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# The Progressive Woman

VOL. IV

JANUARY, 1911

NO. XXXIV



MEMBERS OF "THE DAILY SOCIALIST" SPECIAL STRIKE COMMITTEE

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUB. CO.

GIRARD, KANSAS

U. S. A.

PRICE 5 CENTS

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# Uncle Reub on the Women Garment Strikers

J. C. K.



I've bin readin' about this yere strike down ter Chicago. A lot o' wimmin is engaged in it—o' course. A lot uv em's went an' got their fool pic'ters in the papers and they think be-kuz they've done this wonderful feet they're called on to keep ahead makin' theirselves notorie-tous.

I read about one uv them gals ez was knocked down an' dragged around by a feller as wasn't a striker. An' the paper as writ it up said the pore gal ought to be pitied. That shows the simple and child-like incercence uv them city paper editers. They aint got no kind uv a line on human deceptiveness—esphully female deceptiveness. I'm actual-ly sorry fer them pore editers fellers. It's a wonder they kin hold their own agin all the stratejies and streetejums uv selfish human-ity—esphully uv female humanity. An' there's such a blame lot uv females in the big cities. I seen 'em onct when I went with Jed Tompkins to Chicago to help take keer o' a load uv mules he was a shippin'. My bot the milluns uv females I seen on the streets! Why, they'd run into a feller an' nearly knock him down, they was that numerous an' that keerless uv human life. Jed said ef I didn't stop a starin' at the tall buildin's an watch where I was agoin' I'd git killed, sure. An' I sure would ef I hadn't took Jed's advice.

Them scads uv wimmin up on State street would a walked right over my pore body no doubt. I bet that's where all them strikers is a hangin' out! Round them big stores lookin' at the fancy hats and things. An' no doubt investin' their easy-earned wages in 'em, too. My! but wimmin is the deceivin' critters. That there gal as was reported knocked down an' dragged protestin' through the public highway no doubt paid that man heavy for bringin' her before the eyes uv the public. Like as not she was one of these ambishus, self-seekin' nobodys, with her eye cocked allers fer th' main chance, an' thinkin' now it had come, took advantage uv it by thus advertisin' herself. No doubt she caught some millionaire sucker for a husband just through this little advertisin' stunt.

It's a cool day when you kin fool your Uncle Reub on the wiles uv the female critter, by Heck!

What's them wimmin trapsin' around them factories fer, anyway? Why ain't they at home, adorned in cook apron an' dust pan as modestly becomes their right an' lawful speer? What I want to know is, who's a takin' kees uv the babies while they're larkin' 'round the factry perked up in them State street clothes? They ain't a believin' the good old doctrines no longer—esphully bout the "hand that rocks the cradle rules the world."—An' it don't, by ding! if a man's got to do the rockin'.

They aint no man kin do two such uncon-gruous things to onct, and it aint fair to poke the job off on 'em, neither.

The wimmin's gittin' too all-fired smart to suit my notion, by heck! They're gittin' the whole blame clock works out o' gear, that's

what they're doin', an' I'll be ding-busted if somethin' oughtn't to be done purty soon to stop it. Ef I wuz them garment factry men I'd show 'em a thing or two. I'd have th' hule parlice up in arms to conker 'em. I'd put th' army an' navy again' 'em an' teach 'em who's master here. I'd run every gol-durn one uv 'em into the county jail an' nail the door that tight they'd never git out to pester me agin.

They say they want more wages! What for? If a woman stayed ter home where she ought ter be, she wouldn't need enny wages. My Nancy never needed enny—an' by Heck, she never got none, neither.

The factry men hadn't oughter paid enny wages to start with. Then th' wimmin wouldn't a bin askin fer a raise—More wages!—O' course, they'll keep a naggin' round ef they think they'll git more wages! Ef I wuz them factry men I'd quit givin' 'em a red cent. I'd hire men workers, an' pay 'em so high they'd never give their jobs up to the wimmin an' childurn.

By Heck! That's a good idee. I never thought o' that afore . . . an' I dassay the employers never thought on it, either. Pay them wimmin nary a cent more, an' pay th' men so much they won't give up their jobs to the wimmin. It's a grea idee. It'll settle th' whole trouble. It will put the wimmin back in their right an' lawful speer, an' give th' pore men a chanst. I'm goin' to set down right now, an' write it all out to them factry owners. I bet they'll see it in a jiffy when I pint it out to 'em.—*Don't pay the wimmin enny wages—give th' men enuf to keep 'em—*

Trust yer Uncle Reuben fer brains, by Heck!

## Socialist Women Who Helped the Garment Strikers.

On our cover page are seven of the women composing the committee that worked up the big Christmas strike edition of the Chicago Daily Socialist. This edition brought over \$4,000. A second one brought \$2,000. Thus the Chicago Socialist women, with the generous aid of their men comrades, gave a practical demonstration of "what women can do for Socialism and the working class." The proceeds of these sales went to the striking garment makers.

The comrades on our cover page are—top row, from left to right: Lydia McDermott, Ida Crouch Hazlett; center: Nellie Zoh, Lydia Ayers, Anna K. Hulburd; bottom row: Emma M. Cooney and Anna Ware Huffman.

## JOKELETS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Mrs. Subbubs (who has hired a man to plant shade trees)—Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan.

Lannigan—No, mum. Oi'm diggin' out the dirt an' lavin' the holes.

"And what did my little darling do in school today?" asked a fond mother.

"We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the young hopeful.

"That was nice, what did you do?"

"I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and if she wanted I would bring one every day."

New book of four Socialist plays, 10 cents copy; three for 25 cents.

Little Sister of the Poor, 10 cents a copy.

It is reported that a good old New England farmer on being congratulated by one of the summer boarders whom his hard working wife had "took in" to help the family in the arduous task of making both ends meet, on having such a thrifty, capable, willing helpmeet, remarked: "Yes, I call'te I've been blest through the forty years o' sunshine an' shadder that have gone to make up my married life with about the best wife any man ever had, and d'y know," he added, "that there's been times when it was all I could do to keep from tellin' her so?" A good many mis-informed persons appear to be laborin' under the impression that there is only a limited amount of cheerfulness and kindness apportioned to each mortal and that if it is used indiscriminately and too freely there won't be enough to go around. And it is not difficult to see what would happen to the business or professional man who would thoughtlessly use up his day's allotment of cheerful words in greeting the family at the home breakfast table and then go down and have only cold, careless, distressing things to say to his associates and the public. It would ruin his standing and his business in a short time. One's employes or employer, or one's customers or clients will not submit to unkind treatment. It is only the dear, kind, loved ones at home who must patiently bear and forbear when one of the family circle who was not supplied with a sufficiently large amount of affability to last all day makes known the sorry shortage. However, there is enough and to spare of the kindness to bestow upon all whom each of us will meet during the day. Those who betimes find their daily supply insufficient should, in their morning prayer, ask with special emphasis:

Oh, may I be strong and brave today,  
And may I be kind and true,  
And greet all men in a gracious way,  
With frank good cheer in the things I say,  
And love in the words I do.

—Nixon Waterman.

Show your color, wear a Socialist button. Really attractive buttons, 10 cents each; \$1 per dozen. Stamps accepted. Mrs. O. A. Newman, Laona, Wis.

## USE A TYPEWRITER

Readers of the Progressive Woman who correspond should use a typewriter. Through an arrangement with a reliable firm in Chicago, the P. W. is in position to offer typewriters of various makes at prices ranging from \$15 to \$25. These machines have been thoroughly repaired and put in first class condition and to all intents and purposes are as good as brand new. They will last a life-time, too. Just write and state your wants and the amount you can afford to invest in a machine and we'll do the rest.

## Readers, Attention

The money received from subscriptions alone will not make both ends meet for any publication under the present capitalist-profit system. This has been demonstrated by Socialist publications that have discontinued carrying advertising matter for a time and then been forced to again sell space.

The Progressive Woman has a number of times turned down medical and similar advertising in order to protect its readers and at the same time it has been unable to secure advertisements covering articles of commerce.

We have been promised several good advertisements of honest goods and we want every reader of this paper who has the material welfare of the P. W. at heart to answer all advertisements carried in this publication and to patronize the firms using its columns whenever possible.

If there is anything you need which is not advertised in the P. W. write us about it so that we may use it as an argument to secure new business.

You may depend that all our advertisers are reliable and play fair according to the system.

## Literature Free.

Send 10 cents (coin) with your address to A. M. C. care the Progressive Woman, and all kinds of reading matter will be sent you.

Send for a catalogue of Socialist books and pamphlets to The P. W. Pub. Co.

# The Chicago Garment Workers' Strike

ANNA A. MALEY

Workers of the world, unite! This is indeed the golden rule of labor—a rule that in its fullest application will give us one day a united workers' world

Working class need is the great unifier; and so in the Chicago garment makers' strike there stand 41,000 workers, comprising nine nationalities. The branches of the trade included are cutters, trimmers, coat makers, pants makers, vest makers and buttonhole makers.

And the particular form of chain which shackled these workers?—

Unbearable slave-driving by foremen who were paid a bonus for getting the greatest amount of work done for the least pay.

Fines—for spotted garments; for lost needles, spools—60 cents being the charge for a pool, full or empty; for failure to punch the time check, for every so slight discoloration to garment in pressing, for ever so slight cutting into the garment line, cases being on record where the full price of the garment was charged. Fines have even been imposed for too liberal use of soap. The price paid for work had been systematically reduced. Cutters received fifty cents for the cutting of a suit. "Bonused" foreman piled five or six layers of cloth before the cutter and thus five or six suits were cut at once—for fifty cents. The extra inch of cloth was taken off, so that cutters must spend precious minutes in notching to color and stripe.

In the largest house involved, during rush seasons, the floor men were instructed to shut off the water before and afternoon, so that the girls should find no occasion to leave their work. These same girls, driven like machines during the day, often bought hundreds of needles which they threaded at home at night.

Work, work, work,  
Till the brain begins to swim,  
And work, work, work,  
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim.

"Tis O to be a slave,  
Along with a barbarous Turk,  
Where woman has never a soul to save,  
If this is Christian work!"

Then during the stock season, the girls must



MINNIE LEVINGER

Member of the Committee that made the Strike Edition successful

often sit in the shop seven long hours without work.

These, and scores of pettier abuses drove the Chicago garment workers to demand the right to form a union—to bargain collectively. Their masters refuse to recognize the workers' union—although the masters have a union known as the Clothing Manufacturers' Association!

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the largest firm involved, do not belong to the association—not because they do not recognize the benefits of unionism, but because they are strong enough to beat the whole association and dictate the rules of the game.

This firm, whose treatment of their employees suggest ethical standards about even with those of—say the crocodiles, have the impudence to speak as follows through their president, Harry Hart, on the moral wrong of trades upon unionism:

"The closed shop, the so-called recognition of the union, which means that all working people must not be included in such a trust shall be discriminated against, is criminal, unethical and illegal. It is impossible in our industry. Its introduction would force us into some other line of business. Many men are in our employ who do not want to join the union, and have good reasons for not wanting to. Must we refuse to let these work? If we granted a closed shop, beginners, no matter how apt for the work, would be forbidden the chance to learn because of a system which had been declared by the supreme court to be a combination in restraint of trade."

Not to save the pocket of the firm, mind you, but to protect the constitutional rights of poor workers, are Hart, Schaffner & Marx in this fight. Of course, there are no classes for the bosses are on the side of the workers—at least, they are on the side of the "good" workers who want individual bargaining in a trade where there are fifty-six divisions to a pair of pants, more than sixty to a coat and twenty to a vest.

All in time we will quit the "bargaining" business, both individual and collective. All in good time we will awake to the fact that we are the rightful owners.

"Who is the owner?—  
The slave is the owner,  
And always was. Pay him!"

In the meantime, "the devil may pipe to his own." The supreme court decisions serve these tyrant masters just as do the clubs of the policemen. There were 325 strikers arrested up to December 13th. Bell Squire, reciting the brutalities of the law in the Chicago Tribune of December 11th, says:

"What sort of war is this, anyway, in which only the protected may carry weapons—in which only one side and its allies have claim to protection? For surely this is what it amounts to!

"Peaceful picketing is war without weapons—war without a show of strength.

"It is futile, uncivilized, unfair, unjust."

The strike leaders have brought out of conference several proposals for settlement. These did not include recognition of the union and the rank and file of the strikers have rejected them.

The Socialists of Chicago have not been passive onlookers. Ten thousand copies of the International Socialist Review sold on the street by the strikers netted their fund \$700. Much of the present article is drawn from one



DOROTHY MARIE MADSEN

Member of the "Special Strike Edition" Committee of the Daily Socialist.

by R. Dvorkin in the December Review, and the January issue will be devoted almost wholly to the strike.

The Chicago Socialist has given daily advertising to it and a special edition sold on the streets by the Socialist and union women brought \$3,000 to strike fund. A larger special edition is now in preparation.

The Chicago unions are supporting the strike, but we must remember that \$100,000 a week would mean but a dollar each to the strikers and their families.

So, comrade, where is your dollar? If you can contribute a dozen loaves of bread to those who are on the firing line in your fight and mine, send the price to the National Socialist headquarters, 180 Washington street, Chicago.

For surely "Workers of the world, unite" is not with us an empty sentiment, but a working program, to which we pledge freely our love, our labor and the little money that we may be able to give.

## WOMAN.

NANNIE PARKER.

Oh, Woman; Mother of this mighty race,  
Who that mankind may live must bravely go

Into the vale of death, nor count it woe;  
But with ecstatic smile upon thy face  
Bring back the little life in fond embrace.

The little life which thou must cherish so,  
What matter if thy proud head is bent low  
To shield the dear one in its resting place.

Yet men have called it weakness, this great love,

And deemed it strength which strewed the battlefield

With bloody dead. Placed the red sword above

The gentle scepter motherhood doth wield.  
Not yet, oh! Woman, has thou done thy share

While such injustice mars the sons ye bear!

National Secretary Barnes has been instructed by the N. E. C. to instruct the Woman's National Committee to get out a special edition of The P. W. for Woman's Day, and to notify all of the locals that the N. E. C. urges upon them to order bundles for free distribution for that day.

The Christian Socialist and The Progressive Woman for one year, \$1

## WOMAN AND DEMOCRACY

JOSEPH E. COHEN

The world has about given up scoffing at the woman question, and is beginning to take it seriously. That is a hopeful sign. For, so long as only one or two of the forerunners, here or across the waters, ventured the idea that woman really is a social being and, as such, endowed with all the prerogatives of a social being, it was easy to sneer and ridicule, as if the idea were only a passing fancy. But woman has shown that she is in dead earnest in the matter—even to the extent of assault and battery, as certain eminent Englishmen can testify—that she is sincere and sane enough to trifle with her very life in the hope of winning her fellow men and women of benighted Russia to freedom.

Progress always requires the clearing away of intellectual cobwebs. If there is one thing certain in nature it is that nothing is stationary, that everything either passes away or is molded into something better. Consequently it is one of the most amusing curiosities of history to observe how what we were told never could be became that which always was.

Man has not quite forgotten that the sun does not revolve around the earth, while he stands still, the paragon of the universe. Especially the sex that is able to conceal its wrinkles behind hairy underbrush, at the expense of baldness above.

To apply ourselves to the cobwebs:

It may be admitted that, estimated by the ordinary man-made standards, woman's total of achievement does not approach man's.

In the infancy of society, of course, woman contributed her fair portion. But there is no woman Shakespeare or William Morris, Michaelangelo or Rudin, Velasquez or Millet, Mendelssohn or Wagner, Solin or Christ, Darwin or Karl Marx. Entirely so. To be sure there are approximations—in point of fact, Madame Curie comes very nearly being approximated by contemporary men of science. Still that is not a clinching argument.

In a measure this is so because woman has been held in restraint for these many hundreds of years. Which is reason enough for any delinquency. But if the male sex has produced one Shakespeare, why not a second? Why does it not spawn Shakespeares galore?

The explanation is at hand. Shakespeare was the creature of circumstances so completely unique, if not immediately personal, that we may as well cry for the moon as expect such another for the mere praying. Every acute social or intellectual crisis is the culture bed for one genius or more, in which a highly favorable combination of conspicuous traits flowers into the man of the hour.

And in the times to come this may bring forth a woman of superior ability, equal to any man.

But schools of thought and achievement, much more so than individual genius, respond to social, if not economic, relations. And while, with mingled awe and rapture, we admire a rare mind that towers above the rest of us, yet we feel more at home in the company of the legion of those who are, intellectually, of our kith and kin.

So we need shed few tears because woman has not heretofore attained fame as frequently as man.

It is also true that when woman forges her way into the arena, she generally mimics the male. Or she aims to break away as far as possible from her immemorial position as a house-drudge. She follows the professions, if she can have the schooling. Work in the factory—more monotonous than house work—

is more social at least, and is accepted only when dictated by necessity. So long as woman imitates she may not excel. But once she has perfected herself in the rudiments of an art, her executive and inventive faculties spring into play. And often her amazing deftness, celerity and tirelessness, enable her to displace man.

Woman may, therefore, find fields of social activity appropriate for her.

Not that she is to exchange place with man. Man's sphere is not in the home. The night-mare of the comic artist will never form into reality—it is tragedy enough that the mother among the poor nowadays must sometimes turn bread winner.

But even the establishment of a profession, much less the achievement of an individual, is not of primary importance to society. Properly understood, social achievement counts more than individual greatness, even today. How much more certain will that be hereafter? For the criterion of the morrow will be democratic rather than aristocratic. And that is precisely why woman is looming up so large.

Our next door neighbor with the antiquarian focus on things—who is all of a tremor ever the possibility that one particle of sacred dust reposing on a tombstone will be disturbed by the changing wind—may soothe his troubled soul. Democracy will lay no irreverent hands upon his chest of dry bones. Democracy will not howl down the inventor, outlaw the intellectual and incarcerate the man or woman of genius. Private property and selfish interests have done and are doing that too well already. Democracy means the opening of opportunity for all, so that each unto the very least may add his fagot to the divine pile.

Moreover it means this: While democracy accepts at par every personal contribution, it places more consequence upon that which helps fill the common store of joy than it does upon a triumph won at the expense of another; it does mean that work rings true and noble according as it redounds to the common weal, and that what the whole of us perform in harmony and happiness counts more than anything the individual does for himself alone.

It is hardly to be argued that woman comes nearer being the democrat than man. For woman has, in the main, kept nearer to the broad stream of organic progress. Man is the sport. It remains for woman to conserve what man achieves; to refine the mass of metals that man brings home from the conquest—to part the precious from the base, while, indeed, man has in him more of the explorer, he also has more of the wrecker and less of the gleaner than woman. And democracy is the ever reaching down to the great multitude below; it is the aspiration of the great numbers at the bottom to the integers in the social census.

Woman's place is not secondary. In a manner it is not derivative, but permeates all the male is and does. It is as she first describes the wide circle of progress, from her point of vantage at the center, which he subsequently surveys to the circumference. Thomas Hardy has put it this way:

"Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth, could describe visual objects with accuracy; Professor Sanderson, who was also blind, gave excellent lectures on color, and taught others the theory of ideas which they had and he had not. In the social sphere these gifted

ones are mostly women; they can watch a world which they never saw, and estimate forces of which they have only heard. We call it intuition."

Woman's right to vote and help minister to the needs of the social body does not altogether hinge upon her participation in industry. That is reason enough, to be sure. Yet it must not be thought that, under a saner disposition of the world's housekeeping, there will be more woman puddlers, blacksmiths and coal heavers than there now are. Even where machinery will not intercede, there will probably be less. But woman is entitled to the suffrage, and all it entails, because she is an essential half of society, with the same right to choose her occupation and fashion her career as the masculine half, with as equally strong a craving to make her life round and wholesome, and in order to spare her function of motherhood, the rearing of better mankind, from barter for a bite of bread and a pallet of straw.

Philadelphia, Pa.

## THE FIRST VOTE.

The first women in Washington to vote under the new law cast their ballots in the waterway election at Renton on Dec. 3. At first there was a question as to whether the women could vote without having registered, but Deputy County Auditor Lincoln held that they were entitled to do so. Mary Wilson was the first woman to cast her ballot, and 49 others followed her example. The measure was carried, 7 to 1.

## Mrs. Young Re-Elected.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who a year and a half ago became the first woman superintendent of schools in Chicago, has been re-elected to the office for another year by the Board of Education. The Boston Transcript says editorially:

"The re-election of Mrs. Young for another year is welcome news to all friends of education. There has been a report in circulation that Mrs. Young's election was being antagonized by a certain number of the Board of Education, for various reasons that reflected no credit on themselves. The same influences failed last year. The miracle of Mrs. Young's election as superintendent of the schools of Chicago at the age of 63 has been transformed into an even greater miracle since she has 'made good,' but no one who knows anything about the woman or her methods is surprised."—Woman's Journal.

One day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far more the pugnacious. "What garred ye ficht a big laddie like that for?" said the mother as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsman wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers."

Governor Brady, of Idaho, has called the first national convention of women voters. It is to meet under the call at Tacoma, state of Washington, January 14, 1911. Delegates will attend from Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado and Washington, the only states in which women citizens are allowed to vote.

When you do get something for nothing it is worth just about as much as it costs.—Philadelphia Record.

# Do Rich Men's Sons Go to War?--If Not, Why Not

FROM GEORGE KIRKPATRICK'S "WAR--WHAT FOR?"

The King of Prussia and the Emperor of France had a personal quarrel about who should be or who should not be the new King of Spain—which was none of their business. They got "real mad!" War was declared. The "honor" of this precious pair of handsome parasites was at stake. Nothing but blood would wash out the stain upon their "honor." Of course, royal blood was too precious for this laundrying process. "Noble blood" was, of course, not available—for such purposes. The blood of common working class men would do very well for these brutes to do their washing in. They were too cowardly to take each a sword and a Winchester and go out behind the barn or into the woodshed and "settle" it, skinning their own putrid blood. No—oh, no! The red ooze of kings and nobles is not to be wasted as long as a lot of cheap wage slaves are standing around willing to be butchered—with pride—for the experience and the honor of it.

"To the front! To the front! A million men to the front!"

Instantly a multitude of the strong men of the working class blindly rushed to the front—as ordered, and asking no more questions about the justice of the war than the cavalry horses asked.

Did the working people of France and Germany have any grudge against one another? Not the slightest. But they butchered one another by the tens of thousands.

Do not rich men's sons sometimes voluntarily join the militia?

Yes, sometimes, but very, very rarely. One of the bluest-blooded Vanderbilts of New York was recently a captain in a specially handsome regiment. But, mark you—in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, well-armed, well-trained militiamen fight unarmed, untrained workingmen (and women) which is not so very, very dangerous—for the militiamen. To an intelligent rich man an unarmed wage earner on strike for an extra nickel to buy bread, as "the enemy," and an armed trained soldier whose business is murder, as "the enemy"—these look different, you know.

For years New York millionaires and all the other "best people" "pointed with pride" to the famous Seventh Regiment of the National Guard, the "rich man's regiment," the "gilt-edged regiment" of lovely young millionaires, many of whom rode to the armory for drill in their automobiles. This regiment of the American nobility of lard-and-tallow-steel-coal-and-railway millionaires, ready at any moment to defend and save the dear country from "the enemy," this regiment was, indeed, the pride of the village called New York. These glistening patricians taught the common people patriotism. "So they did."

Until the Spanish war broke out.

Then these fakir patriots—what did they do—then?

Resigned.

Or did what amounted to the same thing—voted not to go to the war.

Certainly they did. Promptly, too—and intelligently.

Why not?

Surely you do not expect a lot of intelligent men to leave their happy homes, go to hell and make themselves ridiculous, do you? Why, the cost of rubber tire for one wheel of an automobile would pay the war wages of a cheap man of the "lower classes" for six months.

"Didn't one millionaire go to war in Cuba?"

Yes. Out of our six thousand patriotic, flag-waving millionaires, one, just one, a young, green one, went to the war in Cuba—"for a little excitement and a lark" he said. He found large quantities of excitement "all right," he said, and some cold lead. He was killed. As a millionaire "patriotically" going to war his case is an exception, clearly an exception, a conspicuously lonely, vain and stupid exception; and that exception will never be imitated. Too much intelligence—among the millionaires. Even his millionaire friends laughed at him for going to war. But he wanted a "hot time." He got the "hot time"—and the cold lead.

There were several thousand other millionaire flag wavers instructively conspicuous in that war—by their intelligent patriotic absence.

*It is instructively significant that the capitalist newspapers gave more than a hundred times as much space to the death of the one millionaire soldier in the Spanish-American war as they gave to the death of any hundred humble working class soldiers who were slaughtered in the same war. . . .*

If politicians do not go to war, what about Mr. Bryan's case? Didn't Mr. Bryan patriotically go to the war in Cuba?

No, Mr. Bryan did not go to the war in Cuba. He simply went toward the war.

Mr. Bryan was, of course, patriotic, fervently, noisily so; but, like all intelligent people of his class, he always had his enthusiasm under perfect control. Mr. Bryan at no time showed an unmanageable desire to get up close in front, on the firing line. And his class was true to him, respected his strong preference for war five hundred miles from the flaming, snarling Gatlin gun; and, accordingly, his class—in power at Washington—kept him well out of danger. At one time he got the impression he was in danger of being sent to the front. At once he cried out, "It's politics!" and promptly resigned his noble command, double quick, patriotically. Mr. Bryan, mounted on a splendid horse, with up-lifted sword in hand, grandly vowing to "defend the flag against the enemy" as he headed his noble braves, assembled for review before the Omaha Bee building, ready to start toward the front—at that sublime moment Colonel William Jennings Bryan was, well, simply beautiful, not to say pretty. . . .

Patriotism is, after all, worth all it costs—that is, worth all it costs to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan, like Mr. Hearst and many others, is patriotic, even intemperately so—with his mouth.

But the reader may ask, "Was not Mr. Roosevelt in the Cuban war a case of a politician actually on the firing line?"

Clearly an exception. Name a few other "great statesmen" or international noises who went to the Cuban War—to the actual firing line.

Mr. Roosevelt loves excitement and danger. And what indescribable dangers there were for the Americans in the Cuban war! The mightiest "republic" on earth was pitted against the most toothless, decadent old political grandma in Europe. The dangers?—equal to those that threaten an armed, athletic hunter alone and face to face with a sucking fawn. Mr. Roosevelt has himself heroically—and carefully—recounted and printed his own brave deeds in that war. With Christian love and humility, with charming modesty and delicacy, with the diffident

ingeniousness of a blushing school girl, characteristic of him, Mr. Roosevelt tenderly recites one of his noble deeds as follows:

Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, killed a Spaniard with his revolver . . .  
At about the same time I also shot one . . .  
Two Spaniards leaped from the trenches . . .  
not ten yards away. As they turned to run I closed in and fired twice, missing the first and killing the second (Oh, Joy!) . . . At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit, and I supposed my feat to be unique.

Surely it requires courage, rare and noble courage, for a wealthy graduate of Harvard university to boast in print that he shot a poor, ignorant, fleeing Spanish soldier—very probably a humble workingman drafted to war, torn from his weeping wife and children—that he shot such a man, in the back. Oh, bliss—elation—ecstasy divine! "I got him! with my revolver, too, in the back!" Manly pastime of an American gentleman, a mongrel mixture of a patrician and brute. Yes, reader, Mr. Roosevelt, politician, was in the Cuban war—with a purpose; and secured a military title and a "war record" worth at least 75,000 votes in his campaign for the governorship of New York which immediately followed the war. . . . With shrewd patriotism, political foresight, rare courage—and girlish bashfulness—Mr. Roosevelt's picture is repeatedly presented in his campaign for the governorship of New audible modesty and ferocious gentleness.

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Mary had a little skirt  
Tied tightly in a bow.  
And everywhere that Mary went  
She simply couldn't go.

—Montreal Star.

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# Where Women Vote

ROLLA MYER

The Ladies' Home Journal breaks out with an attack on woman's suffrage, on the grounds that matters of legislation in which women *should be* especially interested are not materially better in the four woman suffrage states than elsewhere. The whole article furnishes ample material for demonstrating the truth that they who oppose the extension of the ballot to women, will consistently oppose the exercise of suffrage by a considerable proportion of the males. For if badness of conditions and statutes condemn suffrage, then male suffrage stands condemned.

It is certainly true that the line of cleavage in modern society is *not* and could not be, along sex lines, and that, therefore, neither men nor women do or ever will pool their votes as sexes. There is no class sex-consciousness, and sex matters as such, are not an issue, in any of the states. There is no basis, therefore, for anticipating any particular excellence of the statutes of the modern woman suffrage states on matters peculiarly of sex significance.

If, however, some magazine will finance a competent investigator who is unbiased on the suffrage question, to make a comparative study of conditions and statutes in the full suffrage states and elsewhere, he will find material for as strong an article in favor of adult suffrage, without sex limitations, as the Ladies' Home Journal found against it.

For instance, the age of protection for girls, in Idaho, is eighteen. Also, a woman in Idaho retains, after marriage, *all* her possessions, both real and personal, as her sole and separate property, and shares *equally* with her husband in all property acquired by her husband after marriage.

As for prostitution in the woman suffrage states, it is yet to be maintained and proven that woman suffrage Denver is worse than male suffrage Seattle,\* or that woman suffrage Boise is worse than male suffrage Astoria, or woman suffrage Cheyenne worse than male suffrage Butte. As is well known, the basis for white slavery as an organized business is economic servility; and on economic matters it must be admitted that the majority of the women are quite as apathetic as are the majority of the men. If that condemns female suffrage, then it condemns male suffrage also.

The article in question lays considerable stress on the facilities for obtaining divorce in some of the woman suffrage states; claiming that in only two male suffrage states is divorce more easy to secure. But it is an open question whether facility for obtaining divorces on such lax grounds as "mental cruelty," etc., is not quite as favorable to women as to men. Certainly the woman who has stooped to folly in matrimonial matters is galled by the ill-fitting yoke as much as the man. And with the development of economic sense in both women and men, which will find expression in better statutory provisions for the economic security of wives and children, it will undoubtedly be found, even if it is not so now, that women will as promptly seek surcease of conjugal infelicity as will men.

The enormous increase of prostitution and divorce in recent times in France cannot be attributed to "woman suffrage," neither can the responsibility for its continuance be laid at the door of women voters. It is the eco-

nomical and social basis for these things that will have to be attended to by both women and men. Meanwhile, we can no more deny the ballot to apathetic women, in case they choose to exercise it, than we can deny it to apathetic men. Putting the franchise into their hands simply enables them to act for their own or anybody else's interests, when they are aroused and ready. That they *can* be aroused, the last election of Judge Lindsey, in Denver, seems abundantly to testify. And many of the concessions to women's demands in male suffrage states, within the last fifteen years, were enacted with the express purpose of allaying social unrest, of which "unrest" the adult suffrage movement, without sex limitations has been in all states a well-marked symptom.

On the whole, however, it is along economic class-lines, and not along sex lines, that voters will stand divided. That is the only basis for a division that would not ultimately become absurd. Economic lines can be metamorphosed; sex lines cannot. And all that the Home Journal's plea amounts to is that the women, after fifteen years of franchise, succeeding on centuries of political servility and surrounded by a world of inertia, have not yet learned to use their freedom. But neither, with better opportunities, have the man.

*Either let us all vote, or all cease to vote, together!*

Emmett, Idaho.

## Our Comrade Fred.

From "Hope."

Our Comrade Fred must go to jail,  
He's made the mighty tyrant quail  
He's thrilled the land from Mill to vale,  
Brave Old Fred.

Beyond the dark and dismal wall  
His love of justice will not pall,  
We have heard your clarion call,  
Brave Old Fred.

Across from coast to coast there comes  
The stirring music of the drums,  
We're coming, Fred, your comrade—chums,  
Brave Old Fred.

The strength that set the prison stone  
Is on its way to free its own.  
Cheer up, old friend—you're not alone,  
Brave Old Fred.

## THE RAILROAD GIRL.

PAIGE MILLER.

The next time you leave Chicago on the Burlington route going to Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, or anywhere in the west, remember you are riding on a railroad that intrusts to many women, the duty of handling the train on which you are riding.

This road between Chicago and the west is equipped with what is called the Manual Block system of handling their trains. The system divides the track up into blocks of various lengths, from one to five miles. Between Chicago and Aurora the blocks are about one mile long, owing to the great number of trains handled over this 38 miles of track. At the commencement of each block is a tower, or block house, occupied by an operator whose duty it is not to allow a train to enter the block ahead until the proceeding train is out of the block. Thus avoiding any possibility of rear end collisions.

Some years ago the Burlington started with two or three women telegraph operators at some of these block offices to see if they would be able to do the work as satisfactorily as it was being done by the regular men telegraphers. Their work proved so satisfactory that more were given positions and now there

are around 25 women working for the Burlington in this capacity.

Their hours of work are divided into three tricks. The first trick from 8 a. m. until 4 p. m.; second trick from 4 p. m. until midnight, and third trick from midnight until 8 a. m.

As we leave Chicago about 10 miles out we come to Berwyn. In the tower here Mrs. Sanders works first trick, Mrs. Brennan second and Mrs. L. C. Russell third. A little further west is Western Springs where Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Kaut and Miss Jessie Sanders work. At Gregg's tower Miss Oleson works the second trick while men are on the first and third tricks; at "U" block Miss Minnie Sanders and Miss Amy Roach, at "W" block Miss Lillian Horstman and Mrs. A. R. Wattles, at "X" block Miss Alice Furness first trick and Miss Minnie Rosser third. Miss Hazel Tipping, of Riverside, and Miss Helen Garry, of Aurora, are the extra operators.

Besides staying inside their offices and blocking trains, they have to frequently copy train order and deliver them to passing trains. The trains are not stopped, but the orders are handed on by the use of a hoop. At Gregg's Miss Oleson has to deliver several orders and messages at night to passing trains. West of Aurora at Malden, Ill., Miss L. D. Eck is the genial lady station master. She has full charge of the station at this point and takes care of the duties in a masterly manner. Toward Savanna, at Big Rock, Ethel Proctor is operator and Mrs. Arndt at Lee, Ill. All of these operators have to carry the mail from the postoffice to the depot, sell tickets, make reports, hustle baggage and freight, all of which to the person unfamiliar with the situation, would think impossible for a girl, but they are doing it and doing it well.

Here is a case where the women are not displacing men by working for lower salaries than men are paid for the same work. These girls all belong to the operators' union, "The Order of Railway Telegraphers," and have the same rights and voice in the union as the men. Their positions are scheduled and pay the same as the positions occupied by men pay. The minimum pay for these positions is \$55 per month.

One girl was asked if she had had many thrilling adventures while working and she answered, she had had many, and being pressed to relate some she gave the following account of an incident which happened to her while working in one of these block towers:

"One night while I was night operator at a tower near Chicago I was notified that there was a dark object lying on the track near the tower and to investigate and see what it was. Although it was near midnight I took my lantern and went out. On approaching the object my heart beat faster for fear of finding some one run over, or possibly a drunken man who had fallen there, but what was my surprise and relief to find it was only an old umbrella, which had found its way there and was open, of course, making it appear in the night like a large dark object."

Such experience one would think would soon make the girls give up night work of this character, but it seems to act the reverse, simply making them like the work better.

Last July "The Woman's Journal" was made the official organ of the National American Suffrage Association. In June before this action was taken its subscription list was less than 4,000 paid subscribers. Before the end of the year it had jumped to over 12,000, and is still going up. Why? Because the organization supports it, works for it, pushes it. The result is a stronger and better paper in every way.

\*This article was written before suffrage was granted to women in Washington.

## Do You Understand?

J. THE. ANDERSON

I was working at my task. It was a masculine one. There was no whirring of wheels, nor clashing of cranks. There was no hawk-eyed speeding boss, watching my every movement. There was no machinery to drive me to a nervewrecking topnotch of speed. There was no rattling of wagons or street cars. There was no hurrying throng of nervous men and women to disturb the flight of my thought, and my mental faculties were not needed in my task. I was surrounded by nature almost undisturbed. It was in the state of Washington. It was close after election. I had read the reports from all over the U. S. announcing the glorious forward march of the Socialist Army. The report had reached the furthermore corner of the state that the amendment to our state constitution had carried, giving women equal rights with men to vote on all occasions. It had been a hard-fought battle, perhaps, in a good many quarters.

In reviewing the situation, and what might follow, there came into my mind a series of industrial happenings, occurring many years back, in a small country in Europe.

The cause of organization had grasped the minds of the multitude of toilers, not the skilled toilers alone, but down to the very bottom, to the most despised, "common laborer." And with zeal and enthusiasm did they go at it. Their organization grew in membership, and strikes were frequent, but

the success of them was not all that might have been expected according to the percentage of toilers organized.

Why? Because they had neglected one thing, and a thing of utmost importance to the emancipation of the toiling masses. They had overlooked the fact that they were only half of the working class. That the other half was their women folks, without whom complete success never could be gained. "A house," as the old saw goes, "that is divided against itself cannot stand." And they were divided against themselves. Whenever a strike was fought, its worst enemies were on the inside. Their women folks had not been considered, had not been taken into their council, did not know, and *did not understand* the underlying principles of their struggle. And the women folks, more than the enemy they were fighting, induced the great many to go back to scab on their fellow workers. The women succeeded because the men loved their mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts very dearly.

Thus strike after strike was lost. Then is commenced to dawn upon their minds, the cause of it, and they at once commenced to apply the remedy. An educational campaign, not in phrases alone, but actual, was started, and it was a success. The women quite easily grasped the principles, easier than they themselves had been able to. And they won their women folks for their cause. The foes on the inside were eliminated, and not only that, but were changed into more enthusiastic fighters and supporters than the greater lot

of the men had themselves been. Now they no longer made scabs and traitors out of their husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. They made men, fighters and stayers out of them. They said, we do not get the pleasure and comfort out of life that we should have. Instead, we get starvation, want and shame; if we must suffer or go down, let us go down as fighters and not as traitors and sneaking cowards.

Now I ask myself, what effect will woman suffrage have on our movement? And the answer comes that it *depends upon ourselves*. If we *understand, and will take every available advantage of this*, it will be the beginning of the end of our emancipation. We need now not only be half of us in this struggle. Now we may all be in it. And altogether the road will not be long. The greater mass of our men have no votes; we are constantly chased from pillar to post for work, so we must turn our attention to other means of defense. The greater mass of us have mothers, wives and sweethearts, and these, at least, are more stationary than we. Let us give them this task in proper manner. Let us impress upon their minds the importance of it. Let us make them *understand*. And they will fight our battle like heroes on the political field, and we will organize and fight our enemies on the industrial field. And the victory will not be far in the future.

*Let our women folks make demands at the polls, and let us back up their demands on the industrial field—one political party, and one industrial union!*—Washington.

## Pensions for Mothers

BY AGNES H. DOWNING

There are a great many widows in this country, most of whom have children. There are those whose husbands are dead. There are those whose husbands have given up and walked away, and the mother must support the children. There are women worse than widowed—women whose husbands have been crippled or injured on the railroads, or in the steel works, or in various other industries that annually maim their tens of thousands. In all these cases the mother has the double burden of caring for the home and making the living for the family.

Only a few occupations are open to such women. Such a mother may be young, strong all skillful, but what can she do? Few lines of work can be followed by a woman with a baby in her arms and little ones hanging to her skirts.

If there were public nurseries conducted as well, say, as the public schools are conducted at present, so that a mother might leave her babies for some hours each day and feel reasonably sure that they were safe, she might do something more effective toward making a living. But as it is there is no place for them but the charity nurseries or to stay with the mother.

Usually a widowed mother, in her eagerness to keep her children together and maintain a little home, takes up the hardest kind of toil. Washing and scrubbing generally falls to her lot and she slaves early and late for a bare, cheap living. She is willing, even eager to do it for her children, but the tragedy of it is

that even by sacrificing herself, she cannot save them. They will be neglected, for the work will take her time. They will be ill nourished, for she will be underpaid. They will suffer hunger and cold, and if they do not go to the bad, it would be a miracle.

Such a mother must live in a poor street side by side with other poor people, who have small influence in municipal affairs. Such streets are dirty and ill-kept. The alleys are the highways of bad boys (the neglected children of other overworked mothers) and the whole environment is conducive to bad citizenship. Three-fourths of the petty crimes, in fact three-fourths of all the crimes that are finding their way to the penitentiaries in this country, are committed by youths under twenty-five. Make it possible for mothers to take good care of their children, and you save the children.

Present society is not trying to save children, and yet it costs more to lose them than it would to save them. Police, criminal courts, judges, jails, reformatories, penitentiaries, detectives, jailers, sheriffs and wardens cost more than clean streets, public nurseries, public play grounds, good food and wholesome surroundings generally would cost.

Probation officers and juvenile court judges bear testimony that the children of poor widows are brought their way far oftener than any other class of children, and it is because their mothers are overworked and overburdened, and cannot give them necessary care.

If anything happens to the mother so that

the children are completely orphaned, they will be maintained at public expense. But as long as the breath of life remains in the mother, the entire burden of supporting the children remains with her.

This country pensions its soldiers for what is called "protecting the country." But for the mothers who made the soldiers, who nourished them and raised them, it gives nothing, not even an opportunity. A pension to a veteran enables him to live his last years better; pensions to mothers would permit many boys and girls to begin life better. And in many, many cases, a few dollars in pensions to mothers would mean the difference between good, efficient citizens and half starved slum children, who are marked by crime and physical inefficiency before they are of age.

They prate about the home and the beauties of home life, but the insincerity of such talk is shown by the fact that nothing is done to protect the home.

Every woman who is dependent on her own efforts, and has a baby to raise should be paid an honorable pension. Such a measure, even under capitalism, would save the breaking up of many a home.

*Whoever sells 100 sub cards for the Progressive Woman during January, will be given \$10. This applies to individuals, families, locals or committees. Send for the cards at once, and see how "dead easy" it is to make \$10. Sub cards are four for \$1.*

Have you read that terrible arraignment of the capitalist system—"War—What For?" by George R. Kirkpatrick? If not, get a copy today, and read it. Then pass it on to your neighbors.

# The Progressive Woman

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY  
The Progressive Woman Publishing Company  
GIRARD, KANSAS, U. S. A.

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

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Club rates for Canada..... .40  
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## ADVERTISING RATES:

Eight cent per line net—no discount for time space.  
Columns—width 15 ems; length 11 inches.  
Circulation, 15,000.  
All advertising matter should be addressed directly to the publisher.

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

Editor and Publisher... Josephine Conger-Kaneko

## THE WARREN CASE

The National Office of the Socialist party has sent out a call for protest meetings all over the country, in the Fred Warren case. We are glad of this. Not because we are anxious for the protection of one man, but because we are anxious for the protection of all men. It so happens that the man in this case is of a sufficiently public character to be "made an example of" by the courts. "What we have done to him, we will do to all working men and women, if they are officious enough to try to protect themselves against us and our capitalist system," is practically the meaning of the Warren verdict.

But it is a poor rule that won't work both ways. If Warren is to be made an example of by the capitalists, the working class will also take a turn out of the affair, and prove what they can do by way of showing the ruling class a thing or two. Hence the activity which is taking the form of protest meetings.

As the working class movement is worldwide, so the oppression by the rulers is world wide. We are familiar with this sort of thing in Russia. Now comes out of Japan a cry for help from radicals threatened with death for the stand they have taken. Scores imprisoned, spies detailed to every nook and corner of the island, twenty-six doomed to die—unless pressure is brought to bear upon the officials guilty of the threatened execution.

Certainly, the protest is not a protest against the well-being of one individual—nor of several individuals—but against the tyranny of class rule, not only in one country, but around the world. It is the slogan of Marx—"Workmen of the world, unite!" which is at last coming to pass.

Women of the working class, you have your part to play in his unity of your kind. *Don't forget that.* It is the cause to which you also should bring your mite, your talent, your energy.

Let us all unite in making this protest against class tyranny internationally successful.

## FOR WOMAN'S DAY IN FEBRUARY.

The Progressive Woman offers to pay \$10 to any speaker a local or committee may select for this date, providing said local or committee will sell 100 P. W. sub cards during the month of February.

R. L. McCready, 828 North avenue, West, Allegheny, Pa., has a plan whereby sub cards for The Progressive Woman and other Socialist publications may be obtained free of cost. Write him.

Do you sing in family, or in your local? If so, you want a cloth-bound copy of Moyer's Songs

In her article on "The Conciliation Bill" in this issue of The Progressive Woman, our comrade Dora Montefiore, of England, takes Comrade Lida Parce to task for some things she said anent the limited suffrage movement in England. I shall permit Comrade Parce to speak for herself on this matter later, if she so desires. As to Comrade Montefiore's reference to my statement that "all women, from the highest to the lowest suffer in common this same thing—disinheritance." I have the translator of Bebel's "Woman Under Socialism" to back me up in this matter. He says, "There is no woman, whatever her station, but in one way or other is a sufferer, a victim, in modern society." If Comrade Montefiore thinks this is not true of English women because some of them have in their hands "great administrative power," I would like to point out to our comrade, if I may do it delicately, without the suggestion of offense, all in the interest of science, as it were, that all English women, from the highest to the lowest, have—the English man to cope with. In America we have no "great administrative power," but if we had our choice between that with the English woman's difficulties, and our own troubles (including the American man) I need hardly suggest which we would choose. Even Comrade Montefiore, while charming us with her presence last summer remarked upon our American men—

But that is an international secret, and it would not do to let it leak out here.

Seriously speaking, are not prejudice, habit of thought, old-world ideas, the real oppressors of women kind? And wherever these tarry and hold sway there women of all classes suffer. Unfortunately, even the right of suffrage does not entirely do away with these fossils of woman's enslavement; even every soul imbued with the idea of freedom for the working class through Socialism is not rid of sex prejudices.

Education is still necessary all along the line, and will continue so to be for many years to come. I repeat again the statement made in the issue of The Progressive Woman to which Comrade Montefiore refers, that had I been at the International Congress I no doubt would have stood for unlimited adult suffrage for men and women; but frankly I confess an admiration for the women who are going after the suffrage along lines they think will win out, for the simple reason that they are expressing a sex grievance—which is a social grievance. Were those women fighting merely for the extension of property rights, if even the conciliation bill meant no more than that, how is it that the strongest opposers of this bill are property-class men?

One would think these M. P's. would be glad of the opportunity to extend the property interests by giving the right of franchise to the women of their own class, if that were all there were to the matter.

As the case stands presented by Comrade Montefiore—and she has added information to our small store of knowledge on the matter—it looks as if there is a sex war within the propertied classes; the women of these classes fighting—and fighting terrifically, too—the men of their own breed for the right of suffrage.

Even admitting, from the nature of the struggle, that we Socialists have nothing to do with it, we must still confess to a prejudice in favor of the warring women and an admiration for their spunk . . . and British doggedness, which is not so bad when properly directed.

## THE ORDINARY WOMAN

On another page of this issue is reprinted from The Cosmopolitan Magaine an article called "The Ordinary Woman." It is a pathetic description of the everyday life of the everyday woman, and is calculated to bring the tears of sympathy to the eyes of those who read it. Also, I think, it is designed to call attention to the fact that the average woman leads a miserably shabby life, and one of sacrifice worthy of badges and medals . . . and a good deal more, besides.

In reality the ordinary woman deserves, as a human being, as a worker in society, and as a most valuable contributor to the social body through her motherhood, something very much better than medals and badges and peans of praise that never touch the hard lines of her existence. The very fact that hers is not an exceptional, but an everyday essential post of duty, one without which the race would fast wither into decay, should make her, as a matter of course, the recipient of all that goes to make life worth living; an individual honored by society, beloved by the man whose children she bears, protected in the days of her weakness, encouraged and strengthened in the days of her helpfulness, relieved always of financial distress, and given every advantage that modern progress affords.

As a simple matter of reason, of cold, hard reason at that, void of all sentiment and bandstand show, the average woman, the mother of the human race, should not be relegated to the position of door mat, house mop, dishwasher and tail-end recipient of the benefits of the society which she makes possible through the very function which is too often made her undoing.

We human beings are a very simple, childish lot, but it does look as though we ought to know enough not to walk rough-shod over the beings who bring us here and take care of us in our helpless infancy. Throughout all history, however, to the present date, we have not learned this most valuable lesson.

At least we have not all learned it. Within the past fifty years some of us have seen the point, and more and more are seeing it. The indications are that society as a whole will yet come to see it. That it will awaken to the necessity of lifting its mothers out of their age-long sphere of ignorance and drudgery, and placing them—or helping them to place themselves—where they belong.

Medals for the Ordinary Woman? No. Only the removal of Oppression's fist. Only a fair chance under a sane system of society.

This is all the Everyday Woman asks, or wants.

## SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN

On another page read about the subscription campaign to be inaugurated by the Woman's National committee. Do you want to help put \$100 into the committee's treasury? Then hustle for the two thousand subs that will do it. *Send for your sub cards early—this campaign closes the 30th of March.*

Don't say you can't get subscriptions to The Progressive Woman. You can.

Comrade Theresa Malkiel writes: "I took fifteen subs in twenty-five minutes. It is easy if one hustles."

One comrade alone sent us over one thousand subscriptions in three months. Hundreds of you should make this two thousand in three months easy. The Woman's National committee needs the \$100 for literature, etc. Now is your chance to help carry this work along. Let us hear from you soon.



# The English Conciliation Bill

DORA B. MONTEFIORE

It is very difficult, almost impossible, for a Socialist in one country to get all the facts and conditions surrounding any special question in another country, unless the whole history of the question be read up, and the social and economic environment of those whom the question affects be very closely studied. Our duty as international Socialists, realizing that the workers, both men and women, are robbed of the greater part of their labor and that the only way of putting a stop to this robbing is the overthrow of capitalism, and the establishment of a co-operative commonwealth, is to watch and test each question of the day in relation to this economic interpretation; and we must use both vigilance and determination in combating the varied and astute attempts of a capitalist government to confuse the issues and sidetrack our propaganda.

Socialist women in England therefore have read with regret the article headed "The Examiner's Glass," by our comrade, Lida Parce in *The Progressive Woman* for October, 1910. They know well her writings and have followed her excellent work, and they regret that, without knowing apparently all the facts about our suffrage fight in England, our comrade has ranged herself on this question with those who are consciously fighting for an extension of *propertied interests* as opposed to *human interests*. For this, in its ultimate issue is the meaning of the inwardness of this protracted struggle; this is the reason why hundreds of thousands of pounds have been subscribed and are still being subscribed by the propertied classes, so as to retain political hold over all the conservative women's organizations, the Church of England Women's organizations, and the Primrose Dames are throwing themselves with ardour into a fight for an extension through *some* women of the property qualification for the political vote, with its underlying extension of church, state and sacred property.

Now let me just point out one or two misrepresentations in the article of our Comrade Lida Parce. She writes: "The difficulty of manhood suffrage in England is that the men don't want it." I would in reply ask our comrade how in America or in any other civilized country the wishes and wants of the workers are tested? Is it not by the resolutions passed at their yearly congresses? Year after year the organized workers of England demand by resolution, not only manhood, but adult suffrage, and further send deputations to the government to back up these resolutions. The trades union congress, the labor party congress, both representing what is most strenuous in organized labor in Britain deliberately reject, as organizations the consideration of any extension of franchise based on property, but call upon the government to enfranchise all men and all women on a residential qualification. How can organized labor show more clearly than that what it really wants.

I must further query the statement that "the solid vote in the British parliament is in favor of the 'compromise bill.'" (I don't want to score a point by writing that there is no bill known as the "compromise bill" but there was one introduced last session called the "conciliation bill," which was meant to conciliate the conservatives, and asked for a more limited form of franchise than any former bill.) The vote of the labor party on this bill was by no means unanimous, and

those who did vote for it voted in opposition to the resolution to which their annual congress pledged them. Comrade Parce writes: "All men (in England) with few exceptions are permitted to vote." There are over three million adult men who have no vote, and those men are, with few exceptions, the workers, for whom our Socialist movement especially stands; they are just the folk who have not the money or the leisure, or the possibility of organizing expensive monster parades with side shows of banners, costumes and mounted men, such as the wealthy suffragists can command; yet our comrade reproaches them for not doing so. Our comrades of the American Socialist party voted at Copenhagen with all the women delegates from every country present, including England on this question of denouncing limited suffrage, based on a property qualification, as "an insult to democracy;" the only dissentients being ten women of the English labor league, who, however, did not, as Lida Parce seems to think, withdraw from the conference on that occasion.

I do not like to write about myself and my own work, but I think if anyone in the English movement has proved herself in the cause of women. I have done so. My work for them began twenty years ago, when I helped found the Womanhood Suffrage League in New South Wales. Later on in England I had my furniture sold three times as a protest against taxation without representation; and I have borne the loss of friends, and imprisonment, and misunderstanding because I would not compromise on this question. But when I saw that the power of men was corrupting and heading back the militant movement as a democratic movement, and was forcing the demand to be undemocratic, then, as a Socialist woman I stood with my international comrades and both at Stuttgart and at Copenhagen I have pointed out to the English comrades who were not in line with the international Socialist interpretation, that we *dare not* in England allow property to gain an extension of power, and must in future only fight for the human basis of representation. Do our comrades in America realize that we have still over here plural voting, and that enfranchised women of property might have as many as a dozen or twenty votes, as against a poorer woman's one? And do they also realize that women of property have had for the last 25 years the municipal vote, controlling education and local government. and there is not a move being made to democratise that municipal vote. I visited three schools the other day at a large town in which I was speaking; all the pictures on the walls were of battles or of kings and queens. Women could through their vote, or by being elected to town or county councils alter this state of things, and prevent our children's minds being poisoned at the source. When, therefore, our dear editor J. C. K. writes in the same issue of "all women from the highest to the lowest suffer in common this tame thing—disinheritance," it is not strictly true of English women, who have in their hands great administrative power, and unfortunately use it too often in the interests of class, and in opposition to our struggle as Socialists. We who live in England know and note this action on the part of propertied women, and we remember also the immense acuteness of the governing class and how again and again they have misled and outwitted the workers. We

desire this should not happen again in this particular case, and we Socialists, being in opposition to both political parties, are determined to have nothing to do with a "conciliation bill," which is being engineered by both these parties, as an invention which will postpone democratic representation, and entrench still more strongly the power of property.

London, England.

## In Acknowledgement.

I wish to express the appreciation of "Heart-ache" for the contributions of cash and the subscriptions received to be applied on her scholarship in the American Woman's League. She has gotten away from the unspeakable creature to whom she was married and secured a divorce from him. The laws of California give the children to him, but he has generously waived his claim and let her have the children—to support.

When she married him she was young and strong and had the earning power that youth and health gives, with no responsibilities, except for herself. After sixteen years of indignity and extreme privation she is now thrown upon the world with health broken, strength gone, and four children to provide for. Thus is "sacred motherhood protected" in the twentieth century. Thus is "morality" secured by the laws which we are told that we must revere.

Under these circumstances, the sums given to this unhappy woman in response to our appeal have been most thankfully received, and those who have sent in contributions can feel that their money has been bestowed where it would serve a useful purpose.

LIDA PARCE.

"HERE'S SOMETHING TO TICKLE YOU" . . . 3c  
Stewart, Box 717, San Jose, Calif.

## The Working Girl's Home Work.

Can anybody give a really good reason why a girl who works outside should do any housework at home?

No one expects her brother to do it. He comes in from the office and spends his evenings as he pleases. Dinner is ready for him, and when it is over he goes upstairs or out, and no one dreams of suggesting dishes. In the morning he eats his breakfast and goes to work, and no one breathes a word about putting his bedroom in order. When his clothes are torn they are mended, and no one would think of asking him to spend his own evening in the work.

Far otherwise is it with his sister, who perhaps works at the same office as he does, and at work quite as hard. She hurries home to help mother prepare dinner. After it is over she clears the table and washes the dishes. As likely as not she has mending to do later. And before she can leave the house in the morning there is one bed to make at least, and her room to put in order, and a thousand errands given her to be attended to at lunch time.

Now, why should this be? asks a writer in the *New York Press*. Why should a man be expected to live only one life and a woman two at least? It is not, surely, because the woman is stronger than the man, for the reverse is true. It is not because her work in either case is easier, for it is not—any business woman or any housewife will tell you that. It is—and here is the real reason—because human beings are conservative.

Because women once were housewives they must always be housewives, says conservatism; and no matter what else they are besides, housewives they must remain. When you bring that down to its ultimate conclusion, how absurd it is! And yet I actually know one girl who works in an office all day and is studying music by night whose mother complains that she ought to do more housework and sewing, "because it is a woman's proper work!"

Of course, there is a happy medium—where the family is very poor, or where the mother is overworked or has other work of her own, a hearty co-operation from all the children, boys and girls alike, is the only kind and decent thing to expect. But nine times out of ten a girl would rather pay for extra assistance out of her own salary than have a thousand petty little jobs waiting for her at home.

Exceptional circumstances alter all cases. But what I object to is the false distinction between men and women in this matter. Working women get just as tired as working men; and they have the same right to rest and to have undivided lives of their own.

C. S. MONITOR.

"Musical Romances," by Almes Wood. Four delightful romances. "Robin Adair," "Francesco Elected to the Carmelites," "The Fifth Nocturne" and "The Revival of the Passion Music." As the title indicates, the stories are pictures of the fancy woven about subjects in music. Special price to you, 20 cents. C. Barton, Station E, Kansas City, Mo.

Do you read? Send today for catalogue of Socialist books and pamphlets. We can supply any Socialist book you want.

# Notes From Woman's Department--National Headquarters

## Partial Report of Comrade Lowe to the N. E. C.

### Plans for Future Work for Women's Committees.

The Woman's National Committee has been seriously at work devising the most simple, direct plans for accomplishing the greatest possible results from its work in the year 1911. The plans are prepared along two lines, the distribution of literature, and the giving of monthly programs. Each line will be discussed briefly.

1.—The distribution of literature. As our party literature to a large extent is written in a style that does not at first appeal to the average woman, the Woman's National Committee has prepared the following leaflets: Woman, Comrade and Equal, A Word to Working Women, Reply to Anti-Suffragists, Why You Should Be a Socialist, The Crimes of Capitalism, Underted School Children, Work Among Women, The Worker and the Mechanic, Boytown Railroad, Cheap Motherhood in America, and An Appeal to Working Women. It is now preparing the following: Woman as a Housewife, The Enfranchisement of Women, Woman Upon the Farm, Industrial Education Among Women, Women as Domestic Servants, Woman as a Teacher, Propaganda and Organization Among Foreign Women.

Through these leaflets we are reaching the women in every walk of life. Regular distributing days have been selected, though as far as possible it is desirable that these days coincide with the distributing days of the local. In January, we shall distribute a leaflet appealing especially to the working girls in the factory, store, etc. In February, a suffrage leaflet shall be distributed. This is the month for the special Woman's Day demonstration, and we hope that the National Executive Committee will again issue the call for its observance. In March we shall distribute a leaflet to teachers, and so on through the months of the years.

We wish to recommend that the locals supply themselves with these leaflets for free distribution at all meetings. Also that all national organizers be requested to carry these leaflets for free distribution, the Woman's National Committee furnishing them free of charge. We further recommend that the national organizers be requested to carry sub cards for our official organ, the Progressive Woman, and that every effort be made to increase its circulation.

2.—Monthly programs. The second line of work is to be in the nature of monthly programs, prepared by the Woman's National Committee. These programs will consist primarily of lessons upon subjects already selected by the committee. That these lessons may be possessed of continuity of thought and insured of sympathetic, systematic treatment, their preparation has been placed in the hands of one person. Comrade Anna A. Maley has consented to do this.

Songs and recitations will be grouped about the lessons as a center, so that a first class evening's entertainment will be possible. This program shall be printed each month in The Progressive Woman.

To assist us in developing each subject from many standpoints, the general correspondent will ask some of our foremost Socialist writers to furnish us with short articles upon them and shall see that they are published in all the leading Socialist papers.

Through these programs we hope to educate men, women and children to an understanding of the fundamental principles of Socialism. We hope to develop capable women workers into organizers and lecturers. The programs being published in the Progressive Woman, we hope thereby to increase the circulation, the sub cards being sold at each meeting.

A third line of work should be accomplished through the efforts of the national organizers.

1.—The general correspondent will see that each national organizer is supplied with a full explanation of the plan for organizing women into the party. Inasmuch as this is a vital part of the party organization, he should familiarize himself with this plan and be prepared at any time to put it into operation.

2.—The general correspondent should send circular letters in advance of each national organizer, explaining these same plans to the local comrades, and urging their adoption.

3.—The general correspondent should assist the local comrades in their effort to get the women out to the meeting by furnishing them with newspaper copy—a short write-up of the nature of the lecture and of its vital interest to women.

Certain locals are calling for special work for children. To supply this demand, the committee requested Comrade Bertha Mally of New York, and Comrade Livingston of Chicago to prepare something for this line of work. Comrade Mally sent in her report a few days ago, though it has not yet been acted upon by the Woman's National Committee. It is sufficient to state that this line of work is being developed.

### A Model Father.

"He is a model father, isn't he?"  
"Yes, he has let his whiskers grow just to give the baby a chance to play with them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why do you call your new picture 'Dawn'?"  
"Because," replied the young impressionist, "few people know what dawn looks like, hence they are likely to take my word for it."—Exchange.

## Monthly Programs.

The woman's national committee will print a full evening's entertainment in each number of The Progressive Woman for the coming year. The subjects are selected and the programs are being prepared.

The main part of the program will consist of reading of a short lecture upon the subject. These lectures will be prepared by Comrade Anna A. Maley, woman's national organizer. About this lecture will be grouped songs and recitations and readings.

By watching the leading Socialist papers you will find short articles written by our foremost Socialist writers upon the subject under discussion for the month. The subject for January is "Universal Peace." Watch the papers for articles upon this subject. Select good readers and have them read them at the January entertainment.

Make a specialty of the music. All the songs in this program will be found in "Songs of Socialism," by Moyer. Price, single copy, 15 cents. One dozen copies, \$1.00. Order from the national office, 180 Washington street, Top Floor, Chicago, Ill.

It is not intended that these programs shall be binding in any way. They are offered as a suggestion to those comrades who feel the need of Socialist entertainments but have no access to the material from which to arrange them.

The subject for February will be "Woman's Enfranchisement." Push the sale of The Progressive Woman sub cards, as this magazine is of untold value in bringing women to an understanding of Socialism. It is the official organ of the Woman's National Committee and contains the official reports and party news.

(Signed) CAROLINE A. LOWE.

General Correspondent, Woman's National Committee.

Address 180 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

## Program for January.

### Opening Remarks by the Chairman.

(Explain that the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party has prepared a series of Socialist entertainments for the purpose of bringing men, women and children to a clearer idea of the position that the Socialist party takes upon leading issues of the day. Explain that the Socialists oppose war, that Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, one of the best known and best loved women in the United States, said recently, "The Socialists are making almost the sole attempt to preach a morality sufficiently all-embracing and international to keep pace with even the material internationalism which has standardized the threads of screws and the size of bolts, so that machines becomes interchangeable from one country to another." Also that a leading editor of a capitalist paper confessed that, "It is significant that the Socialists of different races, and speaking different tongues, strangers in blood and customs, in Germany, France, Great Britain, Austria and Italy, constitute the one great peace party of the world.")

- 1—Song, Singing Tonight. Moyer's Song Book, Page 58.
- 2—Song, Assurance. Moyer's Song Book, Page 61.
- 3—Recitation, What Is Socialism. (Copy from Josephine Cole's book, page 52.)
- 4—Recitation, Ten Commandments. (Cole's book, page 16. Ten children could give this, each child reciting one commandment.)
- 5—Song, Universal Good. Page 14 (or) If All Were Brothers True, page 3.
- 6—Lecture, Universal Peace.
- 7—Song, The Nation's Call, Page 2.
- 8—The Fence Or the Ambulance. (Progressive Woman, February, 1910.)
- 9—Recitation, Freedom Through Research. (Progressive Woman, February, 1910.)
- 10—Song, Brotherhood, Page 70.
- 11—Ingersoll's Vision of War. (War; What For? Page 240.)
- 12—A Special Warning to the Working Class. (War; What For? Page 154. Call attention to the numerous newspaper articles on war with Japan.)
- 13—I Do Not Obey, I Think. (Cole's book, Page 27)
- 14—Ingersoll's Vision of the Future. (War; What For? Page 241.)
- 15—Song, We're Going to Win. Page 62.

### Two Thousand Subscriptions Right Away

The Progressive Woman, the official organ of the Woman's National Committee, and the Woman's National Committee have made arrangements for mutual benefit upon the basis of the disposal of two thousand yearly subscriptions—\$100 for same to go to the W. N. C.

The Woman's National Committee needs this assistance; the Progressive Woman needs your subscription; you need the Progressive Woman, the most wide-awake woman's magazine in the United States.

### The Progressive Woman

You need the Progressive Woman because it is of vital importance to you that the women of your family learn the true meaning of Socialism. You need it because you want to know what the Socialist women throughout the world are doing to help in bringing the Co-Operative Commonwealth. You need it because you should keep in close touch with the woman's department

in our national organization. The Progressive Woman, being the official organ of the Woman's National Committee, each month contains the report of this committee. It contains, also, the monthly programs, which you need most of all.

## Monthly Programs

Every month during the coming year, program arranged by the Woman's National Committee will be printed in the Progressive Woman. The programs are to serve either for home lesson or for evening entertainments. They will consist primarily of a lecture, especially prepared for this work by Comrade Anna A. Maley. About this lecture as a center are grouped songs, recitations, and readings selected from the best Socialist literature.

Whether you wish to study quietly in your own home, or to give a first class propaganda entertainment and convert your neighbors to Socialism you can not afford to be without these monthly programs.

## Special Offer

The regular price of the Progressive Woman is fifty cents per year. In this special campaign for subscriptions, closing March 30, the price has been reduced to twenty-five cents.

The Woman's National Committee must secure 2,000 subscriptions to the Progressive Woman before the close of March 30th. We need your help!

When ordering cards from the Progressive Woman be sure to ask for our special campaign sub cards. Don't delay—send today!

Fraternally yours,

CAROLINE A. LOWE.

General correspondent, Woman's National Committee.

Address 180 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

## The Rand School of Social Science

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# Lesson for Women's Study Class---January

ANNA A. MALEY

## WAR.

What is the general cause of war? How shall we define war?

War is the quarrel carried on by industrial masters mainly to decide what division shall be made of the wealth robbed from productive laborers.

We have been taught that each war has its own causes. "Name the causes of the Revolutionary War," was a standard question in our school examinations. We gave a list of causes—Taxation without Representation—the Stamp Act—The Boston Tea Party, etc.

It is true that the colonists were taxed to support the English government, while they were allowed no representatives in the English parliament. Also, as a part of the same grievance, certain goods bore stamps for which the colonists were obliged to pay; and a party of the citizens of Boston dressed as Indians, did dump a shipload of tea into the waters of Boston Harbor. But all of these things were a part of the general grievance—the mother country would not permit the colonists to trade where they pleased, but insisted upon draining into English pockets all the profits from American trade.

It was men who hired other men, employers of labor, who were interested in gaining the right to sell goods to the best advantage. The workers themselves, then as now, received a wage for their labor. They had no goods to sell and had no direct interest in any market except that upon which they sold their labor power. Let us bear in mind that the bone about which English masters and American masters fought, or, rather, had their soldiers fight, was the profit to be made from the sale of the products of American labor. If the American laborer had been able to control the full product of his own toil, there would have been no bone to fight about, and so probably there would have been no war.

Our school histories taught us that the Civil War was fought to settle the question of slavery. Lincoln had said truly that the nation could not exist half slave and half free. The southern states were willing to secede and exist as a separate nation in order to preserve their right to hold chattel slaves. The government was unwilling to have them do so, and the immediate battle-cry became "the preservation of the union." But we know, do we not, that it was the product created by the negro that was dear to the southern slave holder? We know, too, that if the negro had controlled the full product of his labor, there would have been no surplus about which to fight.

The Spanish-American war, we are taught, was waged to save the Cubans from the cruelties of Spain. But the question may well be asked, Why did not the Americans interfere in Cuban affairs in the fifty years preceding the war, during which the Cubans had revolted six times? The United States government did not take a hand in the Cuban troubles until it was clear that American capitalists must suffer heavy money losses by the failure of the government to interfere. American capitalists had some fifty millions of dollars invested in plantations, mines and railroads in Cuba. Naturally, during time of war and revolt, the industries are disturbed and yield smaller profits. We can understand, therefore, that American capitalists strongly wished to see peace established in Cuba, to the end that their fifty million dol-

lars invested there might bring the largest returns. There were other reasons, also, why peace in Cuba was more profitable than war to American capitalists. To be sure, the soldiers who fought the war were called out to do battle for a free Cuba. If they had been asked to bleed and die for greater profits for American money kings, they would probably not have done so very cheerfully. However, it was the unpaid labor of the Cubans that created the prize that first turned the greedy eyes of the American capitalist toward Cuba. If the Cuban laborers had controlled the full product of their toil, there would have been nothing for American capitalists to gain by bringing on a war with Spain, and the blood of American soldiers and the agony of their mothers could have been spared.

Socialist Deputy Marcel Sembat said to the French Minister of Foreign Affairs at a time when the French government had undertaken the collection of a debt from the Turkish Sultan on behalf of two French merchants—"Three hundred thousand massacred Armenians do not move you; but for three hundred thousand pounds (Turkish), due to two scoundrelly financiers, you go to war. That is a foreign policy unworthy of the republic!" (Herve, My Country Right or Wrong.)

Wars, then, are not fought that the many may be happy, but that the few may be rich.

During the last century, it is estimated that twenty millions of men have died directly by war and that the same number have perished as an indirect result of war. The author of "War—What For?" from which book most of the facts here given are drawn, states that during this bloody hundred years, one human life has been sacrificed through war every twenty minutes.

The same author shows that when all items have been duly taken into account, the American Civil War cost upward of thirty-one and one-half billions of dollars. We ask you to read chapter four of the book above named to learn what this vast amount of money would mean to the American nation if devoted to the arts of peace instead of having been spent on war and destruction.

We who love peace and intelligence rather than war and brutality, let us remember that "Our annual national expense of militarism, \$450,000,000, would pay the annual college expenses of 1,800,000 young men and women; that is, of nearly twelve times as many as there were in the year ending June 30, 1908, in the five hundred and seventy-three colleges, universities and technological schools of the United States." ("War—What For?" p. 59.)

When we have thought it all over, are not

we of the working class sadly lacking in good sense? First, we create by our labor wealth which we are not allowed to enjoy. Our industrial masters take it from us, but they cannot agree among themselves upon the division of the loot. So they placed guns in the hands of the men of the working class and send them out to settle the question.

The masters own the wealth which we produce because they own the land and the machines by means of which we labor. Socialism proposes that the people together shall own the mills, mines, fields, forests, factories and railroads—the great industrial properties. If the workers owned the tools with which they work, they will also own the produce of their labor. Under Socialism there would be no robbery of labor and there would, therefore be no spoils about which to fight. All peace lovers should join the Socialist party and work for its victory. There can be no peace for society until there is justice to labor. There is but one political party pledged to secure justice to labor—but one Peace Society, and that is the International Socialist party of the world.

## When You Are Old.

MURRAY YOUTZ.

In Savagery when the old man and woman found they were no longer of any use to the tribe, would wander away in the wilderness and there lie down to meet death at the fangs of the ferocious beast or by starvation.

In this civilization (capitalism) millions of old men and women have nothing to look forward to but the pangs of poverty, daily hoping that the grim reaper of death in the hands of father time will relieve them of their misery that they may not be taken to the poorhouse over the hill.

Under Socialism, the aged men and women will be provided with such income, so that not one gray hair upon their heads may be traceable to the fear of want. Not only will the aged be protected, but especially will every female child be protected with a mother's reward from society, sufficient to amply provide her with a livelihood so that he storms upon the sea of life may not drive her into the arms of a man she dislikes, for economic protection.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. A. D. McKenzie, of Harpster, Idaho, sent in six orders for "War—What For?" She says with her order:

Dear Comrades: I borrowed a copy of your book, which I took to the local yesterday and secured these names. I only wish it was many times more as I am sure the book ought to be in every home in the world. I think it is the *greatest* book ever published.

The first Socialist to be elected to public office in Mississippi is S. W. Rose, who on the 13th defeated a democratic candidate for the city council of Biloxi.

## Socialist Plays

### THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

A Drama in two Acts, and

### Three Other Short Plays

By ETHEL WHITEHEAD

YOU WILL WANT THESE PLAYS FOR THE MONTHLY ENTERTAINMENTS outlined in this issue by the Woman's National Committee, and for all sorts of entertainments. Price 10c, three copies for 25c.

Progressive Woman Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.





## FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

### King Cole and I.

LEE SLIPPEY.

Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
And so am I, egad!  
I love my pipe and I love my wife  
And I love my little tad;  
I love my work and I love my home  
And the woods and fields and sky—  
Oh, Old King Cole was a merry old soul,  
But not more so than I!

I love my friends and I love my books.  
And I have enough thereof,  
And since I love so many things  
The whole big world I love.  
The whole big human brotherhood,  
And life, whate'er it be,  
And, bless your soul, you should love it whole,  
Like Old King Cole and me.  
—Kansas City Star.

### A "HEART TO HEART."

Don't you think, children dears, this was a strong and interesting page in the December number? It seemed as if the kiddies had already taken possession of what The Progressive Woman had given them. Why, we had more than three columns of little articles.

Weren't you glad to have Henrietta tell you about the Blue Bird? That is such a beautiful play Maurice Maeterlinck wrote for children—and for the grownups who are not too far from child-land. As Herietta told you, the two children, Myl Tyl and Tyl Tyl, set out to search for a blue bird, which, when they found it, would bring them happiness. They went to the Land of Memory, to the Land of Night, to the Land of the Future, to the Graveyard. There were lots of blue birds (pleasures), but when caught they turned black in the children's hands. Each place the two visited held wonderful things to see. Even the graveyard where they feared must be horrible sights, showed beds of flowers and not graves—and which said to them, "There are no dead."

Tyl Tyl and Myl Tyl came home without the Blue Bird. But when they did a kind helpful act, lo, the Blue Bird (happiness) was right there in their own home. Why?

Henrietta, who lives in or near New York City, will probably tell us about that big busy town another time.

Only one boy has sent us a letter, though. We are glad indeed that Nelson told us of the birds he loves to watch. There isn't anything in Nature, which, if you take time and patience to observe, will show you what a wonder-world we live in.

Speakers and teachers of Socialism want all boys and girls to have a chance to get acquainted with our world. That is the reason they are going to and fro over the country trying to arouse people today. They want all boys and girls born into the world to be sure of food, shelter and clothing. If children must spend all their youth in working or getting ready to work to earn food, shelter and clothing, where is the time to live and enjoy and observe and help others.

Miriam in her little article says: "If any one asks what Socialism is, tell them fully, and why you are one." That is the way the good news spreads. People can't know if they want Socialism until they begin to understand what it is. If you won't tell it, children, I'll share a secret. It is this: Sometimes grownups suddenly see what freedom Socialism promises to the workers. It comes so forcibly they want to get up on the highest places and shout it loud, feeling that all people need is to hear it told. Then one of those thoughtless, don't-care people will say something ugly either about him, or about his So-

cialism. When—slam bang! The new Socialist gets mad! He may even say the unawakened is a fool, hasn't any brains—or is a skin-flint, a thug, a skillet-head, a grafter, a thief—names without end.

So when you see or hear one of this loud kind of Socialists you know him or her for what is called a "tenderfoot" out west. But—sh—don't say I told you.

The little girl Miriam tells us about who "never cried, or ran away, or was ashamed because she was a Socialist" surely knew why she was one, and knew it was of no use to get mad and beat folks on the head with hard words. It might awaken one in a hundred, but out of that hundred would be seventy-five who could be won through patient, comrade spirit, that really want better conditions for the working class.

We should very much like to hear again from Minnie about their work in the cotton fields. When we say "cotton fields" I think of the singing black folks who used to pick the cotton "befoh de wah."

Those colored people were provided with food, clothing and shelter, and because they were that much relieved of worry they could sing in the cotton fields at work, and play the banjo and dance at night. But they were slaves, and many masters were hard and cruel. This was seen by white men and women who revolted at cruelty and injustice. They talked and wrote books and worked to free the black people in America—and finally fought over the idea. That form of slavery was broken, at a terrible cost to the United States. The black people were elevated from the position of chattel slavery to that of wage slavery under which the world's workers—regardless of color—now bend their backs.

Can't you, oh children of The Progressive Woman, add your help and voice that our wage slave system may be broken? As Comrade Kirkpatrick says in his splendid book, "War—What For?" awake your neighbor—"Be kind" he says. "Be patient. But—wake him." "Wake him for the war—the war without a sword, the war without a cannon, the war with a printing press, the war with a book."

While Minnie wrote of the cotton fields, Clara told us something of the cotton mills. The open field and a clear sky must be something better than the factory with the whirl of machinery and lint-filled air. More than sixty or seventy years ago Mrs. Browning wrote about The Bitter Cry of the Children—the factory children. She said if they saw an open field it would be a place to drop down and rest. Oh, it takes patience when they—our people—the men of America, will not hear this cry of outraged babyhood and vote for a revolution—a complete change.

Then we have Helen's dear little letter which tells of going to school, and of the new house, and how they read the Socialist papers. Read more and more and more, children. That way you learn to plan and prepare for that better time which is called the Co-operative Commonwealth. The Christmas entertainment another girlie tells of was no doubt delightful. She and everybody else should have and enjoy, a play-time—a time to let go and just be glad.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

When answering our ads please mention the Progressive Woman.

### The Sleigh Ride.

NELSON SCHAENON—Eight years old.

We went sleigh riding today and the wind bit my nose and stung my toes. We were riding on Sussex avenue hill. My father held the rope so tight and I fell over. I laughed so hard that I tumbled over. The second time I came down my neck was full of snow. The third time it all came in my face. I was



bang, bang down the hill. My brother laughed so hard that he almost fell over.

The pine trees looked so pretty with snow over them. There were some red berries at the top of the trees. It looked just beautiful.

I wish the poor children had such a good time like I did.

I am sending you a picture of the pine trees.

Morristown, N. J.

### Parental Thoughtfulness.

My big doll is called Hildegarde;  
The little one is Marjorie;  
The paper dolls are Evelyn,  
Bettina and Elaine.

The rag doll is named Claribel;  
The baby I call Gwendolen.  
I've different taste from my mama—  
She named me Susan Jane.  
—Eunice Ward in St. Nicholas.

### THE MINERS.

HAZEL PEARCE.

Dear Comrade: Seeing in the November number of your paper that the next issue would be devoted to children, and also request that the little folks should write you, I determined to tell you some of the things that happen around here in the mines and factories.

As relating to the class struggle, it prevails here as elsewhere, only the laboring class are not always conscious of their class, but still think their best interest belongs with the class who takes the wealth they produce in the form of interest, profit and rent; consequently they still vote and elect to office men who are not of their class.

Our little city has a population of about four thousand and the main industry is coal mining, of which there is an abundance here. We have about fifteen mines here, the largest has a production of fifteen hundred tons per day of eight hours.

The mines employ little trapper boys, and

soon as they can get away from school by misrepresentation or as to actual of their age, they go in the mines to work.

There was one little boy past fourteen years of age, who was working in the mines as a paper boy. His mother had been dead several years and he and his father lived together, as the people around here call it "living." It is said that this boy had been rather late one night and it is so far from work that they have to get up very early in the morning in order to get to their place, working time. Sometimes they walk as far as five miles to their place, and sometimes two miles of their distance is underground, and they walk through mud, water and smoke. His station was at one of the mine doors, as he had to open it for the motor to go through. When he heard the trip coming he would let them through and then close the door, and then wait until he heard them go. It must have been very lonesome for the boy back in that dark mine for a little boy of himself, so on this morning he sat down on the side of the track and he was so sleepy that he went to sleep. He didn't hear when the trip came and he was killed.

At the second week of November there were about four men brought home dead, and the families left to be wage slaves for the rest of their lives in order to have an existence in this glorious free America which God has given to all mankind.

There is a girl twelve years of age and interested in the work for Socialism. She lives in Versailles, Ohio.

**Juvenile Suicide in Russia.**

We have several times referred to this tragic fact, and now reproduce official statistics showing that children's suicide in Russia continues to increase at an alarming rate. In 1904 there were 125 suicides of members of Russian educational institutions; in 1905 the number had risen to 17; in 1906 to 71; in 1907 to 112; in 1908 to 112; and in 1909 to 449. More than half the last year were of pupils in secondary schools. It is estimated that less than one-third of the boys and girls who committed suicide did so for reasons connected with their school work or discipline. Children in all countries fall in line with nations, get bad marks, are irked by discipline, have grievances against their elders, and get into depression. But children in all countries do not commit suicide by hundreds. It only the conditions of life in Russia that produce that bad state of mind, both in grown-up people and in children, which leads to such appalling rates of self-destruction.—The Anglo-Russian.

**Two Little Workers.**

Ertrude Harlan, a California girl, sends us at of yearly subscribers to begin with the December number. She says: "I am fifteen years old. This is my first work for the cause." Bless her, there are lots and lots of girls her age, who think of ribbons and pretty dresses, and trim things. Possibly they get their lessons at school, help mama at home, but that they can help in the movement looking to universal freedom hasn't entered their consciousness. Another helper girl friend we have is Henrietta, who sends for a bundle of P. W.'s each month to reach her in her New Jersey home. One on the Pacific coast, another on the Atlantic coast, and more in between will certainly help the message to spread from mind to mind. Henrietta says: "I have had good success selling the P. W."

**From Our Readers.**

The Progressive Woman is the one magazine for women.—L. T. Rush, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Will you please send your valuable paper to enclosed names. I obtained these subs at the meeting of our Progressive Woman's League. P. W. is the only woman's paper for me. You to be congratulated for the able manner in which it is conducted in all its departments. It is mainly a paper of valuable educational literature for women and should be on the list of magazines entering the home. Yours sincerely for Socialism—Mrs. F. Joseph, New Castle, Pa.

I am sending a list of names for the Progressive Woman. I think it is fine, and I do not get along without it. After as I will try and get some more names. I am going to get our women to start a fund of their own so that they can get up entertainments and raise money for literature. Will be glad to have any suggestions you can give us. I am your comrade.—Mary J. Fenwick, Dubuque, Iowa.

When answering our ads mention the P. W.

**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.

**His Wife.**

Somehow I never seem to mind the men—  
They look a minute, then they look away—  
But it's the women that I mind most; they  
Whisper and lift their eyes and stare again.  
And I stare back as though I didn't care.  
Care, while my throat chokes and my eyes are dim.  
It's not for me, but oh, to think they dare  
To laugh at Jim—my Jim.

Perhaps I shouldn't mind—I ought to be  
Used to their sneers and grins by now, God knows,  
And yet—how this train stops and backs and slows  
And waits for more to look at him, and me.  
"Only a little glass or two," he said.  
Oh, my poor boy, how gay he looked and trim!  
I used to think I'd rather see him—dead!  
But, oh, it's Jim—my Jim.

I wonder if those staring women think  
I envy them their husbands sitting there  
Prim and sedate! The fools, I'd rather bear  
With everything, the pain, the shame, the drink,  
And be his wife, his wife to help him so,  
His wife to love him and comfort him,  
How proud I used to be, how proud, and oh,  
To think it's Jim—my Jim.  
—Theodosta Garrison.

A new book of Socialist plays; four in all, 10c a copy. Three for 25c.

The Little Socialist Primer, 15c.

Be sure and get a copy of that new book of plays, by Ethel Whitehead.

**Henry's "Ear Nest."**

"Teacher," said a little Polish girl in one of the South Side schools, "what a funny kind of nest in the reading book."  
"I don't know what you mean, Josephine," said the teacher. "There was no nest in the lesson yesterday."  
"Oh, yes, there was, teacher," persisted the small girl. "It was a great big nest and not a bird's nest at all. Such a funny nest, and it says Henry kept his ears in it."  
Then Josephine brought her book and pointed out this line:  
"Henry is in ear-nest."—Indianapolis News.

Positive truth at last! New thinker. Wonderful discoveries. Startling writings. For positive, terrible truth about the present world's true situation, without doubt, mistake or disappointment, send 10 cents change to "Principle Applied" magazine, Allendale, N. J.

**Spelling Lesson.**

To know just what—it's hard to tell—  
O-u-g-h is going to spell.  
At times when it appears as though  
We ought to sound it as in dough.  
Why, then, perhaps, just like enough,  
It's sounded as it is in tough;  
Or, may be, as is sometimes true,  
We sneak it as it is in through;  
Or if we find we still are off,  
We sound it as it is in trough,  
When, finally, we must allow,  
'Twas meant that it should sound like bough.  
And, so, just what—it's hard to tell—  
O-u-g-h is meant to spell.  
—Nixon Waterman.

**SPECIAL BARGAIN TRIAL ASSORTMENT**

**To Celebrate New Factory Opening**

OF INTEREST TO EVERY "PROGRESSIVE WOMAN"

The New Factory at Fort Scott is ready with a new, fresh line of products, guaranteed wholesome and economical

<b>PRIMEL</b> Breakfast Food. Twelve 25-cent cartons		\$ 2.50
Our regular price .....		
<b>NUTRETO</b> Cereal Food Drink. Twelve 25-cent cartons		2.10
Our regular price .....		
<b>NUTOL</b> Pure, odorless cooking oil. One gallon. Weighs 7½ lbs. Goes farther than lard		1.00
Our regular price .....		
<b>PEANUT BUTTER</b> A treat for the youngsters		1.60
10-lb. pail .....		
<b>FANCY JAP RICE</b> Best quality		1.00
20 pounds, bulk .....		
<b>SAIL LAUNDRY SOAP</b> For all cleaning purposes		1.75
50 bars .....		
<b>SPICES</b> Pepper, Cloves, Nutmeg, Ginger.		.55
Sage, Cinnamon and Mustard .....		
<b>Total</b> .....		<b>\$10.50</b>
At regular grocers' prices, .....	\$13.30	
Our regular price, .....	\$10.50	
<b>Special Trial Assortment Price</b> .....		<b>\$8.95</b>

Shipments will be carefully packed and placed on board cars at Fort Scott. We guarantee safe arrival of the goods anywhere in the United States. If assortment is not satisfactory, tell us what you desire. Weight of above shipment is about 125 lbs, which gives you the lowest freight rates. ♪ The buyer pays the freight.

**A Corporation of the People, by the People and for the People**

**The New Girard Manufacturing Co.**

**Fort Scott, - - - - - Kansas**

# The New Skoolmarm

(Adapted from Nasby)

W. H. WAYNICK

Our teacher iz a young lady from Milwaukee. When she came to our skool, what doo yoo think she did? Teach the skolers to recite poems? No, every Friday afternoon she would read lessons from new books—thin' on that—new books written by Socialists! I tell you there wuz trouble in our town. Had scarlet fever broke out in the skool, there wouldn't hav bin half the excitement. I, ez a member of the skool board, called a meetin at wonst. All the well-known citizens uv the town wuz sent for, and I demanded if they intended to tamely submit to this outrage. I asked 'em whether they wanted their incentives destroyed and their homes broken up by this pekooliar woman from Milwaukee?

Burstin with indignashun they answered, "never!" and yoonanimously appointed me ez a committee uv one to disimss this troublesome skoolmarm who had obtrooded herself among us. Gladly I accepted.

Ez I wuz startin to exeekoot the errand a member uv the skool board who wuz suspected uv readin the new books, come and sed in private: "Be careful what yoo do, ez the skoolmarm iz a brite woman with a gifted tongue, and she iz apt to persuade yoo from your purpose."

"It matters not about her briteness," sed I, feelin that there wuz a good oppoortoonity to show my power uv argument, "it matters not. There iz sumthin in a Socialist at which the instinct uv a capitalist absolutely rebels, and from which he natcherly recoils. So much experience hav I had with 'em that put me in a dark room with one uv 'em, no matter how little Socialism there iz in 'em, and that unnerrin instinct would betray 'em to me; which, by the way, goes to prove that the dislike we hav to 'em is not the result uv prejudice, but iz a part uv the very nature uv capitalism, and one uv its highest and holiest attriboots."

On the way to the skoolhouse, which wuz perhaps a mile distant, I asked a man if he knewed the skoolmarm by site. No, he had never seed her. "I hav heard," sed I, "that she wears a red jacket—a dangerous red, I hav bin told, but it matters not."

Thus communin and unfeared, I entered the skoolhouse. The skoolmarm wuz there, ez brite and kool ez a Milwaukee mornin in winter. The skolers wuz ranged in the seats a studyin ez rapidly ez possible.

"Miss," sed I, "ez a member uv the skool board I hav bin told that yoo are teachin the skolers a doctrine that iz kalkilated to brake up their homes and destroy their incentives. Iz it so?"

"Do yoo really wish to know about that?" she asked, rather mischeevously. "Every Friday afternoon I read sumthin from the best writers on the social problem, and I try to hav my pupils understand exactly what the problem iz."

"Then," sed I sternly, "it must stop forthwith."

"In that case," sed she, "may I ask what yoo would teach 'em?"

I wuz sorely puzzled. There wuzn't a thing I could think uv that wuz at all teachable. But my reputashun wuz at stake. All uv a sudden I remembered an animal book that my kids recited from, sumthin written by a nature fakir, and, therefore, entertainin. "I would teach 'em natural history," sed I, and sootin the ackshun to the word, I kommenced to

examine the skool. "What's a Killmaroo?" I asked. None wuz able to answer, not even the teacher. Then I sed: "What's a Jabberwock?" None could answer that; no, not one. By way uv explainin it, I went to the blackboard and wrote that bootiful line from "Alice in Wonderland," which iz:

"The silly Jaberwock who apes the other broots."

Some uv the skolers laft and hollared at the spellin, but I cared not for that. To quiet 'em and get 'em interested, I kommenced to draw a picture uv the Woolly Horse, teeth and all, when I wuz interrupted by that aggravatin skoolmarm from Milwaukee:

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't know myself what those animals are like."

"Miss," sed I, "there's no need for yoo to know."

"Then what need iz there for the children to know?" she asked to puzzle me.

Boldly I declared: "It's better for 'em to learn what a Jabberwock iz than know too much uv Karl Marx—or even Henry George. "Will yoo," I sed, "teach 'em what we want 'em to know, or do yoo wish to be discharged? Ez a member uv the skool board I am one uv your employers, and yoo should be obedient to them ez pays your wages."

"All that strikes one ez rather out uv date. Yoo hav purchased my services, my work, but I remain a free woman," sed the skoolmarm who iz from Milwaukee. Then, with a look uv skorn, she put on her jacket.

Seen ez how she had bin subdood, I wuz gettin ready to go, when the tragedy okkered. One uv the skolers slipped up, quiet like, and hit me a stunnin blow on the head with the stub end uv a pointer, which he sekoored from a railin at the bottom uv the blackboard. That wuz the signal for the entire skool to rize in mutiny, male and female. Without waitin for an explanashun the infoooriated skolers piled onto me, and among 'em, in about four minutes, I wuz made insensible. Somebody called a passin farmer, who threw me in hiz wagon box, and somehow, how, I know not, I got home, where I am at present rekoop-eratin.

I hav only to say that when I go on sech a trip again, I shall require the skool board to pervide me with enouff help. But, good Lord, what haven't I suffered in trying to preserve law and order?

The students of nearly all the high schools of St. Petersburg have discontinued their studies, according to a dispatch of the 16th, as a protest against the cruelties which it is believed are being inflicted on the political prisoners in the Russian prisons (p. 1189).

## An Appropriate Holiday Present

BEBEL'S MASTERPIECE

## Woman and Socialism

Jubilee 50th Edition

Just Out. \$1.50 Postage Prepaid

## Socialist Literature Company

15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.

This Book Will Hasten Woman's Emancipation

## OUR NEW ADVERTISERS.

### An Introduction.

J. C. K.

Recently I saw a furniture ad in one of our progressive magazines. I at once thought "that is just the sort of stuff we want for our paper and our customers," and I wrote to the firm asking them to give us a trial as advertisers of their goods. They have decided to do so, and as they will be with us for a year—and longer if our readers treat them right—I think it is fair to give you a little introduction to them. For advertisers, you know, are just as human as any of us, and when we look at the matter wisely—consider that they are those who serve our needs, and that it is for us to make it possible for them to serve us in the best and squarest way, and impossible to take advantage and play unfair with us—it is as natural that we want to know who they are, and what they represent as to know the persons who co-operate with us in other ways to minimize the burdens of life.

Mr. Leath started his business a little over seven years ago in Elgin, Illinois. His assets consisted of a business training and the knowledge of furniture making. He believed, however, that if he could make furniture his customers wanted, he could succeed. Evidently he did this, for instead of confining his sales to the people of Elgin, as was his first idea, his trade grew until he now sells to every state in the union.

Mr. Leath says he believes in humanity, and wanted from the first to make it possible for the poorest as well as the wealthier people to take advantage of his "factory to customer" plan; he succeeded in forming a corporation to do business on a large scale, and is now able to sell to customers on convenient monthly payments. He believes in the furniture he offers to the extent that he agrees to ship the first order received from any customer without a cent payment in advance. If goods are not found as represented, they are returnable.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Leath endorse *The Progressive Woman*, and are interested in all publications of a progressive type.

This is just an introduction. I hope you will find this firm out for yourselves, and if you like them stay with them. They will return the favor by staying with us. I frankly admit that I want good advertising—want to offer you the practical things you need in your everyday life. Patent medicine ads have come to us unsolicited—and I have turned them down, even though needing the money. So I ask you to encourage, when you can, every ad that appears in this paper. Read carefully the Leath ad on another page. And *always mention the P. W. when writing to advertisers.*

### A Word to Washington.

Women in the state of Washington have the right to vote. After a long, hard battle this right has been granted them. We are glad of it. We do not understand why all women in every state in the union should not be given the right of casting any sort of ballot they wish to, any time they wish to. The denial of this right is so palpably wrong that it seems like a sheer waste of time to argue against it.

And, thank the gods, we don't have to spend any more breath in behalf of Washington women, so far as the franchise is concerned. Ours is a new proposition. A little more complicated one, and one therefore that will take—and deserve—all the energy we can put into it. That is, *getting the Washington women for Socialism*. When women have the vote, you know, they become just as important as men, so far as politics is concerned. And we have got to pay the same attention to them—or they may defeat us in our political endeavors.

So, comrades of Washington, it is up to you now to educate this new political force so suddenly let loose upon your state.

And you realize it, don't you? At least some of you do, because we have been getting letters from you saying, "Our women have the ballot now, we have got to go after them." It is notable that all of these letters have come from men comrades. And they are right. You must go after them—now while the desire to exercise their political powers is strong in them; while the subject of politics is the uppermost subject; before they are hardened into anti, or non-social thinking, through the exercise of old party methods and ethics. Go after them while they



## THE ORDINARY WOMAN

Elizabeth Merriwether Gilmer in *The Cosmopolitan*.

wish that I had the distributing of some Andrew Carnegie's medals for heroes. I would give one to just the Ordinary Woman. It is true that she never manned a lifeboat in a stormy sea, or plunged into a river to save a drowning person. It is true that she never stopped a runaway horse, or dashed into a burning building, or gave any other spectacular exhibition of courage.

She has only stood at her post thirty, or forty, or fifty years, fighting sickness and poverty and loneliness and disappointment so bravely, with such a Spartan fortitude, that the world has never even noticed her achievements; and yet, in the presence of the Ordinary Woman, the battle-scarred veteran, with her breast covered with medals signifying valor, we well stand uncovered, for one braver than she is passing by.

There is nothing high or heroic in her appearance. She is just a commonplace woman, neatly dressed, with a tired face and work-worn hands—the kind of woman you meet a hundred times a day upon the street without giving her a second glance, still less regarding her as a heroine. Nevertheless, as much as the bravest soldier, she is entitled to the cross of the Legion of Honor for distinguished gallantry on the Battlefield of Life. Years and years ago, when she was fresh, young and gay and lighthearted, she was married. Her head, as is the case with most women, was full of dreams. Her husband was the Prince Charming, always tender and considerate and loving, shielding her from worry and care and worry. Life itself was to be a fairy tale.

But by one the dreams fell away. The husband was a good man, but he grew indifferent to her before long. He ceased to notice when she put on a fresh ribbon. He never complimented her the little compliments for which a man's soul hungers. He never gave her a kiss or a caress, and their married life sank to a deadly monotony that had no romance to brighten it, no joy or love to lighten it. Day after day she sewed and cooked and

cleaned and mended to make a comfortable home for a man who did not even give her the pay of a few words of appreciation. At his worst he was cross and querulous. At his best he was silent, and would gobble his food like a hungry animal and subside into his paper, leaving her to spend a dull and monotonous evening after a dull and monotonous day.

The husband was not one of the fortunate few who have the gift of making money. He worked hard, but opportunity does not smile on every man, and the wolf was never very far away from their door.

Women know the worst of poverty. It is the wife, who has the spending of the insufficient family income, who learns all the bitter ways of scrimping and paring and saving. The husband must present a decent appearance for policy's sake, when he goes to business; certain things are necessities for the children; and so the heaviest of all the deprivations fall upon the woman who stays at home and strives to make one dollar do the work of five.

This is the way of the Ordinary Woman; and what sacrifices she makes, what tastes she sacrifices, what longings for pretty things and dainty things she smothers, not even her own family guess. They think it is an eccentricity that makes her choose the neck of the chicken and the hard end of the loaf and stay at home from any little outing. Ah, if they only knew!

For each of her children she trod the Gethsemane of woman, only to go through that slavery of motherhood which the woman endures who is too poor to hire competent nurses. For years and years she never knew what it was to have a single night's unbroken sleep. The small hours of the morning found her walking the colic, or nursing the croup, or covering restless little sleepers, or putting water to thirsty little lips.

There was no rest for her, day or night. There was always a child in her arms or clinging to her skirts. Oftener than not she

not adepts at arguing, and are likely to grow confused and irritable. But they will read the right sort of stuff. Give them plenty of it. Entice them to listen to your best speakers—and warn your speakers that they will be there for enlightenment, and for a message of hope.

Tell your locals that the women are the main stuff now, and that they have got to be courted, as it were. If you men have not learned to do this intelligently, get good women speakers and organizers to do it. And take a shy at it yourselves occasionally—it will do you good. You will find out what it means to appeal to a woman's brains for once.

This is all serious, comrades, as serious as life itself—or as our cause itself. If you are interested in winning out in Washington you will take it seriously, too.

If the national office sends our woman organizer into your state—and I hope it will—do your best to help her in her work. Write to our national correspondent, Caroline A. Lowe, at 180 Washington St., Chicago, for information about things you don't understand. And send to *The Progressive Woman* for advice on literature. We will do our best to help you out.

You ought to succeed, comrades; *you must succeed in winning the Washington women for Socialism.*

was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to death, but she never failed to rally to the call of "mother!" as a good soldier always rallies to his battle cry.

Nobody called her brave, and yet, when one of the children came down with malignant diphtheria, she braved death a hundred times, in bending over the little sufferer, without one thought of danger. And when the little one was laid away under the sod, she who had loved most was the first to gather herself together and take up the burden of life for the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Woman's life, however, came when she educated her children above herself and lifted them out of her sphere. She did this with deliberation. She knew that in sending her bright boy and talented girl off to college she was opening up to them paths in which she could not follow; she knew that the time would come when they would look upon her with pitying tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help her!—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice. She worked a little harder, she denied herself a little more, to give them the advantages she never had. In this she was only like millions of other Ordinary Women who are toiling over cook stoves, slaving at sewing machines, pinching and economizing to educate and cultivate their children—digging with their own hands the chasm that will separate them almost as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the real heroine of life

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one that leaves you farther on than when you took it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desires for that which is better and higher, it is in no sense a good book.—Anne Warner.

Frank had been sent to the hardware store for a thermometer.

"Did your mother say what size?" asked the clerk.

"Oh," answered Frank, "gimme the biggest one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom with."—*Success Magazine.*

### A WORD TO WASHINGTON

Continued from page 14

rest in the little Marys and Johnnies of the poor, and the sanitary condition of the parks and streets, and saloons and vice dens, and other public evils is uppermost in their thoughts and desires; while these humane considerations are large with faith in the possibilities of fulfillment.

Show them that the Socialists, too, are interested in these very things; that the Socialist—and the Socialists alone—can help them in protecting the poor, in abolishing poverty and filth and disease and vice.

These women with their new ballots are going to be mightily disappointed in politics when they find they are bound hand and foot nearly everything they want to undertake. All of the vice interests, all the big capitalist interests, will be against them. The political parties will be against them; politics itself conventionally played will be against them. They are going to be discouraged—*unless the Socialists take the time and the trouble intelligently point out to them their identical interests.*

Don't go after them with brain storms! Don't have impossibilistic fits. They won't understand you if you do. They will think you are what the capitalists say you are. Don't try to argue too much with them. Give them the right sort of literature. They are

## Alexander Irvine's Story

How he climbed out of the ditch of poverty, ignorance and superstition, to a place of power in the world.

### FROM THE BOTTOM UP

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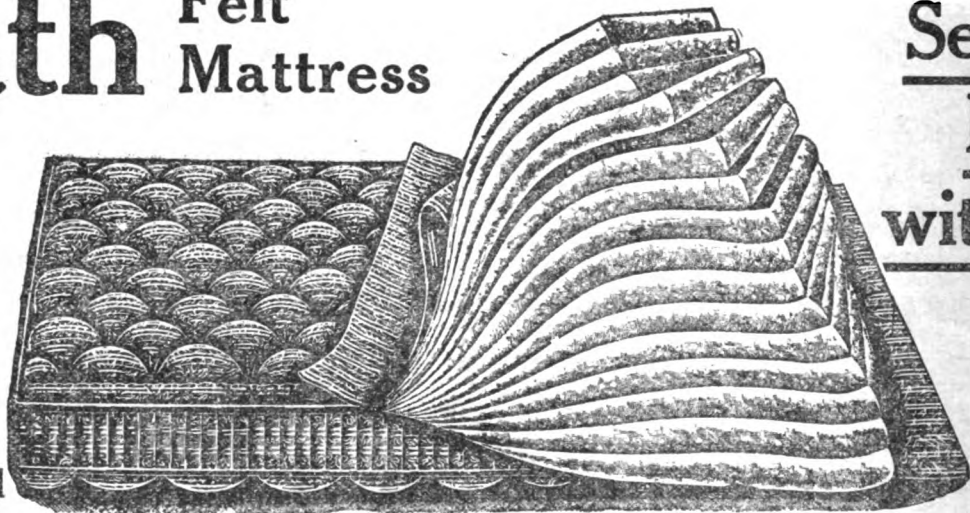
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