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# The Progressive Woman

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EDNA PORTER

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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50c. A YEAR

## Edna Porter

MAY BEALS HOFFPAUIR.

I have been asked to write of Edna Porter, but Emerson has described her far better than I can. "A soul whose acts are all regal, graceful and pleasant as roses." A noble woman of entertaining loveliness is Edna Porter. How much her beauty owes to regular features and graceful form I cannot say. It is difficult to observe her analytically. Her face reminds one, partly by its beautiful modeling, but more by its winsome, captivating candor, of Rembrandt's portrait of his own idolized son, "The Golden Lad" in his fourteenth year. Edna Porter's theatrical debut was unusual, perhaps unique. Of the thousands of unknown girls, without theatrical friends, or influence, pouring into New York continually with the intention of going on the stage, perhaps no other has secured, in her first season, "speaking parts" in Shakespeare and Dumas plays. Yet her instantaneous success seems not remarkable to those who know her. She is greater than her success. It was easy for her.

She is the first southern comrade to win a place in the legitimate with the avowed object of using the influence thus gained for the cause. Almost at the first of our acquaintance she asked me whether she would better try the stage first or the lecture platform. I advised the stage, for one needs the widest possible experience and knowledge of life before undertaking the agitator's nerve-racking work.

Comrade Edna was for awhile on the staff of the daily "New Orleans Item."

She also attempted to take a course in art, but the art students who know a good thing would not let her do anything but pose. 'Twas a base imposition on her youth and good nature, but perhaps this unusual method of thwarting her unformed aspirations helped her to find her true vocation. As either writer or artist Comrade Edna's unusual construction of talents could not all completely function. The writer needs brains only, including of course, imagination, keen observation and the power of expressing ideas in fit words. The artist or sculptor requires brains of but slightly different type, and unusual dexterity, but the actress needs brains plus beauty of the mobile, expressive sort, grace, personal magnetism and the undefinable thing we call charm. These are Comrade Edna's in abundance. She lacks only tact and perhaps imagination that enables one to understand widely diverse characters. I believe she has consciously neglected to cultivate tact, considering it a form of hypocrisy. After all isn't it? When I first met

her at her father's house during the Mardi Gras festivities she was spending much of her time denouncing a Bohemian friend who had joined the Presbyterians. I observed that she said as much to her friend as to others, and in an equally severe tone. I think the way to her heart is through her sense of humor for she did not seem specially drawn to me until I offered to fill the place of the anthematized friend and betrayed my colossal egoism by quoting Emerson's well-known consolation for lost delusion, "When half-gods go the gods arrive."

Comrade Edna is a magnet of hearts. Children love to sit near her and caress her hands, and even her dress. Women—those who are above jealousy—adore her. She is a human sunbeam—a super-woman who sheds goodness and gladness and good comradeship as a rose sheds fragrance.

Her home life has been so pleasant and her world-view is so philosophical that if she achieves great distinction in emotional and tragic roles it can only be through imagination and intellectual comprehension. I think that the knowledge of sorrow, that comes from experience, can never be hers, for her joy of life is innate and invulnerable.

While traveling with the Morrison Faust company recently Comrade Edna is reported in the Milwaukee papers as saying in an interview: "Do I believe in Socialism really and truly? Why I'd rather expound Socialism from the soap box than be the greatest star on the stage today. Why don't I do it? Simply because I don't feel that I am capable." But she is expounding Socialism every day as she travels over the country with her company, and one of these days we shall no doubt hear from her in the full role of a Socialist agitator.

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by Ben Hanford. This is a book that we can easily recommend to our readers. Every woman will find it a valuable addition to her store of Socialist knowledge. Price 25c a copy.

The Progressive Woman Pub Co

Copies of the May number The Woman containing the playlet, "The Socialist's Wife," may be had for a penny each. This little play was given at the Woman's conference at Girard with a good deal of success.

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## Race Suicide With a Vengeance

There are in one city in America alone—New York—forty thousand babies and very young children tainted with tuberculosis and doomed to die of that disease early, or to drag out pitiful lives in suffering and sorrow.

The above from an editorial in a non-Socialist paper—the New York Journal—tells a horrible tale of man's inhumanity to the little folks who come to take up for a time their residence in this life. The editorial goes on to say, "out of 40,000 children, more than 39,000 could be saved by fresh air, sunlight, good, plain food."

Simple things enough, and yet denied the helpless infants by the strong men at the head of city affairs.

The report of the president of the Chicago Law and Order league recently sent to the public press gives some more frightful news about some more helpless infants of another great city. It says in part:

I have reliable information that in twenty-seven months 600 children have passed through the venereal disease ward of the Cook county hospital.

Of these 15 per cent were afflicted with syphilis, 85 per cent with gonorrhoea; 20 per cent inherited the disease from their parents, 20 per cent of the girls (all under 12 years of age) were raped and 60 per cent contracted the disease from others in public schools, institutions, etc., etc.

In one instance a child 17 months old was diseased by her own father, another child three years old by her uncle.

If those who read these items will go carefully through the article in this issue on "Official Protection of Vice," they will come to the conclusion at once, if they be not too thick-headed, that there is a great crying need for a few "city mothers" in our cities and towns. They will leave behind forever the old saw that woman's "sphere" is the four walls of a home—often a mere shanty at that—and that her one and sole duty is to bear children—for the sons of men to destroy.

There might also creep into the minds of some-self-satisfied folks that the profit system that starves little consumptive children, and generates vice that destroys thousands of others, ought some day to be abolished and a sane co-operative commonwealth inaugurated in its place.

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

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WILSHIRE'S MAGAZINE,

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# Official Protection of Vice

AGNES H. DOWNING

Often we have heard it said: "Despite laws and public opinion prostitution still persists." Let us take pause and see why it is that an institution alike destructive of the physical and moral health of the race should continue.

The key to the whole situation is in the control of the city by the private corporate interests. A big corporation desiring to evade its taxes, to secure franchises and other special privileges, finds that it can do this only by controlling the political situation. The big interests, therefore, have politics as an adjunct to business, and the same rule applies—they get the most for the least money. To do this they have inaugurated the "machine" that controls both old parties. Through the machine they elect men of low character to public positions. These men owing their positions to the political "boss" who runs the machine, does his bidding. And in turn these disreputable officials use their public offices for their own selfish aggrandizement, protecting all sorts of evils, even crimes for their own profit. The reason the corporation puts such venal men into office is, first, that they are more subservient to its interests; and second, they are cheaper for the corporation for their price is secured not direct from the corporation, but from the vice of the city which they thus foster and protect.

To avoid theorizing take a specific case.

For some time preceding September, 1908, there existed in Los Angeles a segregated district of vice. The place was flagrantly discussed. From time to time there were "raids," and the public thought that meant an effort in good faith to suppress the evil.

The police courts presented busy scenes in these trials. The "cub" reporters were active and the press spoke quite lightly, jauntily, of the various phases of this social crime. The number of girls arrested would be given, sometimes their names would be printed, and the king of the red light districts would be referred to.

A. C. Harper, mayor of the city was a democrat, elected by the Southern Pacific machine, and the Times, the machine republican organ, was his chief support. Mr. Harper was waxing rich and the police commissioners, whom, under the charter he appointed, were oppulent. New substantial brick houses had gone up, houses of special architecture, well designed to entrapping and secreting inmates. Besides the special district, certain

saloons, hotels and clubs were quite as notorious.

The office of the district attorney, whose duty it is to prosecute such cases, was quite oblivious to what was going on. Occasionally it happened that an assistant prosecutor was appointed who strove in good faith to enforce the law. Such attorney would begin not by arresting the wretched girls and going through the shameful farce of a justice court trial to facilitate the collection of graft, but would issue warrants for the arrest of the keepers of the places and the owners of the property. Such efforts came to naught. The cases were dismissed and so was the decent attorney.

The vice went on. It had always gone on. It couldn't be stopped, people said. Los Angeles was "corrupt and contented."

Toward the end of September, 1908, Thomas Lee Woolwine, city prosecutor, in a newspaper interview, boldly charged Mayor Harper and his police commission with protecting vice; and the mayor admitted a segregated vice district. Yet a few days later, this same mayor and some of his police commissioners sought to intimidate Mr. Woolwine and the Express which published his statements, by filing damage suits aggregating nearly \$900,000, which suits were later withdrawn.

After a good deal of juggling, Mr. Woolwine was removed from his office as prosecutor. District Attorney Fredericks publicly declaring that Mr. Woolwine's charges were absolutely groundless.

A special grand jury, however, was summoned to inquire into the vice matter and after sitting for three months and examining 232 witnesses, on February 10, 1909, brought in a most condemning report.

The report showed that vice was protected. It showed that houses of prostitution existed in the city in direct violation of the laws of the state; that the mayor, his chief of police, and members of the police commission were not only aware of this fact, but that they had visited the places; bought liquor which was sold there in violation of the law; and participated in an orgy. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the jury brought in no indictments.

Six of the grand jurors felt that they could not concur in the report of the majority, and gave the public their reasons. This minority report stated among other things that Mayor Harper and Chief of Police Kern on many occasions visited those places and took young men of the town with them; that "the grand jury had ascertained that rentals as high as

\$120 per month were charged for single rooms in the three brick buildings which had been especially constructed." Further, that the plans to erect those buildings had been made in the mayor's office; that the buildings were not held in the name of the mayor, but in the words of the minority report: "One certain person held the title (papers being in escrow) to the real property upon which three of the said brick buildings are built, and was acquired after this district was established by the present administration. The minority report went on further to show that the man in whose name the title was placed (the papers all the while held in escrow) was a man "wholly without means and living upon the earnings of fallen women."

From the three brick houses referred to the rentals were \$200,000 yearly.

Notwithstanding that these facts were brought to the knowledge of the grand jury, it failed to indict. So not only was vice protected in Los Angeles by corrupt officials, but these corrupt officials were in turn protected by the grand jury. Justice was blind and was led not by the proverbial blind, but by brazen, flagrant greed.

If Los Angeles had in proportion to its population as many white slave women as there are said to be in Chicago, it would have nearly 5,000. But in the district that the administration had set off, where the brick buildings had been built, and to fill which the machinery of law, by raids, fines, etc., was used, only one-tenth of the 5,000, or about 500 were held. The rest were still scattered about the city. The segregation in any case takes comparatively few.

The other places scattered about did not pay the direct tribute of rent. There was a more indirect method. The mayor, chief of police, and members of the police commission organized or were deeply interested in certain sugar and oil corporations. They sent their agent, Police Commissioner Schenk, to the keepers of saloons, gambling rooms and disorderly houses, and these bought freely of the stock. The price they paid was out of all proportion to the value of the stock; they paid not for the stock but for protection for their illegal and criminal business. So it was that saloon-keepers who violated the law, gambling-house proprietors, and keepers of white slave dens became the business partners of the mayor and other high city officials. The Los Angeles Herald is authority for the statement that thousands of dollars worth of this stock was bought

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

by R. F. Goings, democratic politician, and notorious keeper of a saloon with wine rooms, gambling tables and assignation rooms attached.

A place still worse, if possible, and that bought still more of the sugar and oil stock, was the Manhattan hotel located on Third street near Main in the heart of the business section of the city. Here again is the "special architecture," steel bars to let down on the stairs, etc. The Los Angeles Herald speaks of this as an "infamous girl trap," and in the issue of January 9, 1909, goes on to explain: "Many a young girl has been taken there, believing her escort had brought her to one of the leading grills of Los Angeles, within an hour or so later to beg an employe to aid her in making her escape from shame." Indeed a specific instance was given as an ordinary occurrence, where it was stated that two girls who innocently entered the place accompanied by two men, and upon discovering the character of the house, the girls made frantic efforts to escape, but were prevented from doing so by the men; that a humane servant came to aid the girls and was beaten by the fiendish villains. There was no escape.

The story of the abuses of women in these places will never be known. The issue of the Herald above quoted (Jan. 9, 1909) says: "Men have utilized the privacy of the Manhattan to maltreat girls whom they had induced to enter the place. In some instances it has been necessary for the management of the Manhattan to call in a doctor to attend the women after their brutal captors had left them."

The Herald gave the name of the owner of this place, Thomas Higgins, and his place of residence. He is a wealthy citizen of Los Angeles. It also named J. E. Dunne the proprietor. It stated that Police Commissioner H. W. Lewis, who was appointed by and serving under Mayor Harper, was the agent of this Manhattan hotel. No libel suits came from these charges so they were probably true.

Think of the lives wrecked in these shambles! Think of the homes made desolate, of the despairing fathers and heart-broken mothers of these girls! And think of the nameless fate of the poor girls themselves—their suffering, their helplessness, and the gloom of the shame, ignominy, and slow death that is before them! From the gilded Manhattan where in the first flush of womanly beauty and romance, all unwilling they were held captive victims, to the brick cribs where sick and hopeless they will later be kept for profit, the most wretched slaves the world has ever known.

Though the Herald and the Express, two of the large dailies of the city were lurid with the stories of

these crimes against womanhood the grand jury brought no bills. The recall election and another grand jury were to follow, and another chapter in official depravity was to be made known.

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

Women Too Good to Vote.

In an address to the girl graduates of St. Joseph's College and Academy, Cardinal Gibbons declared against woman suffrage.

"I am entirely opposed to woman suffrage," he said, "not because I hate the women, but I love them and want them to fulfill the mission for which God intended them. If you play in the arena of politics you will be covered with its dust. If you grasp too much you will lose everything. Nowhere is woman so honored as in the United States. This is largely due to the chivalry and courtesy of the men, and if you are protected by the men, what more do you want? I want to remind you that woman has a great mission in life. You should, therefore, have a deep sense of your responsibility in the domestic walks of life. You cannot hope to preach in the church, but you can preach in your homes and reach those with whom you come in contact in your daily lives. Preach to your fathers and brothers. Woe be to society if it had to depend upon the men alone—it would certainly go to the devil."

Please note the words of the above: "Woe be to society if it had to depend on the men alone—it would certainly go to the devil." And, "if you are protected by the men (WHO WOULD LEAD SOCIETY TO THE DEVIL) what more do you want?" Consistency, Cardinal, is a jewel.

An Interesting Epistle.

Addressed to the Appeal to Reason, and turned over to us by the editor of same:

Sir: I have been reading your paper, Appeal to Reason for several weeks. You mention in this that women are not allowed to vote as they might vote for Socialism. You need fear nothing about that as few women are weak enough to do such a thing & they are only influenced by their Socialist Lords. The Socialists' attack on Roosevelt is an act worthy of a Socialist. It is a shameful thing to be published.

Thousands agree with Roosevelt, you say that he attacked it with out knowing anything about it. Others who have only seen a few of the papers agree with him. It condemns itself. Times are as prosperous as they would have been if Eugene Debs had been elected if people are willing to work & will demand reasonable wages they can get work. There is a cry for hired help now all over the country. What would our society consist of, if every one was put on an equal? You say in one paper that a hobo is a good as a president. Then do you think he should be his equal in society? Do you think a hobo would make as good a president as Roosevelt or Taft?—From a "Capitalist."

If you think this would be better in the waste basket, put it there. But remember, Thousands think the same way.

We hope it is not bordering on the impertinent to ask whether this lady "Capitalist" moves in the same social set with the Tafts and Roosevelts. Judging from her fear of "hobo" invasion of "society" one would think that she did.

AN OBSTACLE.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

I was climbing up a mountain path  
With many things to do,  
Important business of my own,  
And other people's too,  
When I ran against a Prejudice  
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,  
My path quite clearly showed,  
My strength and time were limited,  
I carried quite a load,  
And there that hulking Prejudice  
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,  
For he was huge and high,  
And begged that he would move a bit  
And let me travel by—  
He smiled, but as for moving!—  
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly  
With that colossal mule;  
My time was short—no other path—  
The mountain winds were cool—  
I argued like a Solomon,  
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,  
I danced and howled and swore,  
I pelted and belabored him  
Till I was stiff and sore;  
He got as mad as I did,  
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees—  
I might be kneeling still  
If so I hoped to move that mass  
Of obdurate ill-will—  
As well invite the Monument  
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,  
In an ecstasy of woe—  
The mountain mists were rising fast,  
The sun was sinking slow—  
When a sudden inspiration came,  
As sudden winds do blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick,  
My load I settled fair,  
I approached that awful incubus  
With an absent-minded air—  
And I walked directly through him,  
As if he weren't there!

The May Bulletin for the Intercollegiate Socialist society reports the following colleges as having student bands actively interested in the propagation of Socialism: Marietta College (Ohio); University of Georgia; University of Colorado; New York College; Wells College (New York); Cornell University; Vassar College, and the University of Pittsburg.

LESSON OUTLINES.  
BY LIDA PARCE.  
Anyone who wants to study social evolution from a Socialist viewpoint should possess this little book. It will give you a clear glimpse of human civilization from its prehistoric stage down to our own day.  
The New York Call says: "It contains only sixty-two pages, but it is full of meat. It is one of the few among many of its type foisted upon the public that is worth a thoughtful reading."  
Neatly bound, brown paper cover. Price, postpaid, 25 cents a copy, 6 copies for \$1.25. Send your order to Humanist Pub. Co. 5825 Drexel ave., Chicago, Ill.

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

## The Tragedy of Human Passion

THERESA MALKIEL

Honor and faith she thought his intent  
(And God only knows what the gentleman  
meant),

Yet a man must follow his natural bent;  
(Even as you and I.)

In this age of money-mad existence we are apt to lose sight of the part played by human passion, and yet its tragedies are as great as ever or even greater than in the days of yore.

From a crude savage place of habitation the earth became gradually civilized. As the passing generations have supplanted one another they changed their mode of living, their religion and morals, but in spite of the radical changes that took place in the conception of its ideals the human race is still a slave to its passion and as heretofore a victim of its tragedies.

Man's instincts remain the same today as they were during the era of paganism. When haunted by the desire of treading forbidden paths man sought and obtained woman's favor. Tired of her or even jilted by her he still had his hunting grounds, his wars and conquests; love was of his life a thing apart. Encouraged by the success of breaking hearts, for which deed he was often lauded in the legends and ballads of his time, he abandoned all self-control over his aimless straying towards new passions and acted as cheerfully the villain as the hero.

And today men who, among their own sex, stand up for honor and straightforwardness do not hesitate to play the hypocrite and flatterer before a pretty woman. They become actors for the sake of a glance, they turn orators to secure a kiss and are willing to take the place of a valet in order to obtain a favor. And for all that—they are always "men."

It is the woman as a rule who bears the penalties. Love is woman's whole existence—from time immemorial, by tale and song she was always spoken of as the object of romance. From the cradle to the grave she was assured of the prince charming who is bound to come into her life—until her whole existence comes to be concentrated on that one object. In that prince charming she expects to find the ideal around which her childhood dreams were woven. In him are embodied all her hopes and aspirations. To him her young affectionate nature sends out its prayer and her whole breath is filled with a deep yearning for the tender emotions to come.

The prince charming arrives and, in the complexity of his manifold aspirations, carelessly plucks her as he would a chance field blossom, only to drop it at the sight of another; the tragedy becomes complete for woman, as a rule, droops, withers and steps out of the game of life.

What was true of the heart-broken

nun of the middle ages is equally true of the New England spinster of today—one like the other carries her love with her into the grave. We today have our Juliets, our Ophelias and Desdemonas, just as the Elizabethan period had. Even like the biblical Ruth the woman of today says to the man she loves: "Thy people are my people and thy belief my belief. Where thou goest I shall follow willingly."

Marriage bonds imposed by centuries of higher civilization have fallen short of their mission, for they have failed to decrease passion's tragedies. Man's transgressions remain as great as ever, while society fails to make any concessions to the wife who breaks her marriage vows, or to the girl who dares to love without them. As heretofore—woman must pay the penalty.

It is hard to foretell what effect the coming radical changes will have on this phase of our life. It is possible, or rather probable, that the near future will give us an equal standard for both sexes and the morals that hold woman as her husband's property will disappear altogether. That upon the consent of both parties the marriage contract will be dissolved freely; that woman, once economically independent will not cling to the man after he ceases to love her. But here arises the question—will it heal her bleeding wounds? Will it tend to do away with the numerous tragedies of life?

As an inevitable result of her position during the past centuries woman became more emotional, more sensitive and more conservative than man. While man's life is occupied with general affairs, woman clings to the personal, and in a child-like way soars towards heaven, often neglecting the essential things of the earth.

Man in the exuberance of his power, goes through life controlled largely by his reason, woman, as a rule, follows the inclinations of her heart. And as we look forward into the distant future it seems that so long as this remains true, so long will woman be earth's chief sufferer, so long will natural tragedies be bound to recur.

A great revolution must take place in the mind of woman, who, chained by a thousand fetters of dependency to man-made conditions, brought up in the belief of ancient traditions and prejudices and degraded by a false morality, is herself partially to blame for a great deal of her suffering. A change of education and of rearing must weave itself into her life so that she might learn to control her heart by the power of her reason or in other words, must learn to be mistress of her feelings and come down from the dreams of heaven to the realities of the earth. She must outgrow her childish illusions for, though we admire the in-

nocence of our children, we are anxious, nevertheless, to see them outgrow those traits as they progress in years. She must become a philosopher and learn to view her romantic disappointments as she does any other unpleasant incident in her life. She must understand that the vow of eternal troth is sometimes broken, even against the will of the individual who breaks it—for love knocks often at our door unbidden, uncalled for. She must remember that there is always a possibility of a change of feeling in her mate, as well as in herself—and be prepared to meet the consequences. She must become conscious of the immediate need of her political and economic emancipation, which will also mean the liberation of her sex. She must throw off the fetters of slavery and learn to rely on her own ability, thus dispensing with the chivalry which worshipped her in poetry and degraded her in life. She must give up being only a domestic plant, a vegetating stay-at-home, become the real sovereign of her own being, and take as much interest in the large family of the human race, as she does in the small immediate one of her household.

Or, in the words of Olive Shreiner, "Woman must throw off her shoes of dependence, must discard the mantle of superstition and even leave behind her the dear child—passion, which clings still so desperately to her—before she can hope for salvation from her misery."

The ballot, though an absolute necessity in her struggle for freedom, is only one of the aims toward the goal. We cannot renovate a garment by turning over one of the sleeves—the whole of it must be turned inside out. And this renovation is possible under a Socialist regime only. A human being on a par with the rest of the world—woman will be economically independent. Living in a society that will not gloat over the word "mine" she will become broad-minded. Brought up under the same rule as the male she will compel him to gradually recognize in her the human, the spiritual qualities. Only then will she become a part of the universe. Only then can she hope to lessen the sorrows of her heart.

The task may be a long and painful one. Many of us may perish in the effort without leaving any evident trace of the long and bitter struggle. But woman will be fully compensated for it all when the goal is finally reached.

Read the announcement of the Girard post-cards elsewhere in this paper. If you want to get acquainted with Girard, and the "bunch" of comrades here, this is the best chance you have had, and it saves car fare. You can line the excellent post card photographs up in your room and look at them whenever you want to.

# Woman Suffrage and Socialism

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

That the struggle of women throughout the world, and particularly in this country, has behind it the economic pressure becomes more apparent as we acquaint ourselves more with the movement. Indeed, no great moral struggle has ever arisen in the history of the race, that did not have back of it the economic force. When the first convention of women suffragists met in Seneca Falls, July 14, 1848, a declaration of sentiments was read, in which we find that the fight of those women was primarily an economic fight. Their declaration of sentiments followed exactly the Declaration of Independence of 1776, except that they substituted for King George, "all men," and we find them saying:

Having deprived her (woman) of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, thereby leaving her without representation in the halls of legislature, he (man) has oppressed her on all sides.

He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, civilly dead.

He has taken from her all rights of property, even the wages she earns.

After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single and the owner of property, he has taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her property can be made profitable to it.

He has monopolized nearly all the profitable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration. He closes against her all the avenues of wealth and distinction which he considers most honorable to himself. As a teacher of theology, medicine or law, she is not known.

He has denied her the facilities of obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

These are the principal counts of the first suffragists against an absolute masculine rule. They were thoroughly economic in their nature.

After a good deal of agitation on the part of the early suffragists the laws were modified to suit, in a measure, their demands. They were permitted to enter the colleges, to enter the professions, a married woman could draw her wages and own property in many of the states, and altogether conditions were made easier for the woman, even though the ballot is still denied her. Following these concessions in her favor, the fight for suffrage became less animated. It almost died out. It was only occasionally that we heard about it, and people said it had been only a fad, that the majority of women had not wanted the ballot, and that there would never be a revival of the struggle for it.

But we find it reviving. And this time it is becoming a class fight, as well as a sex fight, for it is the wage-earning woman today, who is the backbone of the suffrage movement. This fact is so well recognized that the Queen of England, Mrs. Stuyvesent Fish and other very rich women of America, have placed themselves on record as against the movement of

women for the franchise. The recent protest of the Pope, is also significant. On the other hand, we have the women of the labor unions, school teachers and other professional and wage-earning women, forming the bulk of the membership of suffrage organizations. In New York, the richest city in America, the pay of women school teachers is so small that there are hundreds of vacancies in the public schools for which no teachers can be found. The teachers of New York city have waged a hard fight for better wages, but have been defeated again and again. They have decided that one of the causes for their poor pay is lack of the ballot, by which the city officials are elected, and are flocking to the suffrage movement hoping to find relief there. There is not a little reason in this, since in the four states where women do vote, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah, women teachers receive the same pay as men, for the same work done. And these are the only states in which they do. Carroll D. Wright, a former commissioner of labor, has said: "The lack of direct political influence constitutes a powerful reason why women's wages have been kept at a minimum." And it is a well-known fact even among women members of the unions, that they have not the influence in their unions that they should have, because of this lack of political power. The men of the unions know that their possession of the ballot weighs with their employer, and helps in keeping their wages up. The woman has no ballot, and to her employer, even though she is a union member, she is a mere nothing, outside of the labor she performs. Employers can never be brought to time through fear of the votes of women, for they haven't any. Besides directly influencing their wages, the ballot in the hands of the working woman would help her class in many ways. Mrs. Maud Nathan, of the Consumers' league, says: "In the states where women vote there is far better enforcement of the laws which protect working girls." This, because the vote of the woman weighs more with the lawmakers than all the eager appeals made by disfranchised women for the welfare of their sisters. She says further that in Colorado when some little children were brought from the southern cotton mills and southern methods of employment were adopted in a Colorado cotton mill, a rigorous anti-child labor law and a compulsory education law were enacted at once, without a fraction of the agitation required in states where women are denied the suffrage. Another matter

of vast interest to wage earners is the education of their children. It is essential that children should be compelled to attend school, rather than be forced at an early age into industry. The enormous number of illiterate children in our great industrial states is appalling. In Wyoming where women have voted for nearly half a century there are fewer illiterate children than in any other state—only 72 in the entire state. In Colorado also the age of consent of girls has been raised to eighteen, which makes it impossible for them to be a legal party to their own ruin, earlier than to their marriage. This is a safe-guard which young working girls in other states do not have. Mrs. Nathan gives an instance of the governor of New York, appointing an incompetent man, an ex-elevator boy, as deputy factory inspector, over a woman who had had long experience and was thoroughly capable, merely because the voters wished him to appoint a man. And the voters were not women. On another occasion she called on a governor of New York in behalf of the working girls, and he told her frankly that he was not interested in the working girls; they had no votes!

Just recently we have the news that Mrs. Lillian C. Tucker, deputy clerk of the United States circuit court in Boston, has been asked to resign by the clerk, on the ground that her salary, \$2,500 was too much for a woman. Mrs. Tucker has been in the service of the United States court for over twenty-five years, and is held by the judges of the court to be thoroughly competent. Had she been a voter, it is hardly probable that she would have been turned down in this manner. Mr. Trowbridge said that women were not in the habit of receiving such large salaries, and he did not wish to set the precedent.

John Neal, an eminent American publicist, affirmed many years ago that the vote had added more than fifty cents a day to the average wages of the workingman. Whether this be true or not, we know that one of the first declarations of the Socialist party in countries where the workingman is disfranchised, is that he shall have the franchise restored to him. The party does not stop to ask whether he will use his vote against the Socialist movement or not. That is not its business. It is working for the emancipation of the oppressed everywhere, regardless of sex or color, and wherever it finds this oppressed class reaching out for freedom, it is the duty and pleasure of the Socialist party to stand with it, to work with it, and to help it on to victory. And especially since the woman's fight for



the franchise is devolving more and more into a class fight, into an economic fight, it is incumbent upon us to stand with them, so far as they go, and help them through. At the same time here is a wonderful field for Socialist propaganda, a field equally as needy as that of the trades unions. If we are to stand with the workingman in his fight for higher wages let us also stand with the working woman in her fight for political freedom, through which she, too, may attain economic freedom. The Socialist party at its last national convention set the precedent for us. It is now our duty to push this movement in this country to the extent that the working women—and the great majority of our women are working women, or wives of workingmen—may come into political power, and finally into economic freedom.

Under modern conditions housekeeping and rearing of children are no longer private matters—they are public functions, and in their performance the woman of today finds herself brought into contact with every problem of municipal life.—Ida Husted Harper.

### "The New Ethics"

JOHN EDWIN SNYDER.

When Upton Sinclair wrote "The Jungle," he aimed at the people's heart in behalf of the workers, and hit them in the stomach. It seems to me that J. Howard Moore has aimed better for his book, "The New Ethics," certainly appeals to the heart of everybody having a spark of humanity in them. His appeal goes out for all living creatures. He says:

"I appeal to the hospitality of the unenslaved for understanding of this message—to the men and women who have not yet passed into the solid state."

There are very few who escape condemnation in this book, but if a man or woman have reason and a desire to get at the truth I am sure that the old law of the jungle, of tooth and fang, of murder for sport and furs and meat will be overthrown by this fearless champion of the wild and domestic animal.

"Oh, this killing, killing, killing—this awful, never-stopping, never-ending, world-wide butchery! Every time your clock strikes six thousand, five hundred innocent, intelligent, and highly sensitive beings have had their heads smashed with an axe, and their throats lunged through, and have struggled, and shuddered, and seen the world vanish from their eyes, here in these godless charnels." (The packing houses.) "The Chicago stock yards alone grind up annually 20,500,000 living beings a year. What for? Why, bless your life! in order that men and women may pray for mercy,

### OUR LEAFLETS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN,  
Girard, Kan.

and preach the Golden Rule, and deplore injustice, with their bellies full of blood."

Even the butcher and consumer of meats are dealt with severely, equally as hard does he strike at the murderers of wild animals for furs; and at those who wear the furs, "No one but a vulgarian would attempt to adorn herself by putting the dead bodies of birds on her head, or muffling her shoulders in grinning weasels and dangling mink tails. She is a concourse of unnecessary funerals. It is estimated that 30,000,000 living beings are annually put to death in this world for their furs alone."

Trapping is the prevailing method, and many of the animals eat off their arms or legs and are dispatched by having their heads smashed into a jelly by a big club in order to get a scalp or jawbone to dangle about the neck. Others are caught by putting out iron rods in the cold north and greasing them so that when the animal attempts to lick the grease the tongue freezes fast and thus it must stand and suffer for hours, even days, until the hunter comes to dispatch him with a club. Put yourself in its place.

In the chapter on "Silent Martyrs of Civilization" he flays man for his inhuman treatment of those animals co-operating with him. "He feeds and shelters them for the same reason that the capitalist feeds and shelters the poor human beings who serve him—simply to make them last as long

as possible, and when he has extracted from them every benefit he is able to extract, he casts them out, as the money hog does his worn-out workmen, to rot."

"Human beings have become the butchers of the universe." But still the author believes that humanity and truth are slowly creeping into the heart of the human race, however. "Every new truth that comes into it has got to sneak in on its hands and knees and where there is so little encouragement to genius and originality that 'A man is thought a knave or fool, or bigot plotting crime, who for the advancement of his race is wiser than his time.'" "The human race is at the beginning of its career. It stands blinking and rubbing its eyes in the dim morning of the ages, not only half-baked, but scarcely in the batter stage of development." This book does not just condemn; it has excellent chapters on "What Shall We Eat?" "Is Man a Plant Eater?" and "The Foods of the Future." In these he gives many tables which show that the plant, and dairy foods are far superior to meat foods and do not destroy the human soul in their getting.

"The mouth of the carnivora is an arsenal—Man's mouth is a mill" thus he answers the advocates of man being a carnivorous animal. And those who say that the most highly developed races are meat eaters, he asks, "How about the Eskimo and his blubber?" A diet of fruits, grains, nuts and vegetables, with dairy products and eggs, is the ideal diet of man. An excellent table of comparative strength of foods is to be found on page 90, and it shows that nuts and oatmeal and beans are three times as nutritious as meat and that meat is only second-hand food anyhow.

"The New Ethics" is the ethics of "Love," not alone for our fellow man but for all living creatures. When text books such as this enter the homes and schools of our world the butcher and his shop, the hunter and his gun and dagger, the rum seller and his liquor and all their kindred will go out of business.

J. Howard Moore has written a book worth while. Get it. Read it to your children. Published by Samuel Block, Chicago. Price \$1.00.

### July Dusk.

J. C. K.

The odorous breath of flowers,  
Just at dusk of a July day,  
The infinitesimal harpers  
That thousands of melodies play,  
The mystical, dreamy shadows  
That steal across the way,  
Touch the heart with infinite peace,  
And cause the soul to pray.

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

# The Progressive Woman

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



## Letter from our Managing Editor

Those who read Mr. Kaneko's farewell words in our last issue will probably be glad to have the following from him. It is the last word we have had from him, and was not written for publication. But will give it to you, anyway—most of it:

This is the fourth morning since we left San Francisco bay. The sea is very calm and the ship is moving on smoothly and slowly toward Hawaii. We will be in Honolulu on Monday noon. I am feeling fine. I did not get sea sick at all, although four of my roommates became sick and could not get up until yesterday. One of them is still feeling bad. I have five roommates—two Chinese, two Americans and one Jap. So I am not left alone. We are talking in English right along except one poor Japanese farmer who cannot speak a word in English. This ship is pretty well arranged. We have a nice bathroom where we can take a salt bath any time. Meal service is fine, too. But they give us about three kinds of meat dishes every meal time, and not much of vegetables. Oh, I miss the green things I used to eat every day at home. At noon we generally have soup, fish, game, roast beef, stew and rice. You can imagine how hard it is for anyone to eat them all. Fortunately Mr. Oka gave me five dozen oranges when I left San Francisco. I am eating three or four a day. One of the Chinese mates is a graduate of Stanford University this year. He speaks English as fluently as I do. The other Chinese is a merchant of San Francisco, and talks so-called pidgen English. There are about three consumptives among the second-class passengers, and some more among the third class. It looks like a hospital boat almost. I think the salt air is doing me good. I feel so much stronger than when I left San Francisco. Am walking on the deck every day, and am breathing deeply this delightful air. I am not reading anything. I can't read.

Some of the officers and passengers had Japanese fencing practice on the deck yesterday evening, and we watched them till the moon was high in the sky.

I gave one copy of "Little Sister of the Poor" to a Chinese student. He is reading it now in his bed.

Well, it is after ten o'clock, my mates have gone to bed, and, besides, the ship is shaking too much, so will close here. Please tell everybody who has been kind to me that I am still alive and it looks as though I am going to live many more years. Yours,  
K. KANEKO.

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

Since the last issue of The Progressive Woman the receipts have been excellent some of the time, and other weeks not so very good. So this has kept the average lower than it should be, though not so bad as it was in the spring. But, comrades, this paper ought to have 20,000 subs, and it hasn't got them. It is so much better, you know, to make an absolute success of a thing than it is just to have it half-way. And The Progressive Woman can't be an absolute success until its circulation is at least doubled. It can't be a real success until a good little bunch of its readers are willing to sacrifice a great deal for its success. When you get in that frame of mind, you will be doing more than you are at present. Remember, this work of arousing the women from their long captivity to ignorance, superstition and prejudice, of instilling in them a social consciousness, depends upon you as much as on anyone else. One of these days you are going to close up your little shop and pass on into another life. Do you think when that time comes that you will be satisfied with your contribution to the welfare of the human race? Is any decent, self-respecting woman willing just to live like the animals—eat, sleep, bear children, and pass on, without so much as lifting her voice for the welfare of the human family in its mental, spiritual and moral development? These are questions, comrades, that we all ought sometime to consider seriously. Have you thought about them?

In every town there are a number of women's clubs, the members of which are the housewives of the community. They need to know about Socialism. Hand them one of Agnes Downing's "A Plea to Club Women" to read. It will set them thinking.

What suggestion have you to make that would cause an improvement in The Progressive Woman? We would like a word from every reader giving her idea of an improvement. You may not all agree, and it will be impossible to follow each one's suggestion, but out of the whole a composite form may come that will greatly improve the paper. This is your paper, doing your work; don't be afraid to criticise it.

Mark the best article in this number and pass it on to some one who needs to learn about it.

Economic slavery of the workers is their greatest curse. It is the greatest curse of women. Socialism will cure it.

Cardinal Gibbons doesn't want women to vote. We wonder why?

Send for some suffrage blanks and get them filled.

This is a rich country we are living in. But most of the people are poor. Why?

To live in a state of humiliation is a bad thing for the health and the morals. Yet the majority of women are humiliated every day because of their poverty. Why don't they join the Socialists in their effort to abolish poverty?

"I am willing to be burned at the stake, if it would give the ballot to women," Anna B. Shaw is quoted as saying recently. This is rather a brave statement. Of course Miss Shaw does not expect to be burned at the stake; we don't do things that way these days. But her's is the spirit that makes for success—the spirit of sacrifice. And she is doing all a human can in her line of progress. Would that more women were like her.

We have a lot of suffrage petitions and hope that you will send right along for them. As it is not permissible to lengthen the petitions by pasting a piece of paper on the end, you will need a good many for all the names you want to get. I do not believe that these petitions will secure the ballot for women—not at once anyway; but they will do away with the old saying that "women don't want the ballot." So send for a bunch, and get as many signers for them as you can.

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

The time is coming—indeed, it is here—when every body of men organized to promote human welfare and moral progress turns instinctively to women for help, and men and women alike must soon recognize the necessity for the womanhood of the nation to be fully equipped for meeting these new responsibilities.—Ida Husted Harper.

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

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

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

If our correspondents do not always receive personal replies to their letters it is because we are very busy, and must cut out all excepting the absolutely necessary work. Don't let this make your interest lag, however. We have our mind on you just the same, and appreciate every line that you send in, and every bit of work that you do.



# Conference of Socialist Women in Girard



All over the world women are becoming actively interested in Socialism and the Socialist movement. In Germany the Socialist women's societies support a weekly paper for women, with a circulation of more than 80,000. In Finland, where a number of Socialist women have been elected to the diet, or parliament, they also have a paper of their own. In England the Socialist and trades union women have a splendid little magazine in *The Woman Worker*.

In the United States organizations of Socialist women are growing at a rapid rate. In California, Indiana and New York these organizations are especially strong. Kansas, under the work of Miss Caroline Lowe, the state organizer, is rapidly coming to the front in this respect. This is evidenced by an organization of Socialist women's committees, with a membership of more than 200, and which has just closed a most successful conference in Girard.

The conference of the Socialist women's committees convened in the county court room, on June 4th, at 1 o'clock. The meeting was opened with music by Mrs. Emma Johns-Call, who never fails to please with her renditions of both classical and popular airs. After the address of welcome, followed the regular routine work of such a gathering—the election of officers, reports of committees, etc. The evening session was opened again with music by Mrs. Call, after which Kipling's "Capitalistic Class" was sung by the women's quartette of the Girard women's committee—Mesdames Kaneko, Lovejoy, Hewitt and Withrow. A hearty encore brought a response with "The Fairyland Waltz," which was also well received.

Fred D. Warren, of the Appeal to Reason, was then introduced by chairman Mrs. Kaneko, as the speaker of the evening. His subject was "What Will be the Attitude of the Church Toward Socialism?"

Mr. Warren is a forceful speaker, with an analytical mind and a keen sense of

humor. He brought much applause from his hearers during his talk.

The session of Saturday morning was opened by a paper by Grace D. Brewer, on Socialist literature. At 10 o'clock the conference adjourned to attend the funeral of Comrade Glass, and marched to his home in a body.

At noon a picture was taken of most of the visitors and delegates—it is to be regretted that a number were not in it—in front of the Appeal to Reason office. The delegates were also photographed as they ate a dinner together the evening before in Osborn's restaurant. Comrade Duncan the official photographer for the Socialists of Girard, did the photographing.

The afternoon was given to open discussion, papers being read on the following subjects: "Child Labor," Mrs. Mary Lovejoy; "The White Slave Traffic," Mrs. Elizabeth Vincent; "Woman's Work Abroad," Mrs. Effie Withrow. Mrs. Puckett, of Kincaid, acted as chairman for the afternoon. A monologue, "Hepsy at the Convention," was given by Mrs. Lillie Tubbs, and a playlet, "The Socialist's Wife," written by Mrs. Kaneko, was presented by members of the women's committee of Girard.

Miss Berry, of Coffeyville, brought in the report of the committee on study work for the coming winter and the resolutions committee brought in resolutions condemning the action of the federal court in its decision in the Fred D. Warren case; condemning the white slave traffic; the child labor evil, and endorsing the magazine, *The Progressive Woman*, calling upon the women of Kansas to work for its wider circulation; endorsing the suffrage movement, and the work of the National Political Refugee Defense league. Resolutions were also read recommending that we cherish the memory of Alice Lewis (Pittsburg), who met a sudden and cruel death by being run down by a freight train on a principal crossing in her city last February, and that we do all in our might to push forward the cause upon which she had set her heart, and in

which she was engaged when death took her away.

This first conference of the Socialist Women's Committees of Kansas is but the small beginning of what is hoped to become a great work in the near future. Kansas women are beginning to recognize, as do their sisters in other states and foreign lands, that economic slavery of a producing class is contrary to the best interests of society as a whole, and are setting their faces against it.

Coming, probably as one of the results of the woman's conference of Kansas, is the announcement that the great Appeal to Reason is to be turned over to the women some time in September, for a special woman's edition. A circulation of a million has been promised, and if all who are interested in the woman's cause will lend a hand, this issue of the Appeal should reach 2,000,000. Think of it! The best writers on the woman question in America as well as abroad will contribute to this monster edition, devoted especially to the progress of women. In the meantime, let the women's societies all over the land be busy. Something good is sure to come of their efforts.

Those who attended the conference at Girard ought by all means to have one or two of those large pictures taken by Comrade Duncan. Either the dinner at Osborn's restaurant, or that taken before the Appeal to Reason, will be furnished for 50c. This picture will be historic some day.

Experience clearly shows that women's interest can not be aroused in mere partisan strife. Their interests center around questions affecting education, public cleanliness, public morality, civic beauty, charities and correction, public health, public libraries—and such subjects as more intimately affect home life, and conduce to the prosperity of the family. Men lose sight of these important considerations in the scramble of partisan warfare for office, but women will not see them obscured by anything.—St. Louis Labor.

# The Examiner's Glass

LIDA PARCE



We women have often been exhorted to "stand shoulder to shoulder with our brother and help him do his work." We are also advised to "learn men's methods." I have sometimes wondered at

the enthusiasm of those who give this advise. What is "His work?" Historically speaking, has his work been something in which it would have been well to "stand shoulder to shoulder" with him? It would have been well if woman had not been excluded from a part in forming governments and social institutions, but that is not "His work," that is everybody's work, since everybody has social relations.

But it is now being discovered that caring for folks, just folks, supplying human needs, is not such a contemptible thing after all. "His work" is coming to be strangely related to our work. But don't tell him! It would make him furious. Our brother is beginning to "stand shoulder to shoulder with us and help us do our work."

And when you are told to "learn men's methods" don't be too much flustered by the suggestion that you could do such a stupendous thing. There seems to be some question of late whether the best methods have yet been found. At least, the results are not always quite perfect. When the best methods shall have been discovered it is quite probable that woman's ways will have some part in them. About half, perhaps.

I was recently talking with a good Socialist comrade. You know Socialists believe in the freedom and equality of woman. There was no limit to the generosity of this comrade toward woman. He was willing that women should be just like men. Certainly a man could have no greater generosity than that. He was very earnest about it. I asked him if he was willing that men should be like women. But he could not take this suggestion seriously. He laughed at it heartily. Too heartily in fact.

What women must do is to hold their own ground, and demand their liberty, not to use as men use their liberty, but to use as they see fit. Not to "adopt men's methods," but to help in working out a human method of doing the world's work and conserving the human race.

The woman's committees of the Socialist party and various woman's clubs that are interested in Socialism are pretty generally taking up defi-

nite study. They are adopting the method of education, as against agitation. The results of agitative political campaigns seems to suggest a question as to the best propaganda methods. At all events, it is well that the women have taken the way that seems good to them. They may be able to contribute something toward the discovery of the best way.

In the International Socialist Review for June, Mr. Joseph Cohen, under the title, Socialist Philosophy, says: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in animals than in man. . . . And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought." This according to the gospel by Mr. Cohen is the place of woman in the "Socialist Philosophy."

Women will require a different treatment of the woman question at the hands of the Socialist Philosophy before they will swamp the Socialist party with applications for membership. The plank for woman suffrage in the Socialist platform will not cover an unlimited multitude of sins both of omission and of commission, in the estimation of intelligent women.

On the outskirts of a town on the desert of the far southwest, there was a shabby "home" where a little girl of thirteen lived with her parents. In the back yard of this home an ocatilla bush did what it could to relieve the barrenness and redeem the desolation of the spot.

One day the neighbors saw the little girl weeping distractedly under the ocatilla bush. To the bare branches tissue paper flowers and bits of grass were tied. The next day, and the next the child was seen here, always in an agony of distress. Then the neighbors went over to see what was the matter with the child, and in the shade of the bush they found a little mound of fresh earth. They opened the mound, and a foot or so deep in the ground there was a pasteboard shoe box. And in this box, wrapped carefully in cloth, and tied with pitiful bits of soiled ribbon, was a tiny dead baby.

This was in a country where motherhood is "honored," and where the home is the safest place for the child.

Once upon a time I attended a county picnic. As I stood near the gate of the picnic grounds a woman passed in. A woman faded, tired, poor, worn, depressed. The joy of

life gone out of her, to the last glimmer; squeezed as dry as a last year's bird's nest. In her arms was a small child. Another, nearly as small, clung to her skirts on either side. In the rear came three others only a little larger; and maternity was again brooding over the woman. The dreary procession was closed by a man, dull of eye, heavy of foot, dark of mind; but owner of the woman's body, and sole guardian of her children.

Anyone who has attended a county picnic has seen the prototype of this family. And this is in a country where motherhood is "sacred," where a woman's only safety is supposed to lie in the holy bonds of matrimony, and where parents are thought to be universally godlike.

Do we honor motherhood, or is it something else quite different, that we honor. The mother of the Greek citizen was thought to be honored quite to the point of dizzy exultation. But the mother of the Greek slave was not honored. The natural process of motherhood was the same in both, but the legal status of the parties was different. Is it that a human law is so much more important than a natural process? Don't we women really honor our motherhood after all?

We talk a great deal about how we honor labor. But the labor we honor is free labor. None of us want to emulate the slave. So long as we submit to slave labor and slave motherhood, all our talk about honoring labor and motherhood is silly cant. What we mean is that slave labor and slave motherhood are profitable to our masters. We shall never honor either until they are free and voluntary.

Scientific thinkers, both intellectual and plain, are beginning to take these facts into account. The sciences are now covering upon a common point—the point of human interest, and at this point the science of sociology is emerging. Sociology is the science of extracting the human value from the natural sciences and applying it to social conditions. So the thinker regardless of cult of party or sect, is beginning to turn the light of science upon our most cherished dreams, our most sacred institutions, our most solemn trivialities. And just this light is crumbling them into dust.

But while the crumbling process is going on it will be possible for some people, like Roosevelt, to fuss around quite a little about the impiety of it all. But those who claim to be Socialists and to understand the social process of changes that are going on, ought to be able to get along without slinging mud at one another about it. Nothing could delight the capi-

talist heart more than such mud-slinging between Socialists. No loyal Socialist will claim for the Socialist party or any members of it, responsibility for the evolutionary changes in the social structure.

The sensibilities are organic morality. An external morality, a social moral creed may take the place of organic morality where that is wanting. But when such a creed comes into conflict with developing sensibilities, the creed will go. Nature will not change her process in deference to human ideas of morality, nor to social customs.

## Old Frances

### A Victim of the System.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

Out of the door of her basement lodging Old Frances came. For a moment she stood there, under the shadow of the steps that led to the apartments above. And as she stood she took her bare hand from under the folds of her faded shawl, and opened it. In the withered and grimy palm lay a new silver piece—a quarter of a dollar. As she looked her rheumy eyes grew bright, a grin played about her toothless mouth, and the long chin with its sparse beard drew closer to the beak-like nose. After a moment of gloating over the bright thing, she drew her hand again under the worn shawl that covered her head and fell about her shoulders to her waist. Then she climbed laboriously up the snow-covered steps that led to the street.

Old Frances had been young once. She had been nursed with love at a young mother's breast, and had been looked upon fondly by a proud, but not too wise father. She had grown into a "mere slip of a girl" and here temptations and vices for which she was in no way responsible, and the meaning of which her childish mind did not know, began to crowd upon her, to take hold of her life, and undermine her will-power, until she had grown into a repulsive womanhood; and as she climbed unsteadily to the pavement at this time, her back bent, her iron grey hair straying from under the faded shawl over a face scarred and seamed with years of horrible depravity and deprivation, it was beyond mortal power to imagine her ever to have been other than the ugly crone she now was.

Holding her coin tightly in her hand, she picked her way painfully along the slippery street. She had been sent on an errand of life or death. On a cot in the damp basement room a woman lay writhing in mortal agony. Three children, unheeding, played upon the floor. They fought, they screamed in anger, they shouted in glee, and they fretted be-

cause it was cold. But the pale creature on the cot was conscious only of her pain, and prayed the Mother of Jesus to hasten Old Frances' return with a quieting drug.

At the corner Old Frances stopped. Again she took her hand from the folds of her shawl and looked longingly at the silver piece. The habit of a life-time was gnawing at her vitals. The cold was in her bones, and her parched throat thirsted "for a drop." As she turned the corner a gust of wind swept down upon her, cutting through her thin clothing fiercely, causing her to lose her balance for the moment. Clutching at an inviting door knob she clung to it, bracing herself against the storm.

Then some one flung the door open, dragging her in.

The light, the warmth, the odor, were overpowering.

"Just a drop," she gurgled to the man at the bar.

An hour later a policeman piloted Old Frances to her basement door. Revived by the cold, she was able to turn the knob and enter. The children huddled together among some rags in a corner were fast asleep. The sick woman was quiet. Old Frances approached her hesitatingly. She was afraid she would start up and curse her. But the sleeper did not awaken. The old woman put out her hand, which had begun to tremble as with an ague, and touched the ice-cold face.

"Mother of Jesus," she gasped, as her weak knees gave way under her, and she sank to the floor.

The woman was dead.

## THE OCEAN OF DISCOVERY.

I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of the great ocean of discovery; I do not know what science will do for us.

I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunder bolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under the waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unpaid labor, and converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from the human limb and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we make the attraction of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no children to be sold, no cradles to be violated; I know that science has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands and more beautiful children; I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives; and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty.—Robert Ingersoll.

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

## THE SORROWS OF CUPID

BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

This little book has run through several editions and has sold by the tens of thousands. Many who have read it consider it . . . . .

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**The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.**

GIRARD, KANSAS

# Forget It

JOSEPHINE-CONGER KANEKO

"Socialism for Students" is the title of a series of lessons that have been running in the International Socialist Review for several months. The title is an interesting one. It suggests a great deal of knowledge, or at least a good bit of browsing among scientific works relative to biology and sociology, and some of the other things that teachers of Socialism are supposed to know something about. In the June installment of the lessons, we are told about the mind, and we run across this startling bit of information: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. Thus animals scent danger more quickly than man and are better weather prophets. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought. Intuition is often spoken of as a feminine attribute."

Dear me! (In the words of Hashimura Togo, "multiply this by 1000!") One hardly expected to find this in a "Teacher's Socialism for Students." It sounds like an appeal to the prejudices of the remote back waters of conservatism. It is the unabashed note of the androcentric—man-centered—culture of the ages. It is not the voice of the Socialist prophet crying in the wilderness of social oppression.

The true Socialist says to man and woman, You are equal in your humanity. You are both representatives of a species—the human family—and neither is more or less human than the other. There may be reversions to lower forms in the human family, but these reversions are found in both sexes, not in one alone.

However, even so noted an authority as Havelock Ellis says that if there is a reversion to the lower forms in either sex of the human, that it occurs in the adult male, who, as he reaches senility, presents many of the characters of the simian condition. He says: "It seems that up to birth, or shortly afterwards, in the higher mammals, such as the apes and man, there is a rapid and vigorous movement along the line of upward zoological evolution, but that a time comes when this foetal or infantile development ceases to be upward, but is so directed as to answer to the life wants of the particular species, so that henceforth and through life there is chiefly a development of the lower characters, a slow movement toward degeneration and senility, al-

though a movement that is absolutely necessary to insure the preservation and stability of the individual and the species. . . . We see, therefore, that the infantile condition in both man and the apes is somewhat alike and approaches to the human condition; the adult condition of both also tends to be somewhat alike and approximates to the ape-like condition." And further, that the female of both man and apes stands midway between the infantile and the adult male condition—is not quite so human as the child, nor quite so bestial as the man. The fact of her intuition could not place woman nearer the "lower forms." Lester Ward says that intuition is the main branch of the intellectual faculty, and speaks of the instinct of some animals as being so great as to approach insipient intuition. He claims that the intuitive faculty adheres both in man and woman, though differently directed, because of the different lives of the two sexes. The male nature has always been aggressive, while the great end of female action has ever been protection. The power in woman of instantaneous and accurate judgment as to what to do when her safety or that of her offspring was threatened, in short of "scenting danger," was developed through ages of conflict with the males of her own kind, and the beasts of the jungles. Man's wit, or intuition, was sharpened as an aggressor, an adventurer, a possible conqueror and ruler, and so it runs today. Both of these intuitions have risen above the instincts of the animals and are human.

But if we admit that woman is more intuitional than man, and if it is true that the intuition is the main branch of the intellect, all the other faculties being off-shoots from it, then we have only proven that woman ranks first in the purely intellectual realm, just as the female ranks first in the root stock of the species. It sometimes is expedient for the writer on sociological subjects to make comparisons between the sexes in their development throughout the ages, and their relative contributions to social progress. But just here, too, is where too often the mind takes a slip backward, and hangs up on the peg of outworn screeds. It is so very hard to get over the notion that woman was created for her sex and her motherhood and nothing more. Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson in an article on "The American Woman in the IXth Century and After," a few years ago, strikes the high key in the idea of woman's "place" in the world when he says: "Her constitutional restlessness has caused her to abdi-

cate those functions which alone excuse or explain her existence."

This is but the audacity of the androcentric idea that "women are just women and men are everything else."

But let Socialists be consistent. If they are following the new, let them adhere also to the new ideas of woman's humanity, and cease those statements which but serve to fix still deeper in the mind of the race the notion of her inferiority, her "sphere," her everlasting sex attributes. The fact is that the mother-creature existed before the inauguration of sex, while the male came in later purely and simply as a sex function, and had no other place in nature for aeons of time. So if there is a distinctly "sex" creature in the human race, it is the man. But we are willing to forget it, if the woman can be given a rest on the subject.

## The Little Socialist Magazine

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

15 Spruce Street, New York

### Woman

Give us that grand word "woman" once again,  
And let's have done with "lady"; one's a term  
Full of fine force, strong, beautiful and firm,  
Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen;  
And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests  
The Mother, Wife and Sister; one the dame,  
Whose costly robe, mayhap, gives her the name.  
One word upon its own strength leans and rests;  
The other minces tiptoe. Who would be  
The perfect woman must grow brave of heart  
And broad of soul to play her troubled part  
Well in life's drama. While each day we see  
The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do  
And what to say, grace in each tone and act  
( 'Tis taught in schools, but needs some native tact),  
Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe.  
Give the first place then to the nobler phrase,  
And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

There are more than three female teachers to every male teacher in the public schools.

## A Little Journey and a Visit to the Home of Bobby Burns

Comrade Ben F. Wilson, after a strenuous campaign in this district as candidate for congress on the Socialist ticket last fall, left for England where he has since been engaged in speaking for the English comrades with his brother, Stitt Wilson. Comrade Lella Wilson, who accompanied her husband with their two little boys, sends the following delightful letter to a friend in Girard:

The day is beautiful, and scenery charming. The landscapes suggest peaceful country life, though who can tell of the struggles that go on inside those prim little stone cottages? Beyond is the snow-capped hills where the proud highlanders dwell.

Edinburgh is a wonderful city. It is called the modern Athens, wide streets, city gardens, Grecian architecture and sculpture make it well deserving the name. Prince street is said to be the finest street in the world, which is easy to believe. And Scotland does not forget her noble sons of fame and genius—that is the dead ones. Mighty statues to the honor of heroes, statesmen, poets and writers are numerous throughout the city. A mighty castle and the palace of the ancient Scottish kings make it rich in historical interest. Edinburgh also has the finest collection of paintings that I have ever seen, but like every modern city, her glory is dimmed by the shameful slums. As I walked through Commongate my heart cried out for the host of neglected children, many with handsome, but tired, faces, who filled the narrow, dirty street—their only play ground. An interesting fact is that this slum street is the ancient royal road, where dwelt the high and mighty—and along which the royal procession passed from the castle to the palace. The modern slum is the logical outcome of the tyranny of a master class in its various forms of royalty, clergy, modern captains of industry, etc. Oh, for a time of justice and brotherhood when no city shall be degraded by neglect and degradation among her children!

Well, we have left Edinburgh and are just now pulling into Aye, at 10.45 a. m. The day and situation look promising for a good time and your poetic soul would be charmed with this spot. After leaving the station we walked up through the town of Aye to view an old fort of Oliver Cromwell and watch the Scotch folk about their daily tasks. Then we took a half-hour's ride on top of a street car into the country to the cottage where Burns was born—walked around the grounds, which are beautifully kept; through the quaint little cottage, and then into the museum where all the Burns relics are most carefully preserved. Too bad that nations do not exercise the same efforts to the honoring of genius and the

fostering of that which is born as they do to glorifying the name of the man too often after he is dead, who succeeds in spite of all obstacles in transcending his environment—they will some day. I hope I may be living then. When we wandered from the crowd of sight-seers and strolled up a sweet country lane, enjoyed the fresh spring air, the song of birds and flocks of sheep, sat down by a hedge and ate lunch, rested, read some sweet little songs of Burns and then joined the sightseers and walked to the Burns monument not far away, went up into the tower and viewed the landscape o'er, walked through beautiful flower gardens and now here we are seated on the bonny banks of the Classic River Doon, beside the famous "Old Brigg O'Doon." I cannot describe it. It would require the genius of Burns to do that. The spirit of poetry—no, it is more personal, the spirit of this particular poet broods here—in the songs of the birds, in these primroses, daffodils and cowslips, in the lulling music of this swiftly flowing stream, in the bewitchment of its warm spring air. It all makes a beautiful poem—alluring, subtle, deep. We sit here awhile in silence and enjoy it.

We have crossed the famous bridge of O'Tam O'Shanter fame, followed the river through the woods up to a picturesque old mill, where the wheel is turned by the waters O'Doon in good old fashioned style. High up on the Braes we took tea and ate scones, (O, yes, you must drink tea occasionally in the land of the Scotts) and now we've strolled back to our starting point to take one last look at this spot where Nature has been so lavish in her adornment and over which the songs of a spontaneous, unspoiled poetic soul has thrown a glamour which makes its charm irresistible. I see pairs of lovers everywhere I turn, today—of course this is an attractive spot to them. The whole spirit of the place breathes sentiment—poetry—romance.

Well—farewell to the sunny waters and bonny banks O'Doon and to the proud memory of the ploughman poet.

Scotland adores her great men—too bad that it is often so late and like the rest of the world, she waits till they are dead to do them honor. It seems to me that among the many rare and delightful qualities of the soul of Burns—the manly pride that would bow the knee to none—would own no master and yet "for that and a' that" saw in every man his brother, is perhaps the most admirable. This unconquerable spirit woven into so tuneful, so loving and unsophisticated a personality makes the greatness of the genius of Burns.

We shall now board a car, climb a curious little stair to the open top—and have a pleasant ride back to the

city of Aye. So take one last look at this charming spot—for it is a place that stirs the soul, refreshes the body and enriches the mind.—Farewell.

## Feeding School Children

In the bulletin that has just been issued by the United States bureau of education there is an interesting review of the extent to which public feeding of school children in the foreign countries has progressed, and we quote from it as follows:

*Germany:* Meals are served to school children in most of the large cities of Germany. The money is raised chiefly by private charitable enterprise, but this is supplemented by municipal funds. The work in Germany may be considered as relief, except in the schools for the feeble-minded children in Leipzig, where a mid-day meal is provided for all children in attendance. Milk and rolls are given in other schools in Leipzig to children who are especially fragile and delicate. These are selected by medical officers.

*Austria:* In Austrian cities (Vienna, Trieste, Prague) poor children are fed partly by private charitable associations and partly by the use of municipal funds. The municipality furnishes rooms usually in the school buildings.

*Belgium:* In Liege the municipality has furnished soup free for many years to all children in the kindergartens. The benefits of this practice have recently been extended to the children of the first year's course, and to needy children in the second and third years' courses.

In Antwerp food is served to all who wish to buy. There is a charge of 5 centimes a day in the kindergarten and 10 centimes in the elementary.

In Brussels meals are served to indigent children.

*Denmark:* In Copenhagen meals are provided free for all children who wish them. No questions are raised as to the economic conditions of the parents. One third of the children in the free schools were reported, in 1905, as taking advantage of this opportunity. The work is administered by an association directly connected with the municipality and recovering from it a yearly grant to supplement the private contributions.

*Holland:* Utrecht has since 1904 provided free dinners during the winter months for children designated by the head of the school and approved by the proper officials. In other cities of Holland the relief is entirely in the hands of charitable organizations, in most cases without aid from municipal funds.

*Spain:* In Madrid an association has recently been organized for maintaining "school canteens." This is under supervision of the public authorities and receives assistance from the ministry of education, the provincial administration, and the municipality.

## LETTER BOX

### From our Readers

Enclosed find money order to pay for four subs in response to Comrade Debs' article asking what we could do. Will do my best for you all.—Mary E. Charette, Ft. Collins, Colo.

Was at a suffrage meeting last night and got some subs; also a number of names on the suffrage petition. I enclose \$1.50 for the names. I certainly do love the Progressive Woman.—Mrs. A. G. Linn, California.

Find enclosed four more names for the P. W. Think you were wise to change the name. The paper improves with every issue. My wife was very much interested in Clara Brown's Diary, although she is not converted yet. I am keeping plenty of good reading matter on hand for her.—L. C., Connecticut.

Am sending you seven new names with my renewal, as I should not like to miss a copy of the paper.—Katherine Grimmes, New York.

I enjoy reading the Progressive Woman very much, and heartily approve of the new name. I am sure it will be the means of reaching many women. I have secured three subs and intend to get more.—Emma Petritz, Buffalo, N. Y.

I just received the June Woman. Each new number makes me feel the more appreciative of the courage I stand you take for woman's cause. You are not alone in your work; we are all with you. Am sending \$3.50 for subs, etc.—Agnes Downing, Los Angeles, Cal.

Enclosed find \$2.50 for renewal of my sub for as long a period as this will cover, and also a sub for a friend. I am sure after reading your excellent little paper for one year she will want to continue and I like to boost a good thing alone once in awhile.—May M. Bostwick, Los Angeles.

I had begun to get disgusted in my hunting trip for subs, and was thinking to write an article telling of my bad experience, for it is not easy to find subs for a Socialist paper. But to my delight I just now received a lovely letter from a dear old friend of mine, where she tells me how she worked for us. So I will soon try to get some more names. Enclosed are four.—Marie Bretz, Los Angeles.

I am sending four subs and would like to have them begin with the June issue. I thought the article entitled "The Socialist's Wife" in the May number was just splendid. I am going to try for more subs when I can.—Jenny Anderson, Illinois.

Don't be discouraged about P. W. It will be all right; we are not going to let it go down; we need it too much. Just hang on a bit and we will do all in our power. I send \$2 for bundle and sub cards.—Ethel Whitehead, Pasadena, Cal.

I admire the article in the June issue the Woman, "The Daughter of the Dream" very much, though I am not an anarchist. While waiting for an opportunity to get a bunch of subscriptions for the P. W. I consider it my duty to send to our dear monthly a small contribution, and hope that every comrade will do likewise, as the mother of that splendid "child" which is a near relative to all our women comrades needs all the assistance and encouragement we can possibly give her. Hope that the father will soon come back and resume his noble work. I enclose \$2.—The "child's" first cousin, Anna Rapport, Massachusetts.

As usual I read every word of the P. W., and it is excellent. We cannot do without it. "All by Our Lonely" is a very pathetic appeal and I for one will think of you often and our united thoughts will help and encourage you. I enclose \$1.35 for names and leaflets.—Gertrude Punshon, Indiana.

Am sorry you are not doing so well with our dear little paper, and truly hope the sisters will all take Comrade Debs' advice and help boost the circulation. Enclosed find four names to help.—Lydia Wright, Kansas.

I have just been reading the dear paper that we women all love so well, and that

includes the dear ones that make the paper possible. I do not believe you will feel as lonely as you at first thought without your co-worker, for we shall all send you loving thoughts and thoughts are things.—Winolda Wilcox.

Am sending four subs. In my 81st year, and find myself unable either physically or financially to do as much for human progress as I would like to do. But our paper is such a gem I MUST do something.—W. N. Slocum, Los Angeles.

The June issue is a fine number, but it made us rather sad to think of Comrade Kaneko going away ill and you all alone. Our women today decided to order a bundle of 50 of each issue for awhile. For the enclosed check send another bundle to me.—May M. Strickland, Indiana.

When I read over the article of Comrade Debs, although not feeling well, I resolved to go out and get at least one sub for the P. W., but it was not hard at all to get four instead of one.—Pauline Newman, New York City.

I am a member of the Woman's Club here and hope to do some good propaganda work among them this year. I want to add my word of appreciation for the splendid work you are doing in the P. W. Shall do all that I can to enlarge its circulation, for it seems to me it will be an invaluable factor in widening woman's horizon and in giving her a new and broader viewpoint. Since woman, as a class, has not arrived to any degree of social consciousness, the appeal must be made directly to her as a woman. This work the P. W. is doing bravely and efficiently.—Rose B. Moore, Washington.

The June number of the Woman shows most creditably the bigness and broadness of its tenor. Am tied up on a nursing case now, but as soon as I get at liberty there'll be something doing for the P. W.—Gladys Lamb, Los Angeles.

It sometimes happens that I lay aside my best magazine to await a less distressed hour wherein to give it undivided attention and the greater enjoy the "feast of reason" it truly contains. This magazine is the P. W. Comrade Klich's farewell words moved me to attempt to sell sub cards, so I am sending for four. I quoted his words in my folder No. 3 and hope I may order 1,000 from this space given in my loved folder method of doing good work.—Allie Lindsay Lynch, Chicago.

Your appeal to Roosevelt to come back and save the country is replete with a tinge of sarcasm that borders closely on the humorous. However, all joking aside the article will serve to show the people how sincere Roosevelt is in trying to save the country. The whole issue is exceptionally fine this month. It reveals a breadth and sweep of courage and insight into the cause of humanity as well as the cause of woman that all true revolutionary Socialists as well as progressive women will rejoice for as they read its pages. Enclosed find list of subs.—Lena Morrow Lewis, Nebraska, en route.

Am working here practically alone, but I've good material to work on and some day I may be able to tell you some gratifying results from the murmurs I've already begun to hear. Send my love and sympathy to you in your lonely hours while you watch and wait and WORK. Please send following leaflets.—Ardell Hornback, Illinois.

I can fully appreciate your feelings left all by your "lonely" and here is a hand to help just a little that interesting "child." Enclosed find \$2 for subs.—Margaret Moore Goebel, New Jersey.

I think the P. W. is the finest paper out, and all who have read it think the same. Hope you get a million subs. Am enclosed \$1 for four.—Theresa M. Gessner, Los Angeles, Cal.

I can't tell you sufficiently how delighted I am with the P. W. I have managed to get it into homes where the word Socialism implied most awful things, and had they known in advance it was a Socialist paper they would never have consented to receive it. But they're getting it now, and they are going to keep getting it, and I will get some more for it. Enclosed find six.—Mrs. E. F., New York City.

I have at last got four subs to the P. W. It is a splendid magazine and I wish every woman in the land was interested in

the cause of Socialism. I give my papers away whenever I read them. I am sixty-seven, but want to leave the world better than when I found it.—Mrs. Phoebe Downie, Washington.

The P. W. is the best paper for women. I boost it all I can, but I do not have much opportunity. What time capitalism does not demand of me I am putting in as secretary of the party locally.—John N. Kadin, Indiana.

The Socialist women of Aberdeen have started a club. We have five members and will have more. We want a bundle of P. W. for six months. I think we can do much good with the paper.—Mrs. Carrie Cuibertson, Wash.

## Souvenir Post Cards

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

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

**THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**  
GIRARD, KANSAS

### Joan of Arc

The peasant girl of Domremy has been canonized and the authority of the Roman Catholic church has proclaimed that "she exercised justice, fortitude, charity, chastity and other Christian virtues in a heroic degree." Thus The Maid comes to her own and is numbered among the saints. Yet in life she was cursed, imprisoned, outraged and martyred. It is the old sad story. We value lightly the great souls that abide with us. It is only when they have been dead a hundred years that we recognize their greatness, and "The hooting mobs of yesterday in silent awe return, To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn."

Are we as foolish as our fathers? Are we crucifying the great souls of our day? Will our children marvel at the moral blindness that prevents us from recognizing these heaven-sent messengers?—Fellowship.

The first woman admitted to the bar in the U. S. was Arabella A. Mansfield, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, in 1864.



# National Movement

## OUR NATIONAL ORGANIZER.

Comrade Anna A. Maley has begun her work of organizing the women of the country. She started in Massachusetts the latter part of June, and will work for some time in that state, giving two days to each town visited. Now this is not very much time for successful work, and yet it is all that is possible to spare to an organizer who must make the whole country in a year or less time. So it will be the duty of the women wherever Comrade Maley appears to aid her with all the resources at their disposal during her visits. Comrade Maley is a faithful and untiring worker, but her powers of endurance will not suffice to shoulder the whole burden. At the same time there is an expense attached to her work, and in order not to make this a dead loss to the movement, it will be necessary for the women interested in each community to see that the work is made successful from every viewpoint.

The hope of the woman's movement lies in the local committees formed in each town and state. These should enter upon their work with such ardor as to bring thousands of new women members into the party each year. This can be done, and will be done, we believe. But not without the co-operation of all the Socialist women. So let each community visited by our national organizer vie with all the other communities in creating the very best local committee going. Then let all the local committees co-operate in making the movement a great national one.

Socialist women, it is up to you now. Don't depend on others to do your work. For goodness sake, don't lean. We believe you are going to do good work, and the whole movement will be watching you at it. Yours is not a play affair. It is just as serious as any other part of our propaganda. A little more so, for our movement is at present walking on one leg, and will continue this unhappy feat until the women of the land come in and give it completeness. We can't have Socialism until we get the women. Remember that.

Comrade Maley's dates for July are all in Massachusetts as follows:

July 4-5—Ware—E. E. Richardson, Box 184.

July 6-7—Webster—William W. Howland, 127 Main street.

July 8-9—Franklin—Chas. Willbee, Winter street.

July 10-11—Milford—John P. Peterson, 25 Grant street.

July 12-13—A. D. Kimball, Pleasant street, Plainville. Meeting in North Attleboro, Mass.

July 14-15—Attleboro—J. H. Harmslove, 6 1-2 Prospect street.

July 16-17—Fall River—Richard Hindle, 83 Harrison street.

July 18-19—New Bedford—William Onnesorge, 249 Tinkham street.

July 20-21—Bridgewater—Geo. J. Alcott, Central Square.

July 22-23—Brockton—C. S. Carter, 189 Sparks street, Montello, Mass.

July 24-25—Whitman—Elmer Wright.

July 26-27—Rockland—John E. Murphy, 53 Plain street.

July 28-29—E. Weymouth & Weymouth—G. H. Draper, 130 High street, E. Weymouth.

July 30-31—Quincy—A. Hale Kingsley, 43 Canal street.

## ORGANIZATION.

New York City: The members of the Woman's Socialist society of New York will hold a campaign of street meetings this summer. In this way more hearers will be reached than when meetings are conducted in a hall. The great drawback to the woman's movement in its agitation work is its lack of women speakers. Here is where the woman's suppression throughout the centuries tells most plainly—in her fear of public work.

Chicago: The Woman's committees of the Socialist party, with Mrs. May Wood Simons as leader, have begun their summer agitation work by holding open-air meetings.

Washington: Bessie Fliset, the bright, energetic writer on the Seattle Socialist, is doing all in her power to wake the comrades of Washington to a sense of duty toward the work of the women in the state. The women of Aberdeen have formed a new study circle, and expect much good work from it.

California: The Socialist Woman's Union of California affiliated with the National Progressive League, of which Mrs. Gaylord Wilshire is president, this spring. The various branches of the union are doing good work under the guidance of Miss Ethel Whitehead, the enthusiastic and competent state organizer.

Kansas: The Women's committees of Kansas are entering their work with renewed energy since the conference at Girard. Plans are being laid for the winter's study course and agitation work. Meetings during the summer are being arranged in the mining camps in the vicinity of Girard. The Woman's Committee of Girard recently visited the teachers' normal, which is in session here, and handed to each of the teachers, as they left the building, a copy of the Progressive Woman, and a number of different leaflets. The Woman's Quartette of the Girard committee, with Mrs. Emma Johns-Call as pianist, is doing some good work in the musical line.

## WOMAN'S WORK ABROAD.

### CLARA ZETKIN.

#### Denmark.

In the early part of March there took place the municipal elections in Denmark. The women took part as electors and as candidates for the first time. The new electoral law made that possible.

At the Copenhagen elections in March the Socialists got 44,849 votes, and twenty candidates were elected including two women: A compositor, Henrietta Crone, and the Seamstress Anna Johansen. A third Socialist woman was in the twenty-first plan in the list and thus she was elected as supernumerary member of the council and gets a seat and a vote so soon as one of the Socialist members resigns. That has already been the case as a Socialist was appointed municipal auditor and obliged to resign his seat. Consequently our Comrade Nielson became the third Socialist woman coun-

cilor. She has been for seventeen years one of the leaders in the Woman's Labor Federation and takes an active part in the trade union movement and the party. The anti-Socialists won sixteen and the radicals five states and the clericals one. Five women were elected to the Copenhagen council in the bourgeois parties.

In Copenhagen at least a third of the votes were cast by women and it is certain that the women workers all voted the Socialist ticket. The women took in general an active part in the fight. The Socialists held many meetings for women and distributed much literature. Both women and Socialists have every reason to be proud of the election.

According to official statistics the elections returned 9,682 male councilors and 127 women ones. Eighty-four of these are married, thirty-eight unmarried and five widows.

#### Germany.

In Weimar the Socialist group in the Landtag have demanded the right to vote and to be elected to Parliament for women—which will give the government and the bourgeois parties an occasion to show themselves in their true light as reactionaries.

#### Holland.

The first annual conference of the *Federation of Social Democratic Women's clubs in Holland*, took place at Easter. On the order of proceedings was a discussion on "The Support of Mothers" and the federation's organ, *De Proletarische Vrouw* whose enlargement by a children's page was a wise move. The report shows that the federation has grown in numbers and influence. Several new groups have been recently founded so that the federation amounts now to sixteen groups. The older clubs have increased their membership. The federation has kept up a vigorous agitation for adult woman's suffrage for legal protection for woman labor, but equally against all proposals to prohibit woman's labors—they have also started and kept going lectures, discussion and reading in the clubs, etc. They endeavored to awaken the class consciousness of the women and had great success. They succeeded in dispelling a good start of the old bourgeois prejudices which prevailed against the participation of women in public life even among comrades. Unfortunately they were much affected by the split in the party and lost many valuable members among them Comrade Mensing, the International Correspondent.

#### Hungaria.

The third congress of the *Social Democratic Women of Hungary* was held in Budapest at Easter. The report was given by Comrade Fritsch. Comrade Czardos reported on the economic and political situation of the working women in Hungary. Comrade Timar on agitation and the press.

## Monkey Shooting

BY ROBERT HUNTER.

The newspapers say that Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit spent a morning recently shooting monkeys; the afternoon in phrasing moral platitudes for the edification of some local missionaries.

"I believe with all my heart," Mr. Roosevelt said, "that large parts of East Africa will form the white man's country. Hence, I am asking the settlers to co-operate with the missionaries and treat the native justly and bring him to a higher level."

I wonder if Mr. Roosevelt desired to teach the benighted natives a white man's character when he and his son spent the morning shooting monkeys.

I have seen monkeys, little playful, human things; have seen them imitate whatever I would do, have seen them playing pranks on each other like so many school boys.

It is possible there are men who would spend a day shooting dogs, canaries and other household pets, but a monkey? Can anyone, no matter how depraved, quite conceive of that?

Have you ever seen one dress himself in boys' clothing, or put on a pair of spectacles, or prink before a mirror?

Give him a wash basin and he will wash himself like a child.

His eyes are curiously old and wise, and that is partly the reason why his acts are so ludicrous as he chatters and dances.

There is something frightfully cold-

blooded in the man who would shoot a creature so quaint, so kindly, so human, so playful.

There is something extremely brutal and barbarous about a man who would find sport in sending bullets into the soft flesh of such a creature.

If to demonstrate one's bravery is the purpose of sport, then monkey-shooting is not a sport.

If the need of food is the purpose of shooting, then the killing of monkeys is idle and unnecessary.

If the excitement of the chase, or a long, arduous day of seeking and hunting in wild places is the object of sport, then the home and community of thousands of little chattering, playful creatures is hardly that.

A gentleman writes to one of our papers as follows:

"I met, some years ago, an Englishman who had devoted much of his life to the shooting of big game in Africa, and on this continent. He told me that at St. Kitt's, Jamaica, he was induced to try monkey shooting, which form of 'sport' was prevalent there.

"He took a long shot at a monkey, which was jumping from branch to branch, and succeeded in wounding it.

"When he reached the spot where it had fallen, he found it sitting on the ground, crying with pain, both hands clasped to a wound in its side and with tears rushing down its face. He said he felt like a murderer."

I have never heard of monkey shooting before. I know monkeys are caught, put into cages and brought to this and other countries to afford infinite delight to children.

I have never seen one stuffed and put

on exhibition any more than the skin of a child is stuffed and put on exhibition.

I cannot easily believe that there is a single other man from one end of this country to the other who could find sport in invading a little republic of monkeys for the purpose of manssacre.

So determined is this country not to put political power in the hands of women, that not even in those states where so-called school suffrage has been granted, do they have the full vote on all matters connected with the schools that is in possession of the most ignorant and depraved men.—Ida Husted Harper.

A wife, a son and a slave, these three are declared to have no property; the wealth which they earn is acquired for him to whom they belong.—Ancient Hindus.

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BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

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## THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, GIRARD, KANSAS