

SPECIAL CHILDREN'S NUMBER

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PEARL ALINE AND LILLIAN LAURA LANFERSIEK

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

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PEARL ALINE LANFERSIEK.

Pearl Aline Lanfersiek, was educated in the Cincinnati schools, graduating from Hughes High School in 1902. She early in life studied the piano, and after graduation studied elocution for two years, then went back to the piano diligently for one year with Romeo Gorno of the College of Music. That same year she became an enthusiastic Socialist, having met her husband-to-be in a Socialist Dramatic club. She was married two weeks after completing her course in music.

Mrs. Lanfersiek has lived at different times in Tennessee and New York city, since her marriage; these experiences in social conditions have made a stronger Socialist of her.

Returning from New York, on the occasion of the death of Mr. Lanfersiek's father, who was a staunch Socialist and a beautiful character, she decided to take his place in the movement, and has been a party member since that time, nearly three years.

She misses few meetings of her local, having been secretary of Local, Newport, Ky., for some time. With the Sunday School, local work, and self-education by reading a certain number of books during the winter, and the current Socialist papers and magazines, in addition to her household duties, she is busy all the time.

"Where Socialists are," says Mrs. Lanfersiek, "there you will find us; where they are not, there you will find us not. We cannot enjoy ourselves elsewhere."

THE PURSE THAT JACK FOUND

AGNES H. DOWNING.

"Mother, you know I've lost things sometimes," said Jack.

"Yes," said his mother.

"How much do you think it would all be?"

"I don't know for sure."

"Do you think two dollars and a half would be as much in all?"

"Yes that would be more as I remember it."

Jack's face brightened.

"You know you said I couldn't get a new tire for my wheel because of the losses."

"Yes, we had to take some way to make you remember."

"Well, I can get my tire now," and Jack reached into his pocket and with a triumphant little flourish produced a small half worn brown purse; opening this he showed two dollars and fifty cents in silver.

"I found this mother," he was saying, "and you said it would be just as much as I lost so now my losses are all right and I can have my tire."

Jack's mother smiled a rueful little smile. She drew her ruddy faced lad near her and stroked his hair when she said: "But it isn't yours dear

even if you found it. It belongs to the one that lost it."

This was indeed a disappointment. Jack had felt so rich and happy with that splendid find. It meant so much to him. The new tire, that meant quick errands and after that pleasant rides—rides even to the country where there were fields and hills, and wonderful stretches of green with wild flowers, trees and birds—a world in itself that city bred children of the poor know little about.

All this Jack had enjoyed more or less through the summer but it had been lost to him since his tire gave out. But with the feel of that hard silver in the little brown purse, the conquest of it, all by himself, just the right sum too, the vision of the new tire and the country lanes had come back. But here was his mother talking about the person that lost it—about how sorry that person would feel. It might be some poor woman, she said, that needed the money for groceries, or some poor man out of work who needed it to pay for his meals, or, most pathetic thought of all, to Jack, it might be some boy who had earned or saved the money for his own wheel, and at the last his mother left it all to Jack. Could he keep the money and be happy? Well, no, it wouldn't be right.

So he told his mother that she could advertise, as she had suggested, for the owner. If the owner was not found after searching Jack could have the purse.

That evening Jack's father was interested. He was happy to think that Jack had shown proper consideration for the loser and he took occasion to point out to his son that the money belonged to the person who had earned it. That one of the greatest troubles under the present system is that too many people are ready to take things without regard to the real owner. As a result the people who do the useful work do not get the wealth that their own toil makes. It goes to someone else, often to someone who has never done any useful labor, and the working people instead of being comfortable and happy are often wretched and poor. This would not be, his father said, under a system where every one got his own purse.

Jack felt a glow of pleasure at having done the right thing in his father's estimation, yet every once in a while for the next two days he could not help looking at the brown purse and handling the shiny silver. A boy may be bound to advertise for the owner of lost money but he isn't exactly bound to hope the owner will come. And in Jack's mind there was a wish that the owner of that purse would not appear.

On his third night home from school though, there was news of the owner. The corner druggist had phoned and described the purse, and

the loser? What do you think? It was a boy of eight; that was two years younger than Jack. It was a poor little fellow too that did errands after school and it would have meant two weeks pay if the druggist charged him up with it.

Jack was really glad now. It meant no tire, but he had been the means of helping a smaller boy. He remembered, too, how he had felt on occasions when he had lost things himself.

Just then the little fellow appeared to claim the purse. He brought a small box of good chocolates—a present for Jack. Jack had not had anything like that since Christmas, so he took the greatest pleasure in restoring to Tommy the lost purse.

When Jack's father came home and heard all that had happened and saw how happy Jack was, he looked unusually happy too. He called Jack's mother aside, her eyes were shining, and after a few words together his father said:

"Jack, how would you like a job distributing the Appeal each week from now until after election"—it was then early September—"I'll pay you for it if you do it promptly each week."

"All right," said Jack, everything seemed easy to him when he was happy.

"You see my plan is this," said his father, "Comrade Johnson and I have ordered a bundle of a hundred each week and if you will promise to distribute them I'll get a tire for your wheel and your work will pay for the tire."

You can imagine how glad Jack was, and his mother made him still happier by offering to provide a new paper-bag if he would distribute her bundle of *The Progressive Woman* each month.

And the whole family was glad after election, for there had been a big increase in the Socialist vote, and that meant that the world was nearer the time when there would be good things for all.

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Mrs. May Wood Simons has been awarded the Harris prize in economics at the Northwestern university. This prize is given for the best thesis of not less than 10,000 words on any economic subject requiring original investigation. The judges were the professors in economics of the Universities of Michigan, Illinois and Wisconsin. The manuscripts were submitted under assumed names. It is the first time that this prize has been won by a woman. Mrs. Simons's 20,000 word thesis was entitled "History of Economic Thought in Relation to Industrial Conditions in the United States from 1700 to 1814."—*Woman's Journal*.

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The Struggle for Existence: The Unequal Distribution of Labor---A Lesson For Children

BY EDITH COMMANDER BREITHUS

(The following lesson is one of a series given at the Rand School of Social Science, in New York City, to illustrate how socialistic terms and principles may be presented to children.)

"What did you do yesterday?"

"I went to school."

"What else?"

"I did some errands for mother."

"And then?"

"Then I played till supper time, and after supper I did my lessons for next day."

"And then?"

"Oh, then I went to bed."

"When you are grown up do you expect to spend your days as you do now?"

"No. I'll go to work instead of to school."

"And after work?"

"Oh, I suppose I'll read the newspapers, or go to a show or a party."

"If you think for a moment you will see that you spent yesterday in doing three things. Write them on the blackboard."

Child writes (perhaps after a little more questioning).

Work—

Play—

Rest.

"Do you think that other people spend their days in work, play and rest?"

"Grown people don't play."

"Not as you do, but they have their own games. How do grown-ups amuse themselves?"

"Dancing, cards, theaters, reading, concerts, and so on."

"We call all those things *play*. Now, why do we play?"

"Because we enjoy it."

"Quite right, and the reason we enjoy it is because we *need* it. Our minds grow weary after we have worked for a time, and we require a change to freshen us up, and keep us from growing dull and stupid. Just as we must have rest and sleep to revive our bodies, so we need play in some form to brighten up our minds. When do people need the most rest?"

"Little children and old people need a great deal of rest."

"How long should a grown person work? Have you ever heard of the eight-hour-day? Explain it."

"A grown person should work not more than eight hours a day."

"Should people ever work less than eight hours?"

"Sometimes."

"When?"

"When their work is very hard."

"Quite right. How long should we sleep?"

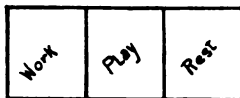
"Eight hours or more."

"How many hours are left after

working eight hours and sleeping eight hours?"

"Eight hours left for play."

"Roughly speaking, then, our lives might be expressed thus: (Have child put diagram on blackboard.)



"There is a great deal in the papers nowadays about the discovery of a certain part of the earth. Do you know what it is called?"

"The North Pole."

"What did explorers find up there?"

"Ice and snow."

"In what zone is the North Pole."

"The North Frigid Zone."

(Have one child draw a diagram of the earth on the blackboard divided into zones, and if the class does not understand the zones and their characteristics, some time must be spent on this.)

"Are there people living in the North Frigid Zone?"

"Yes, the Eskimos."

"What do you know about them?"

Let the children tell all they can, each contributing an item if possible. They will be eager to describe the snow huts, clothing of furs, food and manner of living of the Eskimos. When they can volunteer no more facts, question them as to the Eskimo cities, schools, manufactures, inventions, means of transportation, etc. After thus calling attention to the backward condition of the Eskimos' civilization, ask why this is.

"How do the Eskimos spend their time?"

"They are hunting for seals and other animals from which they get food and clothing."

"When they are through with their day's hunting, how do they amuse themselves? Do they go to the theater, or a concert, or read the newspapers, or go to see moving pictures?"

"I think they don't do anything like that."

"Why not?"

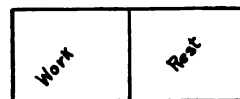
"Because there aren't any of those things up there."

"Any other reason?"

"They are probably too tired and sleepy after being in the cold air all day to keep awake. So they just go to bed and rest."

"Now, let us look at our first diagram of life, equally divided into work and play and rest. Can anyone draw a diagram of the Eskimo's life?"

Let some child attempt this and if unsuccessful, another may suggest improvement, but do not do it yourself.



"What has been left out?"

"Play."

"All the play, or almost all, is crowded out. Why?"

"No time for it. All the time is spent in getting food, clothing and shelter."

"So the Eskimos have a very hard time just to get enough to live upon. Does any one know another word meaning to live?"

The children will readily give "exist," and "existence" as a synonym for "life."

A little questioning will draw from them the word "struggle," and the phrase "struggle for existence" can be written on blackboard.

"Who can make a sentence about the Eskimos and the struggle for existence?"

"The Eskimos have a hard struggle for existence."

"How hard is their struggle?"

"So hard they must leave out play."

"Can any one put that all in one sentence, beginning with 'The struggle for existence among—'"

Several efforts may be necessary, but at length a sentence something like this may be obtained and written on blackboard.

"The struggle for existence among the Eskimos is so difficult that play has to be left out of their lives."

"Why is the struggle for existence so difficult in the Frigid zone?"

"Because of the severe climate. They must have very warm clothes. They cannot till the soil—"

"Where else do we find the same state of affairs?"

"In the South Frigid zones."

"Would you like to be an Eskimo child? Why not?"

"Danger of freezing and starvation,"

"No amusements." "No comforts."

"So you see what happens when play is all barred out of life. The Eskimos live just about like the bears and dogs do. All they care for or think of is trying to get food, clothing and shelter. What do they miss?"

"They miss music and art and literature and science." (The children will not say this, but will give fragmentary and definite answers. The teachers must see that the points are covered.)

"Show me, on the diagram of the world, a zone that is quite different from the Frigid zones."

"The Torrid zones."

"Describe it."

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Let each one tell a little, mentioning the hot climate, luxuriant vegetation, tropical fruits, etc.

"Do people live in the Torrid zone?"

"Yes."

"What about their struggle for existence? Is it difficult?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"They can live on fruit which grows readily in their rich soil."

"What else?"

"They need very little clothing."

"Their houses need not be very warm."

"In the middle of the day it is so warm that the shops are all shut up and every one goes to sleep for two or three hours. What do you think of people like that?"

"They are lazy."

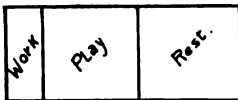
"Do you think we should be like that if we lived there?"

"No."

"You think not, but you are mistaken. Why do you have a long vacation in July and August? Why do the shops close at noon on Saturday in summer? Why does every one who can go away for a week or two to the country?"

"Because it is too hot to work as hard as we do in winter."

"Exactly. Just as in the Torrid zone the climate makes them work little. Draw a diagram of how life is divided in the tropics."

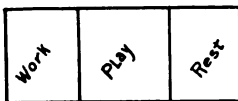


"Work is almost crowded out."

By questioning (giving information yourself, when necessary,) you can get a description of the conditions in very hot countries. Civilization more advanced than in Frigid zones, but still crude. Draw from children the sentence: "The struggle for existence in the tropics is so easy that work is almost left out."

In a similar manner the Temperate zones can be dealt with, and children be led to tell that the climate allows cultivation of the soil, and yet is not so hot as to enervate the people.

"Then how should life be spent in the Temperate zones?"



"That is what nature provides for, but do people here in the Temperate zone spend their lives divided so?"

Most likely the children will reply, "Yes." Then ask, "Do you know of any Eskimos living in this city?"

"No—I never saw any."

"Read the sentence on blackboard about the Eskimos."

The struggle for existence," etc.

"What do the Eskimos have to do?"

"To work all the time and not play."

"It seems to me that I see Eskimos every day. Of course they are not wearing furs nor living in snow houses, but they are struggling for existence so long and hard every day that they are forced to leave play out of their lives. They never go to a theater. Why?"

"They need the money for rent or food."

"Yes the struggle for existence uses all their strength. If they sit down to read in the evening, they fall asleep. Why?"

"Their lives are not divided properly."

"What diagram shows their lives?"

"Name some of the Eskimos of the United States."

"The miners, farmers, factory hands."

"To what class do they belong?"

"The working class."

"Read the sentence about the people of the tropics. Are there any of them in the U. S.?"

Warned by their previous experience, the children will, no doubt, think before replying. They can easily see that if we call the working class "Eskimos," we can compare the leisure class to people of the tropics whose lives resemble diagram No. 3.

"Then here we have, in the same country, even in the same town, people who live as if they were in the Frigid zone, and those who live as if they were in the Torrid zone. What do I mean?"

"Some have too much work and some too little."

"Exactly. Now can you suggest any way to make matters better?"

Obvious as the reply seems, it does not always come until a number of questions have been asked. At length light dawns, and some child suggests that if every one did a fair share of work, none would be idlers and none overworked. Lives are not properly divided anywhere, as a general thing. In the hot and cold regions nature is at fault. In the temperate regions, nature has done her part, and yet the results are not satisfactory. Whose fault is it? It must be our fault, and we must try to think what can be done to remedy matters and divide the world's work more fairly.

Just Kids.

A fly had fallen into the ink well of a certain author who writes a very bad and inky hand. The writer's little boy rescued the unhappy insect and dropped him on a piece of paper. After watching him intently for a while, he called to his mother, "Here is a fly, mother, that writes just as father does!"

There was a large family of the Sanfords, with a small farm, big mortgage and a shanty of a house, the roof of which leaked badly. One night the water came down in torrents, and the mother went upstairs and put an old door across the bed to protect it. Six-year-old Willie peeped from under the covers and said, "Ma, what does poor folks do who have no boards to put over their beds when it rains?"

THE QUESTIONER

BY CARL WERNER.

I called the boy to my knee one day,
And I said: "You're just past four;
Will you laugh in that same light-
hearted way

When you're turned, say, thirty
more?"

Then I thought of a past I'd fain
erase—

More clouded skies than blue—
And I anxiously peered in his upturned
face

For it seemed to say:
"Did you?"

I touched my lips to his tiny own
And said to the boy: "Heigh, ho!
Those lips are as sweet as the hay, new-
mown;

Will you keep them always so?"
Then back from those years came a
rakish song—

With a ribald jest or two—
And I gazed at the child who knew no
wrong,

And I thought he asked:
"Did you?"

I looked in his eyes, big, brown and
clear,

And I cried: "Oh, boy of mine!
Will you keep them true in the after-
year?"

Will you leave no heart to pine?"
Then out of the past came another's
eyes—

Sad eyes of tear-dimmed blue—
Did he know they were not his mother's
eyes?

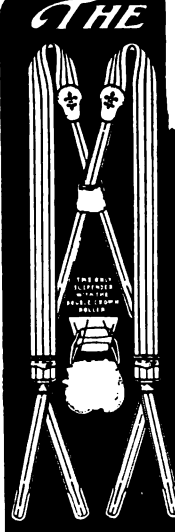
For he answered me:
"Did you?"

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An Awakening

HEBE



Before going to bed she opened the little chest once more that contained her treasures. She bent her mournful face low upon it, and with nervous, trembling fingers

she fondled the tiny, white garments, the linen and lace grown yellow with age, that had at one time fitted two little, plump shoulders and the curve of two wee, clasping arms. She took from it a pair of little, red shoes—and she thought of the chubby, rosy feet that wore them. She pressed her lips against the soft lamb's wool of a little hood—and she seemed to behold again a round, dimpled baby face, eyes dancing with laughter, curls like strands spun of sunlight—her baby! The only tokens left of that little, joyous life, that had come into her own one day and had passed out of it again like a rose that blooms and withers in the space of one brief June—her hopes, her dreams, her happiness, all that had been life itself to her, reposed in that chest. She had loved him so; she had heralded his coming with an almost sacred joy. She had been mother to him with every fibre of her body and soul. She had watched over him day and night and had been infinitely happy in his possession. He had been her only baby—and he had died. Of what use was it to live at all since he was gone? Her life was cold and empty. She had nothing to live for in all the world but her memories. With an aching heart and eyelids heavy from weeping she went to her pillow. Would she dream of her babe again? She fervently hoped for the brief consolation of the dream, and yet she dreaded the utter hopelessness of the awakening.

But it was not her lost baby whom she beheld again that night in the misty subconsciousness of a dream.

A bright, an almost painful light shining into her face made her arise from her pillow, and lo, she beheld a strange, stately woman, clad in immaculate white, standing before her, with an expression of deepest sympathy in her face, and the serenity of a strong, immortal love in her eyes. "I am Motherly Love," spoke the stranger, "and I have come to rouse you, O mother, from your reveries. Was the babe that is dead and gone the only babe in the world? Are there not thousands of babies crying out for the love and service that you can give? Why do you waste you years in weeping for the

dead instead of arising to help the living? Behold the life that is throbbing at your very door and to which you are deaf and blind in the selfishness of your own, personal grief!" Motherly Love pointed toward the wall that seemed to open at her gesture, and the bewildered woman beheld pictures, mournful pictures, come and go before her gaze.

A gloomy, sombre city street was the first sight she beheld. It was night. A little boy, bareheaded, ragged, with torn shoes, was selling papers to the passersby. Some bought and others hurried on; no one seemed to notice how very small he was. No one gave him a kind word with the penny, or laid a loving hand upon his unkept, weary little head.

"Why is this child out alone so late at night," asked the woman. "Because his father is dead and his mother has four beside him to support," replied Motherly Love. "If you and other mothers cared more about the children of the nation, he might be in school at daytime and in a warm, clean bed at night. Observe the hard, knowing look in his features! If death spares him, crime will claim him before he is a man."

The newsboy in the street vanished from sight. In his place the woman saw a dingy room in a squalid tenement with barren walls and a barren floor and broken, rickety furniture that told a tale of direst poverty. But heaped high upon the table in the middle of the room lay rose leaves, velvet rose leaves of red and pink and yellow, and strips of green. A frail little girl with eyelids drooping of weariness bent over them, winding stems of roses for hours and hours. "Why must she toil thus?" cried the woman, and Motherly Love replied: "for bread."

The busy, cheerful sight of a schoolroom next greeted the woman's gaze. A gentle teacher was instructing her class. Here at least there was peace and good cheer, if only the class room had not been so fearfully crowded! But away toward the rear of the class room sat a small boy who was thin, Oh so painfully thin, with a haggard face and sunken eyes gently shining with a feverish glow. "What ails this child?" the woman asked. Motherly Love replied by one word, "consumption." Then she added, "his father and mother, his brothers and sisters, they all will die of it, and so will he. A little fresh air and sunshine, good food and wise care might have saved him. But he lives in a room where the sun never penetrates and day by day he goes hungry to school."

The woman was startled, so vividly

the next picture she beheld brought back her own sad memories. For before her was a room full of babies, blonde babies and dark ones, laughing babies and crying babies, babies soundly asleep in little, white cribs, and babies playing with their toes and softly cooing. Nurses in white caps and aprons walked to and fro among them. "What is this?" asked the woman, "a day nursery?" Where are the mothers of all these babies?" "In factories and stores, in offices and workshops, at washtubs and on their knees scrubbing other people's floors. They have no time to be with their babes, to watch them grow and care for them and fondle them. They bring them here early each morning and call for them at night when they are too tired to enjoy their cooing and their smiles. They must just work, work, work, to keep themselves and their babes alive."

Next she saw a courtroom full of children and a few white faced mothers and anxious fathers among them. She saw a big, burly policeman drag a shrinking slip of a boy before a black gowned magistrate, she heard the magistrate sentence him to an institution where they seek to reform bad boys by severity, and she saw the child led away sobbing as though his heart would break. "What can this child have done," she cried, "why should they treat him like this?" Motherly Love replied: "They have allowed him to grow up in a slum with misery and vice for his daily companions. They have starved his body and brain and soul. They have deprived him of his last playground and have forbidden him to play innocent games in the street, and now, when he has offended, they are punishing him for their sins."

The woman's heart was aching for the sobbing child, when she beheld another gruesome scene. Before her stretched a long, stately hall that was filled with machinery, powerful, gigantic, roaring machinery, a splendid achievement of the inventive and creative power of man. But these long rows of machines were tended by little children, little children with frail bodies and haggard looks, most of them uncouth to behold, unwashed and unkempt and clad in rags. Some were so small that they must stand on boxes to perform their task. But all working with a feverish haste for the overseer was there to drive them on. "No, this is not hell" replied Motherly Love to the woman's question, "it is only a southern cotton mill. Why the children are toiling there you ask? To fill their masters' coffers with gold; because you, you and all the other mothers of the land,

Young People's League of Anderson

MAY M. STRICKLAND

suffer little children to be ground to death in the mills of profit."

The woman wrung her hands in despair. "This is terrible, terrible," she moaned. "What can I do, what shall I do, to change it?" Motherly Love bent over her and laid a cool, comforting hand on her forehead: "You alone can not change it, but you can do your share in the great task that is set before the mothers of the world; the task of making the world a better place to live in for all the children. Go forth into life with an open mind and an open heart! Arouse other mothers to a consciousness of their duty; fight the conditions that cause this needless sacrifice of childhood! Be a true mother, a human mother!"

A gray, cold winter morning cast its light in through the curtained windows as the woman awoke. She knew it had been only a dream; but she felt that her awakening was more than the awakening from a dream. It was an awakening from years of slumber, an awakening from a selfish, useless life. As she rose and bravely faced the light of day, she felt a strange, new hope, a desire to live and to act, budding within her. Again she opened the little chest that contained her treasures; again she fondled the tiny, white garments, the linen and lace, grown yellow with age, but no longer with tears of hopeless despair. She softly murmured, and it bore the seriousness of a solemn oath: "My darling, my poor, dead darling, I will henceforth cherish your memory by serving the living."

Our Leaflets.

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON SOCIALISM; A WORD TO CLUB WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; REPLY TO ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS, by Theresa Malkiel. Any of the above, 50 for 10c; 100 for 20c; \$1.50 per 1,000. FRANCIS WILLARD ON SOCIALISM, 10c per 100; \$1 per 1,000.

WOMAN, COMRADE AND EQUAL, by Eugene V. Debs. This article from the November Progressive Woman has been done into leaflet form for wider circulation. Prof. C. F. Dight, of the University of Minnesota, says it "will rank, I think, with the gems of Robert Ingersoll." 20c per 100; \$1.50 per 1,000.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST is a new leaflet by Theresa Malkiel, written for the express purpose of reaching women and interesting them in our movement. Price 20c per 100; \$1.50 for 1,000.

THE CRIMES OF CAPITALISM is a new leaflet which shows the failure of capitalism and the necessity of replacing it by a saner social system. 10c for 100; \$1 for 1,000.

LESSON OUTLINES IN THE ECONOMIC INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY, by Lida Parce, is a condensed, systematic presentation of the way in which the natural and social forces have brought about the present social condition. For individuals or clubs. Paper, 25c; six copies, \$1.25. The Humanist Pub. Co., 5825 Drexel avenue, Chicago.

One way to help a magazine is to patronize its advertisers.



The Socialist Women's society of Anderson (Ind.) works as a committee of the Socialist local, reporting meetings, literature distributed and finances to the local once each month.

Last spring, when the public school closed, it was thought best to do some work for the children.

The Socialist women elected, among other officers, a superintendent to conduct an educational work for the children of the Socialists, reporting her work to the Socialist Women's society and the local.

Comrade Janet Fenimore was elected to this office and I was to assist her, taking her place at the meetings when she was out on a lecture tour.

We asked all the Socialists to send their children, any age, to my home on a Wednesday afternoon.

They named their meeting the Young People's League of Anderson.

We let some of the older children write a constitution, helping them put it in proper form.

We had them elect officers and taught them how to fill these offices. We had them hold a short business meeting each afternoon and instructed them how to address the chair, make motions in proper form and carry on their "discussions" in an orderly way.

Each afternoon they had a program of recitations by the younger children, music by those who could play the piano, while the older children would bring some story or an article from one of our papers or magazines to read.

They opened and closed the meeting with a Socialist song, "The Red Flag" being their favorite. The superintendent read a chapter from John Spargo's "Socialist Readings for Children" which the children enjoyed. They answered to roll call with Socialist quotations.

They took up a penny collection each meeting and the last Wednesday of each month was "social day" when they invited their parents, served refreshments and took a five-cent collection.

They have a large red felt pennant with the letters Y. P. S. L., Anderson, in white on one side.

At the regular Sunday night meeting of the local the Y. P. S. L. was always represented by some member giving a recitation or playing a piano solo.

They all gathered on the courthouse steps one evening and opened the campaign street meeting by singing "The Red Flag." They soon had a fine large crowd for the speaker.

The Socialist Women's society and Y. P. S. L. held an all-day picnic in

the park. There were about eighty in the crowd. We had a special car and made it lively with songs and shouts all the way to the park.

When the public school opened this fall the meeting was changed to Sunday afternoon and conducted in much the same way.

We watch eagerly for any news of what the children are doing in other places.

To all the Socialist children of The Progressive Woman family we send greetings and good cheer.

Comrade Geneva H. Fryer, of Globe, Ariz., died suddenly on October 21st. Comrade Fryer was an earnest worker for the cause and held the position of territorial secretary of Arizona during the latter part of last year.

MOTHERS

BY CHARLOTTE P. GILMAN.

We are mothers. Thru us in our bondage,

Thru us with a brand in the face,
Be we fettered with gold or with iron,
Thru us comes the race!

See the people who suffer, all people!
All humanity wasting its powers
In the hand-to-hand struggle—death-dealing—
All children of ours!

Shall we bear it? We mothers who love them?

Can we bear it? We mothers who feel

Every pang of our babes and forgive them

Every sin when they kneel?

Dare ye sleep while your children are calling!

Dare ye wait while they clamor unfed?

Dare ye pray in the proud-pillared churches

While they suffer for bread?

Rise now in the power of the woman!

Rise now in the power of our need!
The world cries in hunger and darkness!

We shall light! We shall feed!

In the name of our ages of anguish!

In the name of the curse and the slain!

By the strength of our sorrow we conquer!

In the power of our pain!

"Little Sister of the Poor" and "Sorrows of Cupid" both 25c.

First-class photo post cards of Debs and Warren, each 10c; 15c for two. The P. W., Girard, Kan.



COMRADE EUGENE V. DEBS AND HIS LITTLE GIRARD FRIENDS

Reading from left to right beginning at top: Eloise Shoaf, Marie Richardson, Ruby Eastwood, Mary Vincent, Gracie Shoaf, Glenn Warren.
 Middle Row: Natalie Richardson, Malcomb West, Robert Rogers, Hazeline Richardson, Ruth Richardson.
 Bottom Row: Gordon Shoaf, Richard Warren, Karl Warren, Max Warren.

You don't know Eugene V. Debs until you have seen him with a lot of little tots about him.

Just "Gene," his intimate friends call him, and this name, when you come to know him, has more in it than the titles of kings and presidents have. More love, more honor, more dignity, more royal companionship.

"Gene" Debs is just a kind of a big boy himself, wonderfully simple, natural, clever, possessing the dignity which a well-mannered, normal boy possesses—and which no mere man ever reaches—and altogether lovable.

He is friends with all the children in Girard. More than friends—he is real comrade with many of them. And little wonder. They know where his heart lies, and just exactly how to creep into it and fill up its every nook and corner. They know that "Comrade Debs" doesn't set anybody above them—not even Fred Warren himself, nor J. A. Wayland. This is easily proven. Suppose, for instance, these three are walking down one of Girard's main streets, discussing some weighty subject, such as Judge Pollock, or the

Maxican situation. There is the frown of intense concern between the eyes, and the tenseness of responsibility about the mouths. Suddenly "Gene" comes to a dead halt. His eyes brighten, his mouth shapes itself into a beautiful smile. He waves a big hand to something somewhere in the distance. He is polite, he finishes his sentence in well-rounded words, and then, "Excuse me, comrades, I see some little friends; I will be with you at one p. m., sharp." And with a buoyant step he strides away. The other dignitaries look to see the meaning of the mysterious disappearance.

It is a group of children. They come, heels flying in the air, to meet "Comrade Debs."

The first any one knows they are all in an ice cream parlor, or candy kitchen, and "Comrade Debs" is "settin' 'em up."

Love him? I guess they do.

And to Comrade Debs a group of children are not merely playthings. They are the race. The race unsullied by the crimes of commercialism; untouched

by the lust of greed; unspoiled by sycophancy, by unmerited flattery.

One of his bitterest charges against capitalism is its murderous attack upon little children. He says: Childhood is the most precious charge of the family and the community, but our capitalist civilization sacrifices it ruthlessly to gratify its brutal lust for pelf and power, and the march of its conquest is stained with the blood of infants and paved with the puny bones of children."

It is because of his love for humanity, and for the children who are the race, that this great, simple, strong-fibered man is devoting the days and nights of his life to the abolition of that which destroys humanity.

Don't forget to read the advertisements in this issue.

Teacher was telling her class little stories in natural history, and she asked if anyone could tell her what a groundhog was. Up went a little hand, waving frantically.

"Well, Carl, you may tell us what a groundhog is."

"Please, ma'am, it's sausage."

Encourage our advertisers by buying from them.

The Progressive Woman

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Girard, Kan., U. S. A.

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

Editor and Publisher.. Josephine Conger Kaneko



MERRY CHRISTMAS

"Christmas comes but once a year,
May Christmas bring you happy cheer!"

Do you know what it is that makes you so happy on Christmas?

You will no doubt answer that it is because you get presents and candies and good things to eat for dinner. But let us think a moment. Is this the REAL reason?

Suppose your parents, your friends, and even a mysterious creature like Santa Claus, brought you presents on some ordinary day. And suppose your mother cooked a fine dinner on that day with turkey and cranberry sauce, would it be a merry time for you like Christmas is?

No, it wouldn't. For it isn't the presents and the good things to eat which make you happy.

What is it, then?

Can't you guess? Then I must tell you.

You are happy on Christmas because *everybody else is happy*. At least all the folks you know about. They all have presents, and good dinners, and they all feel the thrill of everybody else's joy. When you go on the street the very atmosphere is different from the every-day atmosphere. There is a "feel" in the brisk air that everybody is enjoying this particular day. The shops are decorated in green, and holly berries. At every window is a little sign of the good cheer within. The sleigh bells are unusually musical, and church chimes have a special meaning on Christmas day.

It is a *social* happiness that you feel on Christmas. People are kinder to each other. They are more than usually interested in each other. They even give presents to folks that they never saw, and never expect to see. They show some feeling for the poor. "Love one another" is the motto they try to live up to this one day in the year.

And there really is something beautiful in it, isn't there?

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

But why can't we have it all the year around? Wouldn't you like to have, not Christmas especially, but the happy "social" feeling that comes with Christmas, every day in the year? Wouldn't it be splendid for people to open their hearts to each other, to greet each other with kind words, instead of sour looks, or indifferent stares? Wouldn't it be nice if the next day after Christmas, and all the other days following, people would greet each other with "I wish you many happy returns of the season!" instead of the grouchy, unpleasant words they too often utter after Christmas is over?

And why is it that they are *not* kind and pleasant and *social* all the other days? There certainly is a reason, and I think it is this: The day after Christmas everybody rushes back to business; to making a *living*. Their Christmas giving, instead of bringing happy afterthoughts, has really been a drain on the pocket-book, and they must work even harder to make it up. And not only work harder, but too often take advantage of each other; "skin the other fellow," as the saying goes. And when the people have to "skin" each other they can't love each other very well. They are all working together, but at the same time they are all working apart, for they are trying to get all they can away from each other.

And that produces a dreadfully unhappy feeling, doesn't it? No wonder it is so different from Christmas! No one is interested in anyone else. Each little family group is just trying to take care of itself, and the others may live or die, sink or swim, for all they seem to care. It is really very unsocial.

It would be nice if we could change it, wouldn't it?

Well, we *can* change it. We can make things so that the people will be interested in each other all the time, just as they now are on Christmas. We can do this by making their interests the same.

When men and women can work together without "skinning" each other, without trying to knock each other down; when they can have all they earn without this awful fight, which in business is called "competition," then they will begin to love one another and to want to help one another. And they can have all they earn without this "competition" when they own the mills and mines and factories where they work.

When people realize that the manner in which they get their living determines very largely their misery or their happiness, they will begin at once to improve on this point. When they know that competition in business makes competition in every walk of life, causes hatred and heart aches and despair; and when they learn that co-operation in business means mutual interest, and finally brotherhood and love, they will

want to replace competition with co-operation.

The Christ, for whom Christmas was named by the Christian world, wanted more than anything else this comradely love to exist up on the earth, not only for one day in the year, but every day. And yet the very people who pretend to follow him too often deny that we can have such love in the human race.

But the Socialists say that we can, and that we will, when the industry of the world is properly conducted, and men and women can live without stealing from each other.

That time they call the Co-operative Commonwealth.

So today The Progressive Woman wishes you a very merry Christmas. But we hope that you will never cease to work for that other time when every day will bring glad cheer to every heart.

Between the activity of the Socialist women and the suffragists in New York City there should be a few things stirring in that right-little, tight-little, six-million-population town.

No, we do not condemn the British suffragettes for their so-called lawlessness in going after the ballot. What can you expect of an outlawed class, anyway? And women are an outlawed class.

There are two hundred expectant mothers in Cherry, Ill., the site of the recent horrible mine disaster. What the effect of this horror will be upon the unborn children none can guess. But we hope it will be a long time before any egotistic male of the capitalist persuasion prates to American womanhood of "race suicide."

Two men who stand as distinct features in the dividing of the ways between the old conservatism and persecution, and modern progress and humanitarianism, are Francisco Ferrer and Guaterrez DeLara. Every child of proper understanding should be made familiar with all that these men are, and all that they stand for. This knowledge will help to mould their future character.

There is a great deal in the papers about an "Ideal Chicago." There will never be an ideal Chicago until the slums are wiped out, until every child is properly fed and housed and schooled, until women need no longer walk the streets, and men have ceased to beg for work. When this has been accomplished Chicago will be an ideal city.

MR. KANEKO PASSES AWAY.

As we go to press word reaches us of the death of Comrade Kiichi Kaneko, which occurred in Japan on the 8th of October. In our next issue we shall say more about Comrade Kaneko, his life and work.

The Examiner's Glass

LIDA PARCE



There is a good deal of discussion among Socialist women as to what is the proper attitude for them to assume toward the woman suffrage movement, and no very satisfactory solution has so far been reached. We probably ought to know, to begin with, what the relation of woman is to the present system, how it affects her interests as a woman, and how the change to social ownership would appeal to her nature and interests.

History tells us that when women were the economic producers in society, the method was communal. There was no private property. The women worked together to produce food and clothing for all. And the scientists tell us that the nature of woman is altruistic. They say it was her function of motherhood, and of the protector of the young, that formed and fixed her mental traits. They tell us that she is given to an interest in people, instead of things. Mr. Darwin, who didn't think very well of women, by the way, said in his "Descent of man," p. 558, "Woman seems to differ from man in mental disposition, chiefly in her greater tenderness and less selfishness. . . . Woman, owing to her maternal instincts, displays these qualities toward her infants in an eminent degree; therefore, it is likely that she would often extend them toward her fellow creatures. Man is the rival of other men; he delights in competition, and this tends to ambition which passes too often into selfishness."

When the system of private ownership was established, women had been enslaved. They had nothing to say about it. Private property was, and is, egotistical. It comes of an interest in things rather than in persons. A large part of the race was enslaved for the sake of private property. The form of slavery has changed since. But human beings are still of less importance and are less protected than is property. Things are of more importance than people. How does this compare with the feelings and interests of women as the mothers of the race? Do they feel that the product of their maternity is less valuable than dollars? If they had not been enslaved would they have established such a system as this? It is unthinkable that they would have done so.

In the essence of their nature, then, women are opposed to the present system. They may not, in fact they do not, for the most part, understand the nature of the present system. Their

horizon is too narrow, the opportunities of their lives too circumscribed to have given them the opportunity to understand. Even the best trained brains, having the best opportunity to learn, are only beginning to understand the true inwardness of the present system. It is only now working out to its logical conclusion. Shall we, then, place all women not working for wages in the capitalist class and accuse them of responsibility for this system, and refuse to recognize them as members of our own sex class on that ground?

It wouldn't be a very reasonable thing to do.

Five hundred men were recently burned to death in a mine in Illinois. The men were not warned of the fire until it was too late to escape; because the managers didn't want them to lose time. Would women have done such a thing? Would women work the lives out of hundreds of thousands of children in the factories if they had anything to say about it?

It is only necessary to ask yourself such questions as these to see how the nature and interests of woman would react on the present social system, if women had the ballot, *and were educated as to the nature of the system.*

In Colorado the women have the ballot, and they have secured such laws as, according to their light, would protect society. But they were ignorant as to the working of the system, and so their laws are effective only within a small sphere. What is needed, then, is *education.*

Let us not make the mistake of cherishing unreasoning resentment against every woman who doesn't work for a wage. Many of the women who are working without a wage are working as hard and much longer hours. Let us not forget that this system as established in spite of woman. This being so, we cannot treat her as an enemy because of the system, nor hold her responsible for it. Let us not forget that the mother psychology is the same, whether a woman gets paid for her work, or whether she doesn't get paid. There are few women who don't work in one way or another.

And before we resent the attitude of the W. S. A. of America toward the working woman let us know what it is. As a matter of fact the need of the working woman for the ballot has been about the strongest plea that has been put up by that society. I know personally that legislatures have offered to pass bills for the enfranchisement of property-holding woman, if the W. S. A. of America would withdraw their bills for all-woman suffrage, and they have always refused on the ground that it was woman suffrage, not property suffrage, that they wanted, and that

the woman without property, the woman who worked, was the woman who needed the ballot most.

In going before the last legislature of the state of Illinois, Mrs. Stuart, the president for Illinois, based her argument on the ground that life was made secondary to the property by the male state. They were caring for things better than for people.

Lester F. Ward says about woman and reform: "The so-called reforms in which women engage are properly speaking not reforms at all; they are more nearly revolutions. The only institutions they have any interest in reforming are those that they believe to be bad, and the way they propose to reform them is simply to abolish them. It is self-preservation all the time. The bad is the unsafe, the dangerous, and women's reforms are simply crusades against real or supposed evils that threaten the safety of themselves or their children. Viewed in this light the most radical reform is the most complete conservatism, the conservation of all that they cherish in life."

Let us not confuse the issue then. In working with the W. S. A. of A. we are not working against revolution, but for it. And let us not forget that most women, as well as most men, are ignorant of what the issue is. What we have to do is not to coerce their feelings or their conduct, but to enlighten their minds. Their natural disposition is right. All they need is to understand the facts. To treat them as enemies would be the most childish folly. To be friends will require some forbearance on both their part and ours.

Our photo post cards of Fred D. Warren are as perfect as photographs can be. 10c each.

One of the delightfully new things upon the earth is Charlotte Gilman's little magazine, "The Forerunner." Charlotte has so many ideas about the woman and child question, ideas well founded, which she presents in an entertaining and convincing way, that we are glad she is going to write the whole paper each month herself. We want "The Forerunner" to succeed—not in a lean, miserable way, but in a fat, plentiful way, without cramping the editor to death all the time. And we ask our readers to send 10c for a sample copy, for when they have seen one, they will want them all.

Send 10c for a first-class photo post card of Fred D. Warren. One each of Debs and Warren, 15c for the two.

Frank and Annah Finsterbach have started a fine little weekly in Minneapolis, Minn. The paper is primarily a local one, but nevertheless makes good reading for Socialists everywhere. Its name is The New Commonwealth, and it is published at 2816 Third street, Minneapolis. Price \$1 a year.

Fine photo post cards of Comrade Debs. 10c each.

Doings and Sayings of Socialist Tots

Socialist children are being trained to become agitators.—O. H. P. Belmont.



Max, the youngest son of Fred D. Warren, and his playmate.

A five-year-old, with golden hair, reminding one of Henrietta Haywood, was much interested in the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone case. She wept when Henrietta asked, "Will they hang my papa?" She distributes Appeal to Reasons every week. Recently when a canvasser came to the door she gave him ten Appeals and turning to her mother said, "We must send for more Appeals. I have only one 'Arouse Ye Slaves' and one 'Act Now,' left."

A little ten-year-old girl in a home where Lena Morrow Lewis was entertained some time ago, expressed a desire to go to the lecture. Her married sister protested and said she would not understand and would go to sleep. But the little one insisted that she would understand, and wouldn't go to sleep. Comrade Lewis, curious to know how much the child did know about Socialism and why she wanted to go to the meeting, asked her about it. The little girl replied: "Well, the other speaker who was here told about so many little children who had to work hard all day and some in the night, and I want to see the Socialists get in, so all those little boys and girls can have more time to play, and not have to work so hard." She had caught the idea!

The Socialist Sunday school paraded in the Moyer, Haywood and Pettibone demonstrations in Boston. The crowd was so much larger than had been expected and the streets so congested that the teacher did not want them to march. But they had been drilled in what to do, and, lo and behold, when the time came, they joined hands as they had been taught to do, commanded the paraders to stop, and stepped into line. One little girl became so excited that she cheered for "Maywood and Hoyer."

The children of the neighborhood had met to play together. The five-year-old host invited them to the basement of the cozy home, to play "big folks." It was suggested that a speech should come on the program, and as Melford was the only one who would consent to speak, he said from the tool chest which he had mounted: "Ladies and gentlemen, you see the reason we little folks haven't got all the candy and nice things we want,

is because the working man don't know enough to vote right. It's all his fault." He closed amid much applause.

A three-year-old in Sacramento belonging to Socialist parents heard a guest ask, "What is Socialism?" She answered quickly, "Socialists is workers."

A Denver four-year-old was riding on the street car with her parents, on their way to a Socialist entertainment where she was to "speak a piece." The conductor asked what transfer they wanted. She replied, "Transfer to the Socialists, please."

A twelve-year-old in Salt Lake City is an ardent revolutionist. He makes Socialist speeches from the front door step of his home. He calls out to the passers-by "The workers do all the work and have nothing, the capitalists have everything, and do nothing."

Roger Fenimore, an eleven-year-old member of the Y. P. S. L. of Anderson, has gone Edward Bellamy one better. Roger says that when Socialism comes we will not have to wash any dishes because we will make them out of paste, like ice cream cones, and eat our meals dishes and all.

Two little boys who had often heard the expression "it is all we can expect under this system," were having a regular knock-out fight with some little neighbors one day. When reprimanded for it, one of them spoke up quickly: "Well, what else can you expect, so long as we live under this system?"

Mrs. H. of Huntington, Ind., is an active worker in the Socialist movement. Her little son helps with the dishwashing on meeting nights when his mother is going out. He doesn't like the work very well and a few days ago he propounded the following question: "Papa, what's the sense of being a boy anyway, if you have to wash dishes?"

Frankie is a sturdy, manly little fellow of eight, who likes to hunt with an older companion. On a recent quest for game the companion who is not a Socialist, fired a long-distance shot at a rabbit. He explained his action by saying he fired just to stir up the dust and make the rabbit run; that they were not good to eat this time of year. Frankie's objection was immediate: "Well, you shouldn't have shot at him then, if he wasn't good to eat. If you had killed him he would have died for nothing. That's what I call Socialism."

Cook County Sunday School

The Cook county Socialist Sunday school was started two years ago by the women's branch of the Socialist party. The branch has elected a special school committee whose duty it is to look after the interests of the school. The committee secures suitable rooms furnishes school supplies, prepares and helps to serve the refreshments at the social entertainments of the school, and visit the school from time to time.

The teaching staff consists of one superintendent and as many teachers as there are classes; the first year we had three teachers, the second four.

The classes are divided more according to the development of the pupils than their age or grade to which they belong in the public schools.

To the first class are admitted children of the kindergarten age, and up to the age of seven. They have special song games and for their lessons they have nature study with emphasis on occupations.

The second class studies the savage and barbaric peoples with emphasis on the different industries.

The third class studies the history of the human race from the standpoint of economic determinism. The fourth class studies the history of Socialism.

From the start the aim was to make the pupils feel that the school is their own and that it is a Socialist school, and as such it has certain ideals and a certain mission. Co-operation and justice were made household words.

Early in the existence of the school the pupils were encouraged to express themselves freely on different subjects. While many had to be encouraged, others were ready to speak all the time.

As a means of bringing better results from this interchange of ideas parliamentary rules were introduced, and committees were elected by the pupils, as the need for them was felt. Now the school has a constitution, business meetings at the beginning of each regular school session, when the secretary reads the minutes, the committees bring in their reports, and the discussions are led in an orderly manner.

The dramatic club, the debating teams, the school library, all are in response to the needs which the school felt at the time when they were instituted.

The dramatic club is even ambitious enough to write plays, as no suitable play could be found when the pupils decided to present a play.

The debates which are generally planned for the regular entertainments, were very successful, bringing great satisfaction to the visitors as well as to the school.

The program of the regular school session is as follows: Singing, business meeting, singing, meetings of the dramatic club and committee work, lessons, singing.

MARY S. LIVINGSTON, Supt.

HUSTLER'S COLUMN.

PEARL, THE OFFICE GIRL.



Just because I like "kids," and just because they like me, the editor of the P. W. wants me to write a "hustler's" column in this little folks' issue of the paper. She has an idea, I suppose, that you are going to like me just as Dolph and "Fat," and Ruth and Kenneth, and some more little neighbors do.

But will you?

Well, I hope so, for if you don't, you won't pay a bit of attention to what I am going to say to you. And that would make me feel perfectly awful—especially as the Editor expects you to like me and pay a lot of attention.

Now all who will pay attention hold up your hands—no, I couldn't see them, could I?

I will tell you what you do, WRITE ME A LETTER. A nice little one, saying that you DID care, and DID pay attention.

Now I will tell you what I would like to have you write—tell me whether you liked this Children's Edition or not. (If you don't like it I will not tell the editor, for she will surely feel bad. But if you DO like it I will tell her, and then she will be glad.) Tell me what articles you like best and why. Also I would like to know if you are a Socialist, and why you are one.

Now, it would be fine to have these letters from you—about a bushel of them. So don't make a resolution to write, and then forget it. You know that is the way grown folks do sometimes. It isn't good to imitate grown folks in everything.

There is something else, and this is the very MOST important of all. This is where the "hustler" business comes in. I want you to ask your papa for 10 cents (or maybe you have 10 cents of your own that you have earned, and that will be best) so that you can send and get five copies of this issue, and then hand them to your little friends to read.

Will you do this? Just think for a moment of the amount of propaganda—that's a big word, isn't it?—you can do among other children, in this way. If 100 of you order five copies and hand them out, that means 500 children will get their first ideas of Socialism from YOU. And remember, you can't begin too young working for this great cause.

Will you do it? Of course you will. You will do it because I am going to give a valuable little present to every one who sends in 10 cents for five copies, and PROMISES

TO HAND THEM TO THEIR FRIENDS. I am going to send to each of these the picture of **Comrade Debs and the Girard children** printed on fine, tinted paper, ready for framing. This picture has never been published except in the Progressive Woman, and you may never see it again. So don't fail to get one. (And I will add that the grown-ups may come in on this, if they want to).

Now send your letters and orders right away, for I am going to be the one to fill them all—because I'm the "Office Girl." Address me, Pearl Busby, care The Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan.

TWO BOOKS

that should be read together are "Sorrows of Cupid," by Kate Richards O'Hare, and "The Little Sister of the Poor," by Josephine Conger-Kaneko. The first gives the process of human passion, its extinguishment by the drive of poverty, and a cure for poverty—which is Socialism. The second is a story setting forth the struggles of young women in the working districts of the great cities. It is fiction made up of facts, and presents in a fascinating manner truths that all parents and young women should know. These two books are neatly printed and bound in heavy paper, and sell for 25 cents each. We are making a special rate of both for 25 cents. Order from The Progressive Woman, Girard, Kan.

Warren and Debs post cards, one of each, 10c; two for 15c.

READING FOR CHILDREN

The Little Socialist Magazine for boys and girls, published at 15 Spruce street, New York, will help in interesting children in our work. This magazine ought to be in every Socialist home. We do not consider it perfect, it being too sedate, and a little difficult for the average child. But, nevertheless, parents should subscribe for it, and help the editor make it just right, through their helpful suggestions. It is important that children should have Socialist literature that they can understand, and we insist that parents be not neglectful in this point. The Little Socialist costs 50c a year; 5c a copy.

John Spargo's book, "Readings for Socialist Children," advertised elsewhere in this issue, is an ideal book for children. It is beautifully printed and bound, large in size; and the stories are told in easy but well-chosen language. Children will read this book over and over, memorizing its historical and biographical sketches, which they will repeat to their own children when they are grown.

For older children, Kropotkin's "Advice to the Young" (Kerr Publishing Co.) and "Mutual Aid Among Animals" are excellent literature. There is nothing in our books which shows the beauty and necessity of co-operative effort as a means to life more than "Mutual Aid." Kropotkin is at all times a charming writer, and his works, especially these two, cannot fail to appeal to the minds of youths of both sexes.

"Recitations and Dialogues," by Josephine R. Cole, is useful both for home and public entertainment. No entertainment is complete without children on its program, and it is rather difficult to obtain the proper material for a child's program. This little book will help in this work. May be had of The Progressive Woman for 25c.

There is a great dearth of literature for children; and the reason lies in the low demand for such literature. When parents realize the necessity of educating their young, they will create the demand, and the talent now lying dormant in our movement will spring at once to issue the supply. May parents open their eyes to this great need is our ever fervent wish.

A SOCIALIST WOMAN CANDIDATE

An incident of the election was the candidacy of Mrs. Smith Lang, Socialist candidate for the house, who received 875 votes out of a total of 23,000 in the second legislative district of Baltimore. While the other candidates for the legislature were anxiously patrolling their districts to see how the vote was going, Mrs. Lang was home looking after Donald Lang five years old, who, she says, is her most cherished possession.

NATIONAL MOVEMENT.



The attempt to maintain separate women's organizations in various places has not met with great success, and the comrades welcome the suggestion that the woman's activity and organization be made a part of the regular work of the local. Those most active in the woman's work are almost always busy as well with the general So-

cialist work and their duties and meetings multiply so that it is impossible to give them all proper attention.

The comrades at Dayton, Ohio, have a blackboard in their headquarters upon which they write subjects for discussion. These subjects are thus published for a week or so and the comrades, men and women, assemble on special evening for participation in the discussion. This exercise takes the place of the study clubs maintained by some groups and it is found an excellent method of enlisting and keeping the interest of visitors to headquarters.

The following have been appointed chairmen of woman's committee in Orlo and Indiana:

Youngstown, Ohio—Mrs. Anna Grandmontagne, Marlon Heights, Station A.
Cleveland, Ohio—Lucy Cheney, 1436 East 120th street.

Toledo, Ohio—Mrs. Josephine Bates, 334 Missoudi street.

Springfield, Ohio—J. W. Dolbeer, 668 West Mulberry street.

Dayton, Ohio—E. L. Rogers, 238 South Main street.

Cincinnati, Ohio—Mrs. Daisy Millard.

Columbus, Ohio—Mrs. E. E. Harrington, 75 1/2 West Broad street.

Covington, Ky.—Mrs. A. F. Bretzweil, 1421 Banklick street.

Fort Wayne, Ind.—Mrs. Herman Heckel, 1621 East Washington street; Mrs. C. H. Marahrens, 1303 East Pontiac street.

Huntington, Ind.—Mrs. Fannie A. Holsworth, 618 East Franklin street.

Muncie, Ind.—Mrs. R. L. Harrison, 1317 East Kirby avenue.

Elwood, Ind.—J. O. Bradley.

Alexandria, Ind.—R. E. Drake, 906 Columbia avenue.

Marion, Ind.—Mrs. W. A. Powers, 503 West 5th street; Mr. John Kelly.

Indianapolis, Ind.—Miss T. Peemoller, 1420 East Market street.

Linton, Ind.—Elias Delbridge, care Wm. Sheffler, Heltman Block.

Terre Haute, Ind.—Mrs. R. S. Hoagland, 2930 North 13 1/2 street.

ANNA A. MALEY, Woman's Organizer.

Staunton, Ill.—Comrade Anna A. Maley, national woman's organizer, lectured in the city hall, Staunton, Ill., Monday, November 8th, before a good-sized audience of men and women. All present listened with rapt attention for an hour and a quarter, while the principles of Socialism were clearly and lucidly explained. The absolute dependence of the working class by virtue of the private ownership of the means of life was shown with effectiveness and originality. After the lecture Comrade Maley gave a short talk on organization and urged the necessity of the regular payment of dues by the members, including a plea for new members which, if followed up by the party workers, will undoubtedly result in an increased membership in the party in Staunton. All things considered, we had a splendid meeting and we regret that we had not engaged her for several dates. Collection amounted to \$6.86. Literature sold, \$1.30. Five subscription cards to Progressive Woman.—Herman Rahm, Sec.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Local Los Angeles now has a woman's committee in conformity with the national committee of women, to take special charge of woman's propaganda. The committee consists of Georgia Kotsch, chairman; Sallie E. Bowman, secretary; Mary E. Garbutt, Eva Kugg and Agnes H. Downing.

The committee is planning for big educational work with meetings, literature, and, if feasible, demonstrations to arouse women to the necessity of participation in party work.

The committee has been drawn entirely and designedly from the Woman's Socialist union which for years has been an effective force in educating women in the principles of Socialism and in the practice of conducting public meetings.



THE LOS ANGELES SOCIALIST LYCEUM

The Los Angeles Socialist Lyceum for children was started in May, 1908, as a branch of work of the Woman's Socialist Union. It meets Sunday mornings in a hall at the Headquarters in the center of the city, and has continued its meetings with unabated interest from the first.

There were obstacles in the way of course—the scattered city, press of work for many mothers, car fare, and lack of material in the proper form for consecutive lessons, but difficulties always lie in the way of big enterprises.

Mrs. Leah Levin was the first superintendent and her untiring zeal had much to do with its success. Miss Whitehead, Mrs. Kotsch, Comrades Lewis, Hunt and others helped with the instruction which consisted of lessons and songs, with physical exercises when possible. Occasional entertainments, little drills and plays were given. On the whole Los Angeles has made a beginning; and we

look forward to the time when there will be Socialist Lyceums for our children in every ward.

The inertia of society today is conditioned largely on the fact that heretofore children have not been taught to do for the general good. As a result social responsibility rests lightly on the average person. To make children socially responsible, to fortify them with knowledge that will help them to carry their sense of duty into deeds, is a big task. This includes a correct knowledge of history and economics which we should see that our youth receives. We could not do more for our children and we should not do less.

Little Mina was saying her prayers. When she had finished her mother said, "You have forgotten, dear, 'Make Mina a good girl.'"

"Oh, mother," she answered, reproachfully, "don't let's bother God about that. That's your look out."

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The Fairy is the International Socialist Review. We are making such a big success of the Review that we can afford what a short time ago would have been impossible for us. What we can and will do for you is that if you send \$2.00 we will mail you any book or books published by us to the amount of \$2.00 at list prices, and will also send you two Review Subscription Cards, each good for the Review one year to a new name. You can easily sell these cards for a dollar each; then you can do the same thing again, and again, and so on to the end of the chapter.

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will be sent you postpaid, free of charge, if you write that you want to use them in taking subscriptions. And a book list will be mailed free if you ask for it.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES.

Meta L. Stern, International Secretary National Woman's Committee.

The suffragists of Germany held their annual conference in Munich during October. Beside the usual business proceedings there were a number of highly interesting lectures followed by general discussion. A resolution demanding equal and unrestricted suffrage for men and women was passed unanimously. But the most effective event of the conference was a Ferrer demonstration which had not been included in the program and was entirely spontaneous. A leading suffragist had been scheduled to speak on "Women and Sexual Problems," but was prevented from speaking by sudden illness. Thereupon the assembled delegates and visitors decided to discuss the Ferrer case. There were fiery speeches by Miss Martha Hintz, Mrs. Minna Caner, Dr. Anita Augspurg and others, denouncing the judicial murder of the great, liberal educator. The sentiment of the gathering was adequately expressed in a ringing resolution of protest and indignation.

An open air demonstration to protest against the constant and unprecedented increase in the price of food, was recently held in Vienna. A large number of women, mostly of the working class, participated, and among the many speakers who addressed the gathering were several Socialist women.

The Bavarian parliament recently

discussed the advisability of granting suffrage to women. A monster petition submitted by the suffragists of Bavaria gave rise to the discussion. A Socialist representative, Comrade Vollmar, delivered a long and earnest speech in favor of woman's suffrage and made a motion to recommend the petition to further consideration of the government. Comrade Vollmar's motion was seconded by a liberal representative, but the representatives of the clerical party voted it down.

The Scandinavian countries, Denmark, Norway, Finland and Iceland, deserve credit for being the leading countries of Europe in regard to the enfranchisement of women. In 1901 Norway gave women municipal suffrage and in 1907 parliamentary suffrage, unfortunately limited by a property qualification. In Denmark the women vote for boards of public charities and other municipal offices and are eligible to such office. In Finland women enjoy full, parliamentary suffrage since 1906, and at the last election 21 women were elected as members of parliament. At the recent municipal elections in Norway no less than 142 women were elected to various municipal offices in the towns and rural districts, and 127 women were elected to similar offices in Denmark. The municipal council of Reikjavik, the capital of Iceland, has four women members. Government statistics of these various countries show that the participation of women in all the elections is steadily increasing.

The Socialist women of New York will hold their first educational conference during December. The subject for discussion is: "Our Relation to the Suffrage Movement," a timely

and important topic on which much divergence of opinion exists right in our own ranks. Several well known speakers, who are thoroughly acquainted with both the Socialist and suffrage movements will make brief speeches to present every phase of the subject prior to the general discussion. The floor will be granted to every woman present, but the vote will be restricted to party members. The conference is being arranged by the woman's agitation committee of Local New York.

Multum in Parvo.

There was a little bachelor who lived all by himself,
And all the bread and cheese he got he put upon a shelf.
Yet, he couldn't keep a valet, nor a laundress, nor a cook.
So he sighed, "For something very cheap in servants I must look!"
In glancing around, he found a wife and married her, my son,
And now he's got a valet, cook and laundress all in one!—Ex.

The fact that we have lyceums to teach Socialism to our children proves our faith in our cause. It is the best possible answer to the false accusations that Socialism would destroy the family or the home.—Ex.

One thing we must never forget, namely, that the infinitely most important work for us is the humane education of the millions who are soon to come on the stage of action.—Geo. T. Angell.

Womew, you are not arrayed against men as foes. You are working with fathers, brothers, husbands and sons for the best interests of the whole race.—Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

City housekeeping has failed partly because women, the traditional housekeepers, have not been consulted as to its multiform activities.—Jane Addams.

A mother is a better mother when she is also a free citizen.—Carrie Chapman Catt.

Patronize our advertisers.

'Gene, who is four years old, was delighted recently when the stork brought a long coveted baby sister. He went forthwith to announce the glad tidings to the neighbors. To his surprise they were not inclined to believe him, especially Edward, his chum, who stoutly scoffed the idea of a new arrival at 'Gene's house. With trembling lip 'Gene ran to his mother and threw himself, sobbing, against the bed.

"Just think, mother," he wailed, "Edward won't believe I've got a baby sister! And you know"—here his sense of the world's ingratitude grew stronger, and he wailed afresh—"you know how good I was to him when they had kittens over at his house!"—Harper's Magazine.

Advertisements in this issue are o. k.

BEST CHRISTMAS BOOK for Socialist Parents to give their boys and girls . . .

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Woman's National Progressive League, 200 William Street NEW YORK

THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL PROGRESSIVE LEAGUE, 200 William Street, New York

Please find enclosed \$_____ for _____ copies of the book, "Socialist Readings for Children," by John Spargo.

Name _____ Town _____

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The Struggle for Existence

Is becoming more intense with all of us. The small dealer must live too, therefore when he receives new goods, every bill of goods he receives, he figures what they must sell for to pay his freight rent, taxes, interest, fuel, salaries, church donations, loss by bad accounts, waste, etc., and then marks up the prices he must collect from you who have to buy from him the things to keep you alive.

As one after another moves out or goes to buying from the mail order houses, he has to collect the more from the balance of you who remain and who pay your bills. For, bad as Socialists are, Mr. Merchant knows they usually pay their bills, but as to helping you to vote in a better condition, no, he usually trains with the crowd who are exploiting him and through him the rest of you. He votes for competition, can't you help us give him what he asks for? He contributes to the preachers, but never helps you to bear the expenses of a Socialist meeting, or to circulate literature, does he? Do you prefer to continue paying him \$1.40 a gallon for hog lard, when you don't know whether the hog it came from was well or sick, rather than pay your friends a dollar to a dollar fifteen for a gallon of the purest vegetable cooking oil, an oil which will go as far in your cooking as five quarts of lard? This is one place where you could save 75c a week with which to push your propaganda, if you had no other use for it; then we at this end could buy a little more space to help along the Progressive Woman and its courageous editor.

Our announcement last month has developed an unlooked for interest from the readers of the Progressive Woman, as a few letters which follow will attest. Then take a look at the prices submitted below to help fill out your orders for a freight shipment this month. Remember, that in selecting our teas, coffees, spices, and other goods we have invariably chosen the better grades, which will average all the way through superior to those you are usually offered in the grocery markets you patronize. Most of them are bought first hand from the importing houses or manufacturers, at no higher figures than the "big" houses pay. They are fresh, appetizing, and you will take delight in showing them to your friends in comparison with what you are asked to pay much more for elsewhere.

Cooking oil is not sold at retail except in a few places in the country. Girard is becoming "famous" for its superior cooking oil and cereal food drinks. We are not in the class of food faddists either. You patronize a sanitarium and it will charge you for no better articles three times what we ask. In fact we sell in bulk many of them, the very goods that they retail at handsome figures, for they have learned our goods can be relied upon without question, as possessed of absolute quality.

Lard has advanced 40c a gallon during the past few weeks. Our oil only 10c, but another advance is coming next month, perhaps before this issue reaches you, for we are not yet in command of the sources of original supply. Remember, we have the first dissatisfied user of this cooking oil to report yet, and we have sent it out by the dray loads for months—all over the country. IT NEVER GETS RANCID, this we guarantee:

Two five-gallon cans	\$9.10
Case of 6 one-gallon (no smaller sizes furnished)	5.00
One case Nutreto, cereal food drink, 12 25c pkgs)	2.00
One case Ceroblend, 4 3-lb. cans, fine as real coffee	2.00
5 lb. Arabian brand coffee, Mother Jones' favorite	1.15
Girard No. 1 coffee, your dealer will ask 35c, 5 lb.	1.08
Girard No. 2 coffee, your dealer will ask 30c, 5 lb.	1.03
Sun-dried Japan tea, per lb.	.42
Extra choice, Young Hivson, Eng. Breakfast or Ceylon teas, lb	.30
Imperial and Gunpowder teas from 33c to	.37
Best black pepper, lb.	.28
Ground cinnamon, in qr. lb. cartons, 9c qr. lb.	.33
Allspice in qr. lb. cartons 8c qr. lb.	.31
Ginger in qr. lb. cartons, 8c qr. lb.	.31
Cloves, qr. lb.	.08
Nutmegs	.15
Washing compound, extra white, 2 lb.	.10
Gloss starch, lb. 8c; corn starch, lb.	.07 1/2
Powdered borax (drug store price, 20c), 5 lb.	.48
Baking powder, Royal or Price's, lb.	.45
Baking Powder, Calumet, lb.	.20
Candy, pure sugar stick, lb.	.15
Candy, pan-made stick, lb.	.10

Rice, fancy Japan, per lb.	.07
Cracked Rice, lb.	.05
Nutreola Salad Dressing, our own refining, very choice, 9 oz. bottle	.30
Nutreola Salad Dressing, case of 12 carefully packed	2.85
Flavoring extracts, Our Own, 1 1/2 oz. bottle, vanilla or lemon, doz	1.50
Handy Holdfast Clothespins, 3 doz. with other goods	.15
Eureka Renovator, for cleaning garments, rugs, etc., trial qt.	.25
Spot-Light Matches, full count, box 4c, doz.	.42
"Half-Peck" matches	.10
Large sample of any coffee, tea, Nutreto, etc., postpaid for	.10

Presents for Dad and the Boys.

Pair of The Girard Suspender, Kady make, in neat box, postage 8c	\$.50
Box of The Appeal to Reason Cigars (50), prepaid	2.00
Hensley's Oscillator Razor Sharpener, former price \$1.25, now	.55
Girard Ideal Razor, good as any \$1.75 on market	1.10
Non-honing Razor, beautiful, very finest made anywhere	2.25
Ritch's Air-ship top, great thing for the boys	.25
Shoe laces you pay 5 cents pair for straight we'll furnish for 15c or 20c a dozen, all sizes, lengths, and colors.	

Latest in a Corn Popper.

We are having made from our own pattern, a large dimension popper, 8x12 on bottom, 9x13 at top, 4 1/2 in deep, solid bottom for popping corn with cooking oil, the very latest and richest effects ever discovered, will pop enough at one shaking for the family treat; something you can use at your parties, festivals, on the street corner, and once used you will never be without, holds over one peck of popped corn, \$2.25.

LETTERS FROM CUSTOMERS.

From Off in Oregon.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$11.05, for which please send me by freight the following goods selected from your list in The Progressive Woman: 12 one-gallon cans cooking oil; 2 lb. washing compound; "Half Peck" matches; 3 doz. H. H. clothespins.—L. A. Simons, Lebanon, Ore.

Mrs. David Glenn, Powell, Ohio, sends a nice order, stating they have been constant users of Nutreto for long while back, buying from Columbus. Now they are taking the cooking oil as well, and were the first to answer our ad. In these pages last month.

"Oh, say, that suspender letter you sent out was a dandy. I can't help ordering a pair. I'll try them anyhow; just 'cause they are 'The Girard,'" writes Allen Stuart, of Sacramento.

A Good Resolution.

I was going to send an order to Sears, Roebuck for Jap unpolished rice and Sultano raisins, but ~~just~~ got your Message and see you have the oil again, so think I may as well get them from you. We have determined to do a little canvassing before sending. Yours for a hundredfold more in this world.—Mrs. N. E. Arnold, Hardwick, Vt.

Here's the Idea.

Dear Comrades: Enclosed find 25c for samples of the Handy Holdfast clothespins. Socialism will never come until we learn to use every power at our command. If the Socialists *only would* use their purchasing power in their own interests, it would go further towards bringing victory than almost anything else, except the ballot. As fast as we can we are going to give you as much of our trade as we can. Hope you will build up a business large enough to supply everything the people need. Very truly yours, S. L. B., Conway Springs, Kan.

They Will Come Back for More.

Dear Sirs: Over a year ago I sent for a sample box of Eureka Renovator, and price list. We received the sample, but no prices. We like it fine, and have asked our dealers to get it for us. If still manufacturing please put us next. Yours, Mrs. J. P. Mertz, Oregon.

I received the cooking oil and mother says she believes she is going to like it. We had some in some cooked turnips and they were fine.—John W. Welr, Jasonville, Ind.

E. C. Smith, Ocala, takes a ten-dollar freight shipment, filling out his oil order with other little accessories in correct manner.

J. J. Stoll, up in Michigan, started in last month with ten pounds of our coffee. Now he comes back for sixty more of the same kind. And that after he has been buying right along from Chicago. The difference he saves is what he sets aside to spend for Socialism, he adds.

An Interesting Toy.

Gentlemen: Enclosed find \$1, for which please forward at your earliest convenience five more Toy Airships. I find the toy very interesting, and hope to send an order for more in the near future.—Wm. H. Burkhardt, New York City.

Saves Half His Butter Bill.

Send me two more gallons of your oil. I am using this for my popcorn, and find by using this with one-half butter it lessens my butter bill, which costs me 35c per lb.—W. F. Blalock, Minn. (If this friend would use *all oil* he would save much more and please his customers, too.)

Ordering a lot of underwear and men's furnishings, Henry Peterson, of Idaho, adds: "I just sent to station for the goods you shipped, forty miles overland haul. We pay 1c a pound for freight, yet the goods come cheaper than I get from you. I quote a few items: bacon, 23c; lard, 17 1/2c; sugar, 10c; flour, 4c; and so on down the line."

Your Money Back If You Are Not More Than Satisfied

THE NEW GIRARD MFG. CO., GIRARD, KANSAS