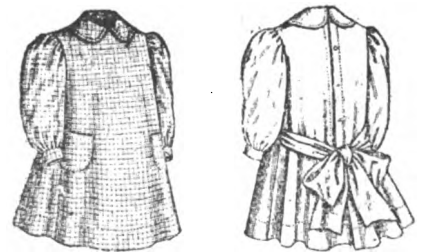
Let us divide the female population of the cities—it is in the cities that women work most outside the home—into three classes: matinee girls, women who work, and ladies. By matinee girls we mean those millions of women, old and young, married and unmarried, who, having little or no work, and intellectual pursuits, by their patronage maintain the daytime shows that do a thriving business in every town of considerable size. If we divide these populations into these three classes we should probably find that the women who work have the largest number of children, that the ladies, with all the intellectual pursuits that ladies now have, have the next largest proportion of children, and the matinee girl class, with neither work nor intellectual interests have the fewest of all. But it would be very superficial to conclude that the matinee habit, or the work habit, or the lady habit has anything to do with the comparative number of children. The solution of that question will not be so easy for us as it is for Dr. Schlapp.

One. "Professor" Powys, another man who needs sorting out, has been lecturing the girls of Vassar Institute on the subject of "Liberty in the American republic from an Englishman's point of view." He told the

girls that "the women of America need no such rights as woman suffrage, for they already possess a far sweeter and subtler power, which would be jeopardized by the acquisition of such rights." We feel constrained to tell the "professor" that this power to which he so touchingly refers is biological in its basis, that historically it has been most enhanced where woman has been most educated and free; but that we can not use it as a means of supplying our economic needs. That unfortunate class who use it most are called prostitutes. To teach dependence upon it for the ordinary needs of life is dangerously near to teaching prostitution. This "charm" is all right in its place, but what we are wanting is enough to eat and enough to wear, and a decent place to live in, and we want to be able to get them by human activities, and not have to exploit our sex for them.

A New York woman is suing for divorce on the ground that marriage is unconstitutional, being a violation of the 13th amendment. She will probably find that, though slavery is no longer permitted in the United States, on the grounds of race, color or former condition of servitude, it is permitted, in different degrees, on the grounds of sex and marriage. Slavery consists in special relations to the soil, to society, to the law and to the state. Analysis shows that in the United States some of the typical facts of slavery exist for every one who is born a woman, and a number of the other elements of slavery are added to the lot of the woman who marries. And they are all strictly constitutional.

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Ichiro's First Love Letter

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

The house of Miyake was especially favored because of great services rendered the Japanese government by its master. Among other privileges that came to it was the one permitting its heir, Ichiro, to attend the Tokyo school for nobles, known as Gakshuin.

At this college Ichiro, whose natural qualities were of a really noble kind, was selected by the Prince Harunomiya as a bosom friend. Besides being a diligent student, he was remarkable for his loftiness of thought, for his Carlylean ideas of life and his disinclination to join the students in many of their frolics and pranks. These qualities naturally brought upon him the title of Ascetic. But while his mental attitude held him somewhat aloof from the student body he was not disliked, but was rather respected by the boys and was especially loved by the prince.

Although he was disciplined, as were the other boys, in that culture and mode of living that would fit him for the highest station in life, yet Ichiro was simple in his tastes and his indifference regarding his personal apparel was the subject for many a good natured jest from his friends. As a rule his class mates were careful of the minutest details of their toilet and the appointment of their rooms. Though many of them were careless, good-natured, happy-go-lucky creatures in other respects, their personal adornment and intimate surroundings must be in accord with the Japanese idea, which is at once refined and artistic.

But Ichiro's friends were plentiful and he held them without difficulty, because of the unusual magnetism of his personality. In listening to his conversation the boys would forget his indifferent attire and would lose themselves in the strange world of philosophy in which he lived and about which he spoke so eloquently. It was only when he had finished and they had fallen back to earth that they would remember to speak of the common things to which he was forever indifferent.

And in this manner Ichiro, son of the common people, favored by the Emperor, passed through the most exclusive college in Japan, among the sons of the royal families.

The great island of Hokkaido lies at the northern point of Japan proper. It is, in matter of climate, the Canada of the "Little Empire." But in population it resembles the United States, and is often referred to by that name. It is on this island that every variety of folk from all points of Japan may be found. One may meet representatives of the romantic, passionate, lit-

erary and unstable people of the western part of the mainland, the business folk of the northern part, the descendants of the old Samuiri of the central region. In fact it is a heterogeneous mass that has immigrated to Hokkaido; a pushing, wealth-seeking population, for the most part. Here, too, may be found the last handful of Inos, a mere remnant of the original populace of Japan, just as one finds the American Indians in certain of our western states.

In the winter, which is long, Hokkaido suffers from Siberian winds and snow piles roof-high about the cottages, remaining so long, oftentimes, that it is necessary to dig tunnels through it in order to get about. In this season there is much suffering by the poor, and the lean wolf howls loud and long.

The summer of Hokkaido is a wilderness of flowers and brilliant sunshine. One is moved to exclamations of delight by the brightness of the innumerable blossoms, forced to run the gamut of life in so brief a season as a Hokkaidoan summer.

To the Sapporo Nogakko, a government agricultural college located at Sapporo in Hokkaido, was Ichiro sent after his graduation from Gakshuin. Philosopher and humanitarian that he was, he found at this school a sufficient field in which to practice his lofty ideals. Here was not the place for the mere dreamer; it was rather a school of real activity.

Among other things that Ichiro was given to do was the teaching of a class in a night school for poor people. Coming as he did from a house of wealth and having been educated in a school for nobles, he had never studied the condition of the poor through direct association with them. Hence, his sympathies for them were born more from the natural goodness of his heart, and theoretical speculation, than from actual knowledge. Now, he decided with a certain keen delight, was the time for him to discover their real needs and the cause of so incongruous a thing as a starving child or an overworked mother in this world of plenty and to assist them out of the dilemma.

When he stood before his class for the first time his soul was large with the promise of a new and fruitful life. Before him were men and women and children, all with the marks of hard living writ plain upon them.

After the usual ceremonies, the lesson began. Because of his own enthusiasm Ichiro was unconscious of the heavy, unimpressionable minds of his audience. And if he went away with the feeling of having begun a great campaign for the uplift of humanity

it was largely due to his own mental condition. That faith which is born of inexperience was strong within him. Any of the initiated could have told him that his class was an average class, and that the average charity class is unfortunately stupid. There are many reasons for this stupidity, but Ichiro neither recognized the fact nor understood the reasons—then.

The time came when these things dawned upon him. But the process of realization was a gradual one, and the sting was less sharp than it would have been otherwise. And the very fact of their stupidity gave him renewed energy to fight for their cause. "Starved into ignorance," he would say. "Driven to brutality through want!" It was plain that the times were out of joint, and he must help replace them.

However, not all of Ichiro's pupils were stupid. There was one, a tiny girl, thirteen years old, whose mind blossomed like a rose in the summer sun under his tutelage. The narrow dark eyes grew bright as twin stars when he talked into them, and the small oval face flushed with the excitement of learning. This was gratifying to the young man, and gradually the child became the object to which he directed most of his efforts.

Toyo Tomeoka was the daughter of a very lazy man, one who preferred to drink rather than work. Of course he was usually without money, and had often to ask strangers for it. Thus he became as a common kojiki, or beggar, in the eyes of the people. He lived with his little girl in a tumble-down hut on the outskirts of the town; the interior was bare of furniture, and Toyo knew nothing of the luxuries that the majority of girls enjoy. Her cotton gown was usually the gift of some mistress for whom she worked, and when she could find no place to serve as maid servant she was miserable indeed. Her fare of crushed rye and brown beans was never sufficient, and in winter she suffered terribly from cold.

Toyo's mother had died when she was eight years old, and for five hard years she had been subject to the mercy of a drunken, beggarly father. At the time of Ichiro's coming, however, she was in a more fortunate position, since a good lady had employed her as a maid servant and was willing that she should attend night school. She took so much interest in her lessons that Ichiro sometimes dreamed of a future for her. He talked with her of the higher philosophies of life and grew eloquent as he did so. He laid the tenets of Buddhism, Confucianism and Chris-

tianity before her mind in terms that were at once so simple and beautiful that, child though she was, she understood and drew from each doctrine the laws which seemed best to her, and wove them into a philosophy of her own, which she explained to Ichiro, much to his delight.

But while the little girl, who always listened so attentively and expressed herself so modestly was a pleasure to him, she by no means occupied all of Ichiro's thought. He was a philosopher preparing himself as a teacher of men and was exceedingly diligent in his studies at college. It was easy for him to win most of the honors given for good work and his name became an inspiration and incentive for greater activity on the part of less gifted students.

Toyo Tomeoka, the kojiki's daughter, had risen early. It was her duty to fill her mistress's bath tub and as she went to the well to draw the water she saw the dim light of the moon fading before the rays of the sun that rose majestically over the far-away line of snow-capped hills. A heavy frost was on the ground, and hung like a hoary beard from the tree limbs and the edges of the well. The great limbs of a gnarled cherry tree near by groaned and creaked in the frosty air, and the crisp wind blew her kimono about, exposing her bare ankles to the cold.

But Toyo did not feel the cold; neither was she conscious of the sublime beauty of the landscape at that moment. Ordinarily she would have been thrilled by it; but now her mind was full of trouble and a vague fear. It was springtime, and soon the college in which Ichiro was a student would be closed, and he would go home to stay, for it was his graduation year. He had already told her of his plans, and she knew they would take him away from Hokkaido, and that she would never see him again.

In four years Toyo had grown from a tiny, thin-faced girl into a tall and beautiful young woman. The brightness of her intellect added to the lofty beauty of her face, and her mind had developed far beyond that of the average Japanese woman of education, so that she was pleasing to look upon, and inspiring to talk with. But she was still Toyo, the maid servant, and the daughter of a beggar. She knew that in the eyes of Ichiro she had never grown up, but was always the child student. This thought bothered and perplexed her as she went to draw the water for her mistress's bath. And all through that day and the days following, she labored under the desire that he might see her as she was, even though she knew that a great gulf separated them forever—the gulf of social inequality.

But Ichiro's mind was ever occu-

ried with his great thoughts and he never saw the beautiful young woman who was also his pupil.

The end of the term came and Ichiro prepared to take his farewell leave of the college which had grown so dear to him, and of the many friends he had made in the town. He was sorriest of all, perhaps, to leave Toyo, since she had been such a faithful student, and interested him so much by the brightness of her intellect. He gave her much good advice and assured himself that she would follow it. But Toyo's heart was broken. She tried to look at the life before her and she saw nothing but blackness. However, true to her native training and instinct there was no outward show of her pain. Calm, and a little paler than was her wont, she made a low obeisance and meekly bade her teacher good-bye. As she did so, she gave him a sealed letter, and asked in her usual soft voice that he read it after he had gone away from Hokkaido.

Then he left her, and it was like the going down of the sun.

Ichiro's life was a busy one for some time after he reached home, and he had no time in which to think over the old school days. His parents and all of his relatives had prepared receptions for him, to honor the chief student of the house. And though he did not care for that sort of thing as a rule, his days had been a round of gayety for several weeks.

At last, however, he found himself sitting quietly in his room, looking over his school-day possessions, when quite unexpectedly he ran across Toyo's letter. Dear little Toyo! He had almost forgotten her, and had altogether forgotten the letter.

"Sensei! Sensei!"—My teacher! My teacher!—he read. A queer sensation came over him. "I know that you do not realize it, but I shall miss you from my life when you are gone, as the field lily misses the sun in autumn. Like the tender grass that is killed by a late spring frost, so will my spirit die when you are gone. I shall cease to live. Just as I am reaching my womanhood, I shall cease to grow.—And you cannot realize this, because you do not know that I am reaching my womanhood. You think I am still little Toyo.—No, no! It is not so! Under your influence I have developed a full woman's soul. A soul to love, and to—suffer.

"No more happiness, Sensei. Never, never again. For I am but a common kojiki's daughter, and you—ah, Sensei!—Why did you not leave me to my miserable fate—to grow up dumb and ignorant in my low surroundings?—Then would I never have known the sharpness of such a pain as this. But to lead me into the daylight, to open my eyes—and to leave me to fall back into the darkness again!

"But I pray you, forgive me. Even a kojiki's daughter should be more modest, should hide her feelings—when she has been taught by you. But the feeling is deep, Sensei, and I will burst with the keeping of it; it tears madly through my brain and my blood.—And you will never see me again to reproach me for my poor weakness.

"I greet you Sensei. I bow down before you, and I ask that you forgive poor Toyo.—Sayonara, Sensei!"

And Ichiro, who had never dreamed of love, bowed his head before the first regret of his life.

ATTENTION!



If you are interested in the principles of Socialism or in anything that is kindred to it, it would be wise to procure "The Treatise on Socialism," a book that is small in size yet great in logic and facts, a work that the author has studied on for eleven years. It is truth in condensed form; it is something that should be read by every family in the United States and Canada. It is honest, it is good, it is instructive; you would read it once, twice, thrice. A certain gentleman said to the author something like this: "You give clearer ideas on the subject than any person whom I ever heard talk on it." I could give more, but space will not allow. It is something no less interesting to women than men. Dear reader, please remember that this is no "sucker-catcher business;" it is straight-forward. Don't be afraid. Can I say any more? Can I make it any clearer? I don't think that I can. The price is only 25 cents per copy. Please do not send stamps nor registered letters. Send silver or P. O. orders.

Although the work is well worth 25c, for the sake of getting it started, I will for the time being put it at 15c, and I hope to receive a reply from every reader of this paper.

Address

J. L. TRASK,
Niagara Falls, N. Y. or Niagara Falls, Ont., Canada

LETTER BOX

—Accept my congratulation on your woman suffrage edition.—Bertha H. Maily, New York.

—I am much pleased with the new name, and I think it will be a great help in securing readers.—Laura P. Smith, Ohio.

—I congratulate you on your success with your magazine and I think the changing of the name was a wise step.—Rose Maas, Illinois.

—I think the change of name will be a great benefit to your circulation. I shall do what I can from time to time.—W. L. Franklin, Texas.

—That was a good move you made in changing the name of the paper. Enclosed find \$1 for renewal of our bundle.—M. H. Spangler, Washington.

—I like the new name fine. I certainly think the paper exceedingly fine throughout. Am sending a list of names.—Mrs. G. A. Peterson, Illinois.

—I consider your little magazine is needed in every household, and that it supplies a long felt want. My wife couldn't keep house without it.—J. A. Johnson, Wyoming.

—Your suffrage issue is certainly a credit to you. I do hope it will be circulated throughout the country. We received our bundle and will try to make good use of it.—Theresa Malkiel, New York.

—I am more interested in the economic freedom of women than in any other one subject, I believe. All humanity is held back until that shall come. I enclose four subs.—Alice Hubbard, East Aurora, N. Y.

—I think the new name for The Socialist Woman will be all right. I think The Progressive Woman will take better among non-Socialist women. As it is, it is hard to get the subs.—Mrs. Stephens, Pennsylvania.

—I think you have done well in changing the name of our most valuable paper, though the former name suited me all right. The present name is better to reach the non-Socialist women with.—Leah Lavine, Los Angeles.

—I have great faith in our cause and hope that before many years the wrongs of today will be righted. I'm sure The Progressive Woman is doing its part bravely in the great work. I enjoy it so much.—Mrs. C. Gilbert, Ohio.

—I think the change of name to Progressive Woman will help non-Socialists to take more readily to the cause, as I find those who object to a Socialist paper coming to their doors if they know beforehand what it is.—L. A. Blystone, Illinois.

—Those articles in the February number ought to reach every woman in the land—rich and poor alike—if it could be done. But, oh, dear

some women seem so frightened if you mention the word Socialism.—Mrs. A. C. McKinley, Indiana.

—I have just received my first copy of The Progressive Woman, and find it an excellent paper for woman's cause. Our Socialist League here is doing all it can to obtain subs for this paper and wishes it all further success.—Anna Cohen, Philadelphia.

—Your last paper is the best yet, but they are all fine. My sister, Martha Mellor, secretary of the local, has sent in my sub. She is only seventeen but has been a member several years, and works hard to keep up the local.—Mrs. K. R. Vorheis, Missouri.

—The Progressive Woman fills an unique place in our movement, and under its new name we hope it will have greater success. You are to be congratulated on the continual improvement in make-up and subject matter of the paper.—Margaret Moore Goebel, New Jersey.

—The Progressive Woman is certainly a wonderful paper. I like it better all the time. We have a branch of the Woman's National Progressive League here and seven of the members take The Progressive Woman. They all seem to be interested in it.—Mrs. Maggie Johnson, Wyoming.

—I want to tell you how much we all enjoy reading the different articles in the Woman. "Clara Brown's Diary" is of great interest to me, as my views were the same as hers until I had my eyes opened. Now I am very much interested and doing all I can to assist the cause.—Mrs. Charles Barth, Ohio.

—Perhaps you are getting tired of hearing from me so often, but I can not help it. I must talk in favor of The Progressive Woman, and when I do I get subs. So here are a few more I picked up. I am very much pleased with the cover page of the paper, and think it will help us to reach more readers.—Vina Glass, Texas.

—I have been elected state secretary of the party in Arkansas to succeed my husband who will go on the road as state organizer. I will try to get more of our women interested in The Progressive Woman this year, and I am sure my husband will be glad to work for the increase of the sub list while on the road.—Edna Snow, Arkansas.

—Some one sent me the March number of your journal. I enjoyed every word of it. It seems to me that if a copy of that number were sent to the teachers in our schools it would do much good. If you think so I wish you would send that number to the list I enclose and send bill for same to me. I enclose \$1 for my own sub.—Rudolf Pfeiffer, Illinois.

—After reading every word in the

March number of The Progressive Woman I feel as though I must help the good work along, although greatly hampered. We live eight miles from town, and there are very few Socialists and no suffragists here. I am circulating a petition asking for signers in favor of women voting, and you may be sure I get many a rebuff.—Mrs. W. M. Fishback, Missouri.

—I got out half a day and "hustled" subs yesterday and secured nine. I was really surprised at my success in so short a time. I artfully gave the ladies a nice little talk on Socialism, till I had them where they could not refuse. I find really intelligent women knowing not one thing about Socialism, so we need to teach them somehow. I shall continue to go among them talking and hustling.—Mrs. J. L. Allen, B. C., Can.

—Please send the biggest little paper in the country to the following names. The March number will appeal to them particularly. Mrs. D. D.—is a noted suffragist, and has been for twenty-five years trying to secure the franchise for the women of this state. I sent her the March number of The Progressive Woman and she wrote me a letter praising the paper very highly saying that she wished she could afford to send it to a thousand women she knew.—Charles E. Ketching, Oregon.

—I think the changed name a good thing, if it helps spread the paper among non-Socialists. I have always, in my small way, been an advocate of a propaganda that will appeal to the unconverted. I believe in more than appealing; I believe in pleading. It is the only way we can hope to win. I have found it rather hard to get subs among non-Socialists. Any to whom I have sent the paper have received it at my own expense. It might be easier with a different name, and the paper should be just as strong among the comrades.—Agnes Downing, Los Angeles.

—The Progressive Woman is certainly an eye opener. I am truly glad we have such women as those who write for the Woman,—women who really have the power to think for themselves and the courage to pen their thoughts. People should certainly appreciate such efforts as are put forth by the writers of The Progressive Woman. It is the greatest little educator I ever saw, and will certainly be the cause of a great awakening among women. We who are not writers or speakers may have a part in this great movement by securing subs for The Progressive Woman.—Rose Vickers, Okla.

—I think you were wise in changing the name of the magazine. I can now, I am quite confident, approach my friends who are not Socialists to subscribe for it, without the rebuffs the former name called out. Our Socialist women are going to call a

state conference within the next couple of months to meet in Los Angeles. All clubs interested in Socialism by whatever name called, will be invited to send delegates. Our organizer, Miss Whitehead, is doing a splendid work, and I feel from her success and other indications that the women are ready to fall into line to do their part in this onward movement.—Mary E. Garbutt, California.

—For some time I've been wanting to write to you regarding "our" paper, The Progressive Woman, but words fail me when I try to make you understand all or even a part of what I feel in connection with the paper and your work on it. With all my heart I wish I could devote my life to woman's emancipation. However, I am doing what I can—but am never satisfied with a small part. But there are thousands of women in my position; they want to do something—they, with me, realize that there is much to be done ere we are free. I am glad you put me down on your list of workers. The paper grows better all the time. The "Evolution of a Socialist Woman" is particularly interesting.—Gertrude Punshon, Indiana.

—I am only sorry my name didn't get on for the very first number of The Progressive Woman. I think the last issue is just a mite better than the others, though they are all excellent. Since I enjoy my Progressive Woman so much will make the pleasure double by dividing it with a few friends. Being an invalid I cannot go out and introduce the magazine, as I should very much like to do. However, what little I can, I am going to keep doing, for I know "right is might," and must prevail. Let me, in my feeble way, echo the words of Comrade Kirkpatrick, in praise of the efficient work of our noble editor and her husband in giving out The Progressive Woman in this age of its great need. "You are doing a great work well, and thousands of us are grateful for your efficiency."—Mrs. N. D. Sowles, California.

—I do not think I could do without The Progressive Woman now at all. And I wish most earnestly that more women could read it. On the editorial page of the March issue you advise all Socialist women to join in the protest against the imprisonment of the Mexican and Russian refugees. This is right. And can we not raise our voices in some way to help poor Sarah Koten, the Russian girl nurse who is in so much trouble? Also, you ask the help of the Socialist women in circulating the petition for woman suffrage. But let me differ with you there, dear comrade. I think we should no longer beg congress for our right. Would it not be better for all suffrage women to join the Socialist party, the only party recognizing them as rational creatures, and help

fight for their rights by helping this party into power?—Laura L. Cowdrey, Arkansas.

—The Progressive Woman for March came yesterday. On page six I find the statement: Women were given full suffrage in Utah in 1895. While this is in a measure true, it is not quite fair to the people of Utah. Utah gave women full suffrage February 12th, 1870. It was given without agitation or fuss. The voters believed women to be more capable of voting intelligently than the black ex-slaves who had just previously been freed by the United States constitution. At that time the people of Utah were nearly all farmers and there were no powerful "interests" to oppose their desires. Every effort was made to fit woman to occupy the highest intellectual state. During the years from 1870 to 1887 women placed their stamp on a great many laws. Saloons, brothels, gambling hells, were unknown, or as soon as known were wiped out. The "age of consent" was 13 in Utah when it was 10 in New York and 9 in Massachusetts. Illegitimate children were scarce and their fathers were compelled to care for them properly. During these seventeen years the mines of Utah were opened up, introducing a new element, the wage slave, into the population. The miners got high wages, and could not be fully exploited without saloons, etc. The "interests" made every effort to get them legalized but without avail. The women did not want such places to tempt their husbands and sons, and voted solidly against them. Finally congress took the matter up—Utah being a territory—and in the spring of 1887 a law was passed disfranchising the women of Utah, to give the brothel a chance. The "interests" found little difficulty in getting their way when the women's vote was eliminated, for the miners voted with the masters, being willing to be exploited. In 1895 when Utah became a state, the women were re-enfranchised, but they have not yet regained their former power over the saloon. It would pay the suffragists and the prohibitionists to look into this: **The only time congress has acted definitely in the matter, they voted against the woman and for the saloon.**—Arthur C. and Mattie Smith, Utah.

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

I DEFY ANY PRIEST "POPE OR CHRIST"

to disprove the facts I have given in my book
In which I prove the Roman Catholic church to be Unchristian. 224 pages and every one an eye-opener. 1 copy 25 cents. 4 50 cents. 25 at 10 cents each, postpaid. Rex. E. Doyle, Howell, Mich.

The National Movement.

Newark, N. J.—The woman suffrage demonstration held under the auspices of the Woman's Progressive League, Woman's Branch Seven, Socialist party (German), and the Woman's Study Club, in the Socialist headquarters on March 3d, was a pronounced success. Miss Anna Spann, secretary of the committee, called the meeting to order and introduced Mrs. Margaret Moore Goebel as chairman for the evening. The program was a very interesting one with addresses by Mrs. Katherine Kennedy and Mrs. Meta L. Stern, of New York City. Musical selections were rendered by Miss Clara Grasmir, and a chorus of children from the Socialist Sunday school sang "The Red Flag" and the "Marseillaise." During her talk Mrs. Goebel made a strong plea for subscriptions to The Progressive Woman, requesting those that desired it to raise their hands. The response was encouraging, and thirty-six subscriptions were taken. Copies of the special number of The Progressive Woman were distributed.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—The Woman's Branch of the Socialist party of Cincinnati is one of the factors that is making the party a force to be reckoned with. It has at present a membership of twenty-seven class conscious Socialist women, and new applications are received at every meeting. Engels' "Socialism, Utopian and Scientific" has been taken up as the first of a series of books on Socialism in its economic aspects. At our last meeting Dr. Sarah Siervers from the local suffrage association spoke. There was a splendid crowd present and a spirited discussion followed the lecture. We expect to hold more of these meetings in the future.

Springfield, Mass.—The 28th of February, the day set aside by the National Woman's Committee for a special suffrage demonstration, found us with an unusually large attendance. E. E. Tamblin presided and briefly outlined the progress of woman suffrage in other countries. Mrs. M. L. Pease was the principal speaker. Her subject was "Woman and Economic Determinism." She said, among other things, that woman as an industrial factor is requesting justice and equality with men, and on this ground demands the ballot. That the workers, men and women, are lining up as one on this demand. An interesting discussion followed.

South Sharon, Pa.—The Woman's National Progressive League held its first annual meeting at the home of the organizer, Mrs. Julia McKewn, on the 20th of January. The rooms were draped in red, and each lady wore a red streamer over the right shoulder

and tied on the left side. On the streamer were the letters W. N. P. L. in white letters three inches tall. The president, Mrs. Stephens, gave an address in which she reviewed the first year's work. The attendance of the league has grown from four to twenty members. It has handled something like \$58 in soap orders, penny collections, quilt, book case and dish raffles. It has distributed 3,000 leaflets and booklets, and contributed \$13.50 to the Red Special.

New York City.—Among the important meetings held on February 28th by Socialist women for woman suffrage was one at the Murray Hill Lyceum, Thirty-fourth street and Third avenue. Prominent Socialists and prominent Suffragists were in the audience and on the stage, and the enthusiasm manifested has seldom been equalled.

Mrs Anita Block opened the meeting at 3 o'clock. Mrs. Block is the recording and corresponding secre-

tary of the Woman's Socialist Society and is a finished speaker. She said that she was both glad and sad to call attention to the fact that this was the first woman's suffrage meeting ever held under the avowed auspices of a great political party.

"The Socialist party," said she, "is now the recognized champion in the political arena of woman."

Mrs. Meta Stern was introduced by Mrs. Block. Her appearance on the platform was the signal for an enthusiastic demonstration. She derided the "pampered and petted women of the so-called upper classes who have formed anti-suffrage societies." She said they are "foolish and narrow" and afraid of responsibility.

Mrs. Carrie W. Allen said "the woman who opposes suffrage is the greatest argument in favor of it that I know. She is as the slave who has learned to love his chains."

Miss Lenora O'Rielly, "The Girl of the Tenements" and a prominent member of the Woman's Trade Union

League, made an impassioned speech in which she denounced the women who oppose equal suffrage.

Miss O'Rielly was one of those who spoke before the judiciary committee of the assembly at Albany last week. She said one of the legislators had spoken flippantly of the quality of women's brains.

"There are many men there," said Miss O'Rielly, "who are no earthly good. They need the brains of women. I think that as a rule women's brains are better than men's brains."

She referred to one of the arguments advanced at Albany against equal suffrage, namely, that the women of the street would get the ballot.

"I plead for her," said she, "and insist that if the companion of the woman of the street is allowed to vote she also should be allowed to vote. We working women aren't afraid of the unfortunates who have been driven by our social conditions to lives of shame and hopelessness."

"A Little Sister of the Poor"

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER KANEKO

Price, Twenty-five Cents a Copy

Have you read this little story? If not, better get a copy and read it. Those who have read it already say that it is great. Read a few extracts of hundreds of good letters the author has been receiving since the publication. You will certainly want to read it.

WHAT OTHERS SAY ABOUT THE STORY

Lena Morrow Lewis.

There are so many fine points brought out in your little story that it stands out distinct from most of the stories one usually reads on this subject. The spasmodic attempts of social reformers to try to legislate and wipe out of existence the social evil would be amusing if it were not for the pathetic fact that they are using up lots of vital energy that might be used to better advantage. These people continue to support a system that deprives thousands of girls of a chance to make an honorable living and then turn around and try to take away the last chance a woman has to gain a livelihood.

I like the way you show how the virtues and vices are neither masculine nor feminine, but are human characteristics.

Anna Rapport.

I cannot refrain from expressing

my admiration for your artistic painting in vivid colors of the characters and scenes given in your book. Yes, I can see everything and all alive before my mental eye. I can plainly see Mrs. Oblinsky; I recognize Verona; I feel the warmth of Rachel's heart. Rachel! "whose soul was a very fountain spring of poetic feeling." I look down with disgust on her brother Ike Hammerstein, the black sheep of our Jewish family, and though there is no effect without a cause and no one can account for what he is, as everybody is merely a product of circumstances and antecedents, yet we hate the mean and admire the noble. And Anton—Anton, the pale, slender, refined, gentle, graceful, polite, proud Polish young man, with his aesthetic taste for beauty and music; Anton, the patriot, the revolutionist, full of bitter hatred toward the despotic Russian government; Anton—whose life was elevated and

sanctified in the "Underground World,"—not only do I see him, but I can hear him say: "Yeszche Polska nie sginiełd puki mi zshiem."—Yet, is Poland not lost as long as we are alive—and I wonder how did you, an American, get acquainted with every phase of his soul? Were you ever in Warsaw? or did you really study him in the slums of Chicago? As for Mary Elizabeth—the Little Sister of the Poor—I know her and my heart goes out with sympathy to her as she had to sell herself after all. Perhaps Verona is better off than she is.

May Walden.

I've just finished your little book and it is great. I am impressed by the delicacy with which you say things. One of the best things about the book is its action. The reader's interest is kept from cover to cover. I hope you will have time to write another one soon.

nine children to the four winds, but they should not have one. And he kept his word. He gave three of the children away under assumed names, so that the grandparents could not trace them, and let them go to utter strangers in other states. Not a child did they get. The law did not recognize that his wife had a joint guardianship with him. Even her deathbed bequest had no legal force. This happened in one of our most progressive states in the year 1898."

I have been asked why I believe in woman's suffrage. One might as well ask why I believe in the sun or the stars or the ocean. I believe that women should vote because they are women, just as I believe that men should vote because they are men.—Brand Whitlock.

Capitalism is its own grave digger.—Karl Marx.

The P. W. is great for propaganda among women.

In the great Empire state of the greatest republic in history, the present woman is still politically on a level with the vilest criminal and the most driveling imbecile. Woman is bound to the mound of the debris of all the ages—the debris of false conventions, outworn lies and useless labors. By a senseless servitude to useless things she is prevented from giving her offspring the intelligent care which otherwise would be possible. By ties which bind her to false ideas of sex, a cruel standard of sex ethics, she is doomed to nourish blindly and ignorantly the offspring she blindly and ignorantly bears.—John Spargo.

Like the Chinese, all nations have bound, not only the feet, but the mind and soul of women, with the mummy bands of aged customs, confining woman's activities—men claiming, as the Chinaman, that the smaller a woman's sphere, the more refined her ladyship.—Judith Douglas.

There are a good many Socialist men and women who think that women ought to keep still about their emancipation until "after we get Socialism." Until "the day after the revolution." But there isn't going to be any "day after the revolution." The revolution will continue as long as the race continues, and Socialism won't be established in its entirety in a week—nor in a hundred years. And the woman question is going to be one of the last to get settled. Better begin your emancipation business TODAY if you want to see anything done in your time.

Don't be too impatient with the non-Socialists. You were one of them once.

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

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

"A Little Sister of the Poor"

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Anna Rapport.

I cannot refrain from expressing

my admiration for your artistic painting in vivid colors of the characters and scenes given in your book. Yes, I can see everything and all alive before my mental eye. I can plainly see Mrs. Oblinsky; I recognize Verona; I feel the warmth of Rachel's heart. Rachel! "whose soul was a very fountain spring of poetic feeling." I look down with disgust on her brother Ike Hammerstein, the black sheep of our Jewish family, and though there is no effect without a cause and no one can account for what he is, as everybody is merely a product of circumstances and antecedents, yet we hate the mean and admire the noble. And Anton—Anton, the pale, slender, refined, gentle, graceful, polite, proud Polish young man, with his aesthetic taste for beauty and music; Anton, the patriot, the revolutionist, full of bitter hatred toward the despotic Russian government; Anton—whose life was elevated and

sanctified in the "Underground World,"—not only do I see him, but I can hear him say: "Yeszche Polska nie sginie puki mi zshiem."—Yet, is Poland not lost as long as we are alive—and I wonder how did you, an American, get acquainted with every phase of his soul? Were you ever in Warsaw? or did you really study him in the slums of Chicago? As for Mary Elizabeth—the Little Sister of the Poor—I know her and my heart goes out with sympathy to her as she had to sell herself after all. Perhaps Verona is better off than she is.

May Walden.

I've just finished your little book and it is great. I am impressed by the delicacy with which you say things. One of the best things about the book is its action. The reader's interest is kept from cover to cover. I hope you will have time to write another one soon.

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