

3100 no. 61

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN



Buller's

**THE
 PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY
 CHICAGO ILLINOIS**

PRICE 5 CENTS

U. S. A.

50c A YEAR

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN TO ORGANIZE NEW COMPANY

Five years ago The Progressive Woman was started with the hope of aiding in the building up of a strong woman's movement within the Socialist party. At that time there had been very little activity in educating the woman in Socialism, and no official work along this line whatever. The Progressive Woman—then The Socialist Woman—was necessarily an exceedingly modest publication in point of size and circulation. But its hopes were big.

While miracles have not been performed along the lines of the women's work in the past five years, much has been done, and a splendid foundation has been laid for future propoganda among women. A National Woman's Committee, authorized at the National Convention of 1908, has had in hand the work of carrying on organization among women, bringing them into the regular party locals. State and local committees have come into existence for more intensive work along this line. Women speakers have been placed in the field, a literature of leaflets has sprung up, and The Progressive Woman last year reached a circulation of 15,000.

MUST HAVE MORE WORK AMONG WOMEN

This is as a beginning should be. We have reached the stage now, however, when every possible force should be brought into play to further the propoganda of Socialism among women. We must have more speakers, more literature, more local committees for this purpose. It is recognized on every hand that vastly greater progress can be made with a paper which belongs to and is made use of by the women of the Socialist party than through any half dozen other means at hand. The Progressive Woman being already in existence, it was decided by the National Woman's Committee, which met at the recent Convention in Indianapolis, to form, together with the present owner and publisher and the men and women of the movement who shall be interested enough to take shares, a stock company, which shall be incorporated for \$10,000, stock to sell at \$10 a share.

Since it is contrary to the constitution of the Socialist party for the party to establish its own publications, and since it is not, as a rule, advisable for one person to own and control the policy of any publication which shall influence the policy of the party or of any part of it, the women of the movement have hoped to settle the matter in the most democratic manner possible by forming a stock company, with a board of directors, who shall look after the policy of the paper.

To this end over six thousand letters have been sent to locals and women's committees, asking that both individuals and locals buy stock, thus broadening the usefulness of the paper and giving it a financial foundation upon which to build a great publication.

\$10 WORTH OF SUBSCRIPTION CARDS GIVEN WITH EACH SHARE OF STOCK

With every share of stock will be given \$10 worth of yearly sub cards at 50c each, or the same amount of half-yearlies at 25c each. The buyer may sell these cards or give them away. The advantage to be gained from this is the possibility of becoming a stockholder in the new company, and at the same time to vastly increase the reading public of The Progressive Woman.

Locals having women members may easily buy a number of shares of stock. If the treasury is low or empty the women will give entertainments, the proceeds of which may go for this purpose. Last year thirty-six woman's committees alone raised nearly \$10,000 in various ways. It is true that only about \$200 of this was spent for literature for women, but if we are to make headway with our propoganda among women in the future we shall have to spend more liberally the money raised by the committees for work among women. So there is no danger that the locals, with the assistance of the women members, cannot raise sufficient money to buy up all the stock in The Progressive Woman Publishing Company and also place this paper in the hands of thousands of women readers.

THE BIGGEST MOVEMENT IN REACHING WOMEN

It is the biggest move we have made, or can make, comrades, in our work of reaching womankind for Socialism. And we MUST reach the women. Very soon women in all the states will be voters. The demand for woman suffrage is a growing demand, and conditions everywhere are shaping themselves in its favor. About the time we have the majority of male votes coming our way we shall have the woman vote to deal with. Let's begin our education RIGHT NOW, so that we will be safe when the woman is enfranchised.

The Progressive Woman will become, more than it has been possible for it to be in the past, the voice of the woman's movement of the Socialist party. Everything possible will be done to make it an attractive appeal to the average woman reader. Among the myriad of women's papers in this country this is the *only one that points the way to Socialism*. LET US MAKE THIS ONE STRONG APPEAL SUCCESSFUL!

Take this matter up with your neighbor, with your local, with your committee. THINK OF THE MANY WAYS IN WHICH YOU CAN HELP, and PUT THEM INTO EXECUTION. Remember, The Progressive Woman is to VOICE SOCIALISM'S APPEAL TO WOMANKIND. HELP US SPREAD THIS APPEAL!

Below is a blank. Read it, sign it if you can, or have your local sign it, or yourself with nine of your friends, and send it to us with the requisite amount. WE ARE WAITING TO HEAR FROM YOU.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING CO.,
5445 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Comrades:—Enclosed find \$....., for which put me (or local) down for shares of stock in the forthcoming Progressive Woman Publishing Company, for which I (or the local) am to receive certificates of stock upon the incorporation of the said company, and yearly subscription cards to The Progressive Woman.
Fraternally yours,

.....
.....
.....

THESE WILL HELP

The following is from a comrade who has done, and is doing, a great amount of valuable work for Socialism. We are glad also to claim him as a good friend of The Progressive Woman:

"..... Here is what I write especially to tell you, my good friend,, and I will gladly make two of a hundred comrades to provide you \$10 each for the benefit of The Progressive Woman.

"Several thousands of us should blush with shame if we neglect 'The Progressive Woman,' as your work is of very great importance indeed. It is scandalous the way we permit you to struggle along without more effective co-operation. I should not blame you if you feel keen resentment toward a lot of us. We all know your work is necessary, and we all know you need money, and yet we lazily and cruelly put it off till tomorrow.

"I shall write two or three letters today to friends here in New York, urging them to get

busy on this matter. A letter direct to 125 friends ought to bring you in 100 replies with \$10 each. You assured me that this would be a great help to you when I saw you lately in Chicago."

The above is the spirit that will make The Progressive Woman the success it should be. If 100 more of our friends will follow this comrade, The P. W. will go on its way rejoicing and—making Socialists of women. The following from a woman comrade is also full of encouragement:

"I got a personal subscription for one share of stock yesterday, and I have seen two more woman's branches, who have promised to talk the matter over, and one, I am pretty sure, will subscribe. The funds of the other are pretty low, but if they decide to have an entertainment of some kind, they, too, will probably subscribe. I also got six yearly subs. for the paper, which I enclose."

Remember, with every share of stock at \$10 are given twenty 50c sub. cards. So no one need be out anything on this proposition, and

it will put The P. W. in order for fine propoganda in the future. The above letters were written before the 6,000 were sent out. We expect many, many more like them!

War—What For?

The Book of the Day
By **George R. Kirkpatrick**
Instructor in the Rand School of Social Science, New York City, and Lecturer for the New York City Board of Education—with numerous engagements on Lyceum lecture courses

First edition, August, 1910	Third edition, December, 1910
Second edition, October, 1910	Fourth edition, (20,000) April, 1911

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5445 DREXEL AVENUE :: CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

Volume VI

JULY, 1912

Number 61

Women at the National Socialist Convention

By Josephine Conger-Kaneko

What did the women do at the Socialist Convention?

This is a question that should be, and is, of interest to many persons. Should be, because what women are doing today counts much for the future of our society and no adequate knowledge of present-day conditions can be gained without including them and their activities in the budget of our information. Is, because there are many who realize this fact and are already availing themselves of its existence.

And since the Socialist movement represents the most radical wing of the forward movements that count today, it is worth knowing what the women of the Socialist Party think and do.

The National Woman's Committee, which met four days before the Convention proper, listened to reports of committees on a number of matters, discussed and disposed of them. Among the most important of these was the report of the general correspondent, Caroline A. Lowe, which covered the activity of the W. N. C. and the various local committees, during the two years that had intervened since the congress of 1910.

Comrade Florence Wattles, organizer for the Woman's National Committee, gave an outline of her work in Pennsylvania, and advised that we emphasize in our work among women the fact that the Socialist Party is a political organization, organized to win a political victory, and that we should urge the enfranchisement of the working woman as one of the objects of the Woman's Committee. Winnie E. Branstetter gave the report on Farmers' Wives, stating that the problem of the farmer's wife is the most difficult that faces the work of the committee. Her isolation and lack of opportunity for social life make the task of reaching her hard of attainment. The use of the program gotten out by the committee and which has been running in The Progressive Woman is very effective in reaching the isolated woman of the farm. Caroline A. Lowe gave a report on propaganda among teachers, pointing out the necessity of an Educational Department in the National Office.

A report, outlining industrial education of the present time and emphasizing the need in all cases of education for self-support and for motherhood, was made by May Wood-Simons. A motion was carried that a series of articles be published relating to education of girls along the line of home-making and motherhood. A report from Mila Tupper Maynard on the enfranchisement of women was read, Comrade Maynard not being in attendance at the Convention. This report recommended that the suffrage petition be followed up with a systematic and whole-hearted campaign in states where the vote is to be taken on suffrage this year. Theresa Malkiel reported on the Trades Unions, showing the evolution of the woman wage earner from an unwilling intruder in the industrial world to a dependable, intelligent co-worker. The necessity of organization among women workers was dwelt on, and it was moved and

carried that a committee be elected to handle the trade union report and that Pauline Newman be elected to co-operate with it.

Prudence Stokes Brown gave special plans for organization among women. Comrade Brown is working in California as organizer.

Literature and its distribution was taken up by the committee. The need of more systematic methods of distribution and the kind of literature most advisable for use among women were discussed at length. A special committee on literature was appointed.

One of the most telling reports was made by Anna A. Maley on the white slave traffic. Comrade Maley stated that after a careful study of the question she was convinced that this is distinctly a class question, as working girls form 99 per cent of the victims, and the segregated district is always in the poorer working class sections of the city, thereby constituting a constant menace to the children, boys and girls alike, who must live in this section. She declared that where Socialist administrations are elected in cities they should abolish the restricted districts.

Josephine Conger-Kaneko gave a report on The Progressive Woman, which was followed by a discussion of the possibility of the Woman's National Committee owning The Progressive Woman for use as an organization paper, under the supervision of the committee, and edited by Mrs. Kaneko. It was moved and carried that the question of The Progressive Woman be discussed with the National Executive Committee. This was done, and the latter body recommended the organization of a stock company which should own and give the widest possible circulation to The Progressive Woman as one of the most effective means of reaching women for Socialism.

Lena Morrow Lewis gave a report on foreign organization, pointing out the necessity of educating the foreign woman to an understanding of her class needs. It was recommended that a series of articles be published dealing with the obligations of citizenship and of freedom. Also that an itemized list of literature published in foreign languages should be placed wherever it is needed. Ethel Whitehead gave a most interesting report on her work as organizer of Socialist schools in California. She submitted the following suggestion: "In organization among children the work must be always under the supervision of adults; the purpose of such organization to teach children the principles of Socialism and enable them to become versed in parliamentary usage; the whole plan to develop confidence and individual expression in the young."

ACTIVITY AMONG WOMEN DELEGATES.

Besides the regular meeting of the National Woman's Committee, there were four conferences of Socialist women during the convention. On the evening of May 11 a mass meeting was held; the hall, with a seating capacity of 400, was filled. Women speakers, limited to five-minute speeches, gave a two hours' program. Two meetings were held at

the noon hour at the Woman's Exchange. There the women delegates, visitors and all who were interested listened to talks from the field workers. Suggestions as to methods of work, etc., were made and discussed. These meetings were entirely informal. The fourth conference was held Friday, the 17th, when general plans of organization were discussed.

THE CONVENTION PROPER.

In spite of the activity of the women in their own committees, meetings, etc., none of the work of the general Convention proper was lost. On two occasions women were elected as vice-chairmen for the Convention. These were May Wood-Simons and Anna A. Maley. The women delegates gave their reports, made their speeches and won or lost along with the rest of the delegates. A woman on the floor of a National Socialist Convention is a part of the natural order of the Socialist movement, and none thinks of her as a curiosity.

WOMEN AT THE CONVENTION.

Among the many interesting visitors and delegates at the Convention were Freda Hogan, the assistant editor of the Arkansas state paper, a young girl not yet out of her "teens," but who writes, makes speeches and promises big things for the future; Ida Calley, state secretary of Arkansas; Grace D. Brewer, of the Appeal to Reason; Helen Marot, a worker with the Woman's Trade Union League of New York; Pauline M. Newman, trade union organizer; Mrs. A. H. Floaten, woman's state correspondent of Colorado; Luella Twining, speaker and writer; Anna Maley, speaker and editor of The Commonwealth; Rose Schneiderman, trade union organizer; Ethel Whitehead, organizer of the Socialist Lyceum in Los Angeles; Mary E. Garbutt, much loved worker in the movement in Los Angeles; May Strickland, Lyceum speaker; Kate Sadler, well known speaker of Washington; Gertrude Breslau-Hunt, speaker and assistant editor of "Justice"; Anna Lockwood, assistant editor of "The Prophet and the Ass"; Florence Wattles, organizer for the women; Mrs. Taylor, state correspondent of Indiana; Mrs. Ott and Mrs. Lehnert of Indianapolis; Alma Kriger, state secretary of Montana; May Wood-Simons, Lyceum speaker; Mary O'Reilly, speaker and writer; Jeanette Fenimore-Korngold, Lyceum speaker; Anna Cohen and Cora Bixler, delegates from Pennsylvania, and young women who are coming to the front; Elizabeth H. Thomas, well known state secretary of Wisconsin, and Mrs. Victor L. Berger, member of the National Woman's Committee.

It would be impossible to give the names of all the splendid women, who are contributing to the forward march of the workers who were in attendance at the National Convention. We can only say we were glad they were there; we hope their number will greatly increase before the next convention, and that their influence will increase a hundred fold in the immediate future. A political party in which women are interested? Certainly, we have it and it cannot fail!



CHILD LABOR IN EUROPE

By Luella Twining



The children of France, England and Germany, like children of every other country,

are bright and sweet. Like flowers trying to peep their heads through filth in ugly alleys, most of the children in all countries I visited are blighted early by vicious surroundings. German "kinder" (children) are the sturdiest, happiest and cleanest,



because "der Vater and die Mutter" are Socialists. The difference between the emaciated children of the slums of Chicago and the German children, with their fat little bodies and clean frocks, is the difference between Hinky Dink and a Socialist majority.

The "Kinder von Bayern" (Bavaria), the southern part of Germany, are particularly attractive. You are familiar with their pictures. One wonders how the mother manages to crowd the fat legs into the queer little trousers and knit stockings. A cap decorated with a feather, sometimes flowers, rests on round head and face with puffing red cheeks.

The "Madchen" (girls) wear the picturesque costumes, so popular on the stage, composed of a full skirt, waist, gay corsage, laced front and back, and apron. For a pfennig they will dance for the "Ausländer" (the stranger), twirling their arms gracefully, their cheeks growing redder with every turn, a pretty picture Baedeker advises travelers to see.

It is of interest in passing to note that 97 per cent of the workers in Munich are organized in industrial unions and the Socialist party.

"LES ENFANTS PARISIENS."

The children of Paris are most charming, with their creamy complexions, black hair, large, expressive eyes and graceful manners. The Parisian baby says "Merci, monsieur," "Bon soir, madame." (The French nurses on the Lake Shore here have more charming manners than their mistresses, who look arrogantly out of the windows of their mansions.) The Parisians live outdoors as much as possible. Every day the women, who can, take their children to play in the Bois (the wood) and parks. In the Latin Quarter one sees less pleasing pictures. There children, hitched up with dogs, draw small wagons and carts filled with vegetables, furniture, rags or what not. I watched them for hours, wondering where they came from and where

they were going. Sometimes a boy or girl was overtaken with a spasm of coughing, if the dog shirked its share of the tugging. I feared their lungs would flow out into the dust of the street, but was fortunate in not witnessing so distressing and common a sight.

Child labor is rife in France, but the French people have few children, fortunately.

Paris is like wine. A spirit pervades it like no other city. But even the spirit of a Parisian child is weighed down by poverty. In the year 1901 over 500 children committed suicide. There is a reaper whose name is death, and with his sickle keen he reaps the bearded grain at a breath, and the flowers that grow between!

Vagabondage among children is common in Paris. Orphans are sent to country homes with monthly inspections, but many dozens live in the streets. A boy in prison was asked, "Are you unhappy?" "Oh, no," came the naive reply, "I have enough to eat."

Crime among children increases rapidly each year.

A girl who had been in the United States told me of her trip. "Did you like my country?" I asked. "Oh, non, madame" (no, madam). The Americans are not thrifty, the country is dirty and the children impudent: but I got enough to eat." "More than here?" "Oh, oui" (oh, yes), she replied, nodding her head decidedly.

A dark picture for "gay Patee," the most beautiful city in "La Belle France," the most beautiful country in the world, dear to all French people, the most charming people in the world.

CHILDREN OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

My most lively impressions of the children of London is of dirty, unkempt children, swarming at the doors of the public houses (saloons), waiting for their parents, since the law keeps them outside. There are, I hope, many thousands of rosy-cheeked, happy children in England, but I didn't see many of them. I saw Princess Mary, a beautiful, golden-haired girl, whom all loyal children are supposed to love, whom parliament votes as an income for one year as much as all the working people's children in England have spent on them. Great Britain is starving its children physically and mentally.

BAIRNS OF BONNIE SCOTLAND.

I remember Edinburgh and Glasgow principally because of the children. Wee bairns, too small to talk plainly, jump up from the sidewalks and swarm from the alleys if they spy a stranger from afar. They want to explain

the places of interest. They are "masters of the show." A baby, toddling along, pointed its chubby little fingers across the way and lisped: "'Ere uper Mawy Tween Stots 'pent er last day"; "'Ere we dug (hang) our prisoner"; "'Ere John Knox 'ome." He looked up, confidently, with his big blue eyes, and trudged along, still explaining, till the others called him back.

The Scottish people love their country and cherish its traditions. Even the children catch its spirit. Thousands of its sons and daughters are forced to leave its "banks and braes" yearly for Australia, Canada and the United States. No more will they hear the bagpipes reverberating through the highlands.

Scotland, England, Ireland, France and all other industrially developed countries rob the cradle for the mill and factory. Everywhere, in all countries, the life, joy and strength of the young is being ground into profits.

Fortunately the Socialist party is growing in all countries, led by Germany, which stepped even into the kaiser's home, like Daniel into the lion's den, and chose a Socialist for the reichstag.

STRIKING "NEWSIES" IN CHICAGO

Nearly 200 newsboys, some of them as young as six years, have been arrested in the news-



boys' strike in Chicago. Many times these boys were beaten and kicked by the policemen arresting them. Invariably the courts dismissed the cases, finding nothing against the boys.

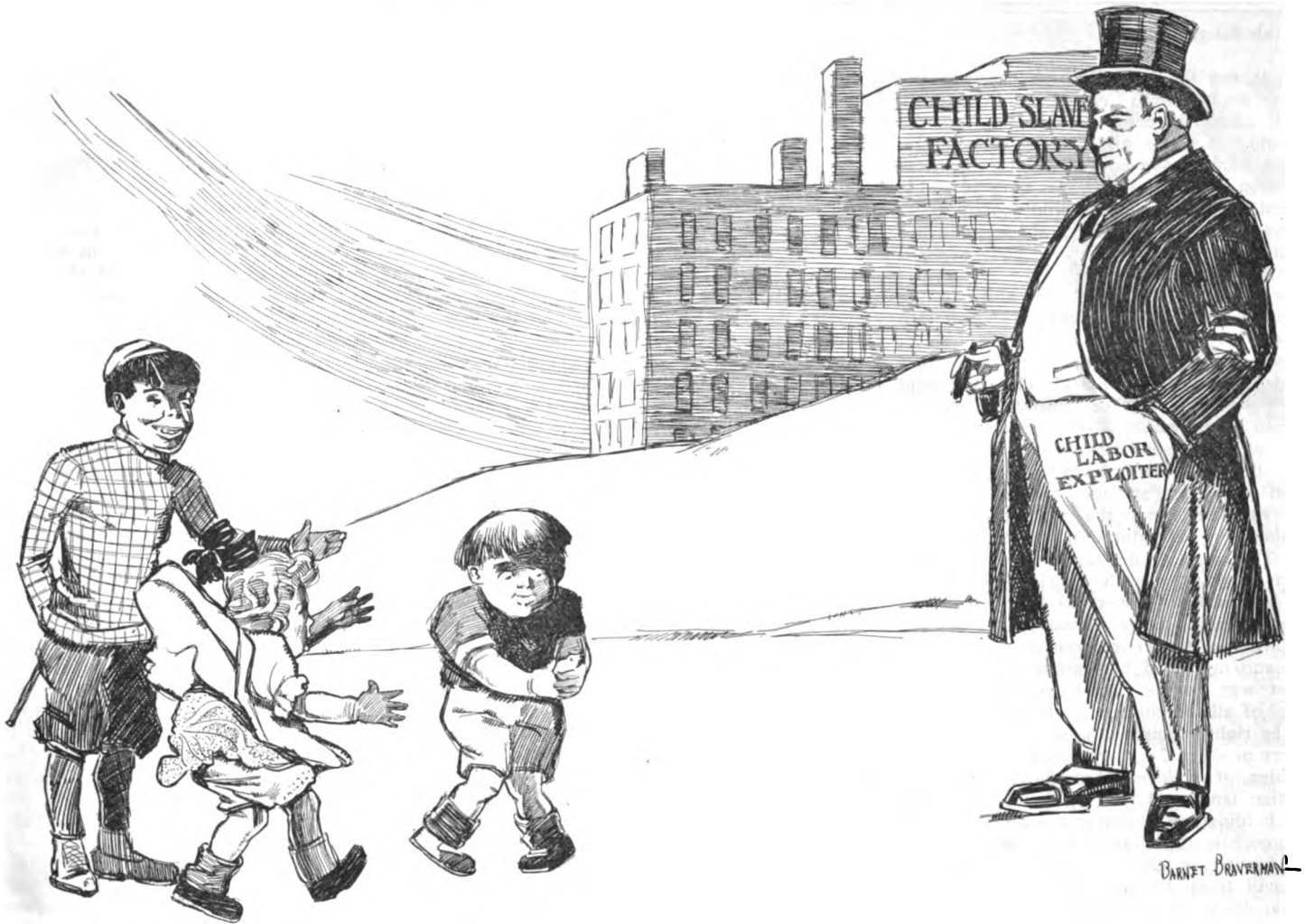
One young boy died from injuries received while in jail by jailer and policeman. There was an immense funeral,

held under the auspices of the newspaper trades.

The Chicago newsboys went out on strike early in May in sympathy with the pressmen, who were locked out by the Hearst and other papers. There was also a strike against con-

(Continued on page 11.)

THE MODERN FACTORY



Modern Factory Owner: "I simply love kids"

Child Labor in Oklahoma

By Winnie Branstetter

Yes, we have child labor even in sunny Oklahoma, in spite of our radical constitution and our compulsory education law.

All the forces of progress of organized labor and philanthropy have not been sufficient to protect the childhood of Oklahoma from the greed of the landlord and the banker.

Oklahoma is a cotton raising state. Seventy-five per cent of the cotton is raised on rented land, the rent paid to the landlord by the tenant being one-third of the crop.

After paying the landlord and the merchant the farmer has nothing left to pay for help on the farm. It follows naturally that only farmers with at least four children can afford to raise cotton. So we have a condition in Oklahoma bordering on feudalism, where the entire family, father, mother and children, is forced to work in the field in order to produce the barest necessities of life.

The cotton is planted in the early spring. When the young plant is about three inches high, the hard labor begins. From that time until early winter all hands must work diligently; in the spring and summer keeping the field free from weeds and from surplus plants. In the fall the whole family joins in gathering the harvest. As the entire crop does not ripen at one time, the field must be covered three and sometimes four times if the full crop is to be garnered.

The young plant grows very dense, the leaves being covered with a kind of fuzz which holds the moisture for many hours, even in the hot summer sun. This moisture, while adding greatly to the productiveness of the plant, acts as an impediment and inconvenience to the children and women working in the fields; their clothing becoming drenched and bedraggled with the dew and dust adds greatly to the burden of the heavy cotton sack which is used as a receptacle for the cotton they are picking.

I have seen a mother and five small children working side by side from early morning until evening, with the Oklahoma sun beating down on their bowed heads and shoulders, the father stooped with misery and work, the mother frequently heavy with the burden of an unborn child, the babies, little child workers from five years upward, their weazened bodies staggering under the burden of soft, white cotton.

These children, although they are out in God's sunlight and air, seldom smile or play. Life to them is a never ending round of cotton chopping and cotton picking, with three months school thrown in for recreation.

I have seen a mother fall asleep under the blinding sun as she suckled her babe at the end of the field. I have seen the little one lay sleeping for hours, protected only by the

shifting shade of the cotton plant, the prey of insect and reptile.

The child who is too young to pick cotton is dragged on the sack by the mother or older children, or toddles about the field all day, falling asleep whenever and wherever fatigue overcomes him.

Lauded for our excellent system throughout the United States, we have a school building every three miles, but for nine months each year our compulsory education law says that these schools may remain closed in order that the children may work in the cotton fields.

This law provides that the child must attend at least three months' school each year, unless other means of education are provided, so in the cotton raising districts we have a three months' school in the dead of winter, when there is no cotton to pick, and when the weather is frequently so bad as to render continual attendance impossible.

Watching these children at an occasional barbeque or picnic, their forms so dwarfed and stooped, their faces so lacking in joy and laughter, their eyes so solemn and hungry for natural child life, I have asked myself again and again, what can life mean to a mother under such cursed conditions? Is it possible to arouse a spirit of rebellion in bodies so tired and passive?

But my answer comes in the increased membership of the Socialist Party, in the increased activity of women in the unions and in the party, in the increased class conscious working class vote at each election and in the organization of tenants' unions throughout the state.

The Child and the Church

By Sarah Kingsbury

It was not the holy Sabbath day and the church doors were closed and securely barred. A little child lay sleeping on the threshold. It was a dirty, neglected creature, and the summer sun poured its hot, merciless rays upon its bare head. It wore a single garment, and this, as the child tossed in its restless sleep, had gathered about its arms, and the child lay with its naked body exposed to the dust and intense heat.

A woman came to the church and saw the sleeping child. She approached with soft step and reverently covered its nude form with its ragged garment and gently moved it into the shadow of one of the pillars. The child slept more peacefully and the church's sleep had not been disturbed.

The woman's soul was bowed in worship before the child, and the place seemed permeated with a new strange holiness. Involuntarily she knelt over the child and a half-articulate cry of adoration burst from her lips. This ragged, neglected child was holy to her, holy as was the Christ-child to the magi who came to worship him. And she poured upon it all her woman's gifts of love and pity and tender reverence, the frankincense and myrrh of her mother heart. This outcast was as the Christ-child to her—the symbol of all the children of the earth, a holy child by right of birth, a possible son of God.

There arose in her the memory of the cruel slaughter of children throughout the whole Christian land, and she sat down beside the child, holding bitter converse with herself.

"Tomorrow the church doors will be open wide, for it is another Sabbath, and little children will troop through, happy in their gay summer dress. This child will not be of their number. He has no part in a child's rightful heritage of gentle care and love and pretty raiment. He is the son of a toiler and the children of his class are bound by unbreakable fetters to the loom to weave bright colored garments for these dainty boys and girls of the Sunday school world, and are imprisoned in dark mines to dig the coal that gives warmth to the Sunday school children's homes in winter, and that drives the locomotive which bears them from city into open country in their vacation time.

"In thousands of churches countless children will gather to learn of the Christ-child tomorrow. Today two million children are toiling in shop and factory and mine, toiling until their bodies and brains are worn and numb. There is no play for them, no pretty clothing, no training for mind and heart. They toil that the Sunday school children may have food and fine clothing and much pleasure, that their parents may have beautiful houses and automobiles and huge bank accounts.

The working children do not learn the legends of the Christ-child. They know that the factory whistle blows at seven and that if a minute late there will be less pay in the meager envelope Saturday night. They do not know the notes of birds. The robin, the thrush do not sing for them. The shrill voice of the whistle startles them from weary sleep in the early morning hour and all day the maddening whirr of the machine buzzes in their ears.

"No, little Sunday school child, the sound of the machine is not like the lazy drone of bees as they poise above the garden flowers on a sultry summer afternoon. The factory child has no idle vacation time. The flowers and the birds and the long vacation are for

you, and for the child toilers there is nothing but tired, worn bodies and stunted minds, miserable food and cheap, ugly clothing. They live in wretched, poky houses, for that is the world's way of paying those who feed and clothe its inhabitants.

"The church and the Sunday school consist of the owners of the factories and stores and mills and their children, and of their retainers and their children. The men and women and children who toil do not draw near the temple, for between the toilers and the worshipers there is a great gulf fixed, and the toilers cannot cross and the worshipers will not so much as reach out a hand to aid them.

"No, Sunday school child, the working children do not learn the stories of the old Jewish heroes, they do not know of the wonderful Hebrew boy, who grew up to be a light unto all the nations of the earth. They have knowledge, though, these children of toil. Brutal curses and ribald jests are familiar to their ears, for every factory has its slave drivers and its purveyors of evil. It is said by those who can speak from immediate contact that no one would dare to put in writing the description of the real conditions where children are employed.

"Because you are yet a child you are not a pharisee. You will not understand why the school, the playground, the summer vacation are so necessary for you, while the factory or mill, with its long day, is just the place to make strong, worthy men and women of the children of the poor. Should they tell you, as they tell each other, that these things are the 'will of the Lord,' you would not understand. You will wonder, too, why they never pray for these little wage slaves. Your pastor prays for the heathen, the Sunday school and the 'Ladies' Aid.' He prays for the teachers, the deacons and almost everything in the heavens above and in the earth beneath, but you do not hear him pray that child slavery may cease. They have pictured the sorrows of the little Chinese girl and of the child widows of India so graphically that you have wept in pity and have been very thankful that you lived in a Christian land. They do not tell you of the horrible lives of the working children in this same Christian land—the children who help to furnish you clothing and all the other things that make life pleasant for you.

"There is nothing more conspicuous on the Lord's day than your pastor's linen. Has he ever told you how it got bleached so white? Has he ever wept and prayed for the little naked bodies through the 'long, long night, while you are sleeping, tramp this same linen in the bleaching vats? Has he ever told you that often the acid eats through the oil with which they protect their bodies into the tender flesh? Does he tell you that the boys incur blindness and consumption from the contact with the acid?

"On cold winter days, when your Sunday school room is so nice and warm and you are so strong and happy after your long night's sleep in your cozy bed, do your teachers or pastor tell you that little boys have been down in the dark mines all night digging coal for you? Do they tell you that these boys are so worn by labor that they faint when they reach the open air and have to be dragged into the sheds until they regain strength enough to go home and sleep that they may come back to the mine at night? Do they tell you that mere babies, little girls many of them not eight years old, weave the white

sheets of your bed and all the stacks of muslin and linen so necessary for your pure, Christian homes? Do they tell you that these little girls have their hands mangled and fingers cut off in the loom—the loom that wove the white gown in which you kneel to say your prayers at night? Do they tell you that these little girls lose their health in the mills, and, worse still, that they learn things there that would bring a blush of shame to the cheeks of vicious men?

"You have heard in church and Sunday school that whosoever gives a glass of cold water to a little child gives to Him who spoke the first recorded word in behalf of the child. Do they tell you that no one but a hypocrite or a pharisee could give a glass of water in His name, because the glass is dripping with the blood of little children?

"Perhaps you are helping to educate some heathen child. Do they tell you that in the state of Pennsylvania alone there are over eight thousand little children toilers who cannot read or write? No, they do not tell you these things. And some day, if you learn of them before you have become a pharisee, you will grow bitter and think that the teachers and pastors whom you loved and revered were only hypocrites. But they are not that exactly. The men who have enslaved the little children in mill and factory have enslaved your teacher and pastor, too, only theirs is unconscious slavery—not an unpleasant but a deadly form of slavery.

"The mill and factory owners are those whom the church delights to honor. It is they who hold the chief places. They serve the bread and wine at the Holy Supper in memory of Him whose kingdom has for its symbol the little child. The symbol of the industrial kingdom is the little child also. Perhaps it is by reason of this analogy that the church so loves to honor the leaders of industry, who yearly offer up on the altars of their money gods thousands of little children.

"Much gold comes to them from the labor of children. Some—a very little, though—passes into the hands of your pastors and teachers, and they, as well as the great industrial masters, are affected by the taint. For this gold coined of the souls of little children is a deadly thing and poisons all who touch it. They are all suffering from metallic poisoning, the kind that brings mental blindness and paralysis of the social conscience and finally ends in hopeless phariseism.

"Little children, who will gather in the churches tomorrow, would that there were some god somewhere in the great universe who would save you from this deadly phariseism. Would that there were some mighty god in the vast heavens who would rain down his wrath upon those who 'grind beneath their heels' the beautiful faces of little children in the industrial arena."

The woman aroused herself from her bitter reverie. The child still slept, and the church lay in its hopeless coma.

"Sleep on, little one," she said, softly. "Not today nor tomorrow, but on some near day they who worship here will capture you and chain you to the loom or in the dark mine, and a tenth of all the gold that is coined from your soft flesh will be poured into the coffers of the church, and for this the masters of the church will bless them."

Socialist Souvenir Post Cards.—They talk while going through the mail. Among them are drawings by Walter Crane; Debs and two little Girard (Kan.) friends; the house where Jack London wrote "Before Adam"; anti-military and suffrage subjects. Ten cents a dozen; 150 for \$1. Order from the P. W.



The Workers of the World

A Trades Union Department by Pauline M. Newman
Organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

HAS ORGANIZATION BETTERED WORKING CONDITIONS?

This is a question asked too often. People who are skeptics, or those who are in doubt as to the achievements of labor unions, will usually tell you that labor agitators often overestimate the value of a union. However, a statement, which appeared in "Life and Labor" for May, will, I hope, convince them to the contrary. The statement I have reference to reads as follows:



"WHAT ORGANIZATION HAS DONE FOR THE HAT TRIMMERS.

Before Organization.	After Organization.
Low wages.	Fifty per cent increase in wages.
No limits to working hours.	Fifty-two hours per week.
Home work.	No home work.
Discharge in dull season.	No discharge.
No protection from insults.	Fair distribution of work.
No pay for extra work.	Workers respected.
Workers had to provide silk.	Extra pay for extra work.
Workers had to furnish cotton and needles.	Employer provides silk.
Favorites received easy work.	Employer provides cotton and needles.
No heed given to workers' grievances.	No favorites.
Doors locked; no fire protection.	Fair division of easy and hard work.
	Conferences held and grievances adjusted.
	Open doors; fire protection."

And the hat trimmers' organization is not the only one; we can only use it as an example of what collective bargaining has done, and can do, to better the working and living conditions. There are many unions today that can present statements such as the above. Take the Bindery Women's Union, for instance. Before they were organized they, too, worked long hours, and their average wage was not more than four or five dollars per week. Today they have an eight-hour day

and the average wage is between seven and twelve dollars per week.

A great deal has been accomplished through organization, but much more can and will be accomplished, as soon as the great mass of women workers will cease to be indifferent toward their only weapon—organization.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT AND ACTION.

The following appeared in one of the Grand Rapids newspapers: "An employer of labor has posted in his shops the following printed epigrams, labeled "The Ten Commandments":

1. Don't lie; it wastes my time and yours. In the end I am sure to catch you, and it is the wrong end.
2. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.
3. Give me more than I expect.
4. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shop.
5. Don't be dishonest with me.
6. It is none of my business what you do at night; but if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.
7. Don't kick, even if I do.
8. Tell me what I ought to hear. I want a valet for my dollars.
9. Mind your own business.
10. Don't talk while you work.

Comment almost seems unnecessary. But this much can be said, that men and women who will allow the above to be posted in front of their faces **DESERVE THIS—AND THEN SOME.**

No employer whose workers are organized, and who possess self-respect, would ever dream of posting in his shops insults and attacks such as the above. Go into the union shop, and what epigrams are posted there? **THE UNION SCALE OF PRICES AND THE LIMITED TIME FOR THE DAY'S WORK.** What a difference!

Those workers who tolerate such insults as the above are not to be scorned, but are to be pitied, indeed. We are not angry at them. It simply hurts to think that today, in the twentieth century, when men, women and children are toiling day after day, month after month, and year after year, hardly receiving enough to keep them alive—men and women giving their youth, their energy, their very lives to provide wealth, comfort and luxury for the employers, are rewarded by these same employers by starvation wages and insults.

Remember, though, whoever you are, that no employer on earth could do it—were his shops **UNIONIZED.** "A word to the wise."

CORSET STRIKERS OF KALAMAZOO.

Twelve girls are in jail for striking against low wages and becoming the victims of the brutal lust of the foremen of the Kalamazoo Corset Company.

One girl, who worked for this company seventeen years, testified that she occasionally received as high as \$7 per week.

Starvation wages! No wonder brutal foremen felt they could terrorize these girls into becoming their victims. Girls living on \$6 a week and less cannot be expected to keep up their spirits for a very long time. And yet, in spite of everything, most of them do it.

The girl who worked seventeen years, and got as high as \$7 some weeks, was recently transferred to new work, and got \$1.95 for three days' work!

Hundreds of girls receive from \$2 to \$3.50 a week because they do not stand in favor with the superintendents, foremen, examiners, etc. Often they are made to wait for hours for "piece work," and are not allowed to leave the factory during these hours of waiting. They are compelled to pay for the thread and needles they use, and are discriminated against in many ways.

Girls may not be discharged for not falling to the wishes of their "superiors," but they are given the smallest amount of work, and the least pay possible. With favorites it is the practice of the foremen to forget to charge for thread, and they are "rewarded" in other ways for their submissiveness.

Poor girls! Yet they had the nerve and the energy to rebel against these criminal conditions. In February, twelve active unionists were discharged for—as the company put it—"persistent plotting against the interests of the company." What the "interests" of the company were, we have seen. This "lockout" was followed by a strike of 400 corset workers, who demanded a living wage, and decent moral and sanitary conditions.

Peaceful picketing was done, but within a few weeks a sweeping injunction was issued by Judge F. E. Knappen, prohibiting peaceful picketing or "in any other way whatsoever influencing persons to leave or refuse to enter the employment of the complainant." the Kalamazoo Corset Company.

For six weeks this injunction was obeyed, and then, having held daily prayers in the meeting hall, calling upon their heavenly father to move the citizens to take up their

(Continued on page 14.)

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THE CHILD

The last two centuries have been periods of specialization, in which we have endeavored to improve everything from machines to flowers. But the flower which is the hope of our future, the flower which is to carry onward the banner of humanity, our childhood, we have neglected to the very last. Edison and Burbank have gained world-wide renown, while Froebel's works rest lonesomely on the book shelves of the very few. The unsocial treatment of the child is due to the slow progress of humanity from individualism to collectivism. Hitherto all social activity, all social movements, have been only the unplanned, indirect results of striving for individual advantage. The social advantage was not sought of itself. It is only in the extremely complex and interconnected society of today that a definite consciousness arises that the good of one is the good of all. It is then, also, that there first appears the desire to treat the child from a standpoint of social value, instead of individual advantage to employer, to parents, etc.

And it is only in this age of specialization that there arises any glimmer of thought on the subject of the relative fitness of women to raise children. Only now do we begin to observe that one woman may be best fitted for the care of infants, while another may be able to do the most efficient work with children from the ages of seven to twelve, and that another may not be adapted to the education of children at all, although she may be thoroughly efficient in some other field. Now, there also comes to us the supremely important fact that, since motherhood and child-culture entail responsibility, they can be fulfilled in the best manner only by a responsible, independent person; that a work which means taking care of others, and the future generation at that, cannot be done justice to while women are in a position where they must be "taken care of" by some one else.

"THE UNEASY WOMAN"

Ida Tarbell and her "Uneasy Woman" are receiving considerable and prolonged atten-

tion from those interested in the woman question. In April there was a meeting in the Metropolitan Temple, New York City, at which four prominent suffragists replied to Miss Tarbell's articles in The American Magazine. These were Beatrice Forbes Robertson Hale, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, Anna Howard Shaw and Rheta Childe Dorr. The latter says, "There is only one thing the matter with her (Miss Tarbell), and that is she has a masculine mind. The great big average masculine mind, when it comes to thinking about women, just stops work." Perhaps this is as good as anything that was said about the many contradictions Miss Tarbell has gathered together in her articles on "The Uneasy Woman." Seriously, however, Ida Tarbell, who seems to know all about the tariff and trusts, and Abraham Lincoln, can't get it through her head that the woman is uneasy along with the rest of mankind, through the industrial developments of the past decade. Her great cry is that women ought to stay at home and do the things their grandmothers did, which is a physical impossibility, The spinning, weaving, etc., which our grandmothers did in the home, are now being done in great factories by machines that could not go into the average workingman's home—and leave any room for the other occupants. Naturally this situation has created some disturbance in the life of both the woman and the man. Since the family is the cornerstone of society, and the woman bears some small relation to the family, any phenomena which seems to disturb this relation receives no small attention from the sociologist. Ida Tarbell, however, is turning things about and directing her accusations against the creature which is affected, rather than the phenomena which affects her.

We know of no cure for such a mental condition, except to recommend that some one hand Miss Tarbell a Socialist pamphlet to read. Almost anything in our leaflet literature ought to cast some light on the industrial situation that would be of value to her in her effort to explain "The Uneasy Woman."

Just as a matter of curiosity, we wonder how Miss Tarbell would treat the matter of the four or five million unemployed men of the country. Rumor justifies us in believing there is considerable uneasiness among these also. Would Miss Tarbell attribute this uneasiness to perversion of function, or would she look about for some extraneous foundation, some cause outside the men themselves, for it? It would be interesting to know whether Miss Tarbell found different causes for the great unrest of the mass of men and of women, which unrest Socialists attribute to mechanical development with its various phases.

THAT PARADE

The suffrage parade in New York, of course! It was considerable of a parade, the papers say. Seventeen thousand women took part in it, and a million spectators witnessed the scene, according to the press. Whatever may be said of the marchers, it was an educational process for the spectators. One woman

voiced a protest at the quiet of the crowds. "Why don't they lean out and cheer? If they were marching and we were watching, they would expect us to cheer our heads off." "Madam," said a venerable man standing next to her, "Madam, they cannot be expected to cheer. They are very, very busy thinking. Your parade is making the men think."

A cub reporter entered the state suffrage headquarters looking for a "human interest" story of suffrage happenings. "Are you a suffragist?" asked the smiling secretary. The young man blushed. "Oh, I don't really know much about it," he confessed. "I don't even know if any state has it yet except Iowa."

No, young man, Iowa hasn't it yet. But six other states have. More are coming along this fall. And, meanwhile, there will be more parades—and other things—that will "make the men think," as the old gentleman said.

And this "making men think" is a very valuable process in itself. Action must be preceded by thought if it is to be intelligent action and productive of the right kind of fruit. There are even Socialists who evidently have not thought deeply on the meaning of Socialism, since they deny the necessity of working for universal suffrage—which in this country means woman suffrage. In "Socialism in Theory and Practice" we find this: "The extension of popular suffrage, more especially, is of the greatest vital importance to the Socialist Party, since the latter can hardly make any political progress, still less conquer the political powers of the country, in the absence of equal and universal suffrage."

Viewing the woman suffrage movement in this light, it is a fight which must receive the support and indorsement of Socialists. The great mass of working women need the ballot in the regulation of their affairs, and the Socialist Party is the organization to which they should be taught to look for assistance in securing the vote. Men Socialists who do not realize this belong with that great class who must be made to think, and the sooner this is accomplished the better for our movement as well as for everyone concerned.

WHAT I SEE

I do not see so much of evil in the world
As Ignorance. So long as man will hug her
phantom form
Within his aching breast,
And drink the effervescence of her smile,
Just so long must he feel the hunger
And the craving of that wisdom
Which his soul must yet attain,
Lest it forever die.
The pains that come to him are guide posts
In the roads of Ignorance
Which tell him of the falseness of his route,
And point him to that better path
Where Wisdom walks with Happiness.
The Spirit of the Ages must proclaim the triumph
Of its will; and as the years crowd thick
Upon our heads, so Wisdom crowds upon the heels
Of timid Ignorance, and nations yet will see
The Universal Brotherhood of Man.

OUR standard bearers in the campaign of 1912 are our beloved Eugene V. Debs and Emil Seidel, the efficient ex-mayor of Milwaukee. Women of the working class! these men stand for YOUR interests and those of your children. This is YOUR campaign. As you love your class and your children, give this campaign your every support.

Woman's Place in Politics—Its Basis

By Lida Parce

(Sixth Installment.)

Now look at this situation, my woman friend, and see if you don't think it is your particular business.

The people who raise raw materials today do not make them up into the forms in which they can use them. The people who consume commodities do not produce them. We are all practically cut off from our source of supplies; and the people who manufacture commodities hold the pass. They hold the pass, and they charge more than we have to pay to let us get through.

They charge more than we have, and the only way we can get the price they ask is by working for them. We work for them, and yet they only give us a part of the price they demand for letting us reach our source of supplies. Is it not plain that this system is in what is called the "strategic position" to starve the people out?

The difference between what they pay for our work and the raw materials, and the price they charge for the commodities constitutes their profits. They have no other way of making profits, and the game is to make the largest profit possible. They invest a certain sum of money in a manufacturing plant, buy their labor and materials in a competitive market; that is, because there are more people willing to work than there are jobs; the workers will bid against each other for the work, and the employer gets the benefit of their competition. Likewise, those who have raw materials to sell compete against each other for buyers, and here again the manufacturer gets the benefit. The theory is that the manufacturers compete with one another for a chance to buy, and this has a tendency to keep prices up; but the larger the establishments are and the fewer there are of them, the less competition there will be between them and the more the sellers are at their mercy. The report of the bureau of manufactures shows that the size of establishments is constantly increasing and the number of them is steadily diminishing in proportion to the population. So the conditions are constantly more favorable for reducing both the cost of raw materials and the cost of labor. Now, how about the prices of the products?

You see, prices of products would have a tendency to go down, too, if competition in the market was free. So means must be devised for preventing competition if profits are to be maintained. And really, it is not so difficult when the people who cast the ballots are "loafing on the job." There are two kinds of competition to be suppressed, foreign and domestic. The tariff is the means employed for keeping out the former, and this is the way it is worked: The interests nominate for Congress men who, when they go to Washington will "take care of business." The voters then obligingly cast the ballots (these voters who "represent the family"), and these men pass laws putting such a heavy duty on goods imported from foreign countries that the amount brought in is kept down to a low figure. They can then raise the price of their own goods to almost the figure at which we could buy the imported articles, tariff and all. That is, they can if they can avoid competition among themselves. And here is where the use of the "trust" comes in. They get together and make agreements by which

they avoid underbidding each other. This is managed by "dividing the territory," by limiting the amount of goods produced, so that the entire product will be bought at high prices, or agreeing on prices between themselves.

In these ways wages and prices of materials are kept down, the prices of products are kept up, and profits are increased. When the profits on the original investment grow so large as to be ridiculously out of proportion, they issue stock. If they had \$100,000 invested and have made a dividend of \$60,000, or 60 per cent, you see that, on the face of it, it is indecent, and people might object to working so cheap and buying so dear. Then they "water" the stock. That is, they sell \$500,000 worth of stock which, with the original investment, makes \$600,000. After that they can look innocent and say that they are only making 10 per cent, and anyone who denounces them is a wicked and dangerous demagogue.

Only the other day a rubber company declared a dividend of 100 per cent, after which they immediately issued \$15,000,000 worth of stock as a basis for their "earning power." In the meantime, we pay several times as much for all articles made of rubber as we should be able to buy them for.

In 1902 the corporations had only \$3,784,000,000 worth of stocks and bonds. In 1908 they had \$31,672,000,000 worth, and about three-fourths of the increase was "water." During 1907 we had a panic, due to lack of "confidence," and in 1910 wholesale prices were 21.1 per cent higher than they were in 1900. Can you see the connection between big dividends, low wages and the high cost of living?

But all these enormous dividends and watered stocks are only a part of the causes of the high cost of living. To them must be added the numerous handlings and transportings, the many buyings and sellings and storings to which goods are subject under the present system, which have been discussed earlier in this series. A few days ago, in evidence before the food investigation commission of New York, it was brought out that there are five middlemen between the market gardener of Long Island and the city hotel which uses his produce, and that the consumer pays from two to three times as much for the goods as he would have to pay if he bought directly from the producer.

Men tell us that our place is "in the home," washing the dishes. But if this is the best system of production and distribution they are able to devise, it might be well for them to take over the dish-washing job for a while and let women see what they can do with the ballot. That is, if a person can only do one of the two things.

In England, where they are so stubbornly determined not to give the ballot to women, retail prices of food have increased 17.9 per cent since 1905, while wages have increased 12.4 per cent, and the average income of the income-tax paying class has increased 34 per cent (according to the Labor Leader).

An abstract of statistics of manufactures, issued by the Bureau of the Census, shows that the average wage of wage workers in the United States is about \$514 per year. But a distinguished professor of political economy has estimated that it costs \$900 per year for a family of five persons to live in a state of physical health, without providing for mental or social improvement or the means of pursuing happiness, which would, of course, in-

volve additional expense. So here we are, face to face with a grim deficit of \$386 in the income of all the workers in manufactures in this free and brave country. But don't imagine that the landlord and the "business man" make up this deficit by letting the rent go and by sending around quantities of groceries and dry goods. No; the difference is made up by the women and children of the family, who go into the factories and workshops and there compete with the men for a chance to work.

There are about two million children now engaged in making up this deficit in the wages of the men—the sovereign voters.

In 1880 there were 2,353,988 women, or 16 per cent of all females over sixteen years of age, working for wages in the United States. In 1900 there were 4,833,630, or 20 per cent of all women over sixteen years old. At the present time there are over seven million women engaged in gainful occupations.

While the women engaged in industry, business and the professions are now in the minority, if this migration of women from one "sphere" to the other continues at the present accelerated rate, it will not be long before the majority of all women will be thus engaged.

These facts present a number of reasons why women must interest themselves in factory legislation, why the women in the homes must be placed on a different legal basis, and why the woman who bears the triple burden of factory worker, wife and mother and housewife must have relief from the tragic horrors of that situation. As for the second and the last classes, there is no reason to suppose that they will receive relief until women shall secure the ballot and come to the rescue.

LITTLE WHITE BLOSSOMS

Oh! where are the little white blossoms,
That used to bloom everywhere;
Oh! where the the little white blossoms,
Those blossoms so wondrously fair?

They once bloomed in the meadow,
The valley, the plain and the hill;
But some one has gathered the blossoms,
And is grinding them up in the mill.

How dare they bruise these blossoms,
That are fresh from God's own hand?
Oh! how dare they crush these young lives,
In this so-called Christian land?

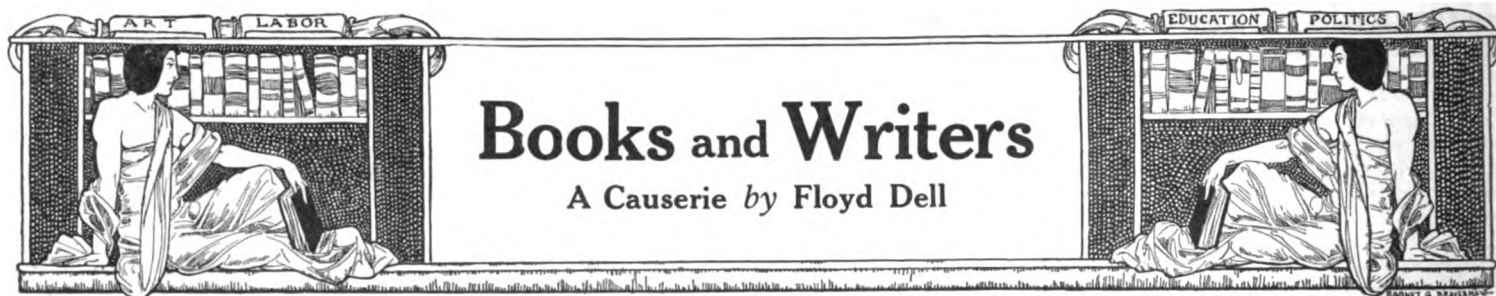
They dare because they do not care,
While the babies toil and weep;
They dare because they know they dare,
And the little lives are *cheap!*

Oh! I long in vain for the blossoms,
And my heart with its longing grows chill,
For I hear the voice of the babies—
There in the mine and the mill.

Oh! their little souls are bruised,
And their little fingers bleed,
As they sacrifice their young lives
On the altar of man's greed.

Why must the fairest flowers fade,
The choicest fruit be blighted;
When will the curse of gain depart,
And all our wrongs be righted?

Oh! I long in vain for the blossoms;
They have gone from the valley and hill,
And with tired baby fingers
Are toiling there in the mill.



[The books mentioned here can be procured through
The Progressive Woman.]

I HAVE just been reading a remarkable book. It is a novel, "The Squirrel Cage," by Dorothy Canfield. (Henry Holt & Co., New York, \$1.45, postpaid.) It is a story of the struggle of a typical middle class American family to achieve social success, and of the career of the youngest daughter of that family when that success has been wholly achieved. It is a career to the nature of which the title of the book supplies a clew.

Imagine a beautiful, good-hearted young woman in that "squirrel cage." She is intelligent enough to see the futility of it all, but perhaps not strong enough in will to break out. I say perhaps, for I have not yet finished reading the book.

But in treating this problem as the first chapters indicate it will be treated, with a calm competency, a complete intimacy, and a realization of the larger social and human issues involved, "The Squirrel Cage" deserves to rank as one of the best American novels yet written. I say this in the hope of encouraging the sale of a good book, partly in the interests of the book, but mostly in the interests of my readers. I know that my recommendation is not without weight, for the editor informs me that my dithyramb last month on the subject of George Cram Cook's fine novel, "The Chasm," actually elicited an order.* To bring to one theory-ridden Socialist mind the stimulus and the balm of imaginative literature is no trivial thing. I hope to do as much for some one else this month. I hasten to add that "The Squirrel Cage" is not in the least like "The Chasm." It contains no philosophic types. It is a story of the sort of people we all know—the sort of people that most of us are.

It is easy to be scornful of "society." It is possible to be too scornful of anyone involved in that artificial career to take an interest in her fate. The woman who is an independent wage earner, or a socially useful wife and mother, is likely to set these butterflies down as inferiors. But it is the special function of imaginative literature to create in us a fellow-feeling for so-called inferiors. We have to learn that the capitalist is a human being with emotions and sensibilities not too different from our own; and that the society woman has a heart and soul as well as any of us. Against our Socialistic exclusiveness this novel is a protest. Its message is that the social woman is as much a victim of our industrial system as the factory worker. And it shows us the realities beneath the familiar outlines of the type—the aspirations, the weaknesses, the smothered little rebellions.

This study should be especially interesting to us because we in America have as yet evolved no distinct class beside the middle class. We have produced a pseudo-aristoc-

racy, which, I am bound to say, in spite of its comic aspects, has my sympathy. Emancipation from middle-class standards of taste, morality and intellect is, so far as it goes, a good thing. Too many cocktails is better than smugness, risqué conversation far better than none at all. And that celebrated "the-public-be-damned" attitude of the pseudo-aristocracy is a great moral improvement over the cowardly, hysterical fear of the neighbors, which prevails in the middle class. Indeed, there are certain likenesses between the aristocratic tradition and the working class tradition. A real workingman and a real aristocrat could unite in despising the middle class, while conceding to each other a measure of respect.

But the trouble is that we have no working class tradition in America. Our working class has not yet grown self-conscious, and is not—in the real sense—a working CLASS—at all. A real working class would have class pride. It would esteem itself the best of all classes, and would not ape the manners and ideals of another class.

There is nothing like such a class in America. Our working people almost universally copy after the middle class—in their furniture, their dress, their manners. They never quite catch up, it is true. And the social tragedy of a middle class family is to be caught with a kind of clothing or furniture which has been adopted by the working class and discarded by the rest of the middle class. That soul-racking effort on the part of the lower middle-class to "keep up" makes a delightfully ironic first chapter, by the way, for "The Squirrel Cage."

Of course, the reason that our working people have tried to become members of the middle class is precisely that it has been possible for them to succeed. It is still barely possible. Let us hope that it will soon be impossible, for only then will the working class demand a measure of beauty, decency and leisure in its lot as a working class. But meanwhile we must not deny our sympathy and our understanding either to the poor devils who engage in an ugly and futile struggle, or to those who are tasting those ashen fruits of success.

It is to be presumed that every young woman of moderate intelligence who goes into society does so with an ideal—an ideal which is in itself a healthful one. Her ideal is to make a prosperous marriage and set up a salon. The first is possible; the second, in the real sense, is impossible. It is only after sad experience and bitter disillusionment that she is content with the tawdry activities which constitute middle class social life in America.

The establishment of a salon is, as I have said, a healthful one. If civilization were destroyed, and rebuilt on any plan, the tradition would be a good starting point for the creation of a medium of satisfying social intercourse. Social intercourse we must have, or the best of us lapse into boorishness. The

ego only properly functions in contact with other and various egos. So that, in any case, we should have to have something in the nature of our contemporary "society." All the more do we need "society" at present, since those ancient institutions, the church and the cafe have almost entirely lost the character of social centers.

Recognizing this need, and supposing the best intentions in the world, what can people do at present in the creation of a "society," which shall be useful to the community instead of a laughing stock for the intelligent?

That is a fair question. Many an ambitious and idealistic young American matron has tried to solve it. She has found that the materials were a little scarce—the people who could talk brilliantly are very rare. But brilliancy is always a miracle, and it can be dispensed with. The real trouble lies elsewhere.

The fact is that in our present industrial system the need for social life is in inverse ratio to the opportunity for it. The people who need social intercourse are those who do hard work. The people who have most money and leisure, the most opportunity for social life, are those who have too much of it, anyway.

Moreover—and this is an important point—no one profits less by leisure and money than those who have a great deal of it. Consequently the basis of "society" today is a class of people naturally and inevitably inferior. It is this class which dominates "society," which gives the tone and which sets the standards.

So long, then, as "society" is dominated by inferiors, intelligent men and women will not be inclined to waste what time they have for social intercourse in such tawdry activities as those that "society" can furnish. They will flock by themselves, and if they become undemocratic and unsocial as a result that will appear to them the lesser evil.

The only "society" which intelligent people could tolerate in America would be one which the middle class, in a spirit of profound humility, might achieve: by disregarding and subordinating the evidences of wealth and leisure, ceasing to demand a certain standard of dress and manners, and seeking what would then be made possible—the society of their intellectual superiors.

So long as the present stupidity of rich and leisured people—a stupidity which enables them to regard themselves and their achievements with complacency—so long as this stupidity exists, a real salon will be impossible, and "society" in America will remain the degraded affair it is.

But whether it changes or does not change, in the meantime the working people will have been gaining class-consciousness, and the foundation for a new and different social life will be laid. In that time the working people will have their own institutions and customs, their own centers of amusement and social life. Working girls will not be found wearing the last year's fashions of the middle class.

*It brought several orders.—The Ed.

nor will the young man of the middle class be able to make a happy hunting ground of the places of amusement frequented by the girls of the working class.

This, however, is the year 1912, and so I will get back to my book. I cannot say anything more about it, as I have not finished it, but I do express the desperate hope that somebody, for the sake of her soul, will buy it. It will be the beginning of a fine habit.

Striking "Newsies" in Chicago

Continued from page 4

ditions that had been going from bad to worse for a number of years. For instance, the newsboys were required to pay for all papers taken out, whereas formerly unsold papers were returnable. In many instances a large number of papers were forced upon them, all of which they had to pay for, thus sustaining losses of 50 to 75 cents. How much this small amount means to the "newsy" relying upon his efforts for his own support, and many times that of others, only the boy himself knows, and those companions with him in his trade. Formerly, also, working hours were from 4 or 5 a. m. to 8 or 9 a. m., with a rest from the middle of the afternoon, until 7 p. m. Up to the strike the hours had grown from 5 a. m. until 1 a. m.

Against these unfair and unbearable conditions the boys were glad to strike. Their fight has won the sympathy of the public to a large extent, and has gained for the pressmen and other strikers of the newspaper plants interest and sympathy which could not be theirs without the more spectacular rebellion of the "newsies."

This, the weakest link in the newspaper chain, is recognized as worthy of the respect and consideration of the most dignified official of the strongest link in this federation of newspaper trades. Tony Ross, president of the newsboys' union, has been received with universal applause from every quarter where the union label reigns.

On the other hand, the boys, big and small, are hated by the big papers whose circulation they are helping to hold in abeyance. The circulation manager of the Chicago Tribune one one occasion flourished a revolver in the face of a "newsy," threatening his life, if he did not sell the Tribune. The boy refused, whereupon Mr. Annanberg—the manager—threw the union papers on the boy's stand onto the floor, and proceeded to sell Tribunes himself, from the boy's stand.

Montgomery Ward & Co. drove the newsboys from the doors and hallways of their great building when the latter refused to handle other than union papers.

The Chicago Daily World—the city edition of the Chicago Daily Socialist—is being sold by the boys in the place of the scab dailies, and its circulation has run as high as 300,000 in one day. The little plant of the Daily World, surprised as it was by the newspaper trades strike, found itself overrun by scores of "newsies," and greatly embarrassed by the demands made for the paper. It has risen to the occasion with remarkable spirit, and, while the task is a great one and the expense even greater, thousands are learning for the first time the facts of the workers' side of the class struggle. All hail to the "newsies" for helping to make this possible!

The boys are militant and enthusiastic and promise to "stick" so long as there is anything to stick for.



A fable with an historic background.
(Written for children—grown up and otherwise.)

BY G. H. LOCKWOOD.
"And there were Giants in those days."

THE TREE DWELLERS.

Way, way back! before fences were invented, or God distributed the earth between Rockefeller, Morgan, et al.; back when the "morning stars sang together" and old Mother Nature brooded over her wondrous family of furred and feathered creatures, there lived a race of Giants.

And these Giants were naked, and lived in a great forest, and their life has been described by "wise ones" as a "Struggle for Existence."

They did not struggle with each other, then, for they were by nature peaceable and belonged to what the "wise ones" call the "gregarious" animals, animals which live together for mutual protection. And there was much need of protection in those days. The four-footed denizens of the forest, the beasts of the jungle, were fleet of foot and sharp of claw, and the Giants were easy picking, for they were neither quick footed nor were they armed by nature with hoofs with which to kick, nor fangs with which to bite, nor claws with which to scratch; and their hides were thin and their flesh was white and tender.

For all that they were Giants, for they had a "THUMB" and they could make "TOOLS," and the thumb and the tools made them the potential masters of all the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field and of the jungle.

These Giants lived in a very big forest.

And they lived up in the tree-tops to protect themselves, especially at night, from the prowling beasts which they greatly feared. From their place of safety in the tree-tops they could hurl huge stones upon their four-footed enemies, for stones and clubs were their first weapons, and sharp sticks and bones were their first tools.

More than the beasts they feared the snake, not alone for its deadly bite, but because it could climb the trees and carry off the young Giants, and sometimes even the old ones, for there were monstrous reptiles in those days also. So great was their fear of the snakes that their dreams were troubled by night, and every little unfamiliar rustle in the grass or branches sent a thrill of terror up and down their backbones, a thrill that left an echo in the race that followed after them.

For fear of the beasts and the snakes and for fear of getting lost in the great unexplored wilderness, these Giants stayed very close to home, the term designating some particular grove or jungle in which they had their tree-nests and where they congregated for mutual protection at the danger signal.

In the "early days," thousands, and thousands, and hundreds of thousands of years ago, these Giants lived largely on fruits and nuts and the vegetables and grubbers they could find in their forest home. Their hands were fashioned by Nature to pluck the fruit and nuts, and their teeth and stomachs to masticate and digest such food.

The life of these Giants was strenuous, a constant battle against their natural enemies and for their natural sustenance. The Demon of Fear reigned supreme—and as they heard his mighty voice pealing through the thunder clouds, they huddled together in their tree-nests, clinging to each other and to the swaying branches, dumb and powerless with fear.

And one thing above all else they feared; it was a horrible, red-mouthed dragon that sometimes came from the clouds and devoured all the trees and the grass and everything in its pathway.

(To be continued.)

RUSKIN

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For Socialist Locals, Program for July

These monthly programs are prepared by the Woman's National Committee. It is intended that the woman's committees of the locals shall use them for public entertainments, or for lessons in a study class.

The songs are found in Moyer's Song Book, price 20 cents, or in "Some Songs of Socialism," by Local Rochester, price 10 cents.

Each month articles dealing with the subject under discussion in these programs are sent to all the leading Socialist and labor papers. Ask your local editor if he will publish them. If so, we will furnish them to him free of charge.

CAROLINE A. LOWE,
General Correspondent Woman's Nat. Com.

CHILD LABOR.

Opening remarks by chairman. (Send for Child Labor leaflets, Underfed School Children, Children in Textile Industries, Boys in the Mines. Price, \$1.00 per thousand in any quantity. Address National Office, 111 North Market street, Chicago, Ill.)

Song—"The Hope of the Ages," page 28, Moyer's Song Book.

Recitation—"The Children of the Looms," from "Tongues of Toil," by William Francis Barnard.

THE CHILDREN OF THE LOOMS.

Oh, what are these that plod the road
At dawn's first hour and evening's chime,
Each back bent as beneath a load;
Each sallow face afoul with grime?
Nay, what are these whose little feet
Scarce bear them on to toil or bed?
Do hearts within their bosoms beat?
Surely 'twere better they were dead.

Babes are they, doomed to cruel dooms,
Who labor all the livelong day;
Who stand beside the roaring looms,
Nor even turn their eyes away;
Like parts of those machines of steel;
Like wheels that whirl, like shuttles thrown;
Without the power to dream or feel;
With all of childishness unknown.

Brothers and sisters of the flowers,
Fit playmates of the bird and bee,
For you grow soft the springtime hours;
For you the shade lies 'neath the tree.
For you life smiles the whole day long;
For you she breathes each breath in bliss,
And turns all sound into a song;
And you, and you are come to this!

Is't not enough that man should toil
To fill the hands that clutch for gold?
Is't not enough that women toil,
And in life's summer time grow old?
Is't not enough that death should pale
To see men welcome him as rest;
But must the children drudge and fail,
And perish on the mother's breast?

See, lovers wed at tender eve;
See, mothers with your new-born young;
See, fathers, if ye can believe:
From infant blood, lo, wealth is wrung!
See homes; see towns; see cities, stung;
Earth, show it to the skies above!
Lovers who pass through rapture's gates
Are these, are these your fruits of love?

O, man, who boast your lands subdued,
Your conquered air, your oceans tamed,
Who mold all nature to your mood,
Look on these babes and be ashamed!
Dull looks from out each weary face,
Cold words upon each little tongue,
Dead lives that know not childhood's grace,
Grown old before they can be young.

Hear, world of Mammon, brutal, bold,
Gorging with life the maw of greed,
Measuring everything by gold,

The good deed with the evil deed,
The pangs of suffering childhood's care,
New coined in coins to fill a purse,
These things shall haunt you everywhere,
And rest upon you for a curse.

Recitation—"Child Labor," by Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

The evils of poverty bear most heavily upon the children. The years of infancy are, physically, the most important years of life. Lack of adequate care and nourishment in these years means physical weakness and failure in later life. No single fact in the Socialist indictment of capitalism is more terrible than the excessive mortality among children of the working class. In Boston, for example, the death rate of babies of the poor is nearly two and a half times the death rate of the babies of the rich. At least 100,000 babies thus needlessly perish each year in the United States. The children of the working class are driven to body and soul destroying toil in factories, workshops and mines in order that the children of the rich parasites may play and enjoy the opportunities which a decent society would accord to every child born into the world.

No fledgling feeds the father bird!
No chicken feeds the hen!
No kitten mouses for the cat—
This glory is for men.

We are the wisest, strongest race—
Loud may our praise be sung!
The only animal alive
That lives upon its young.

Song—"The Blighting of the Children," page 17, from "Some Songs of Socialism," by Local Rochester, N. Y.

Reading—"Boys in the Mines," from "The Bitter Cry of the Children," by John Spargo.

BOYS IN THE MINES.

According to the census of 1900, there were 25,000 boys under sixteen years of age employed in and around the quarries of the United States.

Work in the coal breakers is exceedingly hard and dangerous. Crouched over the chutes, the boys sit hour after hour picking out the pieces of slate and other refuse from the coal as it rushes past to the washers. From the cramped position they have to assume, most of them become more or less deformed and bent-backed like old men. . . . The coal is hard, and accidents to the hands, such as cut, broken or crushed fingers, are common among the boys. Sometimes there is a worse accident; a terrific shriek is heard, and a boy is mangled and torn in the machinery, or disappears in the chute to be picked out later—smothered and dead. Clouds of dust fill the breakers and are inhaled by the boys, laying the foundations for asthma and miners' consumption.

I once stood in a breaker for half an hour and tried to do the work a 12-year-old boy was doing day after day, for ten hours at a stretch, for sixty cents a day. The gloom of the breaker appalled me. Outside, the sun shone brightly, the air was pellucid, and the birds sang in a chorus with the trees and the rivers. Within the breaker there was blackness, clouds of deadly dust enfolded

everything, the harsh, grinding roar of the machinery and the ceaseless rushing of coal through the chutes filled the ears. I tried to pick out the pieces of slate from the hurrying stream of coal, often missing them; my hands were bruised and cut in a few minutes; I was covered from head to foot with coal dust, and for many hours afterwards I was expectorating some of the small particles of anthracite I had swallowed.

I could not do that work and live, but there were boys of ten and twelve years of age doing it for fifty and sixty cents a day. Some of them had never been inside a school; few of them could read a child's primer. True, some of them attended the night schools, but after working ten hours in the breaker the educational results from attending school were practically nil. "We goes fer a good time, an' we keeps de guys wots dere hoppin' all de time," said little Owen Jones, whose work I had been trying to do. How strange that barbaric patois sounded to me, as I remembered the rich, musical language I had so often heard other little Owen Joneses speak in far-away Wales. As I stood in the breaker I thought of the reply of the small boy to Robert Owen. Visiting an English coal mine one day, Owen asked a twelve-year-old lad if he knew God. The boy stared vacantly at his questioner. "God?" he said; "God? No, I don't. He must work in some other mine." It was hard to realize amid the danger and blackness of that Pennsylvania breaker that such a thing as belief in a great All-good God existed.

From the breakers the boys graduate to the mine depths, where they become door-tenders, switch-boys or mule-drivers. Here, far below the surface, work is still more dangerous. At fourteen or fifteen, the boys assume the same risks as the men, and are surrounded by the same perils. Nor is it in Pennsylvania only that these conditions exist. In the bituminous mines of West Virginia boys nine or ten are frequently employed. I met one little fellow, ten years old, in Mt. Carbon, W. Va., last year, who was employed as a "trap boy." Think of what it means to be a trap boy at the age of ten years. It means to sit alone in a dark mine passage hour after hour, with no human soul near; to see no living creature except the mules as they pass with their loads, or a rat or two seeking to share one's meal; to stand in water or mud that covers the ankles, chilled to the marrow by the cold draughts that rush in when you open the trap door for the mules to pass through; to work for fourteen hours—waiting—opening and shutting a door—then waiting again—for sixty cents; to reach the surface when all is wrapped in the mantle of night, and to fall to the earth exhausted and have to be carried away to the nearest "shack" before it is possible to walk to the farther shack called "home."

Song—"The Torch of Liberty," page 12, Moyer's Song Book.

Recitation—"Their Annual Bath," from "The People's Hour," by George Howard Gibson.

THEIR ANNUAL BATH.

"Chicago waifs were given their annual bath."—*News item, Chicago daily.*

A myriad infant innocents,
Chicago's sons and daughters,
Are kept in crowded tenements
Beside these boundless waters;
And once a year the pitiful,
The generous few, collect them,
The poorest of the city full,
And bathe and disinfect them.

Water for once to cover with—
But, oh, the wealth it costs us!
Ere one bright day is over with,
Sweet charity exhausts us.
So back to rags and griminess,
To dark and desperate places,
To reeking, rotting sliminess,
We drive the pale young faces.

It's needful—don't you see it is?—
To crowd our weaker brothers;
It's man's will, and the Deity's (?)
That some should sweat for others.
The stronger grasp earth's properties,
And sell the poor employment;
So labor spreads monopolies,
And loses earth's enjoyment.

But these, the disinherited,
Children of wage dependents,
As much of earth have merited
As richest lord's descendants.
'Twas strong and cunning knavery
That robbed the landless masses,
And sunk them deep in slavery
Beneath the landlord classes.

'Midst death and hell, here under them,
They hold the wretched millions,
And, pressed by hunger, plunder them
Of work whose worth is billions.
Their greed devoid of malice is,
Yet rolls a sea of anguish
On those who build the palaces,
And who in slums must languish.

Reading—"Children in Textile Industries,"
from the "Bitter Cry of the Children," by
John Spargo.

There are more than 80,000 children employed in the textile industries of the United States, according to the very incomplete census return, most of them being little girls. . . .

One evening I stood outside of a large flax mill in Paterson, N. J., while it disgorged its crowd of men, women and children employees. . . . Of all the crowd of tired, pallid and languid looking children, I could only get speech with one, a little girl who claimed 13 years, though she was smaller than many a child of ten. Indeed, as I think of her now, I doubt whether she would have come up to the standard of normal physical development either in weight or stature for a child of ten. One learns, however, not to judge the ages of working children by their physical appearance, for they are usually behind other children in height, weight and girth of chest—often as much as two or three years. If my little Paterson friend was 13, perhaps the nature of her employment will explain her puny, stunted body. She works in the "steaming room" of the flax mill. All day long, in a room filled with clouds of steam, she has to stand bare-footed in pools of water twisting coils of wet hemp. When I saw her she was dripping wet, though she said she had worn a rubber apron all day. In the coldest evening of winter little Marie, and hundreds of other little girls, must go from the superheated steaming rooms into the bitter cold in just that condition. No wonder such children are stunted and underdeveloped!

In textile mill towns, like Biddeford, Me.; Manchester, N. H.; Fall River and Lawrence, Mass., I have seen many such children, who, if they were 12 or 14, according to their certificates and the companies' registers, were not more than 10 or 12 in reality. I have watched them hurrying into and away from the mills, "those receptacles, in too many instances, for living human skeletons, almost disrobed of intellect," as Robert Owen's burning phrase describes them. I do not doubt that, upon the

whole, conditions in the textile industries are better in the North than in the South, but they are nevertheless too bad to permit of self-righteousness, boasting and complacency. And in several other departments of industry conditions are no whit better in the North than in the South. The child-labor problem is not sectional, but national.

Song—"Keep Your Brains Working," page 49, from "Some Songs of Socialism."

Reading—"Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Socialism."

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON ON SOCIALISM.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was invited by Susan B. Anthony to send to the Woman's Suffrage Conference, held in Rochester, just prior to our war with Spain, a letter on "Woman and the War." Following is Mrs. Stanton's reply to Miss Anthony, which will be interesting to many who had never heard of this grand old woman's development out of the conservative suffrage movement, into the recognition and acceptance of a broader need for the votes of men and women—that is, a need of economic freedom for all. She says:

"You ask me to send a letter as to woman's position in regard to the war. Many women with whom I talk feel aggrieved that they have no voice in declaring war with Spain, or in protesting against it. The vast majority of men are in the same position. Why care for a voice in an event that may happen once in a lifetime *more than in those of far greater importance continually before us?* Why groan over the horrors of war when the tragedies of peace are forever before us. Our boys in blue, well fed and clothed, in camp and hospital, are better off than our boys in rags, overworked in mines, in factories, in prison houses and in bare, dingy dwellings called homes, where the family meets at scanty meals, after working ten hours, to talk over their hopeless situation in the despair of poverty.

"A friend of mine visited the bleaching department in one of our New England factories where naked boys, oiled from head to foot, are used to tramp pieces of shirting in a large vat. The chemicals necessary for bleaching are so strong as to eat the skin unless well oiled. In time, they affect the eyes and lungs. There these boys, in relays, tramp all day, but not to music, or inspired with the love of country. In England they have machinery for such work, but in the land of the Puritans, boys are cheaper than machinery.

"On a platform of *one idea*, mothers cannot discuss these wrongs. We may talk of the cruelties in Cuba now, on any platform, but not of the outrages of rich manufacturers of Massachusetts. Under the present competitive system, existence is *continual war*; the law is each for himself, starvation and death for the hindmost. My message today to our coadjutors is that we have a higher duty than the demand for suffrage. We must now, at the end of fifty years of faithful service, broaden our platform and consider the next step in progress, to which the signs of the times clearly point—namely, co-operation, a new principle in industrial economics. We see that the right of suffrage avails nothing for the masses in competition with the wealthy classes, and, worse still, with each other.

"Women all over the country are working earnestly in many fragmentary reforms, each believing that her own, if achieved, would usher in a new day of peace and plenty. With woman suffrage, temperance, social purity, rigid Sunday laws and physical culture, could any, or all, be successful, we should see *no*

changes in the condition of the masses. We need all these reforms and many more to make existence endurable. What is life today to the prisoner in his cell, to the feeble hands that keep time with machinery in all our marts of trade, to those that have no abiding place, no title to one foot of land on this green earth? Such are the fruits of competition. Our next experiment is to be made on the broad principle of co-operation. At the end of fifty years, whose achievements we celebrate here today, let us reason together as to the wisdom of laying some new plank in our platform.

"The co-operative idea will remodel codes and constitutions, creeds and catechisms, social customs and conventionalism, the curriculum of schools and colleges. It will give a new sense of justice, liberty and equality in all the relations of life. Those who have eyes to see recognize the fact that the period for all the fragmentary reforms is ended.

"Agitation of the broader questions of philosophical Socialism is now in order. This next step in progress has been foreshadowed by our own seers and prophets, and is now being agitated by all the thinkers and writers of all civilized countries.

"The few have no right to the luxuries of life, while the many are denied its necessities. This motto is the natural outgrowth of the one so familiar on our platform and our official paper 'Equal Rights for All.' It is impossible to have 'equal rights for all' under our present competitive system. 'All men are born free, with an equal right to life, liberty and happiness.' The natural outgrowth of this sentiment is the vital principles of the Christian religion. 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' In broad, liberal principles the suffrage association should be the leader of thought for women, and not narrow its platform, from year to year, to one idea, rejecting all relative ideas as side issues.

"Progress is the victory of a new thought over old superstitions!"

Song—"Socialism Will Win," page 17, Moyer's Song Book.

Recitation—"The Vanderbilt Poodle," from "The People's Hour."

THE VANDERBILT POODLE.

I'm a Vanderbilt pet poodle—hear me?
Just a dog, like all the other dogs,
Barking at the public who come near me;
But observe my "togs!"
Yes, it took an easy thousand dollar
Railroad dividend to buy and place
Round my neck this poodlecratic collar,
Kingly in its grace.

And I shine, I tell you, at the parties
Of the princely pups that live in style;
Not a dog of all the high-nosed "smarties"
Dares to growl or smile.
Mistress says some people sniff their noses,
And object to dogs in such a dress.
Envious wretches! Who that's sane supposes
Princes' pets need less?

"More than this," says William (that's my master),
"Tell the workers, who pay all the freight,
I am lord and heed not their disaster,
Since my wealth is great.
Sweat, ye slaves of brutes, the wealth I've taken,
And the legal rights I've gathered up,
Build for us a throne that stands unshaken,
Serve me, serve my pup."

Reading—(Select a reading from among the articles on Child Labor in this issue of the Progressive Woman.)

Song—"The Lazy Shirk," page 23, from Moyer's Song Book.

Recitation—"The Cry of the Children," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning. (This poem is too long to be reprinted here. It can be found among her poems in any public library.)

Reading—"Help Wanted," from "The Bitter Cry of the Children." In the "help wanted" columns of the morning papers, advertisements frequently appear such as the following, taken from one of the leading New York dailies:

WANTED—Beaders on slippers; good pay; steady home work. M. B. — West — street. In the tenement districts women may be seen staggering along with sacks of slippers to be trimmed with beadwork, and children of four years of age and upward are pressed into service to provide cheap, dainty slippers for dainty ladies. What can four-year-old babies do? A hundred things when they are driven to it. "They are pulling basting threads so that you and I may wear cheap garments; they are arranging the petals of artificial flowers; they are sorting beads; they are pasting boxes. They do more than that. I know of a room where a dozen or more little children are seated on the floor, surrounded by barrels, and in those barrels is found human hair, matted, tangled and blood stained—you can imagine the condition, for it is not my hair or yours that is cut off in the hour of death."

Closing remarks by chairman. (Do not forget to announce that all present should subscribe for the Progressive Woman, the only Socialist woman's magazine in the United States. Price fifty cents per year; in clubs of four or more, thirty-five cents. Send for bundle order to be sold for five cents each or distributed free at this meeting.)

Closing Song—"We're Going to Win," page 62, Moyer's Song Book.

THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD

Continued from page 7

cause, the girls decided that "they who win must work as well as pray," and they quietly assumed their peaceful picketing. The result was that twelve of them were locked up. This aroused a storm of protest in the city, and excitement now reigns everywhere.

Will the corset strikers win? Women readers of *The Progressive Woman*, they must win, and you as women, as working class mothers and daughters must help; must help not only the Kalamazoo girls win their hard fight, but help all working girls win by doing everything possible to arouse public sentiment for the workers, and by refusing to uphold the so-called rights of the masters, who make slaves of weak women and little children.

Workers of the world, unite!

Have you seen the P. W. Socialist souvenir postcards? Send 10c for a sample dozen.

Socialist Drinking Cups

MADE OF GLASSINE.

Folds for the Pocket.

A cover to keep it clean goes with it. Photographs of Debs and Seidel on cup. A beautiful souvenir and a useful article. Send 10 cents for sample to

SOCIALIST NAT'L HEADQUARTERS,
111 N. MARKET ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

A Baby-Saving Show

By Anna Cohen

After a death rate of 600,000 babies each year, for years and years, in our country, it was thought to be a good thing to have a



baby-saving show in Philadelphia, consisting of lectures on the care of babies, proper feeding and clothing and instructions on keeping the baby in a sweet, wholesome condition.

The entire show was not only interesting but beneficial, and it was the duty of every man and

woman in the entire community to have visited the exhibit.

Dr. Burks, in his defense of the Municipal Health Bureau, stated that the city of Philadelphia had spent about \$10,000 annually on the Visiting Nurse Society, consisting of seven nurses, whose work it was to visit the slum homes and examine the children and their surroundings, and then do as much as they could to instruct poor, ignorant mothers and children on the proper care of babies.

So far the work of these nurses has been very effective, having saved 1,100 babies in one year; yet one can readily see how long it would take seven nurses to visit the homes of nearly 1,000,000 people and spend enough time in each home to at least institute cleanlines and give advice to mothers on the care of children. Not only is this a physical impossibility, but the poverty, wretched homes, lack of sanitation, and ignorance of mothers in the rearing of children make the task a Herculean one.

The city has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars on a boulevard, not yet even complete, and which at the most can be only a driveway for the carriages and autos of the rich classes. Large sums of money are spent yearly on objects as unimportant as the above, while our politicians have helped themselves generously out of the public funds; but the establishment of a municipal health bureau, involving a cost of only a hundred thousand dollars each year, is barely under consideration. An institution for the purpose of disseminating knowledge pertaining to the care of children, where every prospective mother could learn all the details necessary to bring forth healthy, happy, intelligent children, the establishment of a bureau that would require a standard of health for both parents; that would spread broadcast hints on the prevention of contagious diseases; that would pay doctors and nurses to raise the health standard of the community by teaching sanitation and cleanliness so far as possible—the installation of such a bureau may be realized in 10 or 15 or 25 years.

How many babies shall die needlessly in all these years?

In Washington a fish commission was established several years ago to take care of the fish, and there are laws against certain abuses of these little animals; a study has been made of forestation—that is, planting trees systematically and giving them every advantage of the light and air; there is also a Department

of Agriculture for the study of farming and its kindred industries established years ago; the entire city is covered with institutions dealing with the welfare of our country in one way or another.

A Children's Health Bureau has but recently been considered, and I am not sure whether there is yet a proper institution for this work.

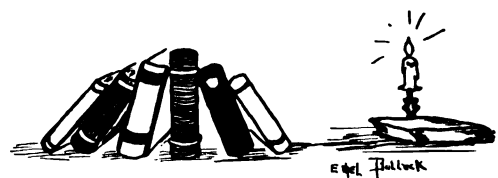
All of these bureaus, while good in their way, and necessary, do not reach down to the every-day needs of the men, women and children of our community. Is there not something radically wrong when 600,000 babies die needlessly every year, while money is squandered in every other channel? What are we going to do about it?

We are going to help everything that will benefit the children and mothers of our community, but we are also going to overthrow the power of a government whose lawmakers legislate only in the interest of the capitalist class, a small minority of the people.

The mothers are not to be blamed for this frightful death rate. Women who have toiled long hours in mills and factories, before looms and in stores are hardly able to take proper care of children. The greed for interest and profits, the consequent hovels that many workmen must occupy, and the lack of proper sanitary appliances are responsible for the bad conditions in a large measure; but the underlying cause is the abject poverty in which millions of men, women and children must live.

When babies and mothers go hungry while there is food a-plenty, and men beg in vain for work while there could be enough work for every able-bodied man under a proper system, then it is time to put our shoulders to the wheel and work with all our might for Socialism.

Work, with short hours and sufficient remuneration, will raise every man and woman out of squalor and poverty; then there will be time for education, improvement and a thorough investigation and change of the conditions of the working class. The lawmakers will represent the working class and work for their good, and a new standard of health and intelligence will come into being.



BOOK BARGAINS.

- Bossism and Monopoly, price \$1.50, cut rate 75c.
- Common Sense of Socialism, price 25c (20 or more, 5c net), cut rate 10c.
- Little Sister of the Poor, price 25c (20 or more, 5c net), cut rate 10c.
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Our Progressive Woman's Club is getting along fine. We are putting money in the treasury by making and selling aprons and sun bonnets. It takes women to make a success of a thing. A good many would forget there were any Socialists here if it were not for our club. Mrs. Mary J. Taylor, Salenville, O.

Please find a money order for 90 cents, for which send me a bundle of 90 of the Progressive Woman, dating not later than two or three months back, if possible. I hope that we will be able to do some good work with this little magazine. Our local is donating 50 cents a month for this purpose, and four other women comrades donate 10 cents a month to buy the back numbers with. So please do send out the copies at your earliest convenience. Yours, Mrs. A. Kean, Jamaica, N. Y.

Minnie Whitlock, Local Cor., W. C., Eureka, Cal., sends in \$2.40 and six yearly subscriptions to Progressive Woman. She says, "The April number expresses my views and God speed the day to woman's awakening to a better womanhood."

Local No. 1, Petersburg, Alaska, through Secretary C. A. Swanson, sends \$5.50 to Progressive Woman and writes, "We feel that your paper is indispensable to the movement in educating the women, who are fast becoming enfranchised in every part of our country."

"Just want to send a word of appreciation for your excellent reply to the editorial by our eminent and scholarly comrade, Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman. Think your ground is well taken and history proves the statements to the queen's taste. I quite agree with you in saying that 'it is a clearer understanding of what womanhood means,' which is the vital point in the whole race problem. . . . Enclosed is a yearly subscription. With every good wish for the best woman's journal on earth, 'The Progressive Woman,' I remain, fraternally, T. H. C. Owens, Los Angeles."

"We cannot make our movement efficient and what it should be without the aid of The Progressive Woman. We reach women in homes on farms with literature only, and we cannot meet the requirements without the aid of a paper such as The P. W. Just a year ago I joined the party and your excellent paper has been my companion ever since, and many hours of pleasure have been enjoyed through it. Recently the women of Tacoma formed the 'Karl Marx Study Club,' and it is growing fast. At present we have some money on hand, which is spent, and shall be spent in the future, to bring women into the Socialist Party. I realize, and with me many others, that only through study and propaganda work can we keep pace with the rapidly growing movement, of which woman is essentially a part. Money order for a bundle

of The P. W. is enclosed, which I was instructed to send for our study club. We will need many, many more; undoubtedly we all will try to send in all the subs possible. Yours for The Progressive Woman, May Newhouser, Secretary, Tacoma, Wash."

Comrade N. N. Enemark of Kennett, Cal.; sends for four copies a month, and says: "We are going to use them as sample copies to see if we can't reach the women around here who don't care to read other propoganda papers." Which is a good idea!

"The March number of The P. W. was handed me last week, and I felt it a duty to subscribe. I promise to do all in my power to introduce it among my woman friends," writes Comrade W. L. Seely of Queens, N. Y., and he encloses 50 cents for his subscription.

Sarah Woodhead of San Francisco, Cal., sends her subscription and says: "I am lonesome without The P. W. After reading it, I pass it around."

Comrade Flora Beselak of Milwaukee, Wis., sends \$6 for a bundle, and she is "hustling" to get some stock sold. We know that she will succeed. She's that kind!

SOCIALIST AGENTS WANTED.—Chance to do some fine propaganda work in your locality and earn quick money taking subscriptions for the METROPOLITAN MAGAZINE, now publishing a notable series of articles by MORRIS HILLQUIT on SOCIALISM. Write today for special offer and sample copy. J. B. Kelly, Circulation Manager, Metropolitan Magazine, 286 Fifth Avenue, New York.

LITTLE MOTHERS

In all of our larger cities the care of the smaller children is left entirely to the older girls of the family. In New York City this fact is so generally recognized that associations have been formed for the training of the "Little Mothers."

Two hundred and thirty-nine "Little Mothers' Leagues," consisting of girls from twelve to fourteen years of age, have been organized. Weekly meetings are held with lessons in hygiene by the Board of Health doctors. How seriously the "little mothers" accept the responsibility placed upon them is shown by some of the essays they have written. One of these essays reads thus:

WHAT I DID FOR THE LITTLE MOTHERS' LEAGUE.

The lady who lives in the same house as we do has a baby boy, nine months old. Night after night I hear him cry. One day I asked her why he cries so. She said she did not know. I asked her what she feeds him and she said on groceries milk. I soon know why the baby cries so; it had stomach trouble. I asked why she doesn't keep the milk on ice,



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Paper, 250 pages

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and she says she cannot afford it. So I gave her the address to the milk depot. I told her to tell the person in charge that she cannot afford to buy ice and they will try to help her.

The day after she went to store, and the doctor told her the baby had stomach trouble. He gave the baby the right milk and a ticket for ice. Since that very day the baby drinks the milk, he sleeps during the night as if there were no baby. She thanked me very much, and said I have saved a child from suffering pain and a mother from becoming ill, because when people do not sleep at night they usually become sick.

ATTENTION HOUSEWIFE: To introduce our Dustless Dusters, we will send you one for a 5-cent stamp to pay postage, etc. Also send a silver dime and get one of our PATENTED SINK BRUSHES. Tampico Fibre wound on Heavy Galvanized Wire in broom shape. Excellent wear. Superior Products Co., 3710 Polk St., Chicago.

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After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women and Children That Actually Cures Rupture

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember, I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.

It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
80 Spring St., Bethlehem, Pa.

Recommend From Texas Farmer

C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I feel it my duty to let you, and also all people afflicted as I was, know what your Appliance has done for me. I have been ruptured for many years and have worn many different trusses, but never got any relief until I got your Appliance. I put it on last November, but had very little faith in it, but must say I am now cured. I have laid it away—have had it off for two weeks and doing all kinds of farm work with ease. While I was wearing it, I had lagrippe and coughed a great deal but it held all right. Words cannot express my gratitude towards you and your Appliance. Will recommend it to all ruptured people.

Yours sincerely,
J. E. LONG,
Bald Prairie, Texas.



The above is C. E. Brooks, the inventor, of Marshall, Mich., who has been curing rupture for over 30 years. If ruptured write him today.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Send for Brooks' Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it a embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.
6. The soft, pliable bands holding the Appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.
7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.
8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the materials of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and my prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Remember

I send my Appliance on trial to prove what I say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Child Cured in 4 Months

21 Jansen St., Dubuque, Iowa.

C. E. Brooks.

Dear Sir—The baby's rupture is altogether cured, thanks to your appliance, and we are so thankful to you. If we could only have known of it sooner our little boy would not have had to suffer near as much as he did. He wore your brace a little over four months and has not worn it now for six weeks.

Yours very truly,
ANDREW EGGENBERGER.

among those cured by the Brooks Discovery, which considering my age, 76 years, I regard as remarkable.

Very sincerely yours,
SAM A. HOOVER.
Jamestown, N. C.

Others Failed But the Appliance Cured

C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

Your Appliance did all you claim for the little boy and more, for it cured him sound and well. We let him wear it for about a year in all, although it cured him 3 months after he had begun to wear it. We had tried several other remedies and got no relief, and I shall certainly recommend it to friends, for we surely owe it to you. Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTERSON.
No. 717 S. Main St., Akron, O.

Cured At the Age of 76

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—

I began using your Appliance for the cure of rupture (I had a pretty bad case) I think in May, 1905. On November 20, 1905, I quit using it. Since that time I have not needed or used it. I am well of rupture and rank myself

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

C. E. Brooks, 1021 State Street, Marshall, Mich.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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