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# *The* Progressive Woman

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MILA TUPPER MAYNARD

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## MILA TUPPER MAYNARD.

For seven or eight years Mila Tupper Maynard has been active in the work of the Socialist party, as speaker, a writer and organizer.

A college woman, educated for the ministry, she held for some time a pulpit in the Unitarian church. Interest in the economic and industrial development of the country, and a knowledge of politics through the exercise of the suffrage, so engaged her attention that she finally gave up the ministry, and entered into the broader work of the proletarian movement.

For a time Comrade Maynard was engaged, with her husband, as a writer on the Rocky Mountain News. In this capacity her work was most acceptable, until the Socialist idea began to creep in.

She was asked to desist—to refrain from expressing her faith in the great movement—but this is impossible for a temperament such as Mrs. Maynard's.

Strong in her faith, and honest in her convictions—her new ideal had become her life—and she could not part with it, even for the pleasant and paying occupation of writing for a big daily.

The consequence was that she has since given her whole time and energy to Socialist and Suffrage work—for, being a Colorado woman, and a voter, she believes that women everywhere should have the right of franchise.

At present Mrs. Maynard is traveling with her husband, and speaking for Socialism.

## The Woman Who Understands.

J. APPLETON.

Somewhere she waits to make you win,  
Your soul in her firm white hands—  
Somewhere the gods have made for you  
The woman who understands.

As the tide went out she found him  
Lashed to a spar of despair—  
The wreck of his ship around him,  
The wreck of his dreams in the air—  
Found him and loved him, and gathered  
The soul of him to her heart;  
The soul that had sailed an uncharted sea—  
The soul that had sought to win and be free—  
The soul of which she was part;  
And there in the dusk she cried to the man,  
"Win your battle—you can—you can."

Helping and loving and guiding—  
Urging when that was best—  
Holding her fears in hiding  
Deep in her quiet breast—  
This is the woman who kept him  
True to his standards lost—  
When tossed in the storm and stress and strife,  
He thought himself through with the game of life  
And ready to pay the cost—  
Watching and guarding—whispering still,  
"Win—you can—and I know you will."

This is the story of ages—  
This is the woman's way—  
Wiser than seers or sages,  
Lifting us day by day—  
Facing all things with courage  
Nothing can daunt or dim;  
Treading life's path wherever it leads—  
Lined with flowers or choked with weeds,  
But ever with him—with him;  
Guardian, comrade, and golden spur,  
The men who win are helped by her.

Somewhere she waits strong in belief,  
Your soul in her firm white hands;  
Thank well the gods when she comes to you—  
The woman who understands.

—Selected.

## War on the White Slave Trade



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## From the International Congress

The women led off at the Copenhagen meetings, as they did at Stuttgart, by holding a two days' Congress before the big International got down to business.

The woman's congress was called together through the indefatigable energy of Clara Zetkin, of Stuttgart, who made the opening speech. Comrade Zetkin is a most capable woman, being able to make speeches in one language after another, thus making herself indispensable as translator at the International Congress. She is the editor of Gleichheit, the Socialist woman's paper of Germany, and issues the reports of the international woman's movement, of which she is chairman.

Comrade Mrs. Mac presided over the woman's congress.

A resolution presented by Clara Zetkin condemning the action of the czar in his hostile attitude toward Finland, was roundly applauded by the women, and es-

paper at Stockholm, then spoke. She said the Liberals in Sweden were willing to give women votes on the same terms as men, but this should be opposed by Socialists and working women, as it meant a property qualification.

Kata Dahlstrom, of Sweden, a well known author, and one of Sweden's most popular orators, spoke strongly on the utter folly of trusting bourgeois women as allies. They had had bitter experience in Sweden. The bourgeoisie women always betrayed the workers. She urged Socialists to accept nothing less than full direct, unrestricted adult suffrage.

Miss Murby, of London, a Fabian, then spoke. She herself supports adult suffrage, but defended those who would accept less, and said English women knew English conditions better than continental women possibly could.

She was a most pleasing speaker, with a charming personality, but she attempted a very difficult role.

Our grand comrade, Dora Montefiore, then spoke, strongly opposing compromise, the curse of British Socialism.

The first day's conference adjourned at 6.30. In the evening a grand mass meeting for the women, organized by the Danish women, was held. Over 4,000 were present, and a Socialist alderwoman, Henrietta Crone, presided over the meeting.

Comrade LaMonte, in the Daily Call, gives the following regarding this meeting:

There were fifteen ten-minute speeches from representatives from all over the world. The speeches were received with the greatest enthusiasm.

Among the speakers were Comrades Zetkin and Threr, of Germany; Montefiore, MacDonald and Despard, of England; Popp, of Vienna; Mrs. Gustafsen, of Sweden; the brilliant and beautiful Comrade Kollontay, of Russia, who aroused the wildest enthusiasm; Comrade Frimleinde, who championed the cause of the oppressed Russian Jews; May Wood Simons, of Chicago; that fine old Bohemian veteran, Comrade Nach Rarlial, of Prague, and the Italian comrade, who had just arrived, whose name I could not ascertain. It sounded like Ballabaunof.

She spoke with infinite pathos of the poor Italian working women, whose tragic patience makes them ignore all the just claims of their bodies in order to gain the scantiest food for their stomachs. Her's was undoubtedly the most eloquent speech of the evening.

The last speaker was Comrade Mrs. Mac, of Copenhagen, who thanked the speakers from abroad in the name of the Socialist women of Denmark.

Comrade Simon's speech was warmly received, and was a credit to American Socialism and the women of America.

She referred especially to fact of the class character of our constitution, which she said, was designed from the beginning as an instrument of subjugation, and she also spoke of the usurpations of the judiciary, and said our presidents are chosen by the capitalist class for us. These things have made the American workers slaves. But while the Russian slave knows he is a slave, the American slave has delusions of freedom. He is more helpless and hopeless, because he does not realize his own condition.

She closed with a very eloquent peroration, referring to the millions of women and children who rely for inspiration on those in attendance in this congress.

The speech was warmly received, and we Americans all felt proud of May Wood Simons.

The second day of the Congress brought up the question of suffrage again, and after protracted debate, in which the English women stood practically alone, the following resolution, drawn up by the German comrades, was passed:

The Socialist women's movement of all countries repudiates the limited woman's suffrage as a falsification of and insult to the principle of the political equality of the female sex. It fights for the only living concrete expression of this principle: the universal woman's suffrage which is open to all adults and bound by no conditions of property, payment of taxes, or degrees of education or any other qualifications which exclude members of the working class from the enjoyment of the right. They carry on their struggle, not in alliance with the bourgeois Women's Righters, but in alliance with the Socialist parties, and these fight for woman's suffrage as one of the demands which from the point of view of principle and practice is most important for a complete democratization of the suffrage.

With the passing of this resolution ten of the English women left the Congress.

A Danish resolution that Socialists should oppose legislation forbidding night work to women only, and demanding the prohibition of the night work by either men or women, was passed.

A resolution drawn up by Comrades Dora Montefiore and Hicks, of London, declar-



ALEXANDRA KOLLENTAY, Russian Delegate

pecially appreciated by the Finnish women present.

It was decided not to start an international woman's paper, but to continue the use of Die Gleichheit, with an international number every three months or so. In this connection Comrade Kollontay, a brilliant and beautiful Russian woman, made a speech in which she urged the women in each country to devote themselves to the education of the women of the working class.

Late in the afternoon the question of suffrage was reached. From the Daily Call we take the following:

The discussion was opened by our zealous comrade, Luella Twining, who referred to the united suffrage proposed by the conciliation bill recently in the English parliament, and said it would merely increase the power of the capitalist class. After women got the vote, they would have to be taught how to use it. Education would be needed. In Colorado women divide on class lines. The working women can unite on the basis of class, not sex. The Socialist women of America put class above sex, and stand squarely on the class struggle, she declared.

Comrade Zetkin gave a very spirited German translation of this speech, and it was warmly applauded.

Dr. Phillips, of England, then rose to a point of information and demanded which of the various resolutions was under discussion.

It was voted to discuss the entire question, and then vote on each resolution in order.

Mrs. Gutsafsm, editor of a Swedish Socialist



ANGELICA BALABANOFF  
Russian Revolutionist, Now Living in Exile in Italy

g it the duty of the community to maintain in child-bearing women, was passed. As for the International proper—there are resolutions upon resolutions, each one dwelling for the exercise of Demosthenetical never mind if this adjective was born just (ow) powers.

Kier Hardie made a brilliant plea for a universal strike against war, which was tally turned down in favor of everybody doing home and studying up local conditions on this subject, and coming back to the next Congress to report. Co-operative societies came in for their share of attention, and it was decided that the Congress "while warning the workers against the idea that co-operation is sufficient in itself, declares that it is of the highest interest for them to make use of co-operation in the class struggle," and calls upon all socialists and members of trade unions to actively participate in the co-operative movement, in order to develop therein the spirit of Socialism." This resolution might have applied very well to our own suffrage movement had not action to the contrary been taken at the Woman's Congress.

Other resolutions were passed on Socialist unity—and it is said that the Congress promised some hope for this most desirable activity; on Trade Unions, on Argentina, Persia, Turkey, Finland, Spain, Japan and Morocco.

But, to get away from the dry facts of the affair (which doubtless you have already read elsewhere) we quote some sound and color and life," from Charles L. Shaw, in *The Clarion* (London):

I am writing this in a turmoil of sound. It is though the tower of Babel had broken loose on the prison of the past and precipitated itself on the Concert Palace where the International Socialist Congress is being held. (Heek by jowl with me is an Italian Austrian truly trying to explain to me in bad German the relationship of the little peoples of middle Europe—the Czechs, Bulgars, Magyars, Roumans, Servians, etc. Looming athwart the rays of the dying sun as it filters through the windows of the great hall are the giant shoulders of Haywood of the American Western Union of miners fame, who with Moyer and Pettibone had such a close call for the better land some two years ago. Near him is Robert Hunter, whilst behind is Perceau, of "La Guerre Sociale," with Jaures, big and beefy, by his side. My friend Snell, of "Humanite," Valliant and Cipriani, old revolutionaries, and Guesde, frail and aged. Just look at that bunch of Croats, Serbs, and even alone knows what, from the European basin, and just beyond the swarthy Italian, who contrasts so curiously with the milk and rose complexions of the Scandinavians. Yonder are so be-turbaned Indians in earnest conversation

with an English-speaking Japanese, whilst in the middle distance are hefty "Cornstalks" from "down under," Canadians, and a perfect *olla podrida* of white and dark skinned humanity.

There is a girl over there with the face and figure of a Greek goddess.

But where am I?

You want to know what the Congress did. I suppose. Well, if you want to know minutely you had better ask that Admirable Crichton of International secretaries, Camille Huysmans, who, with his Maker, shared the secret. I am giving you sound and color and life—not the dry bones of resolutions. . . . I have met here Hilja Porsloman, the Finnish poetess, the brave Muna Sillanpaa, who was one of the first women M. P.'s returned to parliament, and who, a servant herself, has banded together the servants of Finland into a great organization; and many other Finnish patriots. They are a wonderful people, those Finns, with their steel-blue eyes and fair complexions.

Clara Zetkin, who must surely be one of the most beloved of women, is as vigorous as ever; whilst Rosa Luxemburg moves radiantly through the group with the old, fearless look and smile.

Then the diminutive Angelica Balabanoff and the dramatic Sorque of France, whose well-known crimson is seen at all Congresses, are both working hard in the movement of movements. The latter, I verily believe, knows every individual in the movement, and appears to possess the powers of omniscience and omnipresence. . . .

Do not imagine that the great Congress of 885 delegates, representing nearly ten millions of people, only confined itself to matters of State. Far from it. I would have you to know that it "let itself go," and twice at that—first on a marauding sea expedition to Skodborg, and then in a great reception on the last day of the Congress at the Raad Hus, or Town Hall, one of the finest buildings in Europe, where the delegates were entertained in royal fashion. I have never in my gastronomic experience, which has been extensive, beheld such a collection of vlands—things with names that sounded some like a bark, others like a sneeze, and others like nothing either in pronunciation or appearance in heaven or earth. Two of the finest voices in the Scandinavian countries delighted our ears with Wagner and Chaminade, and an orchestra with the *verbe* and *clat* of a French cavalry regiment led us in "The International"; whilst the Demos-thenes of the movement charmed the ear and instructed the mind their perorations. . . .

A Letter From the Congress.

Dear Comrade Editor—I am sure the readers of the Progressive Woman will want to know something of the International congress and also of the woman's meeting.

On August 17 I left New York City aboard the Lusitania. Six days of perfectly smooth sailing brought us safely to English soil.

Excepting for the time one had to take for eating and sleeping, I spent most of the time on the upper deck conversing with passengers and watching the ever changing ocean scenes. The Lusitania is a miniature world in itself. More than 800 men and women are necessary to run this wonderful boat. One of the most interesting sights was the great engines in the bottom of the ship. Climbing down some five or six stairways we at last reached bottom.

Here one is fairly lost in a mass of machinery—scores of stokers are busy shoveling coal into the immense furnaces. I said to one of the stokers "what do you think would happen if you fellows would go on strike while we were in mid-ocean?" He replied, "Oh, we couldn't go on strike out here."

Perhaps it is the fear of losing his own life that keeps the stoker from going on strike when in mid-ocean, but I am half inclined to give him credit for a sense of responsibility which the well-cared for, easy-going capitalist would scarcely attribute to him. If only the men who supply the world with its light and heat could but know their power they could bring the world to their feet. The most tremendous task of the century is the awakening of the workers to a consciousness of their place and importance in the world of affairs. Only those who know the part they are playing in life's work are fit and capable of holding the place that rightly belongs to them. The working class will never gain the ascendancy until it knows itself. This is the mission of the Socialist

party; anything short of this is a farce and a fraud.

After a part of a day's travel by land we again embark for Danish shores. A goodly number of English comrades were aboard. Whatever misgivings I may have had concerning the North sea were all in vain for the passage was quite as pleasant and smooth as on the Atlantic ocean.

One of the pleasant features of the North sea voyage was the singing of the old Scotch songs by Comrades Keir Hardie and Bruce Glazier and other comrades. Comrade Anderson's splendid recital of Tom O'Shanter made him quite a favorite among the passengers. Lack of space forbids personal mention of many other British comrades worthy to be named.

The Woman's congress was in session when I arrived. The evening meeting of the first day was in progress. Among the interesting speakers were Elizabeth Mac of Copenhagen, Dr. Angelica Balabanoff of Italy, Charlotte Despare, a woman of means who has cast in her lot with the poor people, and who is also an enthusiastic suffragist.

Much excitement prevailed the second day of the Woman's congress over a clause in the report on suffrage, charging those who supported the bill for limited suffrage in England with bad faith. It was not a question of whether we should work with the suffrage societies that stood for universal suffrage, but whether we would support the limited bill.

Time will prove whether or not our friends of the limited bill are seeking solely for the purpose of breaking down sex lines, or simply for the sake of class advantages. On the one side we have those who claim there is only the class division, on the other side there are those who insist that there is a sex division, and may it not be possible that neither side is wholly right nor wholly wrong. Life's problems will never be solved correctly except by the proper adjustment of each and every factor. The importance placed on one factor will not atone for the failure to give due credit to other factors.

While there were many things that might have been improved on in the Woman's congress, altogether it was a good beginning in the direction of awakening the women of the world to the necessity of their political and economic freedom. One mark of progress was the passing of a resolution demanding that all children whether born in or out of the bonds of wedlock, receive equal treatment at the hands of the state. If my memory serves me right, one of the first bills introduced by a Socialist woman member of the Finnish diet was a measure making legal in the eyes of the law all the children of the state.

In a later letter I hope to give the readers of the Progressive Woman an account of some of the women who were delegates to the International congress, five of the Finnish delegates were Socialist members of the Diet.

When the resolution protesting against the Czar's abolishing the Finnish government was read in the congress, the whole audience arose en masse and emphasized its approval of the denunciation in most emphatic terms.

I trust this will reach you for the October issue. I sail from Liverpool October 8th, and shall indeed be glad to get back to the states. I am rather anxious to see the September P. W. to see just what you did with "Mr. Grundy" of Boston.

With best wishes to all the readers of The Progressive Woman, I am Yours for the Revolution,  
LENA MORROW LEWIS.

# THE TRAFFIC IN GIRL SLAVES

THE MENACE TO THE MORALS AND HEALTH OF SOCIETY IN  
THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

Just at present, because of the development of the northwest and the building of numerous works there, that territory presents an inviting field for the white slave traffic in all its branches. We are in receipt of a report of the police and license committee on the social evil in Tacoma, Wash., dated January 25, 1909. The horrors of prostitution as a business are well set forth in this document, from which the following quotations are made:

"The Globe hotel, fronting on Court A, is again filled with the lowest of negro and Japanese prostitutes.

"The New Standard hotel, fronting on Fourteenth street, is again populated—this time with imported French prostitutes, who occupy cribs about 6x8 feet, on the second and third floors of the building. There are about one hundred of these women and very few of them can speak any English. They are the very lowest type of their class and have evidently not been long in the country, and none of them have been in Tacoma more than two weeks.

"Members of this committee made a trip of investigation after the council meeting last Wednesday night and secured the information contained in this report. We are informed that the negro prostitutes were first imported and established; then the Japanese were sent for and given quarters with the negroes, and they were followed by the French women. It was stated to members of this committee by a resident of the district that the plan was to move slowly, and that if no opposition was met, the next move would be to reopen the subterranean cribs that exist in the basements of these two buildings. The buildings were constructed by the Tacoma vice syndicate expressly for the purpose of carrying on the business of prostitution as a commercial enterprise, and are absolutely worthless for any other purpose but prostitution, as the rooms are about the size of a small bathroom—just large enough to hold a single bed and chair.

## The City Receives a Toll.

"At the time of the beginning of the present city administration, the city was gratifyingly free from vice, having been closed up temporarily for the purpose of influencing the election, and at that time a similar attempt to the present movement was made to inaugurate a carnival of vice and lawlessness, and members of the police force were detailed for the purpose of assisting the Tacoma vice syndicate in organizing, conducting and extending its business, and some of the most notorious supporters of the underworld were appointed members of the police force and stationed in this district. A member of this committee at that time saw three of the highest officials of the police department instructing the inmates of these buildings how they should conduct their business—how the windows and doors were to be arranged, and in regard to sanitary arrangements, toilet facilities, etc.

"At that time the city of Tacoma was actually made a party to and a partner in this hellish business by a city official receiving and receipting for, in the name and on behalf of the city, of \$10 each month of the earnings of each white, brown and black slave owned by the Tacoma vice syn-

dicate, and the sheriff of Pierce county at one time arrested thirty-five of these slaves who had their licenses in their possession.

## Reasons for the Traffic.

"During the next few years there will be thousands of laboring men employed in the city and vicinity in the construction of new railroads, tunnels and other projects. These resorts, when in full operation before, paid a profit of over \$1,000—not a week, a month or a year, but a day, and during the next few years there will be at least five times as many men of the class who frequent such places in this vicinity, and if these joints are operated to their full capacity, as formerly, there would be a profit of at least \$3,000 per day poured into the coffers of the Tacoma vice syndicate—every dollar of which would be taken from the channels of a legitimate business where it belongs.

## The Infamous Crib System.

"When your committee visited these resorts last Wednesday evening they were crowded with young men and boys, nine-tenths of whom were under twenty years of age. These young men and boys were being inoculated with diseases that are ten times more dangerous to themselves and the society than smallpox. These young men and boys are also being initiated into French vices of which their fathers and grandfathers were blissfully ignorant, and which are of so vile and infamous a character that they cannot even be mentioned.

"These crib houses are built in the shape of a hollow square. There are cribs around the front and back of the building and against each side of the buildings, against the outside walls. There are other rows of cribs in the center of the building and a passage between them and the cribs against the outside walls. Wednesday night hundreds of boys came in at the front door, passed along to the side, down the side to the back of the building, to the front along that side of the building and thus to the door at which they entered. Every one of these cribs was occupied by a more than half naked woman, who solicited the boys to come into their cribs. None of the boys would have thought of going to a regular house of prostitution, and if they had they would not have been admitted, as the keepers of places of this character realize that they cannot afford to have boys around for business reasons. One of these crib houses will ruin more boys than a hundred regular houses of prostitution.

## How the Women Are Enslaved.

"When these buildings were in operation before each woman paid to the Tacoma vice syndicate \$2 each night for the use of the crib, which was collected nightly, and \$5 a month to the same syndicate for the use of a gas heater, and \$10 each month to the city of Tacoma for a license, making \$75 in all. We find that this arrangement has been slightly changed, and that each woman now pays \$2.50 each night to the Tacoma vice syndicate, which amounts to \$75 per month, as formerly, but no money is paid to the city, and we are unable to say who now gets the \$10 which each woman formerly paid into the city treasury for her monthly license.

"Your committee interviewed thirty of these women on Saturday night, the 6th

day of February, 1909, and found that twenty-nine of them had been in Tacoma only two or three days, having been brought to Tacoma from all parts of the northwest, and the other woman had been here but two weeks. She and another woman had a room on Lower C street, but were visited by two detectives of the Tacoma police force and informed that if they wished to practice their profession in Tacoma they would have to go to the crib houses and pay \$2.50 each night for the use of a crib, or else would have to leave town, as no one would be allowed to engage in this business anywhere in the city of Tacoma except in these two buildings, and their cellars and upon the condition that they pay \$2.50 nightly for the privilege.

## Policemen and Detectives in Charge.

"Your committee were present from about 10.30 on this Saturday night until about 1.30 Sunday morning, and the orgies there carried on are indescribable. The automobile patrol wagon gave a continuous performance in transporting rum maddened men from these resorts to police headquarters. Policemen in full uniform were stationed at each of the exits from the building, in order that no man who has entered a crib might escape before he had paid the dollar or fifty cents or whatever amount he had promised the woman, and Tacoma city detectives in citizens' clothes were parading up and down in the alleys between the cribs to see that the business was conducted in a business-like and orderly manner, and to see that the collectors got the \$2.50 from each crib.

"We desire to call attention, especially, to the fact that each of these women has to pay over to her owners \$75 each month before she is allowed one cent for food, shelter or clothing. It is also well known that most of these women support some man in idleness. As this amount is collected in sums of one dollar or less at a time, it is an easy matter to judge of the physical condition of these women.

"The women interviewed informed us that cribs have been done away with in Seattle, Spokane, Portland and in fact all of the cities of the Pacific northwest, and means at least \$1,000 per day for the Tacoma by their owners. One woman stated that between four and five hundred had been imported up to that time, and as each of them is obliged to pay \$2.50 a day for a license to practice her profession, this means at least \$1,000 per day for the Tacoma vice syndicate and the officials and parasites with whom they divide. The women state that their owners expect to make a large sum of money during the next two years, and that arrangements are to be made for two twelve-hour shifts, so that there will be women in the cribs the whole twenty-four hours."

## Belies the Rockefeller Report.

One might think that after the effort (?) of congress to suppress the white slave traffic and after the report of the Rockefeller jury to the effect that there was no organized traffic all this would be at an end and the vice syndicate to which illusion is so often made in this official document would be inoperative. But the following letter from Tacoma under date of July 30th

shows that things are in as bad shape at present as they were a year or more ago. Read this letter and consider what it all means:

At the time the report was made, the mayor of Tacoma, John W. Linck, Peter Sandberg, the boss of the red light district, and Bertel Bertelson, a go-between, were indicted by the grand jury. They were not indicted because the prosecuting attorney or the powers that be intended that they should be indicted, but the indictment was found because the evidence of the white slave traffic instead of being placed in the hands of the prosecuting attorney, which is the usual course pursued, was given to the individual members of the grand jury and in this way could not be suppressed, and the grand jury indicted these men in spite of the protests of the prosecuting attorney. This action resulted in the complete suppression of the white slave traffic in Tacoma as long as the old council continued in office; but the new commission government at once reinstated the white slave traffic and opened up the crib houses. *The city of Tacoma furnishes the light and water for these buildings and the business is conducted under police protection. Five hundred women have been imported and they each pay the Tacoma vice syndicate \$2.50 per night for the privilege of doing business in Tacoma.*

When Mayor Linck was a candidate for mayor he went through every ward in the city and denounced the conditions in the red light district that had been tolerated by the then mayor and promised that if he was elected he would see that the district was cleaned up. This caused the then mayor to issue an order to close up all these resorts and every place was vacated and every door and window nailed up tight, and things remained in this condition until John W. Linck was elected mayor. As soon as Linck assumed his office he permitted the buildings to be opened up and a far worse condition of affairs than had ever existed before followed. An attempt was then made to impeach Linck, but the vice syndicate succeeded in getting six of the sixteen councilmen to stand with him, and as it required eleven votes to impeach him, the attempt failed. It resulted, however, in a closing of the cribs and they remained closed for about eight months and were then opened again, and this resulted in a call for a grand jury from the city council, and Linck, Sandberg and Bertelson were indicted and the places again closed until the city passed under the management of the new commission form of government.

#### "Built for the Business.

The buildings in which the white slave traffic was at that time conducted and is now in full swing were constructed for the purpose of carrying on the business of prostitution as a commercial enterprise and are useless for any other purpose, the rooms being what are known as "cribs" and being about six by eight feet in dimensions.

The books of the vice syndicate were obtained and submitted to the grand jury and these records showed that these buildings in about five years had paid over a million dollars in dividends to the stockholders. The original cost of the buildings was about \$50,000.

Linck, Sandberg and Bertelson were not convicted for the reason that all the evidence on which the Grand jury found the indictments against them was suppressed and the cases dismissed. It was possible to get the evidence before the grand jury through the individual members of that jury, but when it came to the trial of the case all this evidence was in the possession of the prosecuting attorney and he was in a position where he could suppress the evidence and did suppress it and these defendants escaped.

#### Part of the Business System.

Since the commissioners have taken charge of the city government all kinds of vice and crime have been tolerated and protected and supplied by the city with water and lights and police protection. *They have done this because the so-called "BUSINESS ELEMENT" DEMAND an "open town" as they think they can better exploit the workers if vice and crime are allowed to run rampant.* The commission started out with great protestations of reform and economy, but the pay roll is now higher than it ever was under the city council and the only thing that has been done in the way of revising the pay roll is to take from some of the city employes who actually render valuable and needed services, a part of their pay and give it to political hacks who assisted in electing the present commissioners, for filling positions that were created for their especial benefit.

#### They Act That Way.

"The religion of some people is too lenient," said Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Netchez. "Some people suggest to me in their view of religion a little girl whose teacher said to her:

"Mary what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?"

"We must sin first," the little girl answered."

—Tribune.

"Susannah," asked the preacher, when it came her turn to answer the usual question in such cases, "do you take this man to be your wedded husband for better or for worse—"

"Jes' as he is, pahson," she interrupted; "Jes' as he is. Ef he gits any bettah Ah'll know de good Lawd's gwine to take 'im; an' ef he gits any wusser, w'y, Ah'll tend to 'im myself.

# How Will You Vote?

ANNA A. MALEY

Of course, woman's suffrage is coming. My sisters, what will you do with the ballot when you have it?

Now, honor to the memory of your grandmother! She gave very little attention to other things until the stomachs and backs of the family were comfortable. It's a pity she ever lost control of the work of feeding and clothing the people. But she *did* lose control. The modern mill and factory took her task out of her capable and serviceable hands.

The family became the people; grandmother retired from the kitchen and the profit chasing corporation undertook to cook and dispense the people's food.

Woe to us then! for under the new dispensation we worked until the poison of weariness saturated our bodies; we worked where impure air added its ravages to the destruction of fatigue, and under compulsion, we cheapened and poisoned our food in the making of it.

Says Comrade Eugene Wood in "Eating in the Wicked City," (see the American Magazine, September), "Before this ham had quit its twitching they jabbed a hollow needle into it and squirted in some of this fence-post preservative, and the next day noon it was on the market. Time is money nowadays, and money's what we're after, not something fit for folks to eat."

The people are hired by the corporations to get dinner in the great national kitchen. We spread on the board an abundance—food, clothing, shelter, travel, education. They pay us fifty cents a piece for getting the dinner, but they charge us a dollar a plate for eating it. We buy not half of the dinner. We prepare a supper on the same terms—half of it we are unable to buy. The left-overs from dinner and supper make up a breakfast. Then the kitchen door is closed, with us on the outside. Our services are not needed at breakfast time. No work. No wages. We must starve because the larder is too full.

I wonder what our good grandmas would have said to that?

Only the kitchen bosses sit down to the breakfast table. They cannot eat all of the food. A good deal is left for dinner, so all of us cannot expect to find work at noon. And we must not expect fifty cents for our work because there are at least three men looking for every job.

We do not presume to sit at the table for this meal. We get a poor hand-out from the back door.

We complain. The kitchen bosses tell us that there is over-production; that the supply of labor exceeds the demands for labor, that there is something wrong with our confidence, that the dangerous illness of a Mr. Harriman is interfering with the movement of stocks in Wall street.

Let us pray—as well as we can with our shattered confidence—that on the shore to which Mr. Harriman has departed, he is indifferent alike to water and stocks.

Also they promise us a revision of the tariff—taxes to boost still higher the price of what we buy. What we have to sell, the labor-power in our bodies, is left without protection. Our market is utterly demoralized—not only are there too many men looking for places to sell themselves, but by lengthening the working day, every man hired is in effect two men.

Now comes patent potato-parers and other

"labor saving" machinery (the labor is saved but what of the laborer?) and the cooks are thrown out of the kitchen by hundreds and thousands. Here in the west we see these wanderers—commonly called "blanket stiffs"—their only home a dirty blanket strapped upon their backs. Some of them are mere boys, others have care-seamed faces. I wonder if these latter dream of some tender child whose fingers work the lever in the kitchen from which they have been driven?

The cooks who must be fed from our national kitchen, with their families number upwards of ninety-millions of people. The cooks are not fed, because of cheap wages. The national kitchen becomes an international kitchen from which must be fed Chinese cooks and their families, five hundred million people. Hindu cooks and their families, two hundred and twenty-five million people. Japanese cooks, who in number run not far behind those of the United States.

These are all cheaper cooks than we are, which means that, while they produce as much or more food than we do, their wage will buy less than ours. They will get the job of course, the cheapest cooks always get the jobs, other things being equal.

The employed starve because they are cheap. The unemployed starve because they refuse to be cheap. These latter think they can buck the game. But it seems that there is starvation ahead for a good many cooks, doesn't it?

The republicans and democrats say that there is no remedy for overproduction except to throw the cooks out of the kitchen. They say it is impossible to employ all of the workers all the time, yet anything less than employment for the workers means starvation for the workers.

The Socialists say that there is a remedy for overproduction—that overproduction is caused by mis-management of the kitchen—by the presence of a boss who insists that dinners shall be prepared only if there is profitable sale for them.

We must get rid of the kitchen boss. Vote him out. Reduce him to the ranks. He has betrayed us. We have produced food. He has forced us to sell the food to him for wages. Then he has taken all of the wages from us and returned to us a very small part of the food. We quickly ate up our small share. He then made us starve during the weary time it took him to devour his large share.

He is a tape-worm—a parasite. Put him out. Let us cook dinners to eat—not to sell. Let us close the kitchen never while there are willing cooks in need of food. If we get food ahead let us eat it during a grand general holiday, but we will no longer suffer among us a boss who collects toll on every morsel of bread that passes our lips.

So, sister, how will you vote—republican, democratic or Socialist? I think I'll vote Socialist—being myself a cook.

"The Economic Interpretation of History," by Lida Parce, is an outline of the development of the race and society from prehistoric to modern times. For giving an easy, quick and comprehensive grasp of our social development, this is the best pamphlet known. Price twenty-five cents.

No. "American Citizen" hasn't got us yet. But just the same we will keep our eyes open. We want to be ready for all emergencies.

"The Economic Interpretation of History," by Lida Parce, 25 cents a copy.

# HOW THEY PLANNED

J. C. K.

It is heart-rending, Robert. It actually makes me ill when I think of it. For days at a time I am so morbid that I don't even know that the sun shines."

"What makes you ill, Margaret? I hadn't noticed anything; you look as bright—"

"Oh, I know. When you are here I—I—always look bright. I know it. I feel it so—such a difference some way. I have felt the difference so much that I have even looked in the glass the minute you left to see if it showed in my face . . . We women are so foolish, Robert. . . . And that is one of the things that makes it so much harder—to think that I am so much brighter when I am with you, and happier, and somehow better, that I am all this now, and if—if—we were married—"

"Well?"

"Well, if we were married to think it would all pass away!"

"What all pass away?—Really, Margaret, I don't understand you."

"Why, all the brightness, and the joy—the keen sense of everything, that I somehow experience when I am with you now."

"But, being married, why should it pass away?"

"Why—why, I don't know why. . . . But it does, with most everybody."

"But not with us, Margaret. It would never pass away with us."

"Oh—that's what they all say. At least so Belle says. She said when I spoke to her about how much more spiritualized, or vivid, or whatever you call it, things were when you were with me than when I am alone, or with others, she said it was just like that with her. She thought she was going straight to heaven when she married. And she didn't. Sometimes she thinks its the other place. Poor Belle."

They were sitting on the stone steps of her porch, the moonlight sifted through the branches of the trees in little splotches upon them, and as she looked out into space with a sad tenderness in her eyes for "Belle," Robert thought it would be going to heaven for him, when he marched with Margaret to the ceremonial that would make them man and wife. He kissed the hand he held, and called her back to him. "We don't have to be like Belle. You see Belle is somehow incompe—"

"Now Robert, don't say a word about Belle. She is half worn out with taking care of those children, with having to skimp to make ends meet, and with Jim's ever growing indifference. I can't have you say a word against Belle. . . . I may be like her, sometime. That's what makes me so blue and morbid. Like her and Mrs. Putnam and Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Brown, and—"

"For heaven's sake, Margery, how could you?"

"Well, and how could *they*? Things may come around with us just as they have with them. You're no god you know. . . . Only, of course, just to me." And the quick look and smile that came into her eyes made his heart beat faster.

"No, I'm not a god. . . . But, Margaret, I'm a Socialist. Don't you know what that means? Don't you know what it means for a woman like you, with views like yours, to—love a Socialist?"

"I know what you mean Margaret. I see it all just in this instant. It is bad. . . . Well, I should say so. It is frightful, Margaret, the lives these men and women live

together. . . . No, I wouldn't want such a life. . . . I couldn't stand it, any more than you.

"Think of what it would mean to me to marry you and after all this delight in your companionship, to find in a few years, perhaps months, that all the delight had vanished. That we had settled down to a sort of—well, I'll call it a sort of 'grin and bear it' existence; you slopping around in a faded kimono, towed haired, and indifferent, or overcome with the care of infants, cooking, cleaning, sewing, and all the other hardships that pile on a woman as the years of married life advance.

"I want to live a human life—and that isn't a human life. That isn't what I want. . . . It ain't what I'm going to have, either."

A grim look came into his face that chilled Margaret's blood a little. After a long silence he spoke again.

"I'd rather never marry. I'd rather break both our hearts—I'd rather die, Margaret, than that."

Evidently he meant it, for the look in his face grew harder. The girl felt the blood creeping sluggishly through her veins, and waited with tense body for him to go on. She had opened the subject. It was for him to close it.

"I'm a workingman. I can't expect much under this system. We never can be rich. We've both got a little saved, and we can buy a home with that, but afterwards?—Children and sickness, likely, and days off, and who knows what all? It's a serious proposition.

"Of course I'm only a plain man. I don't care for fine clothes and a house stuffed with cheap knick-knacks. But I do want my books and I do want cleanliness and tidiness, and I do want your companionship and your love, Margaret. . . . These things I must have. So I can't have your time all taken up with fussing about the house until you are worn to a frazzle, or fretting over the children every minute—I am almost jealous of the little kids already."

The suddenly appealing look he gave her broke the nerve tension and set her blood bounding again. She stooped over and kissed him. "You big baby," she laughed.

"Ah—that is better. I guess I needn't be jealous. . . . Love makes fools of us all, I reckon. . . . Well, I've got to have you, like you are now, as near as I can keep you. And my books. Everything else will be subordinate to these needs.

"That's the idea. Let's plan to subordinate everything else to these needs. . . . It's a good idea. I believe we can manage nicely on that basis. . . . First, we'll get our house. Then we'll buy only the things we actually need—as good ones as we can. No extras, no knick-knacks, no flumadoodles, to wear yourself out taking care of. . . . Do you catch on?"

"Sure I do Robert, and that will be just what I like. We'll have a little house, with Krex grass rugs, they're cheap, and sanitary, and artistic, too. We can make our book cases and stain them a beautiful dark oak—and since you're so handy with tools, I don't see why we can't make nearly all of our furniture—tables, and chairs of odd and comfortable shapes, and with my piano and several really nice pictures I have, we can have the loveliest, coziest, little nest in town.

Oh, it will be infinitely better than buying a lot of ugly, cheaply varnished furniture on the installment plan, only to be bothered every month by having to make the payments. You know Belle and Amos thought they would be so fine, and bought an expensive velvet rug, and a set of imitation mahogany furniture and other things, all on the installment plan, and they were the longest time paying out, and now the rug is faded, and the furniture pretty well scratched, and everything in the house looks as cheap and miserable as poor Belle does. . . . They never thought about books, and music and flowers."

"And right there is where they lost out!" exclaimed Robert, with his old enthusiasm.

"Furnishing a house ain't all there is to running a house," he continued. "There's the work to be done. I am going to minimize that for you, by putting in every possible convenience even if we have to cut down on one room. One room less means less company. But if we have got to sacrifice anything, we'll sacrifice the company. We'll have enough, anyway. Our friends will find our home too attractive to resist. But they will have to be the kind that will drop in 'o evenings, instead of making a lodging affair out of our place. . . . Then there's the matter of cooking. I had an awful attack of indigestion once, and learned that the best things to eat are the simplest, and the plainest. You can cut out your pastry and flum diddles for me. I wouldn't touch 'em, anyway. If I eat meat I like a good thick steak. I like raw fruit I always want plenty of fresh milk, and butter, and some kind of brown bread. Whatever else there is or isn't, I don't care. I used to eat all the good highly spiced, soggy, greasy things that 'mother made,' and I was as lean as a snake. On the diet I have just named I gained forty pounds, and haven't known a sick day. . . . So I would beg, Miss Margaret, on bended knee, that you do not try to inveigle me into eating again the messy stuff which women are so proud to prepare—just why, I have never been able to comprehend."

"Don't you be afraid of that. We teach hygiene to the children in school, and care of the diet is one of the things I am especially strong on. . . . I think we will agree there, all right.

"And Robert, there is another thing. You know you objected to my teaching, after we were married. Now that you are simplifying housekeeping for me so, why should you longer object? It is one of the things that would keep me young. It would make me feel so much better to know that I too, were a producer, a contributor to the world's welfare. I could save money, and then when trouble came, we would be more able to face it."

"I didn't want you to teach school. . . . It didn't seem just the proper thing for a man to let his wife work. . . . and earn her living. I—"

"Yes, I see. It is simply the old idea of 'woman's sphere.' As a Socialist you should have gotten beyond that. You want to 'support' me. To feel, somehow, that I am dependent upon you. . . . Maybe it is a nice comfortable feeling for you, dear, but I don't like it. How would you like to sit down in a house where work had been reduced to a minimum, and feel that you were being 'sup-

ported? . . . I don't like it. How would you like to sit down in a house where work had been reduced to a minimum, and feel that you were being 'sup-

ported? . . . I don't like it. How would you like to sit down in a house where work had been reduced to a minimum, and feel that you were being 'sup-

# Defend Our Cause

AGNES H. DOWNING

ported; that you weren't giving value received?

"I am perfectly healthy. I have been trained to a profession. I am one of the women of the Twentieth Century who has developed out of the idea of 'woman's sphere', of being 'supported', and all that nonsense which applies to a woman who is simply a female. I am a human being, with human interests, even as you are. . . . Do you know, Robert, I don't believe that is why you love me so well.

. . . You feel that I can be a sort of chum, and companion, as well as a sweetheart and wife. . . . Is it not so?"

"What a wise little sprig you are! Sure, that's just what I want you to be—a dandy good little chum, as well as the other things.

. . . I guess there are some 'new' men in the Twentieth Century, as well as new women, and I'm one of 'em. . . . Margaret, you are the summum bonum of peacharininess! You are the white star of a man's ambitions, and the modest daisy of his sentiment. . . . You are—well, all I can say is, you just go ahead. . . . Go ahead, and teach your school if you want to. . . . and don't be botherin' me about it any more."

As soon as she could untangle herself, with face all pink, and hair all a-muss, she complimented Robert on the eloquence of his peroration, and swore that she would love him forever and a day.

## What Others Say.

In The Progressive Woman for August were some real facts of the misery of the "white slave victims of America—just a few drops out of the flood that is to be met in American cities (and cities of capitalism, everywhere). . . . a few facts about the fire-blood that is engulfing the workers' girls—and may easily take my girls or your girls and smother their lives. These facts that the workers should know are being put into The Progressive Woman.

The editor has received a letter from an "American Citizen" saying, for the things mentioned above—"I will invoke the law in every state in the union. . . . prohibiting the sending of obscene literature through the mails" unless the editor "cease to mail in the future to any address in this state any publication whatsoever from your pen."

Reader, do you know this means that some vital facts are getting into The Progressive Woman? The editor is sure of her facts; they need to be known by you and your children. Also, it may mean that you ought to be on the sub list and full ready to help. The above letter is from old conservative Massachusetts; from conservative Boston, where Wendell Phillips faced the large audience, one-third of which had come to kill Phillips.

The next issue of The Progressive Woman is sent out; the regular quota mailed to Massachusetts. Read it.—Appeal to Reason.

The women of England are awake to their needs and valiantly support their defenders; but American women as a rule are still asleep as to the responsibilities of citizenship. Here suffrage papers still give much space to argument and appeal; there, they are mostly filled with the record of work planned and done; they are party organs, secure and effective.

One of our best is The Progressive Woman of Girard, Kansas.

It is edited by a progressive woman—Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

This is a Socialist as well as suffragist paper and more than that; it stands for the whole front rank of the women's movement.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman in "The Forerunner."

## 'Cept You.

Well I'll swear,  
I ain't got nothin'  
Aint had nothin',  
'Cept you.

I ain't seen nobody  
Aint had nobody,  
Aint loved nobody,  
That's true.

But if you'll love me,  
I'll love you;  
If you want money, tho',  
I won't do.

'Cause I ain't got nothin'  
Aint had nothin',  
Don't want nothin',  
'Cept you.

—Bristol.

The Kaiser has made a speech against woman suffrage and in favor of the divine right of kings. His ideas on these two subjects are about equally antiquated.—Woman's Journal.

The Progressive Woman has been attacked. Its mail privileges have been threatened. Its very existence has been menaced.

Our own Little Progressive Woman, that has already done so much, and which promised so much more for the future, why has it been assailed?

For exposing the infamies of the white slave traffic, for showing injustice of some laws, and the wrong of some social customs.

Capitalism causes the white slave traffic. Capitalist officials protect white slavery and profit by it.

It is not a pleasant subject, it is not a theme one would choose to discuss, but it is a frightful condition.

The Progressive Woman exposes the white slave traffic for the purpose of arousing the public so that such an infamy must cease.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe told of the lash of the slave driver, showed how mothers were sold from their little babes, told of the half-white babes born to slave mothers, and of the infamous 'Legre; she did not do this because she choose to write of the abnormal, or indecent, or obscene. She wrote of the conditions as they existed, and for the high purpose of making a radical change.

But it is not exactly for exposing evil that this cry has been raised. The Ladies Home Journal has exposed the evils of white slavery and prostitution. This journal appeals to well to do people and advised each individual family to save and protect its own daughters; to provide chaperones for their girls, and permit no man, not free from venereal disease to marry them.

The Woman's World exposed the white slave traffic. It appeals chiefly to middle class people, and advised them to instruct their daughters of the dangers and to be slow about letting them go out alone to work.

Against those papers there was no cry of shutting the mails and forbidding their circulation; in fact, it was increased. Both papers exposed the conditions, but neither offered a remedy except, "save himself who can."

In the case of The Progressive Woman it exposes the conditions. This is what the other papers have done, so with that much there is no fault. But the Progressive Woman shows what causes such a state of affairs. The white slavery, the bad laws, the unjust customs, are effects of capitalist society. The Progressive Woman offers a large social remedy, that would save all girls, and for doing so, they demand its life. If it were to temporize with evil conditions and patch up the system here and there, it could make its pages lurid with exposures and nothing would be said. But it must not offer to end the wrongs and the system which causes the wrongs.

Socialists everywhere, it is for you to say whether or not this paper shall be sustained. If you double its subscription list and then double it again, it would be the best possible answer to the hypocrites that try to end it, not because it would stop the evil. You never heard that "American Citizen" from Boston lift his voice against the evil institutions of his own city, nor against the officials who protect those evils.

Young working girls are entrapped by the thousands each year, and placed against their wills in houses of vice. But the only thing

the "Citizen" would stop is this intelligent organized effort on the part of Socialists to end such infamy.

The Progressive Woman stands for the protection of womanhood. It stands for law enforcement in behalf of poor girls. If we do not rally now to its support, we may lose it. Double its circulation, you double its power. This battle will not be won without work and sacrifice.

We are soldiers in a great cause. Future generations when they read of the wrongs and brutality of our times will not expect the remedy from the corrupt, who profit by the wrong, nor from the "American Citizen" who in their blindness sanction the crimes. They will expect the remedy from those who understand cause and effect, and who should have the strength to preserve until all understand that this work is for the greatest human good.

We cannot sustain this paper with good wishes nor with words. Get one new subscriber today, another tomorrow, and ten such days, from each reader will be the best possible answer to the thoughtless and the blind. For when they attack the Progressive Woman they attack their own best friend.

## New Books of Interest.

"Hygiene and Morality," by Lavinia Bock. Crown 8 vo. \$1.25 net; by mail, \$1.35.

A manual for nurses and others, giving an outline of the medical, social and legal aspects of the venereal diseases.

"The House of Bondage," by Reginald Kauffman. Author of "What is Socialism," etc. Cloth \$1.35.

This story is made up of facts from the everyday life of the underworld of every great city. It is intended, as the author says, for those who 'have to bring up children, for those who have to bring up themselves, and for those, who in order that they may think of bettering the weaker are, on their own part, strong enough to begin the task by bearing a knowledge of the truth.' "Never Told Tales," by Wm. J. Robinson, M. D. (Price not given). A most excellent book from a physician's standpoint, giving actual cases of the working out of the social evil in the home life. Every man and woman unacquainted with these facts should read "Never Told Tales."

## A Correction.

Dear Comrade Kaneko: Please correct the statement made in current issue as to my remarks at the national convention. The amendment proposed was a part of Comrade Hilquit's report on propaganda and the words quoted are his; not mine. In proposing this addition to the report the woman's committee I gave the following reasons, "I simply want to make the report of the woman's committee as strong as the report of the men's on this subject of franchise. It seems to me we should adopt the position of Comrade Hilquit when he says that we should have an 'unqualified and enthusiastic campaign for woman suffrage.' It seems that we should have more than the mere statement in the report. We should have a recommendation that we do as our comrades in New York have been doing, cooperate with the working girls' movement. We should, as we go through the other states, have this national woman's committee report to strengthen us in our work for woman suffrage.

I find in my work in the Socialist party, and as a member for fourteen years, that in spite of the fact that we have this in our program I find that the women are not yet considered in a practical way, as fully a part of the body politic. I feel everywhere in working in the woman's movement with women, that we want more support than ever before, because we are deprived of the right of political expression, and any movement for the betterment of a class so deprived, must be a revolutionary movement and I claim that this suffrage movement needs an exceedingly revolutionary statement in its program on this question. (See p. 183, Report of Proceedings of National Convention.) ELLA REEVE BLOOR.

## What's in a Name?

"I don't like your heart action," the doctor said, applying the stethoscope again. "You have had some trouble with angina pectoris."

"You're partly right doctor," said the young man sheepishly, "only that ain't her name."—Ladies Home Journal.

"Little Sister of the Poor" for a limited time, ten cents.

# The Progressive Woman

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Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneke



## ANENT "AMERICAN CITIZEN."

We are awfully sorry, but "American Citizen" of last month's fame, has not, to date, made us acquainted with his (or her) name and address.

We did all we could, within reason, to obtain this precious information. We were informed that "Full address of the writer will be affixed to future correspondence if your attitude so demand."

We were brought up in the old-fashioned idea that it is unlady-like to make demands of any sort upon an unknown correspondent. We simply did all we could do, within the limits proscribed by good breeding, to show away the shyness of our Boston friend, and secure a revelation of this much-desired cognomen.

Truly, we would like to know it. As another correspondent says: "Such meekly blushing diffidence, such coy unkindness, such shy nun-like silence, such blank self-suppression and self-erasure—is, to the male mind tantalizingly engaging. She's an allurements." (This writer thinks it is a woman, evidently.)

However, if "American Citizen" refuses to reveal his name, we have been made conscious of the fact that he is representative of a type which still exists in this day of progress—and that there is, because of this type, all the more need of The Progressive Woman. From the scores of letters we have received on this subject, we are of the opinion that the majority of our readers are with us in this consciousness, and we hope that they will remain conspicuously with us through all the remainder of our march toward better things.

Remember, our next door neighbor may be as "American Citizen" in spirit. And so long as this is possible, just so long must we be up and doing.

## THE HOME BROKEN UP.

The old saw, nauseating through reiteration, that "Socialism will break up the home," has received another setback.

It is again proven that capitalism IS breaking up the home.

A commission has shown that the average family should have at least \$850 a year to live on. The fact is discovered that most of the families in New York get less than \$535 a year.

That is over \$300 short. A bare living, minus \$300 means actual want for these families. It means that the families do not know the blessings of home life—for "home" im-

plies comfort. It means that they simply exist.

Another thing: Twenty-five out of every hundred women in New York work out.

This is a big per cent. It means that a good many homes are without the care of the woman.

Perhaps there is a reversal of things, and the men take care of the homes.

Hardly that, either, for over half of these women—or 63 per cent—get only \$6 a week, and even less, for their work. They couldn't "support" a home-keeping man on that. They couldn't even hire another woman to run their homes for them while they are at work.

And they can't keep things up on the off hours, because the off hours are too few—half of them work ten and twelve hours a day. After that they are too tired to wash, iron, scrub, bake and sew for their families.

So for this great army of working women in New York home is an impossible feature in their existence. The best they can have is a hole in the wall called a "hall bed room," with a gas jet for frying frankfurters and toasting a slice of alum bread. Or, and this is worse yet, a cot in the corner of a crowded and ill-smelling room to which they retire for the simple reason that there is no where else to go. It is not "home."

Now it is not a bad thing for women to have independent work. And it doesn't necessarily mean breaking up the home. It is the long hours and the short pay that does this damage.

Under Socialism every man and woman will be employed at some essential work. It may be in the home, or it may be out of it. But with ALL the adult population employed, there will come the necessity of shortening the actual work day. Perhaps four hours, or not more than six, will be sufficient to produce all the necessities of life. And when the profits go to the workers, there will be sufficient means for all to live comfortably.

With both means and time, then, the home can be made a real paradise on earth. If it is not, it will be the fault of the individual, and not of the system.

This is the outlook which Socialism offers. Compare it with the facts which exist in New York, and all of the smaller cities, and most of the towns, today, and draw your own conclusions about "breaking up," etc.

## WOMEN AND THE TRUSTS.

Mrs. Marilla Ricker, candidate for governor of New Hampshire, says that "Within ten years women will be candidates for governors of twenty states." She also declares that women are natural foes to the trusts, since they do most of the world's buying, and always want cheap prices. For this reason she believes that "the trust question cannot be adequately handled by any other party than the suffragists. . . . The solution of the trust question is suffrage for women."

We would ask Mrs. Ricker: Are women going to 'bust' the trusts, or will they simply take them over? Or, are they going to "regulate" them?

The fact is, busting has been tried and found wanting. Regulation, ditto. There is only one method left: Confiscation. WILL THE WOMEN DO IT?

If everybody will work for Socialism the few won't have to carry the whole burden. Are YOU helping?

Pamphlets, leaflets or other information regarding the Woman's Suffrage Movement, may be had by addressing National Headquarters, W. S. A., 505 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Send ten cents for five copies of this issue of The Progressive Woman and a picture of Debs and the Girard Socialist children.

## SOCIALISTS SUPPORT CAPITALIST PUBLICATIONS.

Quite unwittingly, perhaps, but nevertheless surely, Socialists are constantly aiding one of the strongest props of the present system.

This fact is brought out in a letter by George Allan England, in which he tells how the Northwest Magazine accepted four articles from him, on Socialism; how they published two of these, and after receiving liberal advertising through the Appeal, which called the readers' attention to the articles, asking them to buy copies of the magazine, etc., they failed to publish the other two articles, nor did they pay for those published. When Mr. England pushed them for a reason they said the magazine had changed hands, that the new parties were not friendly to Socialism, and would not publish any more matter on that subject.

"The trick is an old one—to get help for a while and then kick out the helpers," says Mr. England.

For some years every time the capitalist magazines have published socialistic articles, the Appeal has made it a point to call the attention of its 400,000 or more readers to the fact, suggesting that they buy copies of the publications containing said articles, or subscribe for them. This, of course, meant money in the pockets of the magazine publishers. Time and again they advertised articles on Socialism, or of a socialistic nature. Just as often, the Appeal, believing in their honesty of purpose, and anxious to spread our principles abroad, enlisted its army in buying and subscribing. And almost as often did the magazines fall down on the proposition—the articles were either unfair, garbled, or discontinued, before their time was up.

After a number of experiences of this kind we are forced to conclude that: Socialist articles, with the liberal advertising of the Appeal to Reason, have been a sort of cat's paw to rake in subscriptions from the working class to the popular magazines. They have been shekels in the pockets of capitalist publishers. Of publishers owned body and soul by their advertisers.

We have innocently believed that the magazines were catering to socialistic sentiment. Rather should we have seen that they were catering to the workers' pocket-books. They care little for our sentiment; for our purses they care a great deal.

And while they have been looking after our purses, our own publications have been crying out like beggars on the highways for support.

It is to blush for shame when we realize the situation.

What shall we do about it?

This: Already the best magazine writers in the land are either Socialists or strongly socialistic; let us turn our dimes and dollars into the coffers of our own publications, that they may employ these same high-grade writers, and thus build up a series of periodicals that will so far outstrip the "popular" magazine in interest, that the latter will die for want of attention.

The capitalist press is probably the strongest bulwark of the present system. Will Socialists continue to support this press, or will they build a splendid one of their own?

## Sometime.

Sometime the sun will shine again,  
And fields will wave with golden grain;  
Sometime the lanes that stretch so bare,  
Will bloom again with flowers fair.

Sometime all chains shall broken be,  
And Mankind rise, supreme and free;  
Sometime, when swords by right are sheathed,  
And Womanhood with Honor wreathed,  
—Julia C. Coon, in "Liberal Outlook."



# THE EXAMINER'S GLASS

LIDA PARCE

The extension of the franchise is not under any circumstances a thing apart from the program of Socialism or opposed to it. The franchise must become universal before Socialism can come about. The Socialist party throughout the world is working for every installment of Socialism that it can get. It is not in favor of "limited Socialism." That is not what it calls it; but it is in favor of everything that will improve the condition of the working class or any section of it no matter how slightly. So the woman suffragists of Great Britain are working for the largest amount of suffrage for women that they can get; believing that anything that helps any section of the disfranchised sex will help them all. For decades they have been agitating heroically, for years they have been holding meetings, parades, demonstrations of every conceivable sort, ladylike and militant, over five hundred of them have served jail sentences and have endured the tortures of the hunger-strike. Thus they have made their cause a matter of practical and urgent politics. All classes of women; working women, professional women, woman artists, college women, Socialist women, all kinds and conditions of women are in this struggle for the removal of the disabilities of sex.

On June 18 they held a parade and mass-meeting which was acknowledged to be the greatest demonstration that London has seen since the extension of man-suffrage in 1832. In June a "compromise bill" in which all parties joined, was introduced in Parliament, for the enfranchisement of women. One of the terms of this bill was that women who paid rent, but not those who received rent, were to have the vote. The bill was introduced by a labor member. On July 12 it passed the first reading, by a vote of 299 yeas to 190 noes; the labor men voting solidly for the bill.

The International Socialist Woman's Conference, just closed at Copenhagen, went on record as opposed to "limited suffrage", as it called the installment of suffrage that the English women are working so heroically for, though it was in favor of working for installments of Socialism. The British movement is condemned because it does not provide for suffrage for all men and all women. The conference would have nothing less than universal adult suffrage. One is compelled to ask why it did not denounce every partial measure of Socialism and declare for nothing less than the complete revolution all in a lump.

The difficulty about manhood suffrage in England is that the men don't want it. There is no movement of any consequence there for the extension of the franchise to men. While the labor parties have had a considerable representation in Parliament for a number of years they have conducted no noticeable such a thing as limited suffrage for women would be unheard of, since all men—with few exceptions—are permitted to vote. A dis-campaign for the extension of the suffrage to the working man, they have made no demonstrations, held no monster parades, introduced no bills for universal manhood suffrage. Hence the injustice and absurdity of declaring that the women shall not have any measure of suffrage until all men have the ballot. The women who have fought so heroically for the

ballot shall not have it until the men, who do not want it apparently, receive it! Such is the declaration of this conference of Socialist women. *Thus we have the amazing spectacle of the women of the S. P. which is pledged to the extension of the suffrage, placing itself on record in flat opposition to the united vote of the labor members of Parliament, and pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the opposition which is entirely capitalistic.* No wonder the English delegates withdrew from the conference! We are glad we do not see the name of our woman member of the N. E. C., Lena Morrow Lewis, among those who voted for this action.

The woman's conference also passed a resolution introduced by Luella Twining to the effect that: "we urge Socialist women to organize women into the party and oppose all so called Socialist organizations not affiliated with the Socialist party." But how can women who are women's women join a party which declares for woman suffrage but resolute against it, whose members in large numbers repudiate it, and which refuses to use the same tactics toward suffrage that it does toward Socialism, namely; to work for it in installments where it is not possible to get the whole thing in a lump.

As a matter of practical fact, the Socialists and suffragists do work together, to the advantage of both. In proof of which we can point to the solid vote of the labor men in the British Parliament in favor of the "compromise bill", to the fact that a woman employed by the W. S. Association is campaigning in Arizona at the present moment in behalf of the demands of the Socialist party regarding the constitution of the new state. That the S. P. of Oklahoma solicited names for the petition for a state referendum on suffrage. That the Socialists and the suffragists were both factors in the success of the shirt waist strike in New York. Also to the fact that the Socialist congress of 1910 devoted two whole sessions to a debate on the question of corporation with the suffragists and it was only after the chairman of the Woman's committee declared that her report did not oppose such co-operation that the report was adopted. In view of all this evidence, it would seem that all Socialist women could safely join the S. P. and would hasten to do so. But in view of the action of the Woman's conference, of the resolution passed in New York repudiating co-operation after co-operation had won the strike, and constant demonstrations of hostility to woman suffrage made by party members, there is also reason why women's women, though Socialists, would be wary of the S. P. It will be impossible to organize many such women into the party so long as individuals and conferences maintain their anti-woman attitude. Such women will form Socialist organizations outside the party, which will stand unqualifiedly for woman suffrage and many party women will stand with them.

In Missouri a woman whose husband had divorced her and married another woman, has killed the other woman because, acting as the agent of the husband, the second wife tried to take away from her her two small children. Her household furniture and clothing had already been taken, as belonging to the husband. He had a perfect legal right

to take them, and the children as well. It is not only the wage-earning women of Missouri, but all the women of the state who are outraged by the laws which authorize these crimes. Do we, as women, wish to see only the wage-earning women freed from these barbarous laws? If working women only could vote in Missouri would they be able to change these laws? Scarcely. But in the four states where all the women vote, these laws have been repealed, and the working women get the benefit along with all the other women.

Women, divided against themselves, can not save any section of their sex alone. Women must rise or remain down together.

## Some of Those for Whom we Should be Thankful.

HARRIET P. MORSE.

The agitator without whom the waters of civilization would become stagnant.

The Crank without whom there would surely be nothing new under the sun.

The Peace-maker who rectifies trouble that he never caused.

The Musician who lifts us to mightier and lovelier realms.

The Great Writer who provides us with companionship we otherwise could not know.

The Artist who gives us insight.

The Poet who calms and soothes us.

The Teacher who imparts knowledge and inspiration.

The Orator who puts great truths into pleasing and lasting form.

The Idealist who gives us glimpses of the new heaven and the new earth which are to be.

The Organizer who moulds ineffective parts into an effective whole.

The Inventor who lessens our labors and increases our rewards.

The Toiler without whom all the rest could not be.

The militant suffrage league of England has formed an athletic society for the purpose of learning the art of fighting and wrestling and thus making their arrests in the future a serious matter with the policemen. As Mrs. Garrud, a five-foot jiu jitsu expert puts it: "The ladies under my charge are tired of dealing with policemen and with rude men who interrupt their meetings. They are tired of being heckled by a lot of brainless men and arrested by a lot of legal puppets, as our police are. We are going to use force in earnest in the future. If some of those big brutes of policemen are injured it won't be our fault, for warning has now been given." And yet there are those who persist in the statement that women don't want the ballot.

The first issue of *The Pacific Suffragist*, a magazine devoted to the cause of equal suffrage, comes to us from Oakland, Cal. The *Pacific Suffragist* is semi-monthly, and is \$1 a year. It is printed in large, clear type, and promises to be a bright, instructive journal. Address all mail to Fred W. Reed, Oakland, Calif.

Fifty girls in Sedalia, Mo., are going to own a factory of their own. After going on strike for better conditions in factory work, they made the foregoing decision. The money has been subscribed, it is said, by the various unions.

## Progressive Woman Readers Speak

(In our September issue we published a letter from one in Boston, calling himself (or herself) "American Citizen", but failing to sign his name, which threatened all sorts of things to this paper, such as bringing the law against us for circulating undesirable literature, etc. We asked our readers to tell us what they thought about "American Citizen's" threat, and following are some of the answers. We can't publish them all for want of space. It is a pleasure, however, to know that our readers are with us, and that we will go on together in the work of emancipating the human mind from superstition and ignorance.—Ed.)

### Doing Just Right.

I wish to say that I think The Progressive Woman is doing just right in exposing the white slave business. I wish every man, woman and child in America could read the August number.—Mrs. Annie Beeman, Wash.

### Brings Matter Before Local.

I see in the September issue of The Progressive Woman you ask what we think about your attitude with regard to exposing the evils coming to woman, I say yes, you are right. Emphatically yes, I am going to bring the matter up before the local this afternoon and ask them to take action on it. I am sure they will vote yes. Later, the local unanimously and enthusiastically tenders you a vote of thanks for your attitude toward woman's slavery, and requests that you insert this in your paper, if you can spare the space.—Mrs. Ella McKay, secretary Sedan local (Kan.)

### A "Solent Subscriber" Aroused.

I have been a silent subscriber to The P. W. for some time. To say you are doing a grand work is putting it mildly. The task of arousing the women of this nation must be performed by the women themselves. And you are doing it nobly. Let "American Citizen" say what he wishes. What does he amount to, anyway? From quite a little chap I have seen and realized the position the woman has occupied in society. I am a young man, now, and sometimes my heart bleeds for the helpless woman (such as "Heart-ache") and again my blood boils and I say words that wouldn't look well in print. Oh, if the women could but realize what Socialism would do for them, there would be something doing in old Columbia. If we are to have real civilization the women must have economic and sex freedom. Trusting you will push forward in the noble work you are doing until capitalism will have given way to a better and more human organization of society, wherein all shall be economically free, is my prayer.—D. M. Chapman, Louisiana.

### Mission of P. W. Made Clear.

The great mission of our "Progressive Woman" has never been made quite so clear as by the vilifying, anonymous attack by "American Citizen" that you published on the editorial page of the September issue. Be this anonymous coward and hypocrite he, she or it, the letter has acted as a stimulant and an inspiration. As much work and personal duties prevent me from going out to get subscriptions, I enclose two dollars, the price of four subscriptions, and hope that my modest contribution may help to call forth many more publications of "such obscene and insidious trash" from the brilliant pens of our good comrades, Lida Parce, Theresa Malkiel, Josephine Conger-Kaneko, and so forth.—Meta L. Stern, New York City.

### From a Former Teacher.

I want to congratulate you on the character of your brave, strong, earnest little paper, The Progressive Woman. You are doing a much-needed work. Don't let burbous or bulldozers drive you from it.—Prof. Thos. E. Will, Washington, D. C.

### Publicity the Only Remedy.

Your last numbers were especially powerful. Every earnest thinking woman must admit this. Many thanks for your courage with which you protect the white slave girl, and those who do think differently are on the wrong track. Publicity is the only remedy against this social evil. A white slaver and all connected with him belong with the class of murderers. It is right here where the REAL woman comes in to help the REAL man clean out the barns.—Marie Bretz, Los Angeles, Cal.

### Enters Protest.

I wish to enter my protest against such letters as the one written by "American Citizen." Whoever wrote that letter is a disgrace to the name he or she has assumed. I will stand by the

paper and think there are a few others of the same mind. And if it dies, it will die fighting, and I think "American Citizen" will have an elephant on his hands when he undertakes to kill The Progressive Woman.—Lydia Wright, Kansas.

### Attacks Will Bring Sympathizers.

Your September issue of The Progressive Woman cannot fail to reach the heart and sympathy of all fair-minded, unselfish "awakened" human beings. Every "attack" on the exposure of woman's true condition will bring to the cause hundreds of new sympathizers, newly quickened with the spirit of sex equality, economically and in the marriage relation. The spirit of freedom for humanity is in the very air we breathe, now more than ever. Send me a bundle of the September "Woman"; it was an exceptionally brave and convincing number, and should reach the intelligent reading public that stands for progress far and wide. I have been strengthened and uplifted from a very material plane of thought by the untiring sacrifices and efforts of my women comrades through The P. W.—Mrs. Alice C. Voorhis, Chicago.

### Time Women Cried Out.

Must say that I believe The Progressive Woman is right in its stand for women. Neither do I believe it should hide its face in shame, nor assume what Attorney Roe calls the "Boston Hypocrisy", but should go boldly forward in doing what they have failed to do. It is time that women cried out in behalf of their suffering sisters. Why should we cower in silence and see our daughters sold into slavery. The day is not far distant when all shall march together under the great red flag of freedom into that stage where slavery does not exist. Yours for the work, A. D., Ind.

### Cry Aloud.

My book says "Cry aloud and spare not," and I am glad that there are some people in the United States who have moral courage enough to cry aloud. Yes, loud enough to be heard in Boston. The fathers and mothers in our land are asleep and their daughters are going down into the deep abyss of white slavery and we need such people as our sister comrades of The Progressive Woman to stir them up and make them think. Long live The Progressive Woman and may SHE cause not only Boston to cry out, but I hope that such a cry will go up that will be heard from Maine to California and from the Lakes to the Gulf. Revolution? Yes, that's me.—H. D. Rider, Maryland.

### White Slavery Worse Than Intemperance.

I am much interested in your paper. It is a noble little paper and shows to the world what woman can do, if she will. The stand you have taken to expose the white slave business is a noble one. I believe this curse worse than intemperance, although they go hand in hand. I wonder why women can sit quietly by and know about these awful things and say nothing. I have looked for letters in The Progressive Woman endorsing your paper, but failed to find them. Thanking you for your noble work in behalf of woman.—Mrs. Jas. Howey, President Ladies' Society of Equity, East Jordan, Michigan.

### Aiming for Perfection.

I see you are still aiming for perfection. The September number is the best yet, but the vehement protest from "American Citizen" is enough to show that your earnest efforts are not so regarded by every human being who reads The Progressive Woman, and it is enough to show that the magazine is doing good work. Such people need such reading and it will set them to thinking as nothing else will. So go on with the work and we will help all we can to increase the circulation of the best woman's paper ever published in this country.—Levi W. Crouch, Connecticut.

### Rejoices in Our Work.

I rejoice in the work you are doing and no doubt "American Citizen" is offended because he is interested in having the white slave trade flourish. Be of good cheer, the very best people are with you in your noble stand for the right, and if all our comrades will give a mighty pull for the goal, it will be reached before we know it. God's blessings upon you and all others who are giving their lives to end this blot on the name of our fair land.—Mattie D. Sturgis, Hastings, Nebraska.

### The Broad, Scientific Way.

It seems hardly creditable that the letter from Boston is to be taken seriously. Surely his denunciation and threats are preposterous. Ibsen's drama "Ghosts" which is the subject of T. Malkiel's article, to which the correspondent refers, has been represented on the American stage for years by leading artists. The play has been the subject of endless discussion in papers, magazine articles and public lectures. The Ibsen cult must have originated in intellectual Boston. The work of Josephine Kaneko, another writer whom the Boston "Citizen" denounces must appeal to every serious reader. The agitation against white slavery was begun by slum missionaries and reform workers. The cause was taken up by the women's clubs for the sake of young girls and defenseless women—and for public morals. An aroused public demand secured a law passed by the Illinois legislature

for the punishment of criminals engaged in traffic in womanhood.

Through the devoted labors of Mr. Clifford Roe, the champion of the white slave, the traffic in women was made the subject of a Federal inquiry, and congress passed a law to punish offenders trafficking in women from other countries. The other article which affronts the moral sense of your critic is "The Marriage Contract" by Lida Parce. She states the truth about the dangers to which married women and their children are exposed through promiscuity of their husbands—before or after their marriage. Reform societies of men and women are demanding the abolition of licensed prostitution as a sanitary measure for the protection of the young. Medical societies are exposing the ravages of venereal diseases and are advocating public reports on these diseases the same as on other diseases. The subjects of eugenics, as presented by college and university experts, is engaging the general attention. More rational laws for the welfare of the race will result.

The correspondent from Boston, by his narrow, bigoted attitude excludes himself from the broad, scientific, enlightened movement for human uplift.—Anna K. Hulburd, Chicago, Ill.

### With Face to the Enemy.

You ask, "Shall The Progressive Woman hide its head in the sand and meekly fold its hands?" Never. If you must die, die in the front ranks with your face to the enemy and your colors flying. I heartily approve of the work you are doing, and only wish more of the papers would throw off their false mask of modesty and join hands with you for the extermination of the white slave traffic, and for the emancipation of the race.—John H. Stoke, Texas.

### Keep Pecking Away.

You are doing well. Keep pecking away. The person that wrote that letter very likely picked up his first copy of The Progressive Woman and felt like a cyclone had struck him and when he gets himself picked together he will find himself entirely helpless. Therefore do not let it get on your nerve. We will help you.—W. H. Schriber, Minnesota.

### Keep the Search Light Gleaming.

Dear Comrades Kaneko, Malkiel, Parce and Others: I believe I am not only voicing my own feeling but the sentiment of every intelligent reader of your paper when I say that words are inadequate to tell how we love you; how we honor the noble position you have taken, standing so bravely in the light, seeking to send its penetrating, purifying rays along every crooked path and into every foul corner. How many an early grave need not have been dug! How many long, bitter hours of vain remorse and horrible suffering might have been spared, if only all girls and boys had been taught in early youth the horrible truths The Progressive Woman is revealing today. Dear sisters, keep the searchlight gleaming! If "American Citizen" is offended by what he sees, let him use his vaunted citizenship and that "strenuous" power of soul and body in an effort to clean up and not in opposing the light. Meanwhile, all things work together for good, and as the "one hoss" so often says: "Every kick is a boost."—Mrs. Kate Siles, Oklahoma.

### "With You Heart and Soul."

You ask the readers of your paper to express their attitude as to the stand The Progressive Woman is taking in the interest of Womankind. After reading the September number I went back to the August number to see what should have so alarmed the "American Citizen" and after careful study I think it was a torpid liver. Or, perhaps, the "Citizen" never reads the daily papers. I am sure if he did he would never want The Progressive Woman suppressed for publishing the articles on the white slave trade and the Marriage Contract. The first article I ever read on the white slave trade was in Everybody's Magazine; it was the most terrible thing I ever read. Where was the "American Citizen" then? I never saw anything in after numbers about having the magazine suppressed. I take a small journal that is printed in Chicago each month. It had an article on the white slave trade. Again, where is the "American Citizen"? Yes, dear editor, we approve of your work and as long as you continue to work for the interest of woman we are with you heart and soul.—Emma Elder, Indiana.

### The Nameless One.

I notice in the September number of The Progressive Woman that one nameless, and I suppose, headless chump of Boston, Massachusetts, has become very much offended and his Americanism has been most wonderfully shocked and the pride of this nation has been terribly obscured. And I suppose he thinks that the people of America have been brought to shame and that the readers of our country should not have their minds tainted by reading such articles as he refers to—The White Slave Traffic, The Marriage Contract, and other important subjects which your paper has so plainly brought to notice. I suppose the objecter does not realize that we are living under a system of government which is eye for eye and tooth for tooth. We do business for profit regardless of consequences and the white slave traffic has become a business in America, indulged in by men who hold themselves up to the world as moral standards; and from a monetary standpoint the white slave traffic is very profitable. Our nameless Boston friend further states that he shall use his influence

with the government to exclude the paper from the mails. Now if the objecter would like to do something really American he should study the condition of our country for a short time and then join hands with The Progressive Woman and help to drive the white slave traffic from the face of the earth.

You may place me on record as one who stands for higher humanity, for co-operative commonwealth, for woman's right to the ballot, and I shall use my ballot, my pen, and my voice to bring humanity to the high and moral standard that was taught by the Carpenter of Nazareth, two thousand years ago. Yours for a better world.—M. M. Aldrich, Missouri.

**A Real American Citizen.**

I am one of the illiterate riff-raff, sixty-four years old today, write what I think, sign my name to it and have as yet never bowed my head in shame. My grandfather on my mother's side lived in this country one hundred and thirty years ago, a boy. My mother was born in Maryland a hundred and two years ago on the 24th of next December. I had two great grandfathers who helped relieve this country of the tyranny of England one hundred and thirty-four years ago. I'm fairly well Americanized, don't you think so? The warm blood that courses my veins gets warmer when I read threats against The Progressive Woman by something that's ashamed of ITS name. ITS have knocked the bottom out of degradation and they continue to fall throughout eternity. Stand to your guns and defy it and all other little its. I'll try to do some missionary work during this month for The Progressive Woman. Yours for Socialism.—J. T. Ellis, Missouri.

**Thankful for P. W.**

We are subscribers to The Progressive Woman and I do not think words of mine can express appreciation of it. We are eagerly looking forward to the next number. I, for one, am very thankful that we have in this land one woman with the courage and determination to carry on such a grand and noble work, a work for humanity. Perhaps you will recall a few years ago of a new play being launched upon the public. The ministers and newspapers at once attacked it and condemned it. The result was a great advertisement for the new play and the people could not get to see it too soon, besides paying two and three dollars a seat. While reading the "American Citizen's" letter I could not help but think should he call on the government to suppress the little paper what a great advertisement it would be for The Progressive Woman and at such a small cost. The American people are naturally curious and I have no doubt it would arouse their curiosity and they would want to know more about it. What we need in regard to this social evil is more publicity and maybe the "American Citizen" can help us. Had I as much influence with our government as the "American Citizen" seems to think he has, I would use it to better advantage, for instance, in trying to wipe out a system that upholds this social evil and this white slave traffic.

**Thinks It Not Obscene.**

I have read the last four numbers of The Progressive Woman and fail to find anything obscene in them (if I know the meaning of the word), unless it is that part which refers to "Kio men in one day entering one of these capitalistic institutions" where these white slaves are penned in. If certain statements offended me and I had the courage to ask the editor to "retract or qualify" them I think I could pluck up enough courage to sign my name. It puts me in mind of a duel between two men; one takes the loaded pistol and gives the unloaded one to his opponent. Why is the "American Citizen" afraid of the little publication, The Progressive Woman, and its editor, a woman? Yours for humanity.—Mary and Jane Purcell, Michigan.

**Absolutely Right.**

The Progressive Woman is absolutely right in the stand it takes against oppression in any form whatsoever, of the women and through them the race. Long enough have we been silent and dearly have we paid the penalty therefor. I for one loudly and vehemently protest against the social evils with which we are afflicted. No doubt the much offended "American Citizen" would say he does, too, but a protest is not a protest unless obvious manifestations to that effect are made; or else how can it be a protest.

Physicians have met in convention time and time again; have suggested and discussed and devised ways and means of obliterating or even diminishing the prevalence of venereal diseases, and they have completely failed. And why have they failed? Because they were a handful of men affiliated with no gigantic industrial corporation and void of any political powers. Their conventions have therefore died as they were born, in silence and obscurity so far as the public was concerned; for the Associated Press found it expedient to pay little or no attention to them. And the sins shall continue to be visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. That is what silence has done. Wherefore I say we women should, must and will uncover every vice and every crime; drag it from out its dark and putrid den, that the public may see it in all its horrible nakedness. It is the only radical means of eradication. And as the law of evolution ever tends toward progress, so improving our industrial and political life as we have the good sense to take advantage of the opportunity, so shall we rise out of this moral anarchy to a higher, nobler and grander life. But

we must not dare not be silent. Our children command us by the holiest and most powerful ties to protect and guard them from all evil. If the Progressive Woman were to assume the role of "Boston Hypocrisy" it were then unworthy of its name, and would lose every subscriber it now has. Yours for the race.—Esther Friedman, New York City.

**Should Commend P. W.**

I think every respectable man and woman, especially the fathers and mothers in this great United States, should commend and assist The Progressive Woman in this reform. Go on with the good work in spite of "American Citizen" or any other person, whose modesty (?) is of the same order.—Mrs. Edward Wiley, Nebraska.

**Nothing to Offend Most Delicate.**

For two years I have been a constant reader of The Progressive Woman and although the high (?) minded "American Citizen" has set up a howl about "obscene and insidious trash," and protests "most vehemently" with all the power of his mighty soul and body against it, I can and will truthfully say that I have NEVER found anything objectionable whatever in its columns. There is absolutely nothing in it that might offend the delicacy of the most refined person. Through The Progressive Woman you are doing a great and grand work, the effects of which are daily coming into view. I am the wife of a workman, and care for seven children. I have sent in a number of subscriptions for The Progressive Woman through the corresponding secretary of our local. Wishing you much success, and less bother with "American Citizen," I remain, Cora I. Blackburn, New York.

**My Protest.**

I come with my protest against the "American Citizen." No! No! No! Do not give one inch to such persons as the "American Citizen." The Progressive Woman is right in the stand it takes for woman. We have no use for Boston hypocrisy. Our women need waking up, and it takes plain facts to make them realize what slaves they are under the present regime. Long live The Progressive Woman and its worthy editor; they are needed by the women of the nation. Yours for the final victory.—Mrs. R. W. Chenoweth, California.

**A Word to the Wise, Etc.**

When anybody at this late day takes exception to the truth published in articles in The Progressive Woman by calling them "obscene and insidious trash," accompanying it with a threat and signing anonymously, it smacks of cowardice and a guilty vampire. As a representative of the thousands of subscribers to The Progressive Woman we rise in thankfulness for The Progressive Woman. With all the "power of soul and body" we uphold it in its efforts to raise woman from the degradation to which such anonymous persons would consign her. We see nothing but truth—there is nothing to retract in the articles referred to. As mothers we are thankful that through such writers as Josephine Conger-Kaneko, Theresa Malkiel and others our daughters will be able to walk the streets free American citizens, unmolested by vampires rampant. With all the power of thousands of awakened women we rally to the assistance of The Progressive Woman. "A word to the wise is sufficient."—Mrs. Sallie E. Bowman, California.

**Doing a Greater Work Than Hitherto Attempted.**

Your editorial in the September number and the threatening letter are soul stirring. Is The Progressive Woman right in its stand for women? Most assuredly. It is doing a greater, more important and fundamental work for a complete womanhood, and therefore for *race progress* than has heretofore been attempted. Political enfranchisement is an upward, onward step toward the freedom of emancipated womanhood. But the ballot cannot secure to the wife the perfect control of herself which is necessary for the highest good of the race, as well as the most perfect development of womanliness.

In the law of being woman is not an appendage to man as a superior being, nor his subject, nor merely his helpmeet. She is the higher creative agency, and her spiritual endowment the greatest psychological force that has lifted the race up from savagery. The psychological forces of the marriage institution, have in a not remote past held woman in a slavish suppression that extinguished aspirations and ideals.

But after the ages of suppression and subjection we have the hopeful prophecy of a coming manhood (in the product of some aspiring motherhood, which will banish the "barrier of mental tyranny" recognized by Franklin Wentworth and a few of our noble brothers. It is universally recognized that no people attains a higher grade than that of its womanhood. The equal responsibility and power of woman in all social institutions is indispensable to the welfare and the continued life of a civilization. Progressive womanhood is the hope and safety of our country's future.

May The Progressive Woman be sustained and continue the uplifting, educational work so essential to our country's salvation.—Lucinda B. Chandler, Illinois.

**The Best in the Movement.**

I like The Progressive Woman and think it is

the best paper in the movement and it is doing work second to none. Only through a free womanhood can we hope to gain a free manhood. I think the "American Citizen" out of place when he tries to keep the women of America in slavery as they are. The August issue was O. K, and your reply to the "American Citizen's" letter in the September issue is just right. I am with you in this fight. Respectfully.—J. N. Willis, Oklahoma.

**From Massachusetts.**

I am very much interested in The Progressive Woman and read your September editorial carefully. Don't let up one bit on your exposures of the white slave traffic. Don't let such a letter swerve you. I'm from Massachusetts and know some of that class (they are everywhere) but that is not a Massachusetts opinion—only an individual opinion. Meanwhile and all the time let not up on this fierce business. Let that "American Citizen" and all others remove the cause then there can be no "circulation of such obscene trash."—H. F. Kendall, Washington, D. C.

**"Boston" Again.**

It would seem that Boston has a penchant for reforming the world backward. Now it is the editor of the Seattle (Wash.) Daily Times, who has received a communication from Boston, containing the names of 500 "prominent New England people" opposing female suffrage, with the request that he publish the same, in order to "stem the tide of female suffrage in Washington."

As was the case with The Progressive Woman, the editor of the Times failed to be overcome by this onslaught, and positively refused to print the names.

The Woman's Suffrage club of Seattle, passed resolutions thanking the editor for his stand for progress, and saying some things about the request. Grace D. Orth wrote a bright little poem in commemoration of it, entitled "Charge of a Light Brigade".

A printed communication from a Massachusetts Socialist says there are less than 5,500 individuals on the subscription lists of the various Socialist papers in the state.

Think of it! In a thickly populated state little over 5,000 subscribers to Socialist papers. Those who are quick to see the relation of cause and effect, will not wonder at the type of communications recently received by The Progressive Woman and the Seattle Times.

What are Massachusetts Socialists doing? Where is their spirit of agitation? Are there no descendants of the Boston Tea party in the state?

We would urge that the Socialists of Massachusetts start a literature campaign, and flood the state with Socialist reading matter. And if local comrades will not do it, let outsiders take the matter up. Let us eliminate the ridiculous spectacle of men and women of the Twentieth century living the mental life of the Eighteenth.

Massachusetts needs missionary work—bad.

Have you read "A Little Sister of the Poor"? Now's your chance. For a limited time it is ten cents a copy.

Are you one of the workers—or one of the shirkers?

**Musical Romances**

A book of four romances by Aimee Wood of New York, a woman of ardent temperament, a skilled pianist and in love with the soul of music. The style is elevated, out of the ordinary, their author is a New Thoughter, well known.

The book is in paper, 142 pages. Price, 50c. I have a limited number which I will sell at only 20c, as long as they last. Fine gift. Send today. C. J. Barton, Sta. E., Kansas City, Mo.



## ACTION OF WOMAN'S CONGRESS

J. C. K.

Lida Parce expresses herself this month on the action of the Woman's congress at Copenhagen on the suffrage question, in her usual vigorous, outspoken manner. There will be many who will agree with her, and many who will not. And probably many more who will not take sides, not knowing which side they should take. The situation in Europe is very different from the situation here and there must be many things to know before passing judgment. In this country crimination of this kind against the women would not be tolerated by our leading suffragists, and we have no fear of its being made.

In England, and other European countries, however, many suffragists believe they can secure the ballot more quickly for all unfranchised men and women by accepting first votes for women on equal terms with men. That is, in so far as men vote, women should vote, they say. It is the discrimination against a sex that they are opposing now. The Social-Democrats of England attribute to the limited suffragists, however, another motive—that of class interests. They claim that when the tax paying women of England have the ballot, their sex interests will disappear, in favor of their class interests, and they will forget to push forward for the franchise for their poorer sisters.

This, however, is an assumption. Whether the suffragettes of England will do this or not, no one can say with perfect assurance. And the Progressive Woman would not wish to make such an assertion regarding the suffragette movement. At the same time, we believe our Social-Democratic friends are perfectly serious when they make the assertion. We know also, that the women in the congress who stood uncompromisingly against granting a partial suffrage or co-operating with the suffrage associations anywhere, are among the brightest and strongest in the international movement. And we further think that if it was necessary that the congress take a positive stand on this question of suffrage tactics, that the stand it did take was the better one. But was such action essential? With conditions differing so radically in the various countries, is it wise to make hard and fast rules that shall endeavor to pour them all into the same mould, whether they fit or not? This is the question that thousands of women are asking and will continue to ask, for some time to come.

To the student of history the woman's movement must appeal as something more than a bourgeois movement. It is the movement of a class of people longer and more abjectly oppressed than any other on the face of the earth. It is the serious struggle of a sex for the attainment of natural and legal rights. In the woman's movement there is the realization that every woman, from the highest to the lowest, suffers in common this thing—disinheritance.

Disinheritance from the best things of life; disinheritance to the extent that no man was ever known to want to be a woman. Forcibly enslaved, forcibly debauched, forcibly weakened until threatened with unfitness both mentally and physically, bound down by every law conceivable to the mind of man for holding her in the place he made for her; the butt of prejudice, of superstition, of scorn, of passions and infidelities; bearing mean-

while the world's people in her body—this is the position woman has held throughout historic ages; this is the slavery from which she has been struggling to break away for the past century, and which has forced her today into what is known as "the woman's movement."

The translator of Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism" says: "There is no woman, whatever her station, but in one way or other is a sufferer, a victim in modern society. While upon the women of the working class the cross of capitalist society rests heaviest, in all ways, not one of her sisters in all the upper ranks but bears some share of the burden, or, to be plainer, of the smudge—and what is more to the point, they are aware of it."

Bourgeois? Not in intent and purpose. Feminist? Yes, and why not? And not only for the women, but also for the child, does the woman's movement stand. And through the child, for the race.

Our dear comrade and personal friend, Luella Twining, is quoted by the English papers as saying that the women of Colorado divide on class lines, when it comes to casting the ballot. But Comrade Twining did not point out that they also stand together on sex lines, irrespective of class, when a particular issue regarding women and children comes up. This fact was made notable in the last Judge Lindsey election, when the women defied both old parties and got out an independent ticket for the "kid's judge." This fact is also shown in their many laws covering the needs of women and children. No where in all the United States are the rights of these two classes of people so legally guarded as in the four states where women vote.

It is not fair, not wise, in us to overlook these facts. And when we accept them as they are, we are bound to admit that the woman's movement is a movement of an oppressed class toward political and sex freedom. That not until it has gained this freedom can it very well divide on economic class lines. Individual members of the movement may be class conscious, in individual relations. But not the movement itself.

And until it has gained this freedom, we must, if we are true to our principles which say that we shall aid all oppressed peoples, assist the women suffrage movement in its struggle for the ballot so long as such aid does not compromise our own fundamental principles.

Another resolution passed by the Woman's congress, to the effect that Socialists should oppose legislation forbidding night work for women, and demand legislation prohibiting such work for both men and women, will sound to some, as if Socialists would grant women nothing, until men had it first, or got it at the same time.

It is much easier to secure legislation protecting women of this sort, than it is to secure it for men. Night work is much harder on women and infinitely more dangerous than it is on men. Shall women wait, then, until the harder task of securing such legislation for their brothers has been accomplished before they shall benefit by it?

And there is not the argument of class interests here. It is a question of sex interests in the working class.

By this act do we mean to repudiate the needs of woman as a sex, and to bind ourselves only to the interests of an economic class?

If any other interpretation is possible, we would like to have it.

## Magdalene Passes.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

What one is this, that bears the brand of shame  
within her breast,  
And wanders through the mocking land, denied  
a place of rest?  
What one is this, your hue and cry pursue with  
withering hate,  
Until her best hope is to die, nor meet a harder  
fate?

This, this is she who hides her head in shame  
to gloom the sun;  
Who waits, as in their graves the dead, until the  
day is done;  
Whose tasks make pitiful the dark, and dreadful  
all the night,  
And leave her spirit stricken stark and crushed  
at morning light.

Beneath the show of silk and lace her form is  
spare and shrunk,  
And through the rouge upon her face see how  
her cheeks have sunk.  
Her lightsome laugh hides not her thought; her  
brow is scarred with care,  
And her flashing rings with jewels wrought, but  
gild and grace despair.

Has she no tears to weep for grief, no voice to  
cry with woe,  
No memories panged beyond belief for joys of  
long ago?  
Has she no tortured dreams to smart, no anguish  
for her brow,  
Has she no broken bleeding heart, that you must  
curse her now?

Is here no Innocence o'erthrown, no wrecked sweet  
maidenhood,  
No sense of loss, like heavy stone, to make her  
doubt all good?  
Are here no woman's ruined charms, no dead and  
withered breasts?  
Are here no hapless, vacant arms, which should  
lull babes to rest?

And what are you, who at her gird, and deem  
yourselves unstained;  
Do you forget your black, false word, the right-  
eous act disdained,  
Your lust of power, the debtor's tears, cold hun-  
ger's starving cries,  
And all the evil of your years, that clamors to  
the skies?

Your horror is a veil to wear and cover o'er you  
deeds;  
Your wrongs are pointing at you there, though  
none their presence heeds,  
Your villainess would itself deny in furious hate  
of hers;  
Gaze at yourselves with inward eye, you whited  
sepulchers!

Repent! Your vanity betrays, and wrenches  
reason strong,  
Until it warps the truth to ways which shape a  
right of wrong;  
But every sin is still a sin; and if your hands  
be shriven,  
Her heart is not more black within, and she  
shall be forgiven.  
You ask not where those falsest lips learned their  
unworthy skill,  
Nor reck of how shame's black eclipse obscured  
her purer will.  
You think not whence fair thoughts like flowers  
gave room to passions low;  
You know not of her girlhood's hours; you do  
not care to know.

Nay! But the truth cries for the light, and  
struggles to be heard;  
The story of her bruise and blight shall out in  
burning word—  
Yours was the power which crushed that grace  
and gave it to despair,  
And the mask of beauty on that face, your hands  
have painted there.

She was the temple of your lust, the altar of  
your greed;  
The sacrifice of faith and trust you made with  
careful heed,  
She was the price of pleasure's worth, the weight  
against your gold,  
Where love and truth repine in dearth, and all  
is bought and sold.

And will you loathe your work at last, and  
spurn her with disgust?  
And shall your pride blot out the past and hide  
her murdered trust?  
And will you brand upon her brow the deeds  
which she doth do?  
Speak: will you dare to hate her now, who weeps,  
and pardons you?

Nay, no more scoff to see her sing, nor laugh  
upon her tears;  
You shall not hand hate's baneful drink, and  
mock her with your jeers.  
Bow down and hide your heads for shame, and  
for your acts atone.  
Accept your guilt; abide your blame; nor cast  
a single stone.

Go ask forgiveness of her there; plead with her  
to forget;  
Take to yourselves her killing care and all her  
wild regret.  
Bid her have hope; ay, make her strong, and  
find her faith again,  
Confess your errant spirit's wrong. Thus cleanse  
your soul's dark stain.

at worst man is man's brother still, at best man is man's friend;  
 soft pity pardons deeds of ill, and stony natures bend.  
 but idle names are "good" and "bad"; not worthy human use;  
 for evil, still as virtue clad, and envy's harsh abuse.  
 and crimson sin shall balance sin, and none shall be denied,  
 'till every heart is soft within and humbled in its pride.  
 and each with each shall equal stand, and all be one in worth,  
 'till every hand shall clasp a hand and love shall fill the earth.

**WORK FOR OUR COMMITTEES.**



The women throughout the civilized world are becoming awakened to the world's need of the aid of the women in righting its wrongs. The women of the working class are entering upon their work with a definite object in view. Side by side with their brothers they are clasp hands the world

around. They are enlisting as active fighters in the revolution that is now upon us.

You and I have enlisted. The question now is, "How can we best serve our dear cause?"

This question was discussed in the national convention of 1908. At this convention a woman's national committee was elected. With the limited means at its disposal, this committee did good work. It prepared special leaflets for women. It sent out a special woman's organizer, Comrade Anna A. Maley, who for over fifteen months, with the exception of two weeks, has been constantly in the field. She is doing excellent service for the woman's movement.

At the National Congress held last May, it was decided to employ a general correspondent for this committee. Comrade Mabel Hudson having resigned, the committee has elected me to fill this position. With your earnest assistance we are hopeful of a successful year's work.

I am sending out two leaflets, the "Report of the Woman's National Committee" at the recent Congress, and the "Plan for Work in Socialist Locals." The "Plan" has for its object three things:

1. The education of women to an understanding of Socialism.
2. The preparation of capable women for active service as organizers, writers and lecturers.
3. The early development of the child into an efficient, intelligent member of its own working class organization.

To accomplish this end, we must have a well-organized body of women. We now have a Woman's National Committee composed of seven women, which has elected one of its number as its general correspondent. We should have each state organized in a similar manner, with a Woman's State Committee, which elects one of its number as its state correspondent.

A complete organization will require time to perfect. To do this we must begin at once.

**How Shall We Begin?**

1. At the next meeting of your local read this communication before it. Urge upon them that they bring their wives, sisters and sweethearts into the local. Then follow the directions in the "Plan for Work" and form your Woman's Local Committee.

2. At your next state convention see that at least one woman from each congressional district be sent as a delegate. See that a Woman's State Committee be elected from

the entire membership. This committee should then elect its state correspondent. Until this can be done, write to your state secretary, urging him to see that by some means—through appointment or election—a woman correspondent for your state be secured as soon as possible. At the present time, Iowa, alone, has done this.

**NATIONAL ORGANIZATION.**

REPORT BY ANNA MALEY, NATIONAL ORGANIZER.



No committees were formally elected in North Dakota, where I made but few towns. The national committee may refer to the following comrades in North Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon:  
 North Dakota—Fargo, Ella C. Payne, 803 First St. No.; Lidgerwood, Miss Minner Meyer; Jamestown, Mr. C. Marlett; Ellendale, L. S. Jones; Farmington, L. M. Mrs. Wm. T. Holmes, Ft. Collins, Colo.; Mrs. E. Collins, 153 Linden St.; Mary E. Charette, 153 Linden St.

Idaho—Pocatello, Jane E. Smith, 1307 No. 3rd Ave.; Rupert, Mrs. Martha Head, R. F. D. No. 2; Hansen, Mrs. Ed W. Smith; Twin Falls, Mrs. Laura Motley, Mountain Home, Mrs. Gertrude Hall; Nampa, Mrs. Frank Page; Boise, Mrs. Grace E. Workman; Emmett, Mrs. Jessie M. Myer; Payette, Mrs. Lizzie Gogolin; Weiser, Mrs. Elizabeth Warner, Box 464.  
 Oregon—Baker City, Mrs. A. E. Abercrombie; La Grande, Mrs. Anna Hillman; Pendleton, Chas. Weaver, Wyoming—Cheyenne, Lucille Dewey, 1210 W. 22d St.; Wamsutter, Mrs. T. C. Sherman; Superior, Miss Abbie Corrigan, Box 115; Evanston, Mrs. Thos. Crosby; Robertson, Mrs. Cora Hawkins; Carter, S. F. Anderson; Granger, Mrs. J. B. Warren; Diamondville, Miss Monta Paanenon; Rock Springs, Mrs. John Ramsey; Eden, Mrs. Cella May Beach, Colorado—Telluride, Chris Johns; Longmont, Miss Belle Knapp; Windsor, Dr. Wilson; Denver, Mrs. A. H. Floaten, 1430 Monroe St.; Boulder, Mrs. W. P. Collins; Colorado Springs, A. G. Bernat, Gen. Del.; Calhan, Mrs. Sara A. Smith; Cripple Creek, Mrs. Grace Chester, 108 Florissant Ave.; Trinidad, Mrs. Mattie Mansfield; Twin Lakes, Mrs. Mary Low; Buena Vista, Joseph Mustoe; Creede, Mrs. T. K. Nelper; Teller, Mrs. Pearl Neff; Durango, Jos. McGuigan; Montrose, Mrs. Estelle Tarkoff.

**Have You Read "War—What For?"**

BY GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK.

Here is what Eugene V. Debs says about it: ". . . I have the book, War—What For? in my hand, and its keen and trenchant passages stir me, thrill me, . . . this wonderful book, . . . this outpouring of your brain and heart and soul, this marvelous plea to all that is human in man. . . ."

"The cutting, opigrammatic opening sentences, the pictures, illustrations, comparisons, and vivid portrayals of your inspired pen, coupled with the burning appeals hot from your indignant soul, all combine to make this the book of an epoch, an immortal achievement. . . ."

Price, \$1.20. Order from Progressive Woman.

**AUNT SARY'S COMMENTS.**

No, dearie the band didn't play La Marseillaise, when Teddy visited Seidelberg (Milwaukee.)

Theodore said it was a bad thing that girls had to work for wages under modern conditions. I think so, too, because modern conditions don't allow them wages enough to live on when they do work. So what's the use?

But Theodore didn't demolish Socialism—we are getting discouraged. The waiting is tedious and nerve-racking. The question now arise, will he ever carry out his threat? Not, when will he do it?

But ha! Hist! And likewise Ho! Ho! Mayhap the solution has been found at last. Socialists never turn their backs. Teddy is said to be fond of striking from the rear—

It is only a suggestion. Also a warning. Socialists must never turn their backs!

The American Boy Scout movement is financed by such men as Jacob Astor and Wm. K. Vanderbilt. But it is the sons of working men and women who will swear allegiance to this movement and spatter the earth with their blood and brains in the interest of these rich men. Aunt Sary rises to ask: How long, O Lord, how long?

Thirty thousand illegitimate babies is the official average record for Great Britain each year. The Society for the Prevention of cruelty to children has issued a pamphlet giving ghastly particulars of the manner in which these helpless little ones are killed off by baby farmers. Who says that capitalism isn't destroying the home, root and branch.

When Czolgosz killed President McKinley he gave us Roosevelt. Had the poor fellow only known—he surely would not have done it.

Either the people who dread race suicide are wrong, or that part of the state's work which should provide school houses is sadly behind-hand. City schools everywhere are overcrowded, children being given only half time. New York has over 60,000 children who are deprived of their full right to education in such public schools as now are at hand. Commenting upon the situation the New York Call says:

"There is no other explanation for it. The appropriations are fairly good. The application of the appropriation is criminal, for the reason that it is not in keeping with the intent. Before the children receive what is coming to them some eminent politicians step in and take their rake-off."

You fathers of children who vote see how you have dawdled over the heritage of tomorrow's men and women. The awakening consciousness of the young will some day confront you asking why?

Are you a member of the "Four-a-Week" club? Sure; are you? No—but I'm going to join today.

**CAPSHEAF**  
 The Safety Pin  
 Without a Coil

**SAFETY—to the person and for the fabric pinned**

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



Made in all sizes. Stiff, strong, sharp; the delight of trained nurses. JUDSON PIN CO., M'rs. Rochester, New York

## FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

### Some Time.

Do not wait to do it "some time."  
Do it now.  
Vague and far away is "some time."  
You'll allow,  
Speak a gracious word of greeting  
To whomever you are meeting,  
And remember, time is fleeting,  
Do it now.

That good deed postponed till "some time"  
Do today.  
Round it up, instead of "some time."  
Right away.  
Every golden jeweled minute  
Hides a precious treasure in it;  
With glad strength be wise and win it  
While you may.

—Nixon Waterman.

### Autumn.

The morns are meeker than they were,  
The nuts are getting brown,  
The berry's cheek is plumper,  
The rose is out of town,  
The maple wears a gayer scarf,  
The field a scarlet gown;  
Lest I should be old-fashioned  
I'll put a trinket on.

—Emily Dickinson.

### A Little Talk.

When Josephine, the Progressive Woman, asked me if I could say something to the youngsters of her large family, I didn't hesitate very long. First, though I like people, it is children people I like best. We understand each other, for, like Peter Pan, some of us refuse to be "grown-up." Second, I like to talk, being a woman.

I've known children who like to talk too. Haven't some of you a small brother or sister who is asking questions and chattering constantly? That is the way he learns expression, learns too, of the big world in which he lives.

In the dim, far distant past, when people lived in tribes, the fathers hunted and fished and the mothers kept up the camp fires and cared for the babies and boys and girls. There were no books to read, so can't you imagine them talking, talking to each other and to the children as they put together their garments of skins with thorns from trees? Don't you suppose some one learned a better way of sewing and preparing food and told the rest of them? And the word was passed from mothers to children, on and on. Always there has been somebody thinking out a better way of doing things, and telling it to others. And always, alas, there are other somebodies who say "This way is good enough, it is too much trouble to change. My mother and father did things this way, and so it is good enough for me." Or else they'll say "You think you're smart to be trying something different. You'll get into some kind of trouble if you aren't careful. You'd better let well enough alone."

The tribesmen and tribeswomen had a habit of doing away with people the most of them didn't like—or with the one who wanted to do things the better way. I think that is the reason the period of barbarism was such a long period—thousands and thousands of years. However, the thoughts of the people would dwell on the better way of doing things and one after another would try it and eventually it became the common way; then they'd erect some kind of a memorial to the person who proposed the better way and call him great.

So very strange it is that the world needs

to repeat this experience over and over from the cave people, and tribesmen upon to now.

You who know of Socialism, have heard of it as the better way, have heard that the system under which we are living is failing more and more to care for, to educate, to help its people. Capitalism is surely dying. There are hundreds of speakers and writers who are giving their time to show the mass of the people wherein the system of capitalism is decaying and how under Socialism the ills from which we suffer will be no more.

A great deal of study will be required for future men and women to learn and to do the better way as foreseen under Socialism. Almost every progressive magazine has a page for children and young people. We shall have to face about—partake of a revolution—a complete change in the manner of "getting a living." You can't do it if you don't know what it is. Socialism promises the living, in order that people may have something of life besides toil. Every man, woman and child who realizes the meaning of the movement toward the socialization of industry, is expected to pass the word along, today "There's a better way, let's get in line to do it."

The Progressive Woman says I may see her children's letters. Please come on and tell us how much you care for this better way.

This is from your comrade and loving friend,  
ELIZABETH VINCENT.

### About the Boy Scouts.

When Sir Robert Baden-Powell advanced the Boy Scout idea, he said its purpose was to develop strong, upright men, rather than soldiers. Now certainly the world has not had an overproduction of "strong, upright men."

But today's needs are not those of yesterday. The workers of the world have been the warriors of the world, swayed by the thought, the generalship of those whom they believed should direct them. Beginning to think, the worker of the world finds he has no foundation for fighting his brother worker—their interest is identical. The big conquest of Nature's forces is before them, just as soon as they learn the lesson of pulling together toward a goal. Mollycoddles do not spring up through contemplating work to be done, and through doing it. Fiber, muscle, both mental and physical, are won through the conscientious struggle to attain a goal. That is why the movement toward Socialism is trying to get the attention of boys and girls. Socialism promises life's physical necessities, food, clothing and shelter, for a short day's work from the physically fit. It promises to take the little children from the grind of mills and factories and place them in schools where mind and body can develop to the fullest expression. It promises that good for one's self will not be gained by pushing and crowding and killing the weaker and less efficient. It promises that the physically fit will not need to overwork to be the guardians, the helpers of the less fit; and proves as much as it is humanly possible to prove the future by the present argument, that this can be done. Its promises are fine and splendid enough to enlist all the Worker's boys and girls. By thinking Socialism and talking Socialism and working for Socialism it must arrive and

liberate humankind from its age-long struggle for animal needs.

Then man will emerge as the butterfly from the chrysalis. The Boy Scouts of Socialism, God bless 'em, may not have as picnic a time as Sir Robert Baden-Powell's scouts. But there's lots of joy pulling together when you catch the idea. You sell papers, you circulate leaflets, you get subscriptions. And you read, oh, but you do read. And you listen to the speakers whenever you get a chance. By and by the idea is yours—"Workingmen of the world, unite; you've nothing to lose but your chains. You've a whole world to gain." Unite—that's the word. Don't crowd—keep step on the way toward the most blessed freedom the world has ever had—where there are no shirkers and no drudges. Engene Debs once said "This day the curtain of the future was drawn aside, and for a moment I caught a glimpse of the fine, sweet, beautiful human society that is to be." Look for it, too, you blessed Boy and Girl Scouts for Socialism.  
A Girl as Good as a Boy.

When asked what "suffragette" meant, a London street gamin replied: "Why, don't you know? Them there suffragists just want to vote. But these here suffragettes are goin' to git it."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton used frequently to say that she learned early in life a girl was as good as a boy. Later on, when a full-grown woman, she saw this was not the common opinion and was amazed. But she knew for a truth that a girl is as good as a boy.

During the time of the black slave agitation she went to England with her husband. She had her own opinion that buying and selling black men and women and children like cattle and sheep was wrong. When there was to be a meeting to hear this question discussed she decided to go, but found she could not do so except by permission; which was given provided she would sit behind a screen. Think of it, you young American of today, it was not respectable for a lady to appear in a public meeting place except church. This made Mrs. Stanton think there should be another agitation started. She thought of it all the long voyage home. She began talking it publicly and privately when she returned. Other women began to think of it too. They said "If a girl is not as good as a boy, why not?" The more they thought about it the clearer it came to them, that as they were capable of thinking, and doing half of the world's work they should regard themselves to be half the human race. Accepting this truth, they campaigned fiercely, strenuously. The bitter opposition called from them words that bit and rankled and irritated. It is when first aroused against injustice that most people fail in being calm and cool, although most of them know that violence does not bring lasting benefits. However, those pioneer women made a pathway for those of today, so that we are surprised to hear any one be so rash as to intimate a girl is not as good as a boy. Gradually we are losing the idea that certain lines of conduct, not suitable for "girls" are all right for "boys." Gradually we are coming to know the human race as one in its hopes, joys, sorrows—to see that together we rise.

Post card pictures of Appeal to Reason mall at Frisco depot and of Appeal building, both 5c.

There is a story that after the return to England of the troops from the Crimea Lord Stratford at a dinner suggested that those present should write on a piece of paper the name of a person whose Crimean reputation would endure longest. When the votes came to be examined it was found that not a single soldier had received a vote. Every paper bore the same two words—Florence Nightingale.—London Standard

We want our young folks to send in short articles defining the term "socializing industry." It is slowly but surely going on all the time—it needs something more to make it complete. Voters have the power to complete it. What is the one thing more?

A picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard Socialist children printed on tinted paper and five copies of this magazine for ten cents.

Hundreds of thousands of school girls edge their allegiance to the flag every year. When these girls are grown, will they not ask a question or two regarding their rights as citizens under this same flag?

**From Our Children.**

*Dear Comrade:* I read the children's letters in the Progressive Woman and think they are very interesting. I am a Socialist because I want to see the time when every laboring man will get what he produces, and so children will not have to work in factories. I have heard Wattles speak, and would like to hear Warren and Debs, my mother, father and brothers are all Socialists. I am twelve years of age. My mother takes the Progressive Woman and three of my brothers take the Appeal to Reason. Your comrade.—Alpha B. Delk, Farmland, Ind.

*Dear Comrade:* We live in a part of the country that is very mountainous and hard to get to, but in spite of that we have a big local party. The members are no less than thirty, some of them coming every two weeks as far as ten miles. With us the meeting of the local is an all-day affair. We take our dinners to the place of meeting and after our business and propaganda program is completed we proceed to make merry. The comrades who come from a great distance stay all night and get up very early the next morning in order to reach home in time to do the work of the day. No matter how despondent or discouraged any of us may be when we go to meeting, before we leave we have gained added strength and hope, the odds against us seem less overwhelming. Our little fighting organization always reminds us of the greater, more powerful ones outside our little prison world, of the irresistible proletarian force, class consciousness, destined to sweep away the tottering, rotting structure of our crushing, degrading society. Yours for human liberty.—Alice Raymond, Shoshone, Idaho.

**W. S. U. OF CALIFORNIA HOLDS CONFERENCE.**

The Woman's Socialist Union of California held a most interesting conference in San Francisco, on September the 14th and 15th. The Conference was called to order by the President, Miss Ethel Whitehead. Six meetings were held, with interesting and instructive programs at each. Among the speeches and addresses were the following subjects: Working Women; The Boy Scout; The White Slave Traffic; The Home and the World; Work of the Woman's Socialist Union; Political Freedom of Women; What My Election Will Mean to Women, by J. Stitt Wilson; Retention of the W. S. U. to the Women's Committees of the Party; How to Reach the Working Women; Ways and Means of Propaganda; Temperance; Suffrage; Direct Legislation; Union Label; Milwaukee; Cause or Effect. Anna A. Maley, national organizer for the women, gave an address on the closing evening. Officers for 1910-1912 are Miss Ethel Whitehead, Pasadena, President; Mrs. Nora White Simpson, San Diego, Vice President; Mrs. Allie E. Bowman, Los Angeles, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Georgia Kotsch, Los Angeles, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Mary L. Garbutt, Los Angeles, Treasurer.

"Socialism and the Home" by May Walden, five cents.

"The Boytown Railroad." by Fred D. Warren (leaflet), twenty cents per hundred.

Back numbers of the Progressive Woman in bundles, 1 cent a copy.

Back numbers this paper 1 cent a copy.

Back numbers of The Progressive Woman—from June—1 cent a copy in bundles.

**Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker**

BY THERESA MALKIEL.

This is a new book, giving, as nothing else does, an insight into the lives of girls who work for a living. The writer, who was once a factory girl herself, was all through the thick of this struggle of the brave little strikers, and talks from facts. Indeed, she makes the facts peculiarly interesting, by having them recorded in diary form, by one of the supposed strikers.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS BOOK.

GIVE IT A BIG CIRCULATION. IT SHOWS WHAT WOMEN CAN DO, AND ARE DOING, IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

Cloth, 50c. Paper, 25c. Order from The P. W. Publishing Co., Girard, Kan.

**Proceedings of National Congress.**

We are in receipt of the printed proceedings of the Socialist Congress held in Chicago, May 15-21, 1910.

This is a large volume, bound in red paper covers, neat in appearance and readable. Those who were not fortunate enough to get to this congress will know more about it after reading this volume than many who were in attendance. It is also valuable for reference purposes.

The price of this volume is fifty cents. The cost of getting it up was immense, and you are not only favoring yourselves, but are helping along the finances of the party, by buying a copy. Order from The National Office, Socialist Party, 180 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**A Lesson in Politics.**

"Harry," said the young wife who was trying to become interested in current events that she might discuss them at the women's club, "what does the paper mean when it says the Social-Democrats have carried Milwaukee?"

"Why, just what it says. It's plain enough."

"But what are the Social-Democrats, Harry?"

"Why, they're—er—er—they're the party that carried Milwaukee."

"I should think you might be more specific, Harry. You know I don't understand anything about politics. To be sure, I know what Democrats are. They're the people that want Bryan to be president. And I know what socials are. We have them at our church every month, and they're awfully stupid. I wouldn't go near them if it weren't a religious duty. But what are Social-Democrats? Does it mean that the democrats held socials and got people to vote for them by not charging anything for the ice cream and cake? I should think that was real corrupt."

Harry looked at her with the amazement of one who had received a new revelation of the wonderful accuracy of woman's intuitions.

"Yes, my dear," he said at last. "That's about right. Only there is a little more to it. These Social-Democrats promise to establish a kind of government in which ice cream and cake will be free to everybody who will eat them and only millionaires shall have to wash the dishes."—Buffalo Express.

**Child Slaves.**

In the market of Friedrichshafen, Germany, between 300 and 400 boys and girls of from 11 to 14 years of age, whose homes are in the outlying districts of the Tyrol and Vorarlborgh are contracted out yearly for seven months, from April 1 to the end of October, to farmers from southern Bavaria, Wurtemberg and Baden.

The terms of the contracts are very harsh, providing that the children, regardless of sex, may be utilized for "cattle herding, housework, stable and stall cleaning, nursing children, feeding cattle, running errands and whatever else the master may require them to do."

The only bright point in the transaction for the children is the arrival of October 28, which is called "packing day," when the little ones, on the completion of their bondage, put their scanty belongings in a bundle and set out on foot for Friedrichshafen again, where they assemble at the headquarters of the Children's society, whence they are forwarded to their homes, probably to go through a similar process the following year.

Are you wearing a Progressive Woman hustler button?

Include in your next letter an order for "Diary of a Shirtwaist Maker," by Theresa Malkiel. Paper, twenty-five cents.

**LIKE THE "BLACK HAND?"**

"What is this 'Socialism' you mentioned in your last letter?" wrote a relative of an Appeal employe recently. "Is it like the Black Hand we read about so much? If it is I would advise you to let it alone."

These questions were actually asked an Appeal employe by a relative who lives in a large city in one of the middle states. The person who asked the question possesses a college education, reads the papers and magazines, and is very well informed on the questions of the day. Yet so remote is socialistic agitation from this woman's habitat that she had never heard a Socialist speech or read a Socialist article. In her city a few Socialists try to agitate from the street corners, but so weak are their efforts that no impression is made on the body of the people.

In most of the southern states this same ignorance as to the meaning of Socialism prevails. Tiers upon tiers of counties contain people who have never heard the word Socialism pronounced. Most of these people know Debs only as a Chicago anarchist. Of the lesser socialistic luminaries they know nothing.

Those who expect Socialism to carry the next election had better study the political map and see how ready this nation is for the change. Then get busier than ever.

**Five and Fifty.**

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.  
If fifty men did all the work  
And gave the price to five;  
And let those five make all the rules—  
You'd say the fifty men were fools,  
Unfit to be alive.

And if you heard complaining cries  
From fifty brawny men,  
Blaming the five for graft and greed,  
Injustice, cruelty indeed—  
What would you call them then?

Not by their own superior force  
Do five on fifty live,  
But by election and assent—  
And privilege of government—  
Powers that the fifty give.

If fifty men are really fools—  
And five have all the brains—  
The five must rule as now we find,  
But if the fifty have the mind—  
Why don't they take the reins?  
—From Today's Problems.

**They're Always Homely.**

Hardly any man ever envies a bigamist after seeing the bigamist's wives.

"Diary of a Shirtwaist Maker," by Theresa Malkiel, twenty-five cents.

The Young People's Socialist League of Chicago sends the following: "Our organization in Chicago is going forward rapidly and with its work is becoming more valuable to the party. We are now planning to organize nationally. If the movement is to grow, we must do something to interest the young. It is understood that the European comrades depend to a great extent on the propaganda value of these organizations composed of young people. Those interested are requested to communicate with Merle B. Haver, Secretary, 180 Washington St., Chicago."

FOUR A WEEK FOR FOUR WEEKS.

J. C. K.



Do you remember in our last issue that Comrade Kirkpatrick, author of "War—What For?" suggested a Progressive Woman campaign of five subs a week for eight weeks (and I want to say right here that Comrade Kirkpatrick is doing a lot better than that) by 2,000 readers.

Well, think of what such a campaign would mean.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBS IN EIGHT WEEKS.

I guess we would have the little old Appeal scared to death. (I think it regards The P. W. as its only formidable competitor right now.) Perhaps we had better not do that. Perhaps we had better begin easy, and so deaden the shock.

Let's begin with FOUR SUBS A WEEK FOR FOUR WEEKS. That means only an outlay of \$4 from you—which is easily gotten back when you sell your cards. So you are out nothing at all—and The P. W. will be in over 30,000 new subs.

With a little push, and a good will, most any woman—or man—in most any environment, can accomplish this much.

Or, to make it easy as breathing for you, we will send you 16 sub cards, to be paid for when sold, if you state that you want to join the FOUR-A-WEEK-FOR-FOUR-WEEKS CLUB, and will sell the cards within that length of time.

When the cards are sold, you will receive a small pin, or badge, with the words "I am a Progressive Woman Hustler: Are You?" printed on it. This pin goes to no one except those who join the Four-a-Week-for-Four-Weeks club.

Out of our 20,000 or more readers, I believe there are 2,000 (or more) who are earnest enough to want to join this club.

Four a week for four weeks, from 2,000 workers, means a jump of 32,000 in one month.

We can do it. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull ALL TOGETHER—and the job is landed.

Do you want that hustler pin? Do you want a great woman's paper? Do you want your self-respect raised 100 per cent?

Then join the FOUR-A-WEEK-FOR-FOUR-WEEKS CLUB. Send the money for the cards if you can; if not, we will let you have them, to be paid for within the month.

We are printing a lot of letters from readers who don't want us to stop The P. W., just because one peculiar "American Citizen" made a fuss about it. But this is not all that "American Citizen" accomplished, by his unsigned letter. The subscription girl says she has never put on so many subs any month since she has been with us as she has this month.

That is good, isn't it? Now let us all get busy with this Four a Week proposition, and then watch the fur fly.

"A Little Sister of the Poor," by Josephine Conger-Kaneko is the romance of a little country girl who was sold into white slavery. The book is made up from living characters, and price, 25c; this month to our readers the

In every age there have been a few men and a few women in advance of their time. They have new ideas and new ideals not understood by the masses of the people, and as a consequence they are regarded as foolish and visionary. If not vicious and dangerous; and accordingly they are misrepresented and persecuted and sometimes put to death. Their names are immortal and their achievements are glorified in the histories of mankind. These men and women have been the pathfinders in the wilderness, the pioneers of progress, the heralds of the dawn.—Eugene Debs in Appeal to Reason.

Post card pictures of Appeal to Reason building and of Appeal mall at Frisco depot, two for five cents.

Read "Diary of a Shirtwaist Maker," by Theresa Malkiel. Paper, twenty-five cents.

Read "War—What For" and you won't want to join the "Boy Scout" movement.

Hope.

Have you seen Ward Savage's illustrated comic Socialist monthly called "Hope?" If you haven't you have missed a lot. Editor Simons, of the Coming Nation, says "Hope" is good stuff. Some others think so, too. Anyway, it will give you a cheerful feeling without hurting your revolutionary Socialism. And that is what a lot of us need. Send ten cents for a sample copy. One dollar a year; published at 5110 W. Madison St. Chicago.

Post card pictures of Appeal to Reason building two for five cents.

"The Woman's Portion," a splendid pamphlet by Franklin Wentworth, ten cents.

"Socialism and the Home" by May Walden, five cents.

Are you going to join the Four-a-Week-for-Four-Weeks club?

Join the "Four-a-Week-for-Four-Weeks" club. It will do you good.

YOU can't escape responsibility by ignoring the matter of educating your children. You don't want to. You think too much of them--besides you owe them an education. If you have one yourself you know why; if you haven't you know why a good deal better--we value most the things we haven't got: health, education.

You can render no greater service to your children, yourself, or the world than to see to it that the world is made better by your having lived. You can't render a better service than by sending into the world educated men and women--your boys and girls.

We are teaching over nineteen, nearly twenty, thousand pupils: old men and women, men and women, young men and women and children, all by correspondence.

Over two hundred courses. You may want to brush up on some subject; mark it; we'll send full particulars, also bulletin of the most important educational movement

of the day. But going back to your children: give us an idea of what they are most interested in; we'll suggest studies that under our masters will enable them to realize their ambition; our faculty is known all over the world. We pay tuition.

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