

The
Progressive Woman

Vol. VI

NOVEMBER, 1912

No. 65

*THE AWAKENING
OF WOMAN*

(See Page 13.)



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G. J. ...*

BARNET BRAVERMAN
DEDICATED TO ENNY



THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC FREEDOM OF WOMEN

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY

PHONE FRANKLIN 237

111 North Market Street, Chicago

Entered as second-class matter at Chicago, Illinois, postoffice

50 CENTS A YEAR

NOVEMBER, 1912

5 CENTS A COPY

IN THIS OUR WORLD

By Charles T. Hallinan

THE SUFFRAGETTE SITUATION

MR. AND MRS. PETHRICK LAWRENCE have withdrawn their support from the Pankhurst suffragette movement. That was really a striking bit of news when it came over.

For the Pethrick Lawrences were a tower of strength, and all that sort of thing, to Mrs. Pankhurst and her two daughters and all the rest of that gallant band of grill-prisoners and theater-wreckers. They had the wealth with which to finance many a sortie upon the enemy and they had what is almost as good as money—namely, unlimited enthusiasm.

Indeed, the odd thing about the situation is that Mr. Pethrick Lawrence has threatened at times to outdo even Mrs. Pankhurst in his zeal for the cause of woman suffrage.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in his recent novel "Marriage" describes Mr. Pethrick Lawrence as a "Gawd-saker." You don't know what that is? Well, it seems that a "Gawd-saker" is one who constantly interrupts every discussion of ways and means with:

For Gawd sake, let's stop talking and DO something!

Now it looks as though Mr. Pethrick Lawrence had had his fill, if not of militant methods per se, at least of Mrs. Pankhurst's leadership.

Which is too bad. For he was having a grand time in a terribly indiscreet movement, and that is a privilege which is growing skeecer and skeecer in these piping times.

FREE SPEECH AND OTHER FREEDOMS

THE Socialist party acted promptly and vigorously in defense of the right of free speech in New York state. The necessity was urgent and obvious, the provocation great. But the Socialist party has not yet turned its attention, as it should, to an even greater menace, namely, the censorship of opinion which is set up by the postal department.

No, we are not referring to the recent act—to which the capitalist press so strongly objects—which requires every newspaper to print a statement giving the names of those who control it and so forth and so on. Most students of constitutional law agree that the act is unconstitutional but we may let the capitalist papers carry on that fight as best they may.

That to which we refer is that much older censorship, established in the '70s of the last century and strengthened every decade since then, which places in the hands of the postal authorities the power to censor expressions of opinion upon problems of sex.

The anarchists have long been denouncing this censorship. So have certain middle-class liberals, like Mr. Louis Post, the single taxer, and the editors of the Twentieth Century magazine, and the leaders of the Free Speech League of New York city. Now and then a medical society will lift its voice in protest or to beg—as the Illinois Medical Society did a few years ago—that the postmaster-general and his bureaucratic aids be not so strict in prohibiting the circulation of sound medical works treating on the subject of sex.

But the political parties are dead to it as an issue, though it is an undemocratic and anti-democratic institution, out-Russias Russia and stands, like an up-raised blackthorn club, before every editor who attempts, however honestly, to promote the discussion of social hygiene.

It is so stupid that it strikes at so Puritan a body as the Chicago vice commission, whose report on "The Social Evil In Chicago" it barred from the mails. It is so vindictive that it hounds reputable physicians into the penitentiary for daring to say in print what every young man and woman needs to know. It is autocratic

and uncontrolled by the courts or the ordinary processes of the law. Nothing can reach it but the strong arm of Congress.

When will that arm be raised?

HOW ABOUT BEBEL?

She is really a very progressive woman, well groomed in Bebel's "Woman and Socialism."—From a private letter.

So she was "well-grounded," was she?

It was intended obviously as a compliment but it struck us as a slightly dangerous figure of speech.

For when a moving body becomes "grounded" on or in anything, it suggests a sand-bar underneath and subsequent loss of motion . . . and all about her smart little radical ships go sailing by and here and there a great barque, with all sails set, points off from the reef and slowly pulls away. Such a barque, for example, as the "Ellen Key."

Of course if the image were due merely to an odd juxtaposition of ideas, it would not be worth bothering about. But the fact is that it represents, if not in this case, certainly in many others, a very real situation. There are a great many Socialist women who are stuck fast on Bebel's book, who regard it as the last word, for them and for everybody else, on the woman movement.

Well, it is a great book and it ought to be read, especially by those who quote it. It has "punch," ah, plenty of it. And it certainly shook up the working class of Germany to a new conception of woman's situation under capitalism. It helped to destroy the Teutonic conception of woman as a romantic but inferior being.

But as for being the last word on the woman question, even for Socialists,—well, it is anything but that. Havelock Ellis, who has devoted almost a lifetime to the study and elucidation of the problems growing out of sex and society, describes Bebel's service very fairly in an essay on "The Woman's Movement" in his new book on "The Task of Social Hygiene."

The Social-Democratic movement, which has so largely overspread industrial and even intellectual Germany, prepared the way for a less traditional and idealistic way of feeling in regard to these questions. The publication by Bebel of a book, "Die Frau," in which the leader of the German Social-Democratic party set forth the Socialist doctrine of the position of woman in society, marked the first stage in the new movement.

This book exercised a wide influence, more especially on uncritical readers. It is indeed, from the scientific point of view, a worthless book—if a book in which genuine emotions are brought to the cause of human freedom and social righteousness may ever be so termed—but it struck a rude blow at the traditions of Teutonic sentiment. With something of the rough tone and temper of the great peasant who initiated the German reformation, a man who had sprung from the people and who knew of what he was speaking, here set down in downright fashion the actual facts as to the position of women in Germany, as well as what he conceived to be the claims of justice in regard to that position, slashing with equal vigor alike at the absurdities of conventional marriage and of prostitution, the obverse and the reverse, he declared, of a false society.

The emotional renaissance with which we are here concerned seems to have no special and certainly no exclusive association with the Social-Democratic movement, but it can scarcely be doubted that the permeation of a great mass of German people by the Socialistic conceptions, which in their bearing on women have been rendered so familiar by Bebel's exposition, has furnished, as it were, a ready-made sounding board which has given resonance and effect to voices which might otherwise have been quickly lost in vacuity.

No one, surely, will fail to see that it is a genuine tribute which Havelock Ellis has paid here to the contribution made by the great leader of German Socialism. It is an immense thing, merely to have stripped the romanticism and sentimentalism of decades from the subject, to have shattered the cant of modern society, to have prepared—as Bebel did—the scientific at-

mosphere in which thousands and thousands of minds could go on to consider the work of later thinkers and more scientific men.

What we ought to remember—and the Socialist woman as constantly as the bourgeois woman—is that the discussion as to woman's work and the future of the home and the relationships between men and women (before and after marriage) has swept on far beyond the comparatively simple assumptions and unpretentious conclusions of the shock-headed fighter of '71.

Why, there is one journal alone, "Die Neue Generation," published in Berlin, by Dr. Helene Stoecker, which raises every month more questions than Bebel ever dreamed of in his philosophy.

Not foolish questions, mind you, but human questions, questions asked by living men and women, questions plumb the psychology of motherhood and sex and adolescence, and the relationship of the unmarried mother to society, and the modern forms of concubinage, and the improvement of the race.

No doubt each of these questions is complicated by the industrial situation. Oh, there is no doubt about that at all.

But every one of these questions will persist in some form or other in whatever sort of economic regime we manage to establish. Indeed, these are questions to which, like everyone else, we have no conclusive answer. The man who says that our proposed solutions of the economic situation will dissolve these problems has the psychological equipment of the horse-block. If his eyes can be opened in no other way, he should be reminded of the startling words of Lester F. Ward, America's greatest sociologist:

We are probably in about the same position and stage with reference to the question of sex as were the men of the eighteenth century with reference to the question of evolution.

The judicious will commit that statement to memory. It is one of the most significant scientific assertions ever made.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

By J. C. K.

WHAT little girl hasn't heard the above in defense of a "rampageous" brother who sometimes went the limit in mischief, on the strength of the world's excuse that "boys will be boys."

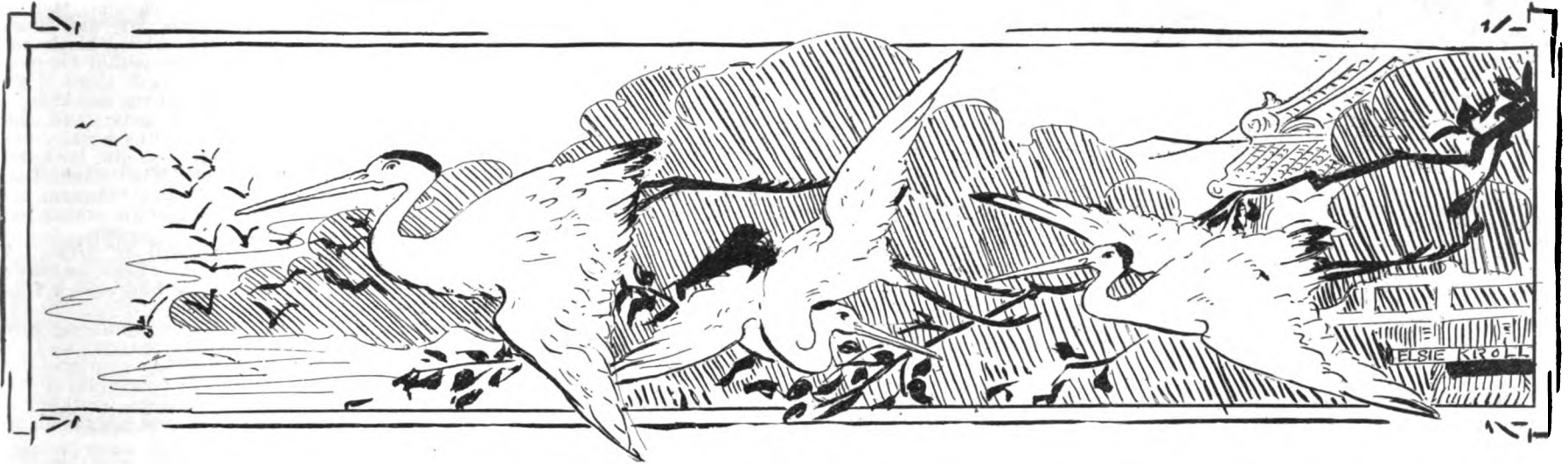
All of which is called to mind by a cartoon in one of the New York dailies, in which "Dame Election" is taking doughnuts from a boiling kettle on which is written "1,400,000 Women's Votes." The doughnuts represent the votes. Ranged around the kettle with terribly hungry looks on their faces are three youths in knee breeches—"Teddy," "Will" and "Woody." They want the doughnuts (votes) in the kettle. Naturally. "Boys will be boys" and though a little girl may be nil as to social (or political) value on general principles, the minute she gets a doughnut (or a vote) in her hand, she becomes very attractive to a hungry boy. VERY ATTRACTIVE, INDEED.

And so long as the American woman was only a female whose horizon was the four walls of her home, so long as her doughnuts were doughnuts, and not votes, no presidential candidates of the old parties ever sought her favor.

But today—a 9x12 leaflet spread broadcast by the Progressive party has this beseeching head: "Women! Do Something!" Then there are subheads: "What to Do in the Party." "What to Do Outside the Party." Another folder which has been circulated by the millions has these headlines: "To the Women Voters of the United States from the Women in Political Bond-

(Continued on page 11)

THE MIKADO'S CRANE-ROOM By Heroichiro Myderco



I.

... Well, no lunatic in Sugamo asylum plays a better hand than he, sir! Oh, no, I ain't calling a rat an elephant, either. I mean it, sir, I mean it. Yes, I can bet on all the fishes in my store that Mr. Eckdo is not an artist, but a plain lunatic."

Tozo, the fish merchant in this lonely corner of wide Tokyo, where Meiji civilization still loiters by the precinct hill of Atago, hesitating to wake these sleepy citizens of the street with her clamorous modernism from the sweet opiate dream of the old feudal age, has just put down his wine cup with a somnolent motion of his hand, the tell-tale movement, characteristic of the slow, quaint street where he was born to doze in front of his fish stock. Down into the cup again the scalding, lemon-colored sake was poured by Mr. Tabara, who sat across the old lacquer table and which Tozo now accepted for the fifth time, with his half-commercial, half-instinctive bows. He seemed to enjoy his own conversation with that patience an old street juggler would reveal in exhibiting his favorite black art to a curious audience; so when he finished the fifth cup he wiped the corner of his mouth with the palm of his huge, flat hand, flashed merrily his small eyes (which resembled those of a large salmon) and slowly resumed his gossip. "Well, sir, as you insist, I will tell you all I know about my neighbor. Now, the first thing which I would like to impress upon you is his obscene conduct, which shows how much he belongs to the class of the crack-brained. I have lived in this noble street, sir, for more than fifteen thousand days and nights, but not once have I heard or seen such a dirty business as his! Now, listen; he strips his sweetheart to the skin, and lets her dance about the room while he gulps down the sake like a mother whale, and sings on and on the chapters of Hagaromo! And in the broad daylight, when even a mole does not light his lantern in his underground cell, Mr. Eckdo burns the candles, sir, five, six, seven—more than a dozen of them; and what's more, after she has become dead exhausted by her dance he begins to bite his own lips, and, look, drop by drop, it trickles down in the wine cup—I mean the blood! Then he pours it into a white decanter, and laughs so madly that even the dead fishes might be called back to life again, if there wasn't a partition between his house and mine.

"Ah, what a shocking business! . . . Who told you, sir, that he is an artist?"

"Were he one, he certainly came from hell, where he painted the blue flames with ghosts and goblins . . . and the sweetheart, bless her beautiful features, is so madly in love with this fellow that I never saw her apart from him even a minute since they moved here three months ago.

"Figure it, sir, on any kind of abacus, not to make any miscount that she, too, is insane, since she loves him, who is far from the normal. Bah, . . . these crazy demons! They will certainly end in making a mess of this sacred street within a few months with their devilish behavior. For, you know, anyone who peeps into his house is certain to become mad, too."

Toro stopped to take a breath and with it a cupful of the hot stuff; then eyed idly the "gentleman" who was generous enough to treat him in this inn opposite his store, for a bit of information about Mr. Eckdo Tanno, at whose door he had knocked for more than half an hour, without response from the inside.

There was a severe, melodramatic contraction of the eyebrows in Mr. Tabara's polished, official face, while his lips murmured under the fine Vandvke mustache, epitomizing the whole situation as follows:

"Naked dance . . . candles . . . blood . . . Hagaromo! Ah, where are the cranes? What have

all these to do with the thousand cranes which he has to paint by tomorrow night?"

Then he raised his eyes and asked curtly of the fish merchant, as he saw the dull, dingy-colored street, athwart the flapping green awnings of the inn, where the store of Tozo and the house next to his stood as though they were sinking minute by minute in the bottomless depth of the gray, spring eve:

"Have you not, then, observed him paint anything at all, my fellow?"

"Oh, no, sir! That's what puzzles me. When anyone looks at him, his long, black hair disheveled like a hedgehog, his well-curved face with its sharp, restless eyes, he might easily be tempted to say that Mr. Eckdo was an artist, sir, . . . because the artists are always peculiar in their appearance. But since he moved into the house next to mine, neither my wife, the charcoal dealer, the sake merchant, the grocer nor the policeman have ever seen the sign of a brush, a canvass, or a pigment!

"Besides, he doesn't go out often in the day, you see. Sasa, the best sport of this street, says he has often seen him out in the middle of the night with her. They must have gone out with the wings of vampires, for I have never heard a sound in my neighbor's house during these three months. Now, as you wish, I will finish my talk in summing up in a word, that Mr. Eckdo Tanno, with all my best impression of him, does not smell like an artist, even if a log does like a fish!"

"Well—thanks, my fellow! Then you never saw him paint anything? I shall report that as soon as I can."

Mr. Tabara said thus when he re-examined the dark, old house across the street, its doors shut tightly like an old coffin, sealed by the mysterious gray hand of twilight, as if there were no breath of life within the yellow clay walls, beneath the drooping, dusky willow tree, by the side of the rotten gate.

But he could not trust his eyes, when there suddenly flashed a light upon the transom of the house, and with a start uttered a wild exclamation. Tozo, with his bronze-like face, saw the "gentleman" start, and slowly asked him: "What's up there now, sir? . . . Are the fishes flying away from my stand with the bats?"

"No, it's a light! . . . Something is wrong there!"

No sooner had he answered Tozo than there was the faint, muffled sound of a wooden door opened in the house, and the flash of light illumined the old paper window, growing stronger and followed by a wild voice from within, speaking as though to awaken the entire drooping street.

"Let us go at once, O Shima! Every moment counts for my life; . . . only twenty-four sacred hours left! Hurry, hurry!"

"Ah, that's he! Mr. Eckdo, sir! See, he comes out; he hasn't his hat on, and in such a hurry, too! Let me see; . . . well, well, and the girl! What's that she has on her arm? That's it, that's it! . . . the decanter which he filled with his own blood!"

By the gray willow tree those two figures, a man and a girl, stood for a second, lingering like a pair of ghosts who had lost their way; and then, silently they crept toward the south.

"Strangeness itself! I won't be surprised if he, is going to the palace . . . may be, at last he has an idea or a bit of an inspiration! . . . Then, I must follow them!"

With this monologue Mr. Tabara suddenly got up and started toward the landing of the inn, when Tozo hastily asked, skeptically checking him with hands extended:

"But I can't make head or tail of this affair! What is it? Will you be kind enough to explain it to me, sir?"

"No, no; I haven't time. There, this is your reward. Take it!"

Before the silver coin, which he threw, danced down on the wine table Mr. Tabara was out of sight, leaving Tozo with mouth agape. But he had not walked more than a block after the dim shadow of the two, when he was pulled back by his sleeve.

"My dear gentleman! This is too much for my gossip! Please take this back. If you are generous enough to pay me a half-yen for my billingsgate, I should instead like to ask you to explain the matter of these two lunatics you are following."

Tozo, the honest, ever-sleepy Tozo, held the silver in his fish-smelling hand, and bowed so timidly that Mr. Tabara was almost touched by pity, strangely mixed with humor. As his smile changed gradually to a pleasant laughter, he replied:

"Come along, then! You shall have this silver and an explanation of the affair also. I like you somehow, with your naive, dogging curiosity. But don't let us miss them." And then he explained the affair while he walked.

The foreign reception room of the imperial palace had been rebuilt and finished anew a few months ago, except the mural painting on the golden walls, when the Hon. Baron Otani, the chief supervisor of the decorative department of the palace, had ordered an artist to paint with a thousand cranes in Chinese white, black and vermillion, in true Japanese style.

This artist was Eckdo Tanno, a disciple of the famous Kando Ogato of Kyoto. The order was given him after an examination in the imperial studio, just two months and twenty-nine days ago. Since that time no one had heard from Eckdo Tanno. Never had he shown up at the studio or the crane-room. After two months the baron began to feel restless, and sent several men over Tokyo to find where Eckdo Tanno lived, and also dispatched a wire to Kyoto. After more vain searching, he decided to take up another artist. But Eckdo Tanno was the only specialist of cranes and storks among the contemporary Japanese artists; so he clung to this mysterious artist's promise, staking his position and honor (for if the room was not finished by the first of June, the coming imperial banquet would likewise have to be postponed, which would mean a grave "head-off" case for the baron), so he kept sending out many artists from the studio to find Eckdo.

It happened that it was the lot of Mr. Tabara, one of the artists who played the part of spy, to locate the home of the eccentric crane-painter.

" . . . Then you see, my dear fellow, I was here from noon, and knocked at the door for more than an hour without receiving an answer, as you noticed. But here we are now, . . . at last we have him out of the house, and, judging by the way they turn up this avenue of Babasaki-gate, I am sure that he is going to the palace."

He finished his talk, which the fish merchant listened to with great astonishment, and entered the first gate of the imperial palace. They crossed the lotus-scented bridge of the moat: . . . then to the long, long avenue of pines, through which they could see the distant lanterns of the palace within the silky mist of the night.

II.

ECKDO TANNO demanded thus, under the shower of Baron Otani's nervous finger-crackings: "Have a hundred wax candles, some provisions, pigments, brushes, saké, and other necessary articles ready for me in the crane-room! I will take my assistant, my fiancée, Miss Ogata, with me there; . . . then please lock every door and transom carefully that none may watch us! Will your Honor allow me this much liberty?"

It was not merely the artist's strong, self-assured, masculine voice that caught the enraged baron's mind with a strange fascination, causing his aristocratic, ponderous, bald head to nod as if to say liberally, "Whatever you request can be supplied!" The iron law of Time also forced him to do so. During these three months it had mercilessly gnawed his heart, putting every moment to death until only twenty-four hours remained in which to gamble with the last hope. And to Eckdo it meant . . . what?

"Anything else you desire, Tanno?"

His display of kindness was accompanied by a jerking right hand, which pulled out his watch, meaning to suggest to Eckdo to make haste, for he had assumed that the artist must paint about fifty cranes an hour, which was almost beyond any artist's power. The Baron did not, however, lose that divine instinct of the haughty artist's patron, which acknowledges the transcendental force of the genius who works in the purple sphere of the soul, aloof from the world of time and space. And he felt somehow that Eckdo would do what was promised, even at this late moment.

"No, baron, these will suffice till tomorrow! I will start, then, right away on my work. . . . In the meantime, I wish you good-night! Pray rest assured that when your watch points to eight tomorrow night, His Majesty's sacred crane-room will be finished, with one thousand living cranes flapping on the walls, sir!"

Then the girl and Eckdo went to the crane-room, after they had crossed many fragrant nocturnal gardens, to find that everything which had been requested of the baron was already delivered in the room.

In the meantime, when the strange features of this couple passed out of sight, the baron touched the electric bell and summoned his favorite Tabara, commanding him to watch through the window until the last bird was finished. Tabara faithfully took his seat beneath a window of the room which faced the garden, and waited for some noise or movement.

It was just ten by his watch when he heard the deep bass tones of Eckdo within the golden walls begin his recitation of Hagoromo. The music rose and trembled like many pine leaves singing against the storm, and quavered upon the sensitive paper window, now lighted by the brilliant candles.

" . . . I am an angel who has lost his wings . . . !"
When the silvery rhythm came to this part, suddenly there arose a voice whispering to Tabara from behind the grotto of azaleas.

"Wear a hole, sir! You can't see anything in there!" He turned around and saw a huge hand upon the black, mossy rock; and then a red pug nose, a pointed chin and small eyes, amid the bedewed flowers, which, as they approached, took the outline of a man, and smiled.

"You, fish merchant! Why are you still lingering in here? Oh, what a combination of curiosity and foolishness you are! Come, let us sit down. No noise, now!" Tozo tottering appeared within the circle of dim light and bowed so low that the white petals of the peonies trembled as his head reached them.

"Thousand pardons, sir! I know this is not at all my business. But somehow, kind sir, my conscience troubles me deep in my heart, about the devilish gossip I told of the man whom I did not know till now. So no matter what my cranky wife might say tomorrow when I get home, I have decided to stay here all night and watch him win his game, sir! Ah, had I only known him better . . ."

"You mean your denouncing him as a lunatic?"
"Yes, sir, the very wicked tongue of mine . . . Ah, after all, I am not fit for any more than a poor fish peddler. I can never see a great man unless—unless, well, I sell him my fishes."

"Ah, but my dear fellow, he is worth that after all! Why, can anybody be less than mad than he when he tries to paint one thousand cranes in a night and a day? . . . Yes, I myself am inclined to say that whatever the other half is, a god, or a spirit, half of this system is a devil, a lunatic." While this was whispered between them the voice within the walls stopped and everything was wrapped in a mysterious silence. They did not wait long, however, to hear the still fragrant atmosphere suddenly broken upon by a loud hysterical laugh, which gave them a start. Now an irresistible desire seized Tozo to break the window and see what was happening, and then the voice of Eckdo was heard speaking to his sweetheart:

"There, now; this finishes the northern wall! What time is it now, Oshima? Maybe it is already midnight. Why do you tremble? Cold? . . . Oh, my dear girl, how can I bear to see you sacrifice so much for me! First your home, your father, and your honor, since you came with me. And now, during these three months, your spirit, your soul; . . . all for me! All for this humble artist! Oh, my God! How it tortures me to see you thus giving your entire self for a fool like me! How it tortures me! Yet, my dearest, I will not let you suffer long!—Yes, let me repeat, dear, when the three other walls are finished by your divine aid,

we at last will be free. Free from the hand of poverty. . . . Then your father will and must consent to our marriage! Now have a little more saké, and wrap yourself comfortably, while I mix the color. Will you have some of these fowls? Oh, don't cry, Oshima! Come, don't! Have faith in me! You know we ought not to be sad when we are marching toward the glorious gate of happiness. Now, there, dry your tears; . . . don't you see what you have done? Look, these most sacred of birds. See them fly in this sea of gold, like a multitude of heaven's messengers! . . . Dear birds, they are all your soul, your beautiful white soul, appearing in many different forms! Don't you love them? Now, smile at me, my dearest!"

"Oh, Eckdo; I love you! I love you! I am not sad, my dear. I am so joyous that my tears flow in beholding you, just as naturally as I cry when I see the beautiful flowers!"

"Besides, the thought of your dawn of fame when you finish this room, where His Majesty, the Emperor himself, receives the foreign guests; where you, a genius, puts your soul in the forms of the feathered birds, and then the brilliant future which awaits you. Oh, the very thought itself, dear, makes me weep! . . . Nobody can know how you have been laboring during these three months, until the Baron opens this door tomorrow and sees what your blood has painted!"

"But you look so pale, so haggard, my love; ah, so much your silent labors are spent, your pains are taken. . . . Oh, all for your love! For our love! Will you love me when you have painted three more walls? Will you love me, dear, when my father comes from Kyoto to consent to our marriage, as well as to allow you to renew your discipleship, after he has seen what you have done? Will you love me always just as you do now?"

"Forever, my dearest, forever! Even were these paints hemlock, which I had to drink in my love for you, I would smile to drink them! My life is eternally yours. Oh, my shrine of beauty, you dearest Oshima! Seal my suffering soul in your shrine with your kiss! . . ."

Tozo, the sleepy Tozo, like a bronze statue of the Buddha, suddenly enamoured, felt impatient and pulled the sleeve of Tabara to make for him a peephole. But seeing Mr. Tabara was much preoccupied in meditation, his head bent upon the flowers, he got up himself and stepped on a stone, whence he wet the paper window with saliva, and thrust in his thumb, noiselessly, making two large holes. Again, at this instance, the voice of Eckdo was heard singing the beautiful chapter of Hagoromo, now low and then sky-high . . .

"Oh, look, sir! What a strong sweep of his brush! Ah, how that beauty dances! Oh, what a beautiful form! Come, come up, sir, and peep in!"

Tozo got down half frenzied and pulled Mr. Tabara's hand, while the latter obeyed him reluctantly, for he was a man too highly bred to peep at the hole of a window secretly.

Lo! there in the vast, dustless atmosphere of the room, amid the scintillating golden reflections of many candles, just by the side of the glaring southern wall, he saw the lily-white figure of the young girl floating with her light steps before the candles like the dream of an old, old sun-palace, the aerial queep dancing before the dazzling golden gate!

Close to her he noticed the black figure of Eckdo followed, like a cat crouching at a mouse, with a white brush in his hand. He did not know what they were doing until he saw Eckdo sweep the wall with his brush of white, with the strong, clean sweep of the master, after the shadow of the dancing girl.

"The idea! Ah, what a study! What a painstaking study! . . . Now up goes her hand, the wing, and his brush! There, she flies down this time. Oh, magnificent is that brush of his!"

Breathlessly he murmured this, while he caught sight of the northern wall upon which he noticed two hundred and fifty cranes already painted, shining like silver showers of plum blossoms beneath the glow of the setting sun. There he saw the work of a master, each crane in a different pose, half the natural size, all flying down to the blue sea, which was the clean, fragrant, hand-woven mat on the floor, fluttering their celestial wings, their beaks moving as they floated.

"He takes the poses from the dancing girl, doesn't he?"

As Tozo whispered to him, blinking his eyes, Mr. Tabara's hands softly clasped each other, so natural was it, in such an extraordinary instance to worship this King of Art.

"God bless him, sir! He really is an artist! And I, the stupid fish peddler, was gibbering about him as a lunatic! . . . I will fast for three days and will prohibit myself from touching any more drops of saké for three months to come, for my grave sin . . . !"

"Hush! . . . Not so loud, good fellow! Just watch them how they work." One by one the cranes were painted on the southern wall as if they came down from heaven at the call of the mysterious couple, to join the dance of the girl. Her eyes shone fondly upon her lover, whenever he gazed at

her while taking a breath from his occasional chanting of some chapter of Hagoromo, to which she danced.

Mr. Tabara did not know how long a time he stood thus, watching them work together, and his heart was beating with a sublime joy, and living in an unknown world of gold, white, black and blue, until he felt his soul no more within his mortal body.

"Look at the decanter! What in the world is he going to use the blood for? Oh, I understand now, that's for the heads of the cranes! It's a rich color, far redder than the boiled lobster's shell! Isn't that really art? . . . How beautiful!" When Tozo shook him by the shoulder, his face beaming, Mr. Tabara at last awoke from his ecstatic trance and saw the day was dawning.

"Now here is another two hundred and fifty . . . !" he heard Eckdo speak to the girl. Then, suddenly, his words were interrupted by a wild shriek from the latter.

"What is the matter? Oh, your burning hair! The candles! . . . Oh, come, Oshima, quick!"

The two men again glued their eyes on the window, and saw in the room the flashing light of candles tumbling on the beautiful body of the girl, who had fallen upon the mat like a wooden doll, exhausted.

The next instant they saw Eckdo with his pale, terror-stricken face make his way to her as if suddenly shocked by electricity. The suppressed moans of the fainting girl, the smell of burning hair, the blue cloud of smoke and Eckdo's violent movements were succeeded by his maddened cries of "Help! Help! Fire! Fire!"

Clash! Clash! Clash! Tozo and Mr. Tabara shattered the paper window, but discovered that it was useless to try to enter there, for the window was barred by the strongest steel rods.

"Unlock the door, sir!"
Mr. Tabara's voice was answered by that of the artist within. "The Baron has the key! Quick, we are burning; help!"

Something was already cracking in the room as the flame swept gradually over the blue mat upon which the couple desperately ran about, writhing in the suffocating smoke.

"Try to break down the door, while I go to the Baron and alarm the people!"

After Mr. Tabara shot his way like a bullet through the sleepy flowers of the many-colored garden, Tozo was left alone, helplessly trying to push open the door of the giant building. Headlong he bumped his body against the solid Amados, like a feeble trying to crush in a mountain side.

"Oshima!"
"Eckdo! . . . We are dying!"

"Oh, how it chokes! The smoke! The fire! . . . Ah, come, cling to me fast! My dearest, dearest, we shall die together! . . . You and I!"

Already the black smoke filled the entire crane-room, and the flames leapt greedily to the transom. It was a hot, smoking piece of the wooden bar of the transom which fell on the head of the fish merchant, when he vainly tried the locked door with a last effort.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" he cried impetuously, dazed by the sudden outburst of yellow flame from the rigid iron bars of the window, beneath which the agonizing face of the girl wildly stared at the white eastern sky, only to sink back again within the voluminous smoke in despair.

"No hope! . . . Ah, no hope! It's burning enough to warm the sky!" After all Tozo's means were exhausted, he sat forlornly upon the rock of azaleas, and the hot, painful tears began to fall drop by drop.

"Come, come, Oshima, calm yourself! Hold me! . . . We are burning! But we shall not die in this way, my dear. Before the ceiling comes down I shall make my last sublime effort to spiritualize my five hundred cranes! Come, face the wall! And with our scorching lips let us say our last prayer to the gods; they must pass our lives into those of the birds!"

The strong, bleeding voice of Eckdo was heard under the hissing, bursting sound of the flames, and then there came a minute or two of profound, death-like silence . . . the horrible void of noises! . . . Then, a confused motion of thronging life, like a myriad of leaves awaking in a prehistoric forest, growing louder and louder, until suddenly, as Tozo took his hand off his cheek, there rushed by a host of white, fluttering wings from between the bars of iron, with a swishing noise like galloping birds.

"Monsters! . . . Oh, the cranes! Escaping from the fire!"

One by one, those slender-necked, sharp-eyed, snake-legged, white creatures flew away in a disordered mass toward the rising sun, crying with doleful voices like a train of apparitions. And as the last bird flew away, half burning, the heavy ceiling came down to the ground with a tornado of smoke and red, sparkling flame.

When the firemen with Mr. Tabara and the Baron gathered around the charred crane-room, too late to extinguish anything, they found Tozo silently watching the blazing embers from his rock.

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WOMEN'S INDUSTRIAL ORGANIZATION

By MARGERY DELL, Circulation Manager of "Life and Labor"

IN these days of organization the one who fails to find a place within a group is the one who loses the game. The pity of it is that the very ones who have most needed to stand together, because they are individually the weakest units in our social structure, have been the last to realize the importance of organization. These are the women workers. No wonder they are slow to recognize their new position. Because of long ages of usefulness to the family alone, usefulness confined to the home, it has been hard to show women the necessity of social responsibility. They see only their immediate interests, and do not connect these interests with the more important large ones.

The activities that so long made it necessary to work at home for the family have now become public activities, such as soapmaking, weaving, dressmaking, and even cooking. They are carried on in shops outside the home. So women, the weavers, the seamstresses, the cooks, have been drawn outside the home to do their work, and have thus taken their place in the large social organism.

Their position in industry has become more and more out of joint with the times, and not only have they been slaves in an industrial despotism, but they have so disturbed the status of the workingman that they were the strongest factor in enslaving him. What could the workingman do, no matter how well arranged the program in his own group of fellow-workmen was (and even there it was not too well arranged), if a group equally (yes, more) powerful in numbers should come into many of his fields of labor and offer to do the same work for a smaller price? This is what happens as women and girls enter the shop. With the improvements on modern machinery so that "even a child can run it," and with the dexterity of women's fingers and her adaptability, girls and women are able to enter most of the fields of industry. Her taking up such work has been so gradual that her presence in the factory and the mill has seemed merely an incident for many years, until suddenly we wake up to the fact of a mighty, widespread evil that has grown up under our indifferent noses—the presence of vast numbers of underpaid women, not conscious of their effect on the labor market, unorganized, haphazardly taking for their labor any meager price they can be bullied or pressed into taking. If any single worker objects to the conditions of her work—to the \$3.50-a-week wage, or to the 12 or 14 hour workday, to the dangerous machinery about her that is unprotected, to the tenth floor workshop that is without fire escapes or sufficient exits, to the tyrannical and unreasonable fines imposed on her, or to the dust-filled air about her that she breathes—if a worker does not like these things, and says so, why, all right, she may leave. Are there not many others to take her place? This does not in the least trouble the employer.

Is not the conclusion obvious? And yet it has taken years and years to make women workers in large numbers see what this conclusion is, see that only when ALL the workers demand the same thing will they get human justice from one who has hitherto regarded them individually as mere wheels in his machine. It is really an inconvenience to the employer to have hundreds of the wheels in the machine stop going around, all at the same moment, so he finds it profitable to make some sacrifice to start these wheels in motion again. What apparent difference would the breaking of merely one small wheel make? What difference if one overstrained worker leave her post?

It is true there have been small groups of women workers here and there who have realized the injustice of their condition. Even as early as 1828 there was a strike in the cotton mills of Dover, N. H., when 400 women marched out of a factory in protest against a group of tyrannous factory regulations; and there have been sporadic protests of a more or less organized character during the years since. But not until the early part of the present century has the remedy for industrial enslavement of women been fully and widely realized, and a definite, general attempt been made to secure that remedy. This attempt has its most significant expression in the formation of the National Women's Trade Union League, founded in 1903 at Boston, during the convention there of the American Federa-

tion of Labor. As it is indicative of the trend of effort among working women today, we may here speak of its work.

The league has a twofold purpose—to further organization among working women, and to secure enlightened industrial legislation. Its program specifically is as follows:

1. Organization of all workers into trade unions.
2. Equal pay for equal work.
3. Eight-hour day.
4. A minimum wage scale.
5. Full citizenship for women.

Since its founding, the league has held three national conventions—one at Norfolk, Va., in 1907; one at Chicago, in 1909; the latest in Boston, in 1911. These are the only national conventions representing various trades in the history of America which have been held by working women in the interests of working women, and with working women as a greater part of the delegates. These gatherings of women trade unionists show that working women are awakening to the sense of their responsibilities as an important part of the great labor movement; are conscious of the necessity of making connection with the social structure of which they had

est and intelligence shown by the delegates, in their reports, their comments and the stories they brought from their local trades; the subjects they discussed and the rules and resolutions they passed—all this would seem amazing if one were unconscious of the work that has been done among the members of the trade unions.

It may be interesting to quote from the convention reports of girls in two trades which were represented. Mollie Lifschitz, a white-goods worker in New York, said: "Our trade has more than 15,000 workers, and I must tell you of the evils existing in that trade. In the waist trade and cloak trade our sisters and brothers are working fifty to fifty-two hours a week. The girls in the white-garment trade work from fifty-six to sixty hours a week. In the waist and cloak trade the wages start at \$7 a week and reach \$18, with an average of \$12, whereas in the white goods the wages start at \$3.50 and reach as high as \$9 per week, with an average of \$6. In addition to the low wages and long hours we have the evil of paying for power and parts of machines, and thousands of our girls are employed in the most unhealthy and unsafe shops in the East Side of New York. Through the agitation that I have previously mentioned a strong desire for a general strike has been growing among our girls. With starvation wages, long hours, bad treatment, and with all our lives not being safeguarded while we are in the shop, what can be worse. So you see it is quite natural that the spirit of a general strike should grow with the agitation for a union. . . . The workers pay from 50 to 60 cents per week for the power which they use on their machines, and in certain factories they work six days a week and are assessed 5 cents a day. If a girl is absent a day she has to pay for power just the same."

Could not organized effort effect some improvement in the conditions of this trade?

In view of the recent termination of the Pearl Button Workers' strike in Muscatine, Iowa, portions are quoted from the story of Pearl McGill, secretary of the Button Workers' Protective Union, of Muscatine, who was a delegate to the convention in 1911:

"The sanitary conditions in the factories are terrible. The buttons are made from shells from the Mississippi River. The manufacturers buy the shells from the men who get them out of the river, and they are brought to the factories and soaked in big tanks of water; sometimes they are let stand for weeks and sometimes for three or four months, and you can hardly imagine their condition. They stand in the same department where the men have to work, and the odor that comes from the tanks is terrible. And when the men have to go to the tank to get a bucket of shells from which to cut the buttons, they have to stir up the mess with their hands. . . .

"A great many of the workers are girls. They have a night shift as well as a day shift, and none of the girls like the night work. . . . At midnight they have half an hour for lunch, and some of the factories lock the girls in because they think that is the way to protect them. But I think the best way would be not to work at night."

After telling about the low wages and the withholding of pay, Miss McGill said that as a result of these abuses the button workers became organized in factories along the river. "And when the manufacturers found that out, on the 25th of February, they got themselves together and locked their factory doors against us, locked us out in the streets, said they had too many blanks [unperforated buttons] on hand and there was an overproduction. I think there was an overproduction of union men and women.

"The manufacturers sent to the government twice to try to get the militia there, and the government refused to send them. We were creating no disturbance at all. Then they went to Chicago and got nineteen thugs to come to Muscatine. They got there at one o'clock in the afternoon and did all the work they came there to do in about five or six hours' time."

The strike at Muscatine that followed was bravely maintained through fifteen months, and was discontinued only because of difficulties too great for a young organization successfully to combat.

Many other questions have been discussed at the conventions, such as the demand for woman suffrage, the alien exclusion act, maternity benefits, fire protection, etc. Which merely shows that in such questions as these the members of women's trade unions are interested. For the most important work that trade unionism does for the workers besides its regular work as set forth in its platform, is to edu-



Seal of Nat'l Women's Trade Union League. Courtesy Life & Labor.



Is this an even Bargain?

Courtesy of W. T. U. L. of Chicago. By Frank Hazenplug.

THE UNEQUAL BARGAIN.

hitherto been an undefined and disorderly part. The way these conventions were managed is indicative of the ability and alertness of the members. The orderly and parliamentary procedure; the inter-



—Courtesy Life and Labor.

ANNA RUDNITZKY. Canvas baster, who led out 500 girls in the garment makers' strike in Chicago. She was a cheerful and plucky little struggler for "human treatment."

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THE CONFLICT IN WEST VIRGINIA

BY EDWARD H. KINTZER

JUST fifty years from the last day of this year President Lincoln signed a bill admitting West Virginia to statehood. The parental bonds of the Old Dominion and her offspring were severed because they held different political views. The parent believed that a part of the people should be in bondage. The daughter stood for liberty for all. This was the parting of the way.

When this fair state was established the founders wrote for its motto, "Mountaineers are always freemen." And now some one is heard to say: "The devil is here in these hills—the devil is greed." It was not a hard-driven miner who uttered this, but a man wearing the decoration of a general of the state militia. "In all my travel through this region," he said, "I saw neither a rosebud or geranium, nothing that gave a sign of happiness here. I reported so to the governor who sent me here."

Had he told what he saw he would have said: "I saw a guerilla warfare between armed mine guards and miners; half-starved women and children; homes of these unfit for housing domestic animals; company stores charging twenty-five to fifty per cent higher prices than city stores; these operating in open violation of law; and unsafe mines that periodically blow skyward with an enormous toll of life."

The Devil's Imps.

Since the strike of 1902 the coal operators employed a private armed force of mine guards to prevent reorganization of the miners' union. Every organizer was driven away, some beaten and murdered.

Flushed with power, these murderous guards became arrogant and practiced intolerable offenses against the miners, their wives and children. Driven to a point of desperation, the miners bought guns, and used them.

Last winter the Cleveland conference between organized miners and operators agreed upon a 5.26 per cent increase in wages. In the West Virginia field the operators granted just half this increase. When the miners reported for work they were informed that no advance would be paid. They had been deceived—lied to—and this was but another insult added to their many injuries. They struck early last April and have since prevented operation of the mines.

The situation that arose demanded a competent leader, and Mother Jones, "angel of the mines," came on the double-quick. Immediately she inspired confidence and added a "touch of nature" that made all the miners akin. She assisted wherever she could. She went from camp to camp and cautioned against complications that would injure the miners' chances for success. She visited the sick in their tents, sought old people and explained to them the cause of this and other strikes. She preached a doctrine they had not heard. But they listened and reasoned with her. Her eighty years and her wide experience commanded confidence and inspired hope. Her every-day life has been filled with noble and heroic action; nursing a sick baby or its mother or here and there speaking to the down-trodden miners; always doing something for their betterment.

Operators' Housecleaning.

Soon after the strike was declared came eviction of the strikers' families, notwithstanding that the United Mine Workers Union offered to pay the rent. The operators said: "Either work for us or get out." Then the guards came and threw the furniture and belongings out into the road. They shot through many houses. One of these



—By Courtesy of International Socialist Review.

"TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE GATHERED TO HEAR MOTHER JONES."

was occupied by Mrs. Seville. She was in bed, about to become a mother. When the guards entered she pleaded to stay until the "event," to which Ernest Goujot, the leader, retorted: "I don't give a damn. Put her out, boys!" They put her out and there was nowhere she could go. The miners erected a tent for her shelter on the hillside, and this marked the birthplace of a "free-born (?) American citizen."

Hundreds of families were thus evicted, without a moment's notice to vacate, without process of law. At Mucklow the guards evicted many families while they were attending a funeral. In this mining camp Baby Louise Crane, who was very sick with summer complaint, was put out of a miserable house, and her mother took her, and they, with her father, grandfather and great-grandfather, trudged over the hills a long distance before they could find a road or land not owned by the coal company. When they found a spot they built a tent of carpet and sheeting, and under this hot-tent, with a miserable fever, this baby battled with death for weeks.

And the shame of it all is that many incidents of assault by the guards upon the young women occurred while they were living in the open.

And these houses from which they were driven! House isn't the right word. Kennels is a more fitting expression, for it's a dog's life to live in them. They are without any conveniences—merely rough boards crudely sawed and fitted together. Two



—By Courtesy of International Socialist Review.

MINERS' HOUSES—KENNELS.

rooms and a loft or three rooms on one floor is the usual plan—if one may call it that. Here large families of six, eight and ten people sometimes live—not foreigners, of whom some are so ready to say: "They deserve nothing better." These are American citizens; enfranchised men, honest men, men who are indispensable to society.

On a warm day the air around these homes is poisoned with sour, ill-smelling odors coming from the ground on which is poured, day after day, the refuse from the kitchens. In this disease-laden air, on greasy, damp ground surrounding the houses, the children played. If they survived, soon the mines claimed the boys and the girls sought work away from home, for there was no means of employment at home.

In this atmosphere women had to rear their children. Excuse me—I meant produce their children, for comparatively few are reared. Here the law of "survival of the fittest" is very noticeable. A very small percentage of the babies survive.

These conditions bring into action the great spirit of motherhood. Forced to the lowest point of subsistence, knowing their babies' lack of nourishment is because of insufficiency of food for themselves, with cow's milk out of the question, these mothers are fighting as only females can. Their confidence has never wavered, but has encouraged the men to go on with the fight.

Guards Bring War.

The guard system, that under usual conditions was almost intolerable, grew worse with the strike. Their poverty, their hunger, their wretchedness—all were forgotten by the miners, save the devilish work of the mine guards.

A conference was held and two thousand armed miners marched by night to where the guards had fortified themselves by machine guns in a coal tippie. The miners wanted to get them all out and avenge themselves; so they planned to start loaded coal cars that stood on the incline. Such a runaway would stir up the guards considerably. The cars were started and made a great noise. Before they reached the tippie the guards that had heard what was going on ran to the derailer and set it, and the cars shot out with terrific force in another direction, doing great damage.

Then the shooting began. The miners fired from behind boulders on the mountain side and half a dozen guards were picked off and many were wounded. Scarcely a miner was injured, although the machine guns raked the mountain side for two nights and a day. On the second day the militia arrived and the firing ceased. But the guards used every means of strategy to draw the miners from their position. One of their tricks was to use the tactics of the savage in attacking the women who were living in tents. Guards were rushed to Mucklow and they drove the women and children into the waters of Paint Creek.

Shortly after the arrival of the militia martial law was declared and quiet was restored, although here and there personal encounters between miners and guards occurred. Governor Glasscock issued an order for all to lay down their arms. The miners did not obey, because they knew the guards would not. They replied by asking the governor to drive the guards away.

Mother Jones' Army.

As a personal protest against the guards remaining, Mother Jones led 5,000 miners to Charleston. Not all went afoot; some went by rail and wagon; but they met and marched in a body toward the capitol. It looked like the protest

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WOMEN OF OTHER LANDS By Meta L. Stern

Formerly the home was our world.

Today the world is our home.

What are my neighbors doing? Even the most domesticated woman of olden times would sometimes ask this question, whenever her spinning and weaving, her baking and brewing, her pickling and preserving, and the care of her large family left her time and leisure to think of others. Then she would nurse the sick woman next door, or she



would "clean up" for the poor neighbor who just had a baby and no help, or she would look after some little ones who had lost their mother. Always a good woman's heart went out to her suffering, bereaved or needy fellow beings, even while the home was her world.

What are my neighbors doing? the modern woman asks. But her concern is no longer confined to individual cares of suffering and need. The modern woman investigates the matter of impure milk that causes a high death rate among her neighbors' babies. She looks into the matter of preventable social diseases, of which many of her neighbors have become the victims. She concerns herself with protective legislation to abolish wrongs and exploitations from which her neighbors suffer. The modern woman's meaning of the word "neighbor" has become broadened and deepened; it has been socialized.

What are my neighbors doing? asks the modern woman, and the sufferings of martyrs of the Russian revolution stir her as deeply as the tragedy of the little, consumptive child worker at her very door. Her human sympathy, her desire to serve, is not limited to the people of her city or her state or her nation even. It goes forth to all mankind. The world has become her home.

Every social and progressive movement of the present time is international in character and in each and all of them women are concerned no less than men. The world-wide movement for peace among the nations, the world-wide struggle against tuberculosis, the world-wide agitation for the abolition of child labor, the world-wide woman movement and the world-wide labor movement—they all have enlisted the services of the modern woman. These great human problems that recognize no artificial boundaries profoundly concern the women of today.

What are my neighbors doing? asks the Socialist woman, she whose motto is: "Workers of the world, unite!" So she turns to the women of other lands for help and inspiration in her work. She feels one at heart with all humanity, and social progress in any country, among any race or nation, means to her a human victory. When the workers, anywhere in the world, have succeeded in lighten-

ing their burdens, in winning better conditions for themselves, she rejoices in their triumph. When Socialist women of another nation have set an example of fine organization and of educational propaganda, she studies their methods with profound interest and strives to emulate them in her own small field of service. When even among the most backward nations some progress is recorded in the position of women, she feels it to be the removal of another fetter from her entire sex.

What are my neighbors doing, my human neighbors in this our world? To answer this question, inasmuch as the human service of women is concerned, shall be the purpose of this department. Its aim shall be to record briefly, month by month, the doings of the modern woman the world over.

Germany.

The Socialist women of Germany are a splendidly organized, wonderfully efficient body of women, who may well serve as an example to their comrades in all other lands. Notwithstanding countless legal restrictions and wide-spread prejudice against the public activity of women, they have decades of a quiet, persistent, fruitful agitation to their credit. While the German law prevented women from joining political organizations, they carried on their educational propaganda in the form of study clubs; but as soon as the restrictive law had been abolished they joined the Social Democratic Party of Germany in a body and served the cause on equal terms with men. According to a report submitted at their national convention held during September, the German Socialists boast a female membership of 130,371. Although this great body of organized, class-conscious women are still excluded from political power, what an educational power must they be in their families, their communities and among their fellow workers! At present the Socialist women of Germany are organizing mass meetings to protest against the high tariff on meat and other articles of food that has led to an exorbitant increase in the cost of living and weighs heavily upon the working class.

England.

During a conference of Socialist women of England held on July 8th of this year a symposium on child labor formed a most interesting and instructive feature. At the close of the session a committee was elected to draw up a resolution on child labor to be submitted at the next conference. Comrade Macpherson reported on preparations that were being made for the coming international conference of Socialist women that will be held in Vienna in connection with the next international Socialist congress.

That English working women have become conscious of the need of organization is manifest from the annual report of Miss Mary Macarthur, secretary of the Federation of Women Workers of England. According to this report the membership of

the federation increased by 50,000 during a single year.

Italy.

Italian Socialist women held a conference last summer in connection with the regular annual convention of their party. A number of interesting papers were read on social and political topics and a plan was worked out and adopted for a more thorough, systematic agitation among women workers. It was also decided to train women speakers and to issue special leaflets for propaganda among the rural population. The Italian movement is still weak and in its beginnings, but it has won the support of a number of capable and brilliant women and has commenced to attract public attention. One sure symptom of the growth of the movement is the steady increase in circulation of the periodical *Difesa delle Lavoratrici*, the official organ of the Socialist women of Italy.

Belgium.

The principle of equal pay for equal work has just found practical expression in Belgium. According to an order recently issued by the minister of Belgium, all women employed in the mail service shall be remunerated according to the same scale as the male employes.

China.

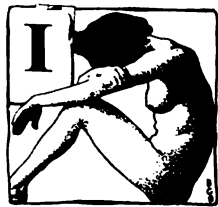
In oriental countries, where women have been maintained in a condition that was akin to slavery until within recent years, the progress of women is more striking than in European countries, because it has been so much more rapid. In China, until a few years ago, girls remained practically uneducated. All knowledge that was not directly connected with their home duties and the service of the family was regarded as detrimental to their womanliness. But during the last five years girls' seminaries have sprung up all over China, and in every large city at least one well-equipped government school for girls has been established. It is said that progressive young Chinamen refuse to marry uneducated girls. Together with an opportunity for education, the Chinese woman has also been given that prize for which her American sister still pleads in vain: the ballot. The educational and property qualifications attached to the franchise in the young Chinese republic apply to men and women alike. Some of the most advanced women of China are at present engaged in organizing a national council of Chinese women. The organization will be launched at a congress at which many public questions of vital interest to women will be discussed.

India.

Signs of the awakening of women are found even in conservative India. A number of women's clubs, devoted to philanthropic work, have recently been organized, and several new periodicals are being published that are written for women by women.

LOVE AND THE WOMAN

By Bertha Hale Brown.



IN THE far, dim days, when the earth was but a footstool 'neath her feet, Woman walked in the garden of the world. And as she walked she sang, and her song held all of Life's verities and all of Life's prophecies—the colors of the dawns and the dews, the music of far-away spheres and the glitter of the hastening stars. And from the

desert of the world Man heard the love song of his mate, and in it listened to the call of Life. Her voice was the voice of his own desires and her song was the song of his dumb soul. But to Man, Love triumphant was Love the conqueror. So he said "Come," and he led her from the garden into the desert. And he took what would fain have been given, and bound with galling fetters the captive that cared only to stay. And, lest she escape him, in his delusion he loaded her with useless chains so that she was bowed to the earth and could no longer walk alone.

Life weighed upon her heart, and the Woman looked at the sons and daughters given her in the desert. Some had died of the fires of summer or the scourge of winter, and of those left to her not one walked erect, or was the child dreamed of in the garden. In time Discontent darkened the sun for Man and he sought the cause of his unrest. "It is your eyes!" he cried. "It is not well that Woman's eyes should be so unafraid." So the Woman turned her face from the sun. But the Man was not satis-

fied. "It is your voice—those clear tones reach too far." So she silenced the ringing notes of freedom and of creation. And the monotone drove him on to a wilder mastery.

Time came when Man no longer saw in her the Woman of the garden whom he had loved. This bowed and helpless thing, mute and dull, whose eyes burned with strange fires, was alien—unwanted. So he thrust her from him with bitter scorn.

And then Woman, who had sung in the garden, had writhed in the desert's anguish, and had toiled for Man through the arid ages, gathered her dying forces, seeking strength to break free the helpless arms, to straighten the bowed shoulders.

With her face to the sun she looked across the world to where the garden smiled.

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People advertise in magazines because they want to sell goods. Magazines take advertisements because they want to pay the printers. The way to help The Progressive Woman pay the printers, then, is to patronize our advertisers, thereby making this magazine a first-class advertising medium. We are at present taking but a few advertisements, and these are first-class. With your help we can get many more of this kind.

A man may not live upon his wife's labor; but he may live upon the labor of other men's wives.

Socialism offers woman the only means of attaining equality with man. It is the only movement which knows no sex distinctions.

Women's Industrial Organization

(Continued from page 5)

cate and stimulate the members. A woman trade unionist first learns that she cannot bargain for her work by herself, against the great business interests; that she must act with her fellow-workers as a body in order to have the advantage of group strength. She learns that reorganization plus social and industrial legislation can secure justice to the worker, and that workers are the only factory inspectors who are always on the spot to see infractions of the law, and that they cannot report these infractions without the protection of their union. Learning these important fundamental facts, they quickly become conscious of their own and the community's interests.

Also, within the local union the members develop qualities that would scarcely otherwise have had opportunity to become apparent—the ability for self-government and self-expression, and an altruism that comes from a sense of their important relation to a great body of workers which has its members in America, in Germany, in France and in England. In the union their interest in life is renewed, they find themselves with a definite object and they see their relation to a large movement which is demanding for them and for their fellows better conditions of living, and therefore more chance for play, and for work in which they are individually interested.

For furthering this work in America the National Women's Trade Union has done a great deal. To help in its work, the league publishes a monthly magazine, *Life and Labor*, which does the great necessary work of educating the public concerning its activities, and spreading the news of the problems and achievements of working women.

THEIR CHRISTMAS By Maude Ball



WHEN Elizabeth died it seemed to William that nothing more could ever happen.

People might come and go and things might change, but nothing would matter now.

The first night after the funeral he stayed up all night, washing the dishes and methodically putting every one in its place. He swept the floor and set the chairs in order. He folded her clothes and laid them away in the big chest, and when he could think of nothing more to do he sat with his head in his hands and waited for morning.

When daylight came he made coffee and drank a little. He left bread and butter on the table for the two boys when they should wake, and went to work mechanically at the old mill.

And so the days passed. Every noon he came home and prepared what there was to eat, and every night he came home and went to bed.

William never married again. Perhaps it was that no woman ever appealed to him, and perhaps it was that no woman cared to come into the cheerless life of the man and assume the responsibility of his household and the care of his two healthy, growing boys.

At any rate he continued to live alone and to care for the children as best he could.

They grew up much the same as other children, except that they were oftener hungry and more alone.

All day they chatted together over their playthings or roamed over the pasture gathering little flowers and stones and watching the bugs and birds and things.

All the days were alike except those never-to-be-forgotten days when some good-hearted woman came to the mill with her husband and stopped at the house with a steaming, fragrant pie or a plate of spicy cookies, or stayed to wash the windows and scrub the floor, and ONCE to bake a pan of delicious bread.

These days did not come so frequently but that the memory of them lingered long, and they were eagerly awaited by the motherless boys and patient father.

By and by another day came. A glorious day of wonder and excitement. It was Christmas day—a day they had known in name only since the mother died. But now: The boys were playing in the yard when Jimmie saw something round and shiny in the loose dirt and dug it out. It looked like a

coin and he held it up in excitement for Dick to see. Together they washed it and scoured it till it shone clean and bright—a whole big nickel!

Surely it was theirs, for their very own to spend it as they pleased. How kind fate sometimes is.

There was no place to spend it, nearer than fourteen miles, for they lived at the millhouse so far down the river that no one ever came that way except to bring grain to the mill or take away the flour or meal.

There was no way to get to the village but to ride Jennie, the mule. William would not be back for many hours, and they would have plenty of time to ride to the village and spend their new-found wealth.

With eagerness akin to pain they bridled the mule and climbed on her back, Dick in front and Jimmie holding tightly around his waist.

The sun was hot, but they never noticed it. Their minds were too intent upon the problem of how to spend their money—a problem that has bothered older and wiser heads before and since.

The miles stretched into leagues. The village was so far away and Jennie traveled very slowly. Besides, it was very hard for Jimmie to hold on. Once they tried to make her trot, but Jimmie slipped from side to side and cried out to stop her, she was running away.

All the way they chattered about what they should see and what they should buy. Dick had wanted a gun for a long time, but somehow he felt instinctively that a nickel would not buy it. Jimmie had only been to the village once and hardly knew what there was to buy, but Dick told him wonderful tales of toy dogs on wheels, of balls and bats and of a harp that makes sweet music when you only blow in it. There would be whistles and drums and matches and kites, books with pictures in, and perhaps a pocket knife with two blades, and they both remembered a pair of high boots they had once seen a boy wearing, with red leather tops and copper toes.

All things must have an end, but the sun was getting low in the sky before they reached the village. Dick somehow knew that it would look odd to see two bare-legged boys riding into town on a mule, and he was very sensitive, so he decided to stop just before they came into the village, keep Jennie and send Jimmie alone on the important mission.

Jimmie was a little afraid, but nerved by the excitement and being also afraid to stay behind, he reluctantly started on with many admonitions from Dick about getting something they could both have, or something to eat, for he was now very hungry.

There was but a faint suggestion of Christmas in the sleepy Southern town. However, the first win-

dow that loomed into view was filled with suits and hats and caps for little boys, and held Jimmie's attention for a long time. But because there were too many things, he decided to go on.

He ventured into a grocery store from which some savory odors issued, but he did not know the names of the things, or else they were raw or looked too big. Besides, no one came to see what he wanted, so with growing misgivings he passed out.

Further down the street he came to a saloon door, where he saw a man eating a sandwich. The man looked at him good-naturedly and he sidled into the door, hardly knowing why.

After several minutes he emerged and dashed down the street in the direction of the impatiently waiting brother.

To Dick it seemed an age that he had waited. He began to wonder if Jimmie would get something to eat and would fail to save a part for him, and wished devoutly he had remembered to speak of this.

He walked back and forth across the lane; he counted clover blossoms to kill time, and he began to repeat the multiplication table as far as he knew it.

He had only got to "five times five" when a tow-head appeared shining in the sunlight and Jimmie came running toward him as fast as his short legs could carry him.

Dick could not speak for excitement.

With nervous haste Jimmie drew from his pocket a small package.

"It is to eat," he exclaimed gleefully. "The man called it cheese."

With trembling fingers they tore open the wrapper. A nasty odor greeted their olfactories.

They tasted it, and then looked at each other.

The tears welled to Jimmie's eyes. "It is spoiled," said Dick in a tone of despair.

"A man was eating some and he said it was the best kind; 'limburger,' I think he said," explained Jimmie, struggling with the big lump in his throat and wiping his tears on his sleeve.

Mournfully they laid it down and slowly they climbed on the mule. The long ride home was unbroken by a word.

Late in the night two small boys with dirty legs and solemn faces crept into bed and lay with their backs to each other.

After a long time Dick turned over and put his arm around his brother. "I might 'a' knowed you 'uz too little," he said, and went to sleep with the peace of forgiveness on his face.

MAGGIE'S THANKSGIVING By Hildreth Kotsch

"IT'S three days."

"No; it's three days and a half, 'cause it's half a day after the day comes. You can't eat till twelve o'clock; nobody can eat till twelve o'clock. The lady told my mamma so."

"Do you s'pose there'll be enough turkey to go 'round?"

"'Course there will. Turkeys is awful big."

"No, they're not. I saw one in a candy store window, an' they're not any bigger than that," and the slim little finger indicated a height of about four inches.

"Aw, that ain't a really turkey. That's only a candy one. They're as big as our ash barrel. A really turkey could look in our ash barrel if he stretched his neck. Brother Sam said so. He saw one once when he went on a 'scursion to the country. An' it wears red ruffles 'round its neck like Mrs. Murphy's shawl that the fine lady gave her 'cause she was sick."

"Will we eat the ruffles?" said Fanny with a note of alarm.

"Maybe they go in the dressing where you can't see 'em, and it's all right. You can't tell the difference."

A light broke over Fanny's face. "Oh, of course. That's why they call it dressing."

Maggie and Fanny were discussing one of the great events of the year—the Salvation Army Thanksgiving dinner.

"They're going to have cranberry sauce and pie."

"Yes, and cake."

"And nuts and candy."

"And ice cream."

I'm going to be awful stylish. Mrs. Murphy's going to lend me her red shawl to wear and mother got me a pair of shoes at the rummage sale with only one hole in the toe, and she's going to patch my dress up like new."

Maggie looked sorrowfully at her torn and faded calico dress.

"I've got to wear this. Mother was going to make me a new dress, but father's been out of work ever since the mill shut down, and mother coughs and can't sew."

The great day at last arrived and the children set



"AWFUL STYLISH."

off, Fanny resplendent in Mrs. Murphy's red shawl and Maggie forgetting her faded dress in the joys of anticipation.

For some time after the food was served Fanny was oblivious of everything outside the radius of her plate. When the flowers on the bottom of it began to be visible she gave a thought to Maggie.

"Oh, Maggie," she gulped, "I wish I had that much on my plate yet."

Just then one of the waitresses leaned over and asked: "Why are you not eating, child?"

A courage akin to desperation came to Maggie. "Please, ma'am, I'm not hungry now. Can't I take it home and eat it?"

"But you must be hungry. Eat your dinner now. You couldn't carry this plateful home."

The child sat back in her chair. "Then I won't eat. Mother's not got any dinner."

"Oh, is that it, dear? Well, you shall have a good dinner to take to her. Now, eat your own."

The lady wrote Maggie's name and address in a book. That evening a basket came with enough good things for three days. On the third day Maggie looked regretfully at the empty basket.

"Mother, does anybody have enough to eat every day?"

"Yes, dear, many people."

It seemed past belief had anyone but mother said it.

"But why, mother? Ain't we as good as they are?"

"I hope we wouldn't do the things that some do," said the mother bitterly.

"But those ladies were so good and kind to give us all those good things."

"Yes, dearie, they have good hearts; but what is needed most is people with good heads to plan a way so that everyone shall have work and pay for all the work they do, so that in this land of plenty no one shall ever go hungry and have only one good dinner a year."

THINGS IN THE MAKING

By Barnet George Braverman

RIGHTS



THIS campaign, like preceding ones, has been featured by the sham rip-roaring patriotism of capitalist apologists.

Without exception, the Republican, Democratic and Bull Moose orators and editors have laid especial stress upon the necessity of preserving the rights of the American people. All of them point with gusto to the public schools, the franchise, and other things, and would have us understand that for these we are indebted to the Constitution and to Washington, Jefferson, and the men who fought at Bunker Hill and Lexington.

All the rights of the American people today are embodied in the free public school, the ballot, the mechanics' lien law, and freedom of debtors. Ask any capitalist politician or the average American voter how these rights were secured and the usual reply would refer us to the Revolutionary War or the United States Constitution.

But the Revolutionary War did not secure them. Neither did the Constitution. The United States Constitution was framed and adopted by a horde of merchants, bankers, lawyers, smugglers and other cultured crooks, who had no use for popular institutions. When our government was first established, the principle of majority rule was not recognized and this condition prevailed into the nineteenth century. Neither are there any records to show that Washington or Jefferson ever tried to have suffrage, free public schools, the mechanics' lien law, and freedom of debtors from imprisonment.

Up to 1848, men and women were thrown in jail to starve until their debts were paid. Relief societies sprang into existence and attempted to lessen the hunger and wretchedness of these victims. The relief societies of that period thought no more of preventing imprisonment for debt than do the charitable organizations of today think of exterminating capitalist exploitation.

But in 1828, the American labor movement began to grow. It developed rapidly and in 1845 a daily labor paper was being published in New York City. This early labor movement went into politics. It did not indorse candidates of parties controlled by the ruling class. And only in later years did its influence begin to lag when it began to compromise with its enemies.

This pioneer American labor movement demanded free public schools. It also was the means of abolishing imprisonment for debt and secured the passage of the mechanics' lien law, to which the workers of today owe their security for wages. And the political upheaval which resulted in suffrage for citizens was largely the outcome of agitation on the part of this early labor movement.

Remember, that these provisions constitute all the freedom that the American people has today. Remember that these measures were never espoused by the men who framed the Constitution. And remember that the books on American history which are used in the schools contain nothing about the achievements of this early labor movement. Hurl these facts at the Republican, Democrat, and Progressive party politicians. Make them understand that the real founders of the rights of the American people were not the crooks, swindlers and land thieves, who sat in the Constitutional Convention of 1787, but unknown and unhonored members of the working class.

Every concession the workers have ever gained was the result of incessant agitation. And the working class need expect further concessions by no other route. But the rights just mentioned are not all the rights the workers must have to reap the fruits and glories of the world. The right to the greatest reward of the individual for his or her social labor, the right to material comfort, to the knowledge, art, and sciences of the world—all these must be fought for inch by inch with unabated agitation. No individual or group of individuals will get these rights for the working class. The workers must realize that their rights will not be handed to them on a silver platter. Economic freedom can only be secured by the wealth producers—they who are at the bottom today. And these men and women who are in the abyss must emerge and become one solid, educated, self-disciplined force for the complete abolition of a social system that regards the toiler's standard of right and wrong.

Such a person would be regarded as a fool by friends and a maniac by strangers. Now, social reformers are not generally considered maniacs. But they are. Every social reformer who maintains that vice, gangs, boss rule and economic exploitation can be abolished and still believes in the private ownership of social needs has the same mental attitude that this dentist has about tooth-pulling.

The social reformer believes that little yanks—little petty reforms—will banish the ills of society. Anti-vice crusaders, trust busters, settlement workers, boss-rule opponents, and other special of social reformers may be sincere, but they are maniacs—socio-economic maniacs.

Behold the anti-vice crusaders! The dear things! As a rule the anti-vice crusade society is composed of well-meaning women, ministers and business men, who do not pay living wages to their female employes. Ask any member of an anti-vice crusade society to explain the cause of vice and every reason but the right one will be given. The usual remedy of anti-vice crusaders is segregation; if segregation fails, the jails are tried; if the jails prove ineffectual, then deportation is suggested. But deportation only strengthens the evil in another city.

Police officials and level-headed social investigators are now agreed that all these methods are futile. Raids are becoming rare and secret prostitutes are no longer hampered. Once the general belief prevailed that the problem of prostitution was an individual matter. But within the last few years a new attitude has developed, which affirms that this is no longer an individual matter, but a matter of social concern. This attitude has been emphasized by the American Federation of Sex Hygiene exhibition, held recently in Washington. This exhibition brought forth the delicious fact that this country has 300,000 licensed prostitutes, 1,000,000 secret prostitutes, and the traffic costs the nation \$3,000,000,000 per annum. Rather disgusting figures for esthetic sensibilities. True, no one likes facts when they are disgusting. Yet these are not presented by Socialists, but by scientists and physicians.

The socio-economic maniacs have tried to lessen the effects of this evil, but they have not and will not attempt to destroy the cause. The kind of womanhood a country needs cannot be had by low wages, long hours, unemployment, or the uncertainty of employment. These are the features of the present industrial regime and our well-meaning social reformers insist that the present regime is necessary.

But getting money by prostitution, gang-fights, assassination and burglary is just as much the result of the capitalist system as getting money by bank-robbing competitors, Wall Street investments, or the bribery of senators and congressmen. Get money! Get it—whether by preying upon the helplessness of defenseless children, men and women, or by deceit, marriage, theft, and self-defilement. This is the crystallization of the bourgeoisie, ideal of genuine worth. And in following that ideal lies the only way in which to win the approval of the master class. The only people who receive the sneers of the bourgeoisie are they who do these things clumsily like the prostitute, the common thief, or Captain Becker. And the people who do not attempt any of these things, but who also get bourgeoisie sneers, are the victims, and these victims are the wealth producers.

It may be very well for the socio-economic maniacs a la Roosevelt, Doctor Parkhurst and George W. Perkins to talk about sanctity and purity, but as long as industrial oppression continues to gnaw at the vitals of the social organism, their hearts may overflow with yawping sentiment like artesian wells, and prostitution, vice and crime will still remain. Capitalism is based upon profit. The traffic in women is carried on for profit and is a part of the capitalist system. Therefore the only way in which to stop this traffic is by banishing the capitalist system from the face of the earth.

So—what can you expect?

Practically every capitalist daily newspaper had nothing but messages of sympathy and condolence for the criminal mill owners. The editorials expressed doubt as to their guilt. This time the daily press did not state that another labor outrage was executed. They could not print in bold headlines that these planters of dynamite were violence provokers, quarrel instigators and assassins of young babies.

So they shut up like clams. They concealed the truth of the situation. This was to be expected. The mind of the average capitalist is a cesspool of corruption, polished lawlessness and underhanded crime. The mind of the average newspaper editor is a cesspool of intellectual prostitution. And the cesspools of both capitalist and editor are tributary to each other.

So—what can you expect?

TARIFF, SOUP AND WILSON

ALAS, what is the matter with Professor Wilson, the Disseminator of Profound Knowledge and political economy?

The Disseminator of Profound Knowledge should have known better than to make the tariff question a campaign issue. But it must be admitted that he has been successful in bringing the tariff "problem" back to life once more. The fossilized tariff question has been taken out of the political closet every presidential campaign during the last ninety-four years, and politicians have always made it an issue.

Democrats believe in juggling the tariff down. Republicans believe in juggling it up. But we Socialists suggest that the tariff may be juggled any

way or both ways at the same time, for this makes no difference to the wage-earner.

During the Cleveland administration the tariff was juggled down and there were bread-lines, soup-houses and jobless toilers. And under the Roosevelt administration we had the high tariff, but the bread-lines were just as long, soup-houses were overcrowded, and men and women were walking the streets in search of jobs after performing years of useful labor.

"Lower the tariff and reduce the high cost of living," says the Disseminator of Profound Knowledge, "and allow business to import foreign goods cheaply. Then the consumer will not have to pay so much for necessities."

But eggs, milk, flour and houses are not imported goods. Yet these have risen enormously, like every other thing else—except the value of labor power. Since Professor Wilson is so profound, perhaps he will apprise us that we should follow the suggestion of an eastern college professor, who said that housewives could reduce the high cost of living by making six different soups out of one solitary bone. Of course, if people cannot have eggs, they should have the lesser evil, which is bone-soup.

However, there are a good many of the working class who have become aware of the fact that most professors are simply boneheads who have degrees attached to their names. These degrees generally imply that their possessors went through a course in intellectual paralysis. Hence economic paralytics like Professor Wilson should be regarded tolerantly for their remedies of social and economic problems.

The working class are tired of bone-head and bone-soup politics. Furthermore, many men and women are awakening to the fact that the tariff was not the issue in this campaign. Professor Wilson may think otherwise, but for the working class the only issue is always this: Shall the means of production, distribution and exchange be operated for the welfare of the producers or the non-producers? This is the only issue upon which the masses can unite for the solution of the high cost of living. But will they do it? Yes! When? Oh, pretty soon!

WHEN LAWLESSNESS IS NOT LAWLESSNESS

LAST month the nation was informed about the arrest of mill owners in Lawrence, Mass. Some of them confessed and another committed suicide.

Every one should know that the mill owners belong to the class that is determined to preserve law and order even to the extent of having strikers shot down by the state militia and Harvard college students.

The Lawrence mill owners who were arrested evidently thought that they could help to maintain law and order by planting dynamite and then blame the workers for the act.

But what has the daily press done about this? Denounce these capitalists as law breakers, undesirable citizens and murderers? No indeed! Up to date, the daily press has been silent about the lawlessness of the mill owners. One could almost see that the foot of capitalist class-consciousness was crammed into the mouth of the servile press, and when anyone tries to discuss matters of social and industrial justice in this manner, the results are pitiful to behold.

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THE MIKADO'S CRANE-ROOM

(Continued from page 4)

As Mr. Tabara shook him by the shoulder, the plebian fish merchant laughed madly and ejaculated vehemently:

"Poor devils! . . . Five hundred of them! . . . Wings so beautiful! . . . Ah, let me fly with them! . . . Mr. Eckdo, give me your wings!"

And the world found him insane from that moment.

ANTI-CRUSADERS AND SOCIAL REFORMERS

WHAT would you think of a dentist who claimed that the only way to extract a bad tooth would be by giving it one gentle yank every day for several weeks until it was out?

THE THANKSGIVING CALLER

BY JOSEPHINE
CONGER-KANEKO

THE business woman's place in society is a strange one, when we stop to think about it. The fact of the matter is that we who are in the business world never stop to think about it; we are too absorbed in our business for that. And those who are not with us never think of us at all, or, if they do, they look upon us as aliens, or, perhaps quite frequently, not as women at all. That is, they do not attribute to us the feelings, emotions, etc., which are regarded as an essential part of every woman's life.

The idea came to me abruptly one evening while dining in a restaurant. It was a fairly good restaurant, of the higher middle class order. There were palms in the windows, and, at this hour at least, throngs of people at the tables and passing in and out.

I had been waited on, and was preparing to eat, absorbed in matters far away from my surroundings—prosaic, materialistic matters.

Then He came, and sat down just across from me, and for some reason the mere fact of his doing this attracted my attention and set my mind going in a rather unusual philosophical trend. He ordered his meal, unfolded and looked over his paper till it came, then began eating at once. The table was so narrow, that, sitting across from me, his plate and side dishes almost touched mine. There was a steak, I noticed—and tea. And for dessert he had ordered just what I had—a baked apple covered with whipped cream.

Just why these details took hold of me, or why I noticed my fellow diner at all, I don't know. I had eaten in restaurants scores of times, with strangers, men and women, facing me at the same table. But I had never experienced this peculiar, almost domestic, interest in the food they ate.

He didn't refer to his paper again until he came to his dessert. Having cleared his plate fairly, displaying the appetite of a healthy, busy man of affairs, he piled the dishes together and set them out of his way. Then he unfolded his paper again and with the sort of nervous haste displayed in all his movements, turned from page to page, reading rapidly the headlines, or sketching a few lines beneath them.

By this time I was wondering what his home life was like. I guessed there were children—at least two—and that his wife was light and rather soft and fluffy. A thoroughly domestic woman, and a pretty, satisfactory wife and mother. I doubted whether he ever discussed his business affairs with her, and that he also listened with indifferent attention to her talk about domestic affairs. But be that as it may, they were congenial and satisfied in their domestic life. He was a little above medium height, with dark hair tinged with gray, a well cut mouth, though a trifle too small, for my taste, at least, but had fine, clear dark eyes.

He hadn't touched his baked apple nor the tea. (If there is anything I dislike it is lukewarm tea. However, tastes differ.) I was only half through my order, and hadn't arrived at the dessert. I was a business woman, but ate less rapidly than a business man. I made a mental note of that.

"Don't you think it is a peculiar situation?" he asked, suddenly. The question quite took my breath away, for, while I had been aware of most of his movements, I hadn't looked squarely at him, except as he bent his eyes on his paper, and couldn't see me. And but for one glance at me as he sat down, he had taken no notice of me whatever.

"I beg your pardon," I said, by way of getting my wits together.

"This civilization we live in—doesn't it strike you as a bit peculiar? I have just thought of it, as we sat here, you and I, trying to appear oblivious of each other, when in fact—we are not at all. We sit here, for the world like dumb animals, feeding ourselves, looking neither to our left nor to our right nor at each other. . . . If society will force people into such close contact, especially in such a recreative and social process as eating one's meal, why does it not permit the same persons to greet each other, and at least exchange an intelligent thought or two? If they don't like each other, they needn't keep it up," he added, as an afterthought.

"It is queer," I ventured, lamely. It was all I

could think of. No doubt he wouldn't "keep it up" with men, finding me so stupid at repartee, I thought, and reddened at the idea.

My flushed face evidently disconcerted him and he added, quickly: "Of course, one might find oneself in some situations where one would not care to be addressed. But," brightening, "even so, one could easily avoid—"

"To be sure," I hastily answered, to relieve him of any false impressions he may have gathered from my stupid behavior. "Besides, we do not often eat in places patronized by human beings so low that we could not pass even a word with them. . . . I catch your meaning. We are full grown, responsible, civilized human beings. We come together—like this, for instance—and I must admit that it is sometimes more embarrassing to sit in absolute silence, pretending to be oblivious of the persons so near us that we can almost count their pulse beats, than it would be to recognize them by some show of courtesy, and even to discuss the state of the weather, or the latest newspaper gossip with them."

"Exactly—exactly. I was afraid you didn't understand."

He dipped his spoon into the cream on the baked apple. "I see our tastes run alike as to dessert, at least." A whimsical look came into his eyes. "I wonder if you like Ibsen?"

"I do," I replied, brightly.

"And Bernard Shaw?"



"Yes, indeed, I have laughed many a time with Shaw."

"His egotism passeth understanding. And do you really think he has done anything for women?"

"Yes, any one who speaks a word for the mental and moral emancipation of woman cannot do other than help her. Shaw has done this."

"Do you honestly think women ought to be emancipated?" I couldn't tell whether he was speaking seriously or was only testing me. But I answered seriously.

"I honestly think women should be emancipated. . . . Don't you?"

"Being a mere man, with prejudices—how can I tell? But," he looked at his watch, "I have a business engagement, due in five minutes."

For a second he looked at me. "Do you think society would approve if two persons, of age, and in their right minds, DID pass a word or two, as we have, and if they felt they would like to continue it—indeinitely, maybe—do you think society would SERIOUSLY object?"

I reflected for a moment, and then: "I hardly think society would SERIOUSLY object if two persons, of age, and in their right minds—frankly, I do not believe society would object in the least."

It was all arranged in a speedy and business-like manner. He was to call at my boarding place, and I was to meet him in the conventional little parlor.

And because it was Thanksgiving we were to celebrate by going to dinner together (he was not married, and there was no domestic life), and afterward to see the exquisite little play, "Blue Bird." I chose "Blue Bird" because—well, because there is something gentle and harmless and religious-like in it, and there are times, in spite of her material cares, when even a business woman warms towards the religious influence. Not the orthodoxy of creedism, but the sort of religion that is all-inclusive, bearing peace and good will on its wings. The spirit of Thanksgiving naturally suggests such things, and then— Anyway, he was perfectly satisfied with the arrangement.

It must be remembered that I am a practical woman. I never go to pieces with "nerves," and my business capacity stands at par. My romances came, as romances should come, in early girlhood, and now lay far behind me, a gentle, undisturbing dream.

Nevertheless, for Thanksgiving evening I donned the only thing I possessed approaching an evening gown. A simple affair of pearl gray peau de soie, short as to sleeve, clinging and long as to skirt. It had been made four years before, for a very special affair, and had since lain in my lower dresser drawer in a lavender bag. I made a very good effect with my hair, doing it in a high, loose fashion, and bound it about with a band woven of silver thread. I might mention that my hair is very heavy and is said to be copper gold. And, as the press notices say, "she wore no jewels." "She" didn't possess any, in this case. That is, none to speak of, and "she" preferred herself without them.

The Man came—a trifle early. When he removed his outer trappings he displayed a full evening dress—which I hadn't somehow expected. He certainly hadn't suggested such a possibility in his matter-of-fact manner at the restaurant table.

And he looked keenly at me—for an instant. I couldn't really make up my mind whether he had expected the transformation in me and there was no sign beyond the first look, quickly withdrawn.

We had a few moments of visiting in which we sketched many subjects, most of them from books. It was remarkable how close he had kept to the book world. "I am not an intellectual," he had hurriedly explained, when I noted this fact? Nevertheless he knew the current thought of the best minds.

Excusing myself, I started away for my wraps. "Do you know," he said, and I turned back to listen, "I have been thinking a good deal about the conversation we had over our teacups the other evening. . . . And I must make a confession before we go further in our acquaintance. I am not the philosophic, socially broad gentleman you may take me to be. At least, I wasn't formerly.

Never before in my life had it occurred to me that people coming together in public places owed any social obligation to each other. Day in and day out I have passed thousands of men, women and children on the streets, in theaters, in restaurants, regarding them, if at all, as aliens, as strangers with whom I had nothing to do, and who had nothing in common with me. But as you sat there before me a troubled feeling came over me. There was an unreasonable impulse to say something, or a reasonable impulse with an unreasonable barrier, preventing me. I am not the sort of man who yields gracefully to obstacles; so, in this case, —as may be in others—I followed my impulse and stepped square in the middle of the obstacles. I spoke to you, and said the thing that was bothering me. . . . Queer, wasn't it?"

He regarded me in the quick, penetrating fashion he had, seeking the answer to his "confession."

"And shall I also make a confession?" I stepped nearer and leaned on the back of my chair. "I, too, have eaten in public places with scores and hundreds of strangers, men and women, and never before had I taken the least personal interest in what my neighbor was doing, what he ate, why, or how he ate it."

"And you—took an interest in what I—" He flushed slightly and did not finish the sentence.

"Oh, yes," I answered, smiling. "I did."

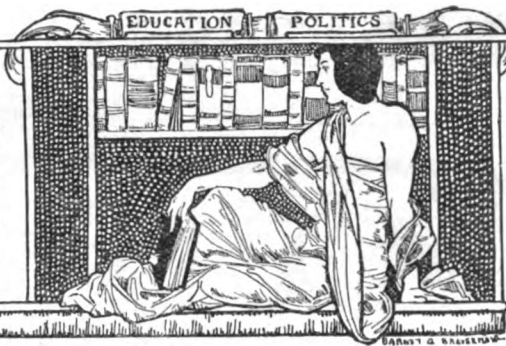
For a moment we regarded each other silently. "I wonder," I said at length, "if this is a practical

(Continued on page 15)



BOOKS and WRITERS

A CAUSERIE :: By FLOYD DELL



ONE day this fall I went to the Chicago City Club to hear and see Mr. Keir Hardie, the English Socialist leader. From his place of honor at a large table there presently arose a venerable old gentleman, and from the midst of a distinguished mass of white hair a clear voice issued, shaping an account, in words of one syllable, as it were, of recent political affairs in England. He told of the Boer war, the fall of the Tories, and the organization of the Independent Labor party. Gradually, and in a manner perfectly familiar to those who have listened much to Socialist speakers, the speech transformed itself into a lecture on Socialism. The economics of production, trusts, low wages, unemployment, strikes . . . and I dozed off to sleep.



Ashamed, I roused myself, and concentrated my mind. I tried to listen. But it is very hard to listen to something that you know by heart. The first Socialist speech I had ever heard had covered exactly the same ground, and was couched in almost exactly the same words. It was made, that first Socialist speech, by a little German street cleaner, in a public park, to a group of loafers and schoolboys: I was one of both, and it was to me a magical and momentous event. But I have heard that speech too often since then ever to thrill to it again.

The trouble was, I reflected as I left the room, and left Mr. Hardie to continue his exposition of Socialism to the amateur civic reformers of Chicago—the trouble was that my mind was full of unanswered questions. I wanted to know not so much about the rise of the Liberals as the rise of syndicalism; not about the decay of the Tories, but rather about the decay of the Labor party.

It was, of course, very unreasonable of me. Here was the man who had, by gigantic efforts, realized the dream of a lifetime in the creation of a working class party. This party was engaged in the work of improving the conditions of the working class; it had gone far in carrying out the program of social legislation which English Socialists have been urging for a generation. How could one ask such a man to take seriously the slurs of political enemies, to the effect that the Labor party had betrayed the cause of the working class, turned its back on Socialism, and become the willing tool of the great English capitalists?

Such a question would be an insult, because Mr. Keir Hardie is an honest man, and the members of the Labor group in Parliament are all honest men. It is not a question of dishonesty. It is a question of tactics. The Labor party points to its record; and so does Hilaire Belloc in the Eye-Witness. They both refer to the same facts. It is a matter of interpretation. Things are in a curious state when, as in the case of the English Insurance Act, there is a dispute as to whether it is a wise and necessary piece of legislation destined to improve the conditions of the working people, or whether it is an offensive piece of meddling engineered by the great capitalists, with the intention of breaking up the trade unions. This act, though criticised in the making by the Labor members of Parliament, was finally passed with their help. What does that signify?

It signifies, certainly, that the time has come to discuss tactics. Because we are coming to exactly the same thing in this country. When Seidel was elected mayor of Milwaukee, J. G. Phelps-Stokes spoke for a considerable section of the party when he called it a mere reform victory. When a Socialist group in Congress helps the Progressive party put through some of its promised legislation, the same things will be said as are being said of the Labor party in England.

And syndicalism—which has come to America in the form of industrial unionism—what are we to think of that? Are we to welcome it as bringing our ideas for the first time into the actual economic conflict between employers and workers? Or are we to fear it as the newest embodiment of the philosophy of anarchism?

Somebody (I thought) ought to write a book and discuss these things.

Well, somebody had written such a book. The book was on my shelf at that minute. It is "Socialism As It is, by William English Walling (The Macmillan Co., \$1.50 net).

The title is likely to be misleading; the subtitle—"a survey of the world-wide revolutionary movement"—is certain to be. It looks like a description of the Socialist movement of the world, as found. It is a pamphlet, in the real sense, on party tactics. The title may have been intended to beguile college professors and other simple-minded people. It beguiled me into leaving it unread. I wish now to do it what tardy justice I can. It is the most important contribution to Socialist literature that has been made in recent years. If it is neglected by American Socialist readers, our movement will be the worse for it.

I say this without regard to the point of whether I agree with the book's conclusions or not. I do not think I do. Mr. Walling writes from the revolutionary standpoint. He analyses capitalist reform and Socialist reform, and finds the latter to be identical with the former. What, he asks, are we about, playing the capitalists' game for them? Let them create their state Socialism or state capitalism, without our carrying bricks and mixing mortar! We have other things to do.

What are they? First, to create a democracy. Second, to prepare the working class for the final struggle with the master class.

In the furtherance of the first purpose (says Walling), we must resist all "reforms" which take power out of the hands of the people. We do not want any reform which carries us in a direction directly opposite to Socialism. As for the second, this of course means that Walling is a believer in the cataclysmic theory of revolution; and in practice it means that he sympathizes with the efforts of the syndicalists to sharpen the edge of the class struggle—though he declines to follow the syndicalists in repudiating political action.

Now as to the first of these things, I believe Mr. Walling to be absolutely right. It is a fundamental defect of a good deal of contemporary Socialism that it is undemocratic. One cannot read of the actions of the English Socialists, for instance, without sympathizing with such critics as G. K. Chesterton and Hilaire Belloc, whose program may be reactionary but whose spirit is democratic. And if we Socialists, whose literature is full of Bellamyistic ideals, go on to help create a benevolent feudalism, we are going to get bumped. Some Bryan, with a crazy program but a real trust in the masses, will show us up for enemies of the people.

Then, as to the second. . . . I suppose, since I am setting down my opinions, I must go on and expose my private muddlement on this topic. My only comfort is that most American Socialists are as muddled as I, only they don't realize it, which is where I have the advantage of them. . . . Temperamentally I am a revolutionist. It is an exercise in forbearance for me to sit at luncheon in the City Club, and look about at the cheerful, earnest and misguided civic reformers. If it is ever necessary for me to carry a red flag, or help build a barricade, I shall think of the City Club, and the thought will nerve me to my ridiculous and romantic task. I am, I say, a revolutionist by temperament; but I have, thank God, some intelligence. And so I cannot believe in cataclysms, I cannot turn my back on the slow process of reconstruction, I cannot be angry at Berger and the Milwaukee movement. Moreover, I suspect that the chief value of syndicalism will be its ability to put "pep" into the Socialist movement, and not any great effectiveness in bringing the class struggle to a crisis. Furthermore, if there has been a good deal of nonsense talked about the Socialist administration, so has there been a good deal of nonsense talked about the I. W. W. victory at Lawrence. And I do not see how Victor Berger can be called a reformist except in the sense in which W. D. Haywood might be called an anarchist. In short, Mr. Walling serves us well when he makes us think about these questions; but when he appeals to old prejudices and incites us to action that is bound to be premature, he does us a disservice.

*I think he means "plp."—C. T. H.

The contents of Walling's book are barely indicated by these remarks. It is a book calculated to make every Socialist wobble a little—for Mr. Walling has the happy faculty of disagreeing with everyone. It will, in the

end, help tremendously to clarify our minds. For nobody's mind, except Mr. Walling's and that of my friend Fritz (whom I have referred to before in these columns) is definitely and finally made up. We ordinary mortals are blown this way and that by the gusts of reason and emotion.

Tactics—that is the soul of the Socialist movement. What shall we do? That is the real question. And concealed in the dust of conflict between the methods of Berger and Haywood, of Tom Mann and Ramsay MacDonald and Sidney Webb and Cecil Chesterton, of Bernstein and Bebel, of Guesde and Jaures and Sorel, is the destiny of the Socialist movement. Of that conflict Mr. Walling has news to tell us: it may not be fully accurate, but it is the latest and best report to hand.

"BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

(Continued from page 2)

age, Vote the Progressive Ticket and Make Us Free." Do they want your doughnuts, O women voters of the working class? They certainly DO! Did Mr. Roosevelt call for your sympathy and assistance eight years ago? No, he did not. He said then that a woman's place was at home bearing children for the government. You *couldn't vote then*.

And the Democratic candidate—Have the Democrats appealed to you this year? Yes, they have, too. They have told you they would take the tariff off of the clothes you wear and the food you buy, and so make your home life one long song of plenty and ease. But they didn't tell you that when the tariff was removed wages would go down, and the workers would be as bad off as ever. England has no tariff, and London workers are horribly poor. But none of this did Mr. Wilson's campaigners tell when they appealed for your votes.

And even the dear old "stand pat" high tariff Taft men told you that they would protect you by holding on to the tariff and thus raising wages. Of course they didn't stop to explain that high wages are of little help when food and clothing are also high. Just as the Democrats forgot to explain that cheap goods are of little value when wages are correspondingly low.

But no matter what they forgot to tell you that would be to *your* advantage, they DIDN'T forget that you possess 1,400,000 votes, and that *they* wanted the votes. "Boys will be boys," big ones, smart ones who can run for president, even as the little ones, and the middle-heads who vote for the smart ones against their own interests and those of their families!

When the smoke is cleared away, and the ballots are counted, we wonder how many will be those of the women who, as women have done throughout the ages, listened to the pleas of men who thought only of their personal interests and those of their class!

Roosevelt and Taft stand for high tariff, which means high prices; Wilson stands for low tariff, which means low wages. And they all stand every day and all the time for the interests that keep the working class under their thumbs.

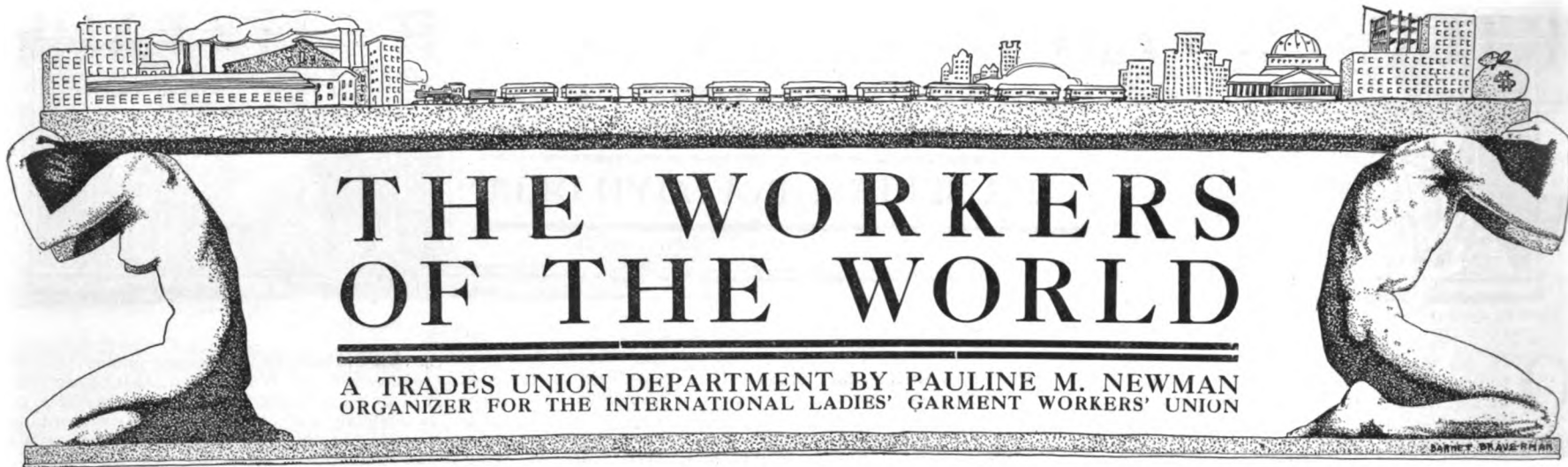
Women of the working class, you will learn many things in the next four years with your eyes only half open. And one of the things you SHOULD learn is that the men who stand for interests diametrically opposed to yours will continue so to stand in spite of the beseeching appeals they make to you when running for office. YOU have got the doughnuts now. And when a boy spies his sister with a doughnut he will put up any kind of an old speech to wheedle her out of it.

But after he's got it! Don't forget that, women voters! "Boys will be boys"—big ones, as well as little. The whole world has said so—and the world ought to know.

"Woman's work" includes more than most men acknowledge; the securing of her own development, for instance.

If "woman lives to dress" it is because man's world has instructed her so to do. And still man would have woman obey.

If it be true that women are conservative, then why fear their movement for social conserving.



"HELLO" GIRLS ORGANIZE

A FEW years ago a strike of the telephone operators took place in Toronto, Canada. At that time a committee was appointed to make a study of this occupation. Medical men and many physicians were appointed on that committee. After a thorough investigation they unanimously declared that a five-hour day, with an hour's rest between, is more than enough for any telephone operator to work.

Most of us know that one must possess very strong nerves indeed to hold a position as telephone operator.

There is no doubt but that sitting at a switchboard for ten or eleven hours a day, constantly using the eye, the ear and voice, working under the most terrible strain, can make a nervous wreck of anybody in a very short time. And if there is any kind of work that requires a short workday, telephone operating surely does.



But the telephone companies today are not in business for the welfare of their employees. They are in business for

profits. The telephone operators, too, have not realized—at least not until recently—that it is within their own power to shorten the workday. So they have simply worked on, dissatisfied, of course, but did not demonstrate their grievances by demanding better conditions.

There are times when, as our Comrade Korngold puts it, "If you don't want to be a Socialist, your employer will make you be one." The time for the working people to be satisfied with conditions as they are is gone. The awakening came, and the telephone girls began to interest themselves with the question of unionism.

A few months ago a few of the Boston telephone girls came to the Women's Trade Union League and asked for help from that organization. Today we find in the city of Boston an organization of telephone operators consisting of **TWELVE HUNDRED STRONG**, affiliated with and holding a charter from the Electrical Workers of America. They expect to put up demands for an eight hour day and higher wages by January 1, 1913.

Let us hope that they will get it without having to struggle for it.

It is also reported that two hundred and fifty telephone girls organized themselves into a union, in Springfield, Ill. They, too, were to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor. Good!

In Kewanee, Ill, telephone girls were compelled to work for 8 cents a day! Inconceivable, is it not? Yet it is true. Listen to the following statement issued by the telephone girls of Kewanee, Ill.:

"These are the wages paid to our girls: Day girls who work nine hours, receive \$20 per month, 72 cents a day, or 8 cents an hour. Relief girls work six, and at time seven hours, and receive \$14 per month, or 48 cents a day.

"The majority of the girls have to pay from \$3 to \$3.50 per week for board, 50 to 60 cents for laundry; so how can they support themselves on these wages?

"The rules are very strict. No Sunday or holidays are granted to the girls. If out one hour on account of sickness same is deducted from their wages. Can the citizens of Kewanee blame us for having gone out on strike?"

Hardly. Who can blame them for not wanting to work for the magnificent sum of 48 cents a day? On

the contrary we might wonder as to how they could tolerate such inhuman and damnable conditions until now? But, "better late than never."

ALL GARMENT WORKERS TO FORM ONE UNION

THOSE who are connected with the labor movement have often asked the question: Why are there three separate unions of garment workers, and why ALL clothing workers should not instead have one union? Why should not the makers of men's clothing, and the makers of women's clothing, together with the custom tailors, combine their forces and act as a unit? And these questions are justified and logical.

But some of us believe that it is a much healthier sign when the demand of uniting different branches of an industry comes direct from the rank and file rather than from a few progressive individuals. So we waited. For we knew that it was only a question of time when the clothing industry would be controlled by all those who work for it.

At the convention of the three garment workers' organizations, committees were appointed to work out plans that would assist in amalgamating the three unions.

The committees met with the American Federation of Labor last week, and they came to the following conclusion: "At a conference held in Washington, D. C., September 30, 1912, by the representatives of the United Garment Workers of America, the International Ladies' Garment Workers of America and the Journeymen Tailors' Union of America to consider the best interest of the tailoring trade, it was finally decided that it is the opinion of the conference assembled that amalgamation of the three organizations into one should finally take place, and that in order to develop this idea to successful fruition we believe that as soon as practicable the headquarters of the three organizations should be in one city. On motion it was agreed that the next conference be held at Rochester during the A. F. of L. convention."

No doubt as to the result. For the rank and file are ready for a change, and may the leaders be as conservative as they want, when membership of an organization is ready for a change, it is going to get what it thinks is best for its members.

The craft form of organization is rapidly passing away and the industrial form is taking its place. But it is so much more encouraging when this change takes place through the understanding of the members of the different unions, rather than from those who are on the outside shouting "one big union," etc.

There is no reason for discouragement, but time for understanding of the evolutionary process of time.

The American Federation of Labor is planning to organize the iron and steel industries of the United States. The first city in which the campaign for unionizing the above mentioned industries takes place will be Pittsburgh.

Pittsburgh is certainly the place for a campaign of that kind. The men in Pittsburgh still work a twelve hour day and seven days a week. It is about time the workers rise in all their might for a better and easier life. Let us hope the workers of Pittsburgh will respond to the call of the A. F. of L.

A new local of laundry workers has recently been organized in Chickasha, Okla. The organizers of this trade are busy forming locals in many cities.

Many women and young girls work at this trade, and it is very encouraging to hear of their anxiety to organize.

The yearly report of the Women's Trade Union League of New York has been issued, and gives a detailed statement of its activities and progress.

The league has done a great deal in the past year to help the various women's organizations of New York

and vicinity. It has increased its individual league membership, and also through union affiliation it has organized an English branch of the neckwear workers' union, and has attempted to do the same in other trades where more than one nationality participate in the work.

It has helped to organize many women's organizations, and has helped them in their daily struggles during strikes, and after strikes.

It did a large amount of work during the Triangle fire in helping financially the families of the victims.

The league carried on a lively agitation for the union label, and worked hand in hand with the organized labor movement in the city of New York.

At present the league is undertaking to build up the organization of the white goods workers, and it is very likely that a general strike of that trade will be called within a month or so.

There are organizations in New York which owe their existence and the benefit derived to the Women's Trade Union League.

Would that we had many more such organizations within the labor movement. There is need for them in every industrial center.

Those who care to have the detailed report of the New York league can secure a copy by writing to Helen Merot, 43 East Twenty-second street, New York City.

The above organization will hold its annual entertainment on November 15 at the Amsterdam Opera House. Every individual, as well as every organization in New York, ought to attend this affair, thereby aiding the league in its splendid efforts to organize the working women.

PROGRESSIVE WOMAN DAY

The following motion made by May Wood-Simons has been passed by the Woman's National Committee and goes into effect at once, making November 24 Progressive Woman Day:

1. I move that November 24 be made Progressive Woman Day, that the National Woman's Correspondent send out communications to the locals urging the women of the locals to make especial efforts to hold lectures or entertainments on or near that date to raise funds for the Progressive Woman.

2. I move that a letter be sent by the National Correspondent to all locals, urging them to secure bundles of the Progressive Woman each month.

How can Progressive Woman Day be made successful? By giving lectures and taking a collection, or an entertainment or dance and charging a small admission. These are very easy to arrange, and the net result may amount to a great deal. In Chicago the Socialist women are arranging to sell the Progressive Woman on the streets. This is one of the simplest and most effective means of raising money. A score of women selling 100 copies each at 5c means \$100, forty women means \$200, etc.

There are many ways in which money can be raised, and the need is VERY URGENT. There are more than 1,400,000 women voters now, and this number will be increased soon. WE MUST REACH THESE WOMEN WITH OUR MAGAZINE, and we need funds to do it with.

Make Progressive Woman Day a GREAT DAY for our magazine and for Socialism.

"There is a commodity in the market which has the magic power of creating more than it costs to produce it. This is the labor power of the human being of a free wage worker. He sells it for a certain amount of money, which competition reduces to the average necessities of life required to produce it; to so much food, clothing and shelter which are absolutely necessary to recuperate his lost powers on the next morning and to produce a new generation of wage workers after this one is gone. Almost all above this goes to the employing class, and is called 'the surplus value.'"

—Frances E. Willard.

THE WOMAN IN THE HOME

MATTERS of SPECIAL INTEREST to the SEVERAL MILLION WOMEN WHO MAKE the HOMES of the COUNTRY

MARY AND MARTHA

WHEN you were a little girl and went to Sunday School, you learned a story about two women, Mary and Martha.

You remember that Martha was the "strenuous" housekeeper; she was "cumbered about much serving;" and as she bustled about making other folks uncomfortable with many attentions, she complained because Mary had a tendency to sit as the Master's feet and learn.

We see from this story that even the Marthas of those days had "nerves." This housekeeper of nearly two thousand years ago, thought that nothing in all the universe was so important as her individual round of household duties. Not even her soul's salvation. And she became agitated and fidgety when her sister persisted in stopping in the midst of her dusting to sit at the Masters' feet and satisfy an inquiring mind.

Poor Mary! Probably it was the only chance she had ever had in her life to know anything besides dusting and sweeping and cooking. Probably this was the first man who had ever thought her personality big enough or her mind important enough to give a moment's attention to it. She was hungry for recognition as a human being. She wanted to LEARN.

That was two thousand years ago. Today, in the twentieth century, we still have our Marys and our Marthas. With this difference: that the Mary of today sits at the feet of the master "Social Necessity" and learns, while Martha still fumes and frets over her frying pan, and the dusty bric a brac. For Martha's bric a brac still gathers dust, and her frying pan is still filled with indigestible grease.

For Martha hasn't seen the progress Social Necessity has made in two thousand years, in the matter of household conveniences. *Neither has she added one iota to this progress.* She has kept her nose to the grindstone long ago called "Woman's Duty," and she has been content just to keep on in the old primitive way of her foremothers. Of course, the spinning and weaving and some of the other things her grandmothers did have been taken from her by the force of Social Progress, but she has never been conscious as to WHY the change came about, and has clung to all that was left with all the tenacity of grim ignorance.

So today she bends her back to her supposed "duty," going at it each morning of the three hundred and sixty-five in the year, and staying with it to the last hour of her tired life. In the smaller towns she is especially devoted. It is here that she outnumbers the Marys one hundred to one, and the latter, making spasmodic efforts to catch a ray of light from the master, Social Necessity, are creatures of scorn in the eyes of the Marthas. These Marys are breaking up the homes, they say. They are neglecting their children, they are trying to become *men*; they are interesting themselves where they have no business. They are a menace to the social order. Why CAN'T they stay at home like their mothers did, and attend to their own affairs?

What if outside conditions are bad? What if the walks of the town ARE a crazy system of loosened and sun warped boards? Hasn't it always been the business of MEN to look after the town's welfare? The Marthas can't meddle with such things. Their kitchen floors are scrubbed—or are going to be; *that is THEIR business.* What if the streets of the town are grown up in rag weed; what if there are old shacks for public buildings; what if the saloon and the billiard hall are the most flourishing business of the community; what if the men and the young boys—aye, and the young girls—have no recreation in which a grain of culture is found; what if dozens of men get beastly drunk each Saturday night, and a few girls go astray each year; what if there is ugliness and brute ignorance everywhere? Do the Marthas care?

Not so long as they have their own door steps to sweep; not so long as they can cook heaps of "truck" and overfeed their families; not so long as they can "do fancy work" and distracting decorations for the accumulation of microbes in their houses; not so long as they can grow faint and lean, or short-breathed and fat, sacrificing themselves on the family "altar," will they care what the towns go to, what their neighbors' children go to—what, in fact, becomes of their own children, so long as they do their "duty" and are not to blame!

So much for the Marthas, "cumbered about much serving."

The Marys, happily inflicted with a mental inquisitiveness, always trying to grow in knowledge, are studying social conditions. They are trying to get at the root of the world's troubles, and to learn the remedy.

They have found that with all the toil of the Marthas they haven't the best homes. No ignorant woman, though she wear her fingers to the bone in the effort, can have the best home.

Mary is finding that the condition of the home depends more than anything else upon the condition of the community in which it is found. She doesn't care



THE BURDEN LONG AGO CALLED "WOMAN'S DUTY."

very much for Martha's home. Especially if it is in a community where there are no Marys. In the first place, Martha cooks too much. There are too many kinds of meats, too many kinds of pastry, too many sweets on her table at one time. The family simply gorges itself—and is pressed to eat more by the strenuous Martha. It is her chief satisfaction in life—to see her family eat. Their large appetites are her best compliment. Secondly, the house is over-furnished, and the furnishings do not harmonize with each other. Then, too, the community being a Martha community, there are no conveniences in the house, no electric lights, no gas for cooking, no running water, no drainage.

Further, the intellectual life is poor. Martha doesn't know anything to talk about, and Mary notices that her husband and the boys stay away from home a great deal.

Mary knows a good deal about the inventions for making a town healthy and beautiful, and for making housework easy, and the home a place in which to live, rather than an institution in which to slave one's life away. She organizes other Marys into a society for study, for mutual improvement and social betterment. She sees that the streets are kept clean, that the drainage is good, that public improvements are constantly going on. She makes demands of the city officials, looks after the public schools, studies the culture of other countries, applies the best to her own life, is a companion to her husband, trains her children intelligently—and always looks ten years younger than Martha, the morbid household devotee.

The other day a Socialist Mary said to me: "My husband is secretary of our local, but he is so busy that I attend to the correspondence and other duties a good deal myself. I can do it, and I like to do it, for it helps me to *learn*. I am trying now to get more women interested in our local, and some are going to join. We scatter a good deal of literature and keep at our friends until they read it. We want to get this old town awake, and in better condition than it has ever been. People have got to read. They can't be intelligent otherwise, and nothing on earth wakes them up like Socialist literature."

This Mary is going to do something for that town. More than all the Marthas put together. Let our Marys multiply! When they have outnumbered the Marthas we will have better cities, better men, better homes, and infinitely more to expect from future generations.

Hail to the Marys!

Send for Progressive Woman sub cards, and sell them to your neighbors.

OUR COVER

OUR cover this month represents woman awakening from her long sleep to the consciousness of the ugliness of "Tradition," which has held her in bondage throughout the ages. This is done in artist Braverman's best style, and we hope to have more of it in the future.

LETTERS from AN AGITATOR'S SON

THE following will appeal no doubt to many a "soap-boxer" who has received just such letters from the "little chaps" back home:

Dear Papa: Mrs. Smith moved on Tuesday morning when are you coming home. I wonder why you wrote that I am domoted. I no why you wanted to get my goat. The chicken had it's leg broke the cat and the ducks are well. Are you still as fat as you were? and is your hair just as long as it was. tell me when you are coming home. E— V—

Dear Papa: We have received your lettergram. We got a park with games in it. Don't come home in ten days because I want to see you earlier. One of our games are you have to ring a bell to get a point, you take a club and a pole and a can that flies up in the air and if it goes up over the wash line you ring the bell. Your son, Gene.

Dear Papa:—Karl is here a week, and we made a park in the yard. We have a shotheshot and a fortune teller tent. We have a ant city there's a house made of dirt, and theres briges made of dirt. Yours truly, Eugene.

A NEW WAY TO MAKE MONEY

I am making a fortune selling Pure Fruit Candy. Any brainy person can do likewise; so if you want more money than you ever possessed, write me and I will start you in business. I am glad to help others, who, like myself, need money. People say "the candy is the best they ever tasted"—therein lies the beauty of the business—the candy is eaten immediately and more ordered. You don't have to canvass; you sell right from your own home. I made \$12 the first dav. So can you. Isabelle Inez, B 8, Negley, Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

IF you want to give your friend a Christmas present that she will appreciate send The Progressive Woman to her for a year. It will entertain her and teach her Socialism at the same time. We are doing our best to make this paper appeal to our readers, and we are succeeding. We want continually to reach the unconverted, and are doing it. We do not believe in making our magazine too heavy, too academic, too morbid. The Socialist enthusiast, the already-converted, sometimes likes this sort of thing, but, while we want this type to an extent, our CHIEF AIM is to reach always the unconverted—and to convert her, by giving her an attractive journal.

So you will not miss it by sending The Progressive Woman to your most critical friends for a Christmas gift. Try it.

Single copies, 50c the year; clubs of four or more, 40c.

FEMINISMS

By Anna Morton Barnard.

Mother love is growing larger; it thinks.

We intend to vote man out of his "superiority."

The world must make way for the scrub women of politics.

A prison, plus "love," is tyranny with its crown carefully hidden.

Hypatia gave her life for truth, nor was she a "masculine-minded woman."

As woman has always mothered the race she should now refuse to be its child.

Beautiful Christmas Presents

FREE Pair Nottingham Curtains, Ladies' or Children's Sweater, Gold Extension Bracelet in velvet lined box. Any of the above free for selling 25 bottles of exquisite perfume. No cheat in this. Drop a card and we will send you the perfumes. Sell the 25 bottles at 10c each; send us \$2.50 and receive any one of the above extraordinary value premiums. Try it once and you will do it again.

Superior Products Co., 3710 Polk Street, Chicago
(For references, write The Progressive Woman Pub. Co.)



PROGRAM FOR SOCIALIST LOCALS



These monthly programs are prepared in the woman's department of the national office of the Socialist party. It is intended that the local woman's committees shall use them as public entertainments or for lessons in a study class.

The songs are found in Moyer's Song Book. Price, 20c.

Each month some subject of special interest to women will be treated in these programs.

For information as to the best methods of reaching women with the message of Socialism you should write to

WINNIE E. BRANSTETTER,
General Correspondent, Woman's Nat'l Committee,
111 North Market Street, Chicago.

Opening remarks by the chairman.

Opening song, "Arise, Brave Woman," page 1, Moyer's Songs.

READING. Lecture by J. Stitt Wilson, socialist mayor of Berkley, California.

Woman Voters, Awake.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN

By J. Stitt Wilson.

THE problem of woman is not simply to secure the right of suffrage. The ballot is but a means to an end. The ballot is only a weapon with which you are now equipped to fight the real battles which are before you. The real battles are battles for the great realities that underlie a free, happy and complete human existence. You have come into this right to vote at an hour when giants of injustice and oppression stalk through the land, and it is your most imperative and sacred duty to use your ballot to undo these wrongs and let the oppressed go free.

I appeal to the deep sympathy of natural womanhood that not one of you shall cast a ballot to bulwark the fearful wrongs and injustices that politicians and so-called statesmen have protected and fostered up to this hour. I appeal to your sense of humanity to make your vote and influence count one against the present social and economic conditions which are a menace to every deep concern of every true woman's heart.

Looking at the power of the plutocracy and the hard struggles of the common people against the privileged interests, and the bitter life of the poor, we might say that woman has now got this right to vote just in the nick of time; and I say unto you that if you do not use that ballot for humanity against tyranny of money and monopoly and the privileged interests, then you will betray the great trust to which Providence has called you.

Woman—whether as sweetheart, wife or mother—is interested directly in the great social problem of the hour. Woman as a worker out there in the fierce battle for work and for bread is face to face with the raw phases of the labor problem, and woman as a citizen is interested in the clash of interests that make for war or peace throughout the world. Everything human is your concern.

Trusts and Monopolies.

It is your business if vast consolidations of wealth add "land to land," as the Bible says, and shop to shop and mill to mill, and bank to bank, until there is no more room for the poor in the land.

The Financial World in a recent issue said: "We need not point out that the steel trust, the oil trust and coal trust, the beef trust, the woolen trust, and other similar corporations have long since made it impossible for concerns with small capital to compete successfully in their market." To prove the point, the editor adds: "The majority of the business firms that have recently failed and gone into bankruptcy had a capital of \$5,000 or less. This week the same melancholy record is made, and actually 91 per cent of the 239 business houses that failed throughout the country during the week had a capital of \$5,000 or less."

Thus the small manufacturer and the small business man is being crowded to the wall by the trusts.

These men and women must then compete with the workers already struggling in an overcrowded labor market.

This is your business, women. Not only your husbands, and fathers, and sons, but you, yourselves, as workers, are brought face to face with the oppression of human life.

Now we Socialists alone have brought forward a program to meet this condition of affairs. I cannot repeat it all to you here in this letter. But read it in our platforms, which are before you.

We stand for ownership of those trusts and monopolies, and for the sale to the people at cost of production of these fundamental human necessities and comforts that are now administered by the trusts. "Let the nation own the trusts." It is your business to help this great cause along.

I appeal to you not to vote against the grand social program for which we stand, and for which the world waits. Stand for economic justice.

The Unemployed.

It is your business as women, whether or not men—your brothers, husbands, sons—by tens of thousands wander from city to city and state to state seeking employment and finding none. The land is monopolized, the mighty machinery is run only in case it will yield profit to the strong who own it. Trained artisans and mechanics, and workers whose labor power is their all, stand in enforced idleness in the market place, while their families cry for bread and the comforts of life.

Women of California, this is your business. I do not appeal to the butterflies of society, women who are simply "in politics" with the old parties, merely because they have the ballot and are ready "to play the game." No. I appeal to the sound-hearted, substantial, genuine, reasonable, sympathetic womanhood. In the name of thousands and thousands and still more thousands of unemployed men and women—I ask you never to cast one ballot to uphold a system that throws human labor on the junk pile after it has exhausted it in building a world and filling a world with the product of toil.

Vote against that capitalist system. DON'T SULLY YOUR FIRST VOTE by strengthening the system that has robbed the worker, and then pitched him into unemployment and want because his labor has produced so much.

The Cry of the Children.

This awful system, fostered by the lawmakers of the two old parties, has been cemented with the blood of little children. It is your business—surely it is the business of women as mothers—if little children are forced from the school into the mill and the shop, there to be physically and mentally stunted, and morally degraded, only that their nimble fingers and hustling little feet may add greater profits to the already uncounted gold of the plutocracy.

These old party candidates have had their chance to plead the cause of the child in Washington and to take the stain of the blood of children from off the American flag. THEY HAVE FAILED, while the masters of the market have gloated in their plutocratic glee.

Frederick T. Gates, chairman of the general education board of the United States, speaking of the children of the South, says: "Their emaciated, misshaped or bloated bodies, their sad, pale, listless, hopeless faces, marked with habitual suffering, faces which no art could charm into a smile that would not be ghastly, tell the story of disease and neglect. There are well nigh or quite 2,000,000 of these children in the South, between six and sixteen years of age, weighed down, arrested and stunted physically and mentally by this disease (hookworm) alone." And it is among these children that the harvest of child labor is reaped!

And Mr. Gates says: "Here are the sheep, suffering from hunger, devoured and torn by wolves, and neither knows the other!"

Where are the shepherds? Oh, they have been strengthening the hands of the strong, and building up by laws at Washington the most ruthless plutocracy that has ever gripped a civilized nation.

When I go to Congress as an elected Socialist, I shall fight the battle of the robbed and outraged childhood of these suffering millions. I shall attack the industrial conditions that cause these outrages.

If the women of Alameda county want a voice to

give utterance to the "Bitter Cry of the Children," they can have it so.

For nearly twenty years I have pleaded the cause of the broken-spirited child. "A little child shall lead them," said Jesus. I submit to that leadership.

Surely the women—the mothers of children—cannot vote to sustain the capitalist system, built on the bodies of millions of exhausted children.

How can you vote against this plea? Can you vote against the child and for the brute-god Mammon? Your ballot is a weapon, I said. Then strike with that ballot a death blow to a system that feeds like this on human flesh.

High Cost of Living.

You wives and mothers know how the cost of living leaps higher and higher these prosperous days. You know the price of meat and vegetables and clothing and all the other comforts and necessities of life. Two dollars will scarcely buy what you used to get for one. You know how the grocer's bill and the butcher's bill and all the other accounts eat up all our income and wages, and leave nothing for other things.

What single blow has Congress struck to save the people from this plain robbery? Nothing! Nothing! On the contrary, law after law, tariff after tariff, and court decision after court decision, has left us in the grip of the high cost of living.

I say that it is your business, right now in this election, to attack by your vote these huge vultures of the market that swoop down upon us and tax us to the very blood before we can eat. Our great statesmen and reformers have been the actors and agents for many years of the very powers that have left us in this greedy grip.

Woman, as homekeeper, as those who know what it takes to feed and clothe and house a family—it is your business to strike at a system that thus makes human life and labor a bauble and a plaything for profit and pelf.

Unfortunate Women.

If there is any one sad and tragic aspect of the life of woman in modern society which should appeal to every true woman for remedy, it is the tragedy of the unfortunate woman.

It is your business whether thousands of young girls are struck down by the pressure of social and economic conditions into lives of shame and are finally made a menace and a poison to your own flesh and blood and to all society.

You may look on this question from either side—either from the side of pity for the unfortunate or self-defense for your own son or daughter and of society.

No tongue can ever describe the ultimate fight of life of these women. As Judge Herrington has said: "Into that hell on earth no decent woman ever goes; childhood's happy laughter never echoes; never is heard the voice of prayer; there is no gentle ministry of books or flowers; there are no loving words, no kindly friendships; there are heard not blessings but curses, not hymns of praise, but ribald songs; there is no God, no happiness, no hope—there is only despair and disease and death. The lives of these girls—by night and by day a drunken orgie, a lewd debauch—sinking deeper and deeper into an unfathomable abyss." And with Mr. Herrington, I can say: "For these unfortunate women I have not a single word of condemnation or reproach."

On the other hand, however, their presence by thousands constitutes an awful retribution and menace to society. No young man's body is safe from poison and death who enters there. And this poison and death he may carry to his pure and innocent bride from the most favored home. And then their children may be poisoned and tainted from the hour of birth. Such is the terrible price we pay for our social sin. We are our sister's keeper as well as our brother's keeper.

And the wives and mothers—now voters—should see that the present unjust system of fierce competition among the poor, and ruthless monopoly on the part of the plutocracy is the fundamental tap root of

these great social evils. And you should register your vote against that system.

Every one of the wrongs of the present capitalist system of industry strikes at every normal interest of true womanhood.

It is your business not to trifle with this system as the men have done, but, in the words of Lincoln, place it "in the course of ultimate solution."

Song, "Universal Good," page 14.

Recitation, "MARTYRDOM," from Tongues of Toil, by Wm. Frances.

MARTYRDOM.

To look for the truth with an open mind,
Bravely leaving the lies behind;
Suffering doubt, and, even worse,
The pangs of superstition's curse—
Or to hide the truth 'neath falsehood's crust,
And let your mind corrode in rust,
Fearing to know, and clinging still
To the dreams which work your nature ill;
Reason and wisdom rejected;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

To utter your thoughts before all men;
Speaking full freely with voice and pen;
True to the truth, while it brings to you
But cold contempt or a harsh taboo—
Or to lock your lips, all worth resigned,
While you make a grave of the fruitful mind;
And fawn on the knee with the fawning crowd,
The shallow-souled and the narrow-browed;
The price of your silence a slave's ease;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

To act as you think; untrammelled and bold;
To do and to give, or refuse and withhold;
Enduring scorn, or things more fell;
The mob, perhaps, or a prison cell—
Or to chain your hands to your chained lips,
And crouch, your manhood in eclipse;
For the whip of a custom to come or go;
To the idols of force your head bowed low;
Your payment a server's existence;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

To live for the right though the whole world blame;
Taking no thought of fame or shame;
Fighting; and falling if you must;
Your face to the wrong as you sink in the dust—
Or to sell your heart and your soul for peace,
And get for your gain a longer lease
Of a life which at most can be but a lie;
Bound in shame till it rot and die;
All of its potencies palsied;—come;
Which is the greater martyrdom!

Song, "We're Going to Win," page 62.

Closing remarks by the chairman.

Never fail to invite the audience to attend the regular meeting of the local. Announce public meeting, strikes, or any events which may be of interest to your audience.

Distribute sample copies of the Progressive Woman, and Socialist leaflets.

THE CONFLICT IN WEST VIRGINIA

(Continued from page 6.)

General Coxe used in 1893, but it was the governor the miners sought, with whom many were acquainted. At the head of the long line of men, who showed their misery in every step, a tattered flag hung limp this hot night of September 6. The flag was borne by Jim Scott, a veteran of many years of battle with the coal in the hills. Next came the band, hatless and coatless, and they played "America"—"My country, 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing." And these men, long silent, sung it with the band. They were beginning to take courage that still some liberty was theirs.

But swiftly and rudely the awakening came!

Not being able to find a field, a road or trees that they could call their own, they thought of the beautiful grounds surrounding the statehouse. This was everybody's, and the governor everybody's governor, they thought. Confident that here they could assemble to discuss their grievance and tell the governor how unbearable are the guards and ask him to send them away, they reached the grounds, but found there a state of siege. The militia was there and no one was allowed to get on the grass, for the militia stood guard and paced back and forth. The liberty-hunting strikers were soon looking into the barrels of Winchesters in the hands of working men's sons—incompetent youths whose demeanor bespoke their calling.

The marchers submitted with complaisance, and, having confirmed their opinion of the class character of the whole affair, they wheeled and made for the courthouse. They found the yard in darkness, so they secured a table and stood it under an arc light. Mother Jones mounted it and spoke. And what do you think these battling miners heard? Nothing that would inflame them to wrong-doing. Mother Jones did not ask the miners to revenge themselves. She spoke of mothers who must bring offspring into the

world in an environment of violence created by the mine guards; she spoke of hope and of a better day when miners shall own their jobs, their homes and the mines. Ten thousand people had gathered to hear Mother Jones speak, and they applauded and cheered the great woman who has been devoting her life to the uplift of the crushed toilers of the mines.

Views Changing.

From the time of marching to Charleston the tide of political thought has changed, until now the old party politicians are admitting defeat. The miners poll forty per cent of the vote in Kanawah County and are Socialists to a man. Victory is almost certain for their strike if they can capture political control of the county.

In commenting on the situation Vice-President Frank J. Hayes of the United Mine Workers said: "We can keep on striking indefinitely. The miners have nothing to lose. The operators have everything to lose. Through non-use their property is depreciating and the state is spending \$5,000 a day for the maintenance of military camps. We believe we are in a winning fight. But higher wages and the elimination of the mine guards are but mere palliative measures. The only solution is collective ownership of the mines. So long as there is competition, just so long will there be the greed that is responsible for the mine guards and the below-the-bread-line wages. The time for this kind of ownership is not far off."

MAY WALDEN—State Correspondent

THAT Mrs. May Walden should be an active Socialist and suffragist in this progressive age, is but the logical result of inheritance and early training and activity. Her father fought for the Union in the Civil War and she was born during the exciting days of reconstruction in Metamora, Ill., an historic old town, where Lincoln had once practiced



law. Comrade Walden's earliest recollections were of hearing war stories that made her "shiver as with ague," and which enlisted an undying sympathy with the enslaved of any class, creed or color.

When a mere girl she organized a girls' club which had as its object "making the boys better." She enlisted as a member of the "Band of Hope," and insisted upon a pledge that included sweet cider along with alcoholic drinks. She joined the W. C. T. U. when eighteen and was a hard and earnest worker in that cause.

In 1900 she espoused the principles of Socialism, and immediately turned her attentions to the practical work of the party, helping to organize locals, and take on political and official responsibilities. As a candidate for school trustee in Glen Ellyn, Ill., she was defeated by three votes in a contest which brought out the largest vote ever recorded in a school election in that village.

At the same time, without waiting to hear the result of election returns, she started on a lecture tour from Chicago to the South, speaking in Indiana, Ohio and North Carolina. She was the first woman to speak on Socialism in North Carolina.

Always Comrade Walden has been ready to cast her lot with the "Jimmie Higginses" of the movement, doing the small, menial tasks that count for so much. She has distributed literature, watched at polls, spoken on street corners, etc. Two of her pamphlets "Socialism and the Home," and "Woman and Socialism," have been in circulation for a number of years, and are still being issued for propaganda among women.

Comrade Walden is at present state correspondent of the woman's committee, organizing the women of Illinois into the locals.

Besides her work for social progress as a Socialist party member, she has raised a beautiful daughter, giving her every advantage in her power that goes toward the making of splendid womanhood and useful citizen-

ship. Already Miss Katherine is talking of doing platform work for Socialism, as soon as her school work is over in February.

Mrs. Walden has always believed that while a woman's work may begin in the home it does not end there, but should extend to all the activities of life, since all the activities of life react so powerfully upon the home and its inmates.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Comrade:—Enclosed please find a dozen subscription cards. I hope to dispose of more this winter. Let me congratulate you on the October issue of the Progressive Woman. It is fine. With kind regards, yours fraternally,

META L. STERN,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Comrade:—The Progressive Woman begins to look as it should. I think the change so far has been more than worth while, and if you keep going at the present pace, in a year's time the "P. W." will be "some" publication. It's far ahead of what it was a year ago, and, frankly, I don't expect you to keep going at the present pace—but to increase it. We are going to make immense strides forward in the next few years, and the "P. W." will keep on the crest of the wave, or I miss my guess. Fraternally,

JOSEPH E. COHEN,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Comrade:—Allow me to congratulate you upon the improved appearance of the October number of the Progressive Woman. The mechanical and artistic quality of the magazine has improved fully fifty percent over previous numbers. I sincerely hope that all the women in the Socialist party and in the suffrage movement may realize the value and importance of such a fighting publication, battling for their cause.

I know that your fight has been a long one and I hope that the women of the country will rally to the support of your magazine, and give to it the necessary aid it so heartily merits.

Wishing you the best of success, I am

Fraternally yours,

GORDON NYE,
Editor Chicago World.

Dear Comrade:—I am going up into Humboldt County to do campaign work among the women, and I want a bunch of the "P. W." to sell and for samples. I hope to get a big bunch of subscriptions for you and do some good work in the county. The comrades think they can carry that county if they can get the women to see their "political duties." A great deal depends on the woman vote in California this fall. I am working from Los Angeles to San Francisco. Have sold a number of subscription cards and distributed a lot of leaflets. Yours fraternally,

JESSIE M. MOLLE,
Eureka, Cal.

THE THANKSGIVING CALLER

(Continued from page 10)

demonstration of the oft-heard assertion that a woman's interest, when aroused, takes the intimate, personal trend, concerning itself with the minutiae of domestic detail, while a man's flies to the general, the impersonal?"

"I don't know," he answered, slowly, with a new kind of look, vague, far away, coming into his eyes. And after a silence: "I wonder if many of the impulses for reform, for revolution, for civilization itself, do not grow out of the—out of something like this; out of the suddenly awakened consciousness of two people toward each other, silhouetting for the moment, or for an indefinite period, the needs of the race, of society, upon their minds? . . . I wonder if that is the real cause of it all. If out of that civilization has come?"

He dropped his head in a meditative pose. I could understand the book interest now. "I wonder," I said, softly, and slipped out for my wraps.

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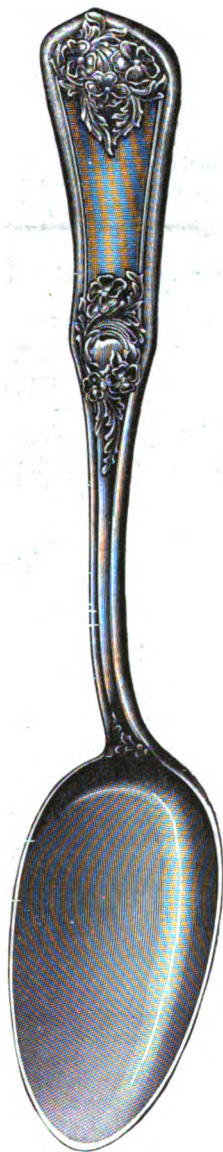
Below is presented a list of good value premiums for small clubs of subscriptions. These will come in handy for gifts at Christmas time, and will be easy to get. Try taking subscriptions in your local and among your friends. You will be astonished at the ease with which they are secured—and the premiums are yours for the small effort



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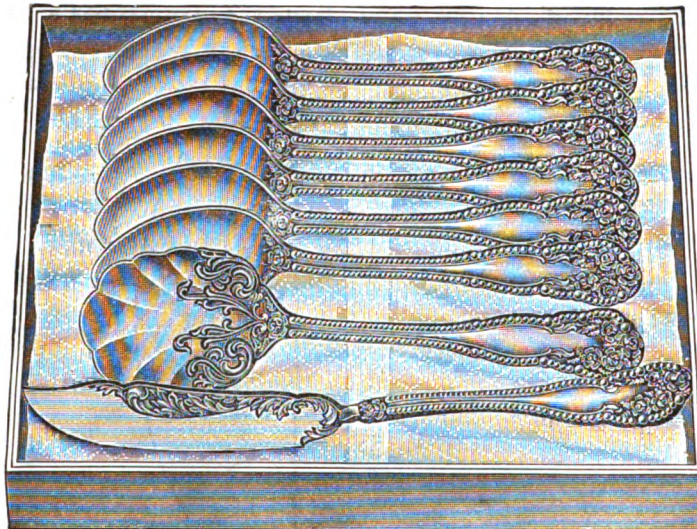
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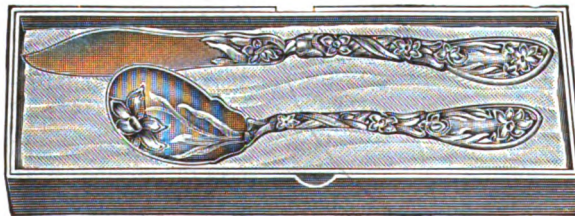
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Our new Belmont pattern white metal spoon is one of the most attractive of the white metal spoons on the market. The handle is neatly engraved; the spoon is full size, and being of white metal it will wear forever. Every woman needs a half dozen spoons for ordinary use.

These will please her.

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The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.
111 North Market Street, Chicago, Illinois