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# THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO  
EDITOR

FLOYD DELL, Literary Editor  
CHAS. T. HALLINAN, Contributing Editor  
WINNIE BRANSTETTER, Woman's Committee Department

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN PUBLISHING COMPANY  
PHONE FRANKLIN 237  
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BARNET BRAVERMAN  
Associate Editor and Circulation Manager

J. O. Bentall  
Bertha Hale Brown  
Joseph E. Cohen  
Eugene V. Debs  
Caroline Lowe  
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Theresa Malkiel  
Heroichero Myderco  
Pauline Newman  
Leonora O'Reilly

CONTRIBUTORS

Lida Parce  
Grace Potter  
Agnes H. Downing  
Gertrude Breslau-Fuller  
Elizabeth Gurley Flynn  
May Beals-Haufpaulr  
William D. Haywood  
Carl Sandberg  
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Meta L. Stern

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## IN THIS OUR WORLD

### SUFFRAGE AND THE SOCIALIST.

MISS MARY SWAIN WAGNER, one of the malcontents in the woman suffrage movement in Milwaukee, has written a long letter to the Eastern newspapers explaining "Why the Suffragists Failed to Carry Wisconsin."

Under ordinary circumstances, one would scarcely bother with the lady's views on this question. In the first place, very few people know her, and those who do know her have long ago learned to discount her erratic views. But the capitalist press, with its usual geniality, has seized upon one paragraph in her article and given it quite a bit of publicity and comment:

The Socialists had reason to fear the women's vote, since it was claimed the women of California united to defeat the Socialists in that State soon after the McNamars made their confessions. And while the Socialists did not remove woman suffrage from their platform, nor openly declare their intention of voting against it, we have good reason to believe that secretly they determined to defeat the measure.

This suggestion that the Socialists secretly deserted the women of Wisconsin in their fight for the ballot is one of those piffling bits of political misjudgment which seem to have the greatest fascination for the editorial writer on the capitalist press.

He is accustomed to think of the other parties as making "secret" and inconsistent maneuvers, so it is natural for him to assume in his haste that the Socialist works in the same way. Miss Mary Swain Wagner's suggestion strikes him as being, on the whole, uncommonly shrewd.

Nothing could be more silly or inept, however, than that conclusion.

The Socialist wants to establish the industrial control over democracy, and to have that he knows he must have a real, and not a sham, democracy.

Every argument which applies to giving the working man a vote applies with equal force to giving the working woman the vote. He knows, if no one else knows, that not until democracy has got rid of its Montesquiean checks and balances and franchise limitations will the workers be able to carry out that half of their program which is parliamentary.

Anyone who believes that the Socialist rank and file are going to vote against the enfranchisement of working women in order to carry a particular congressional district in Milwaukee is thinking of the social revolution in terms of bourgeois politics and not, as the Socialist

thinks of it, in terms of a struggle which includes both men and women every step of the way.

### THAT TRIAL AT SALEM.

FROM a well-known Boston woman, a woman of mature mind and of steady, rather than of impulsive, sympathies, we have received a letter containing an admirable little picture of the trial of Ettor and Giovannitti:

I have been spending much time at the Salem court and heard Ettor in his very remarkable testimony. He was able to reproduce many of his speeches at the time of the strike, and brought out the wages and his social philosophy in a very striking way.

He is much more of a man than I had imagined; he has intellectual ability of no mean order, and wonderful self-control and power. He simply carried off all the honors, leaving the district attorney a very small person. I am stirred to the very roots of my being with indignation that these men have been held for ten months with no case at all against them. The cleverest reporter at Salem said: "The case is so hollow that if I had been the lawyers for the defense I should not have argued it at all, but let it go to the jury on the government charge alone."

A rather rash reporter, perhaps, but his view represents at least a metaphorical statement of the way the trial has impressed the actual observer. The government's case is a sad fraud upon the newspapers, which are obliged to carry columns of nonsense upon a case which seemed too hollow even for capitalist jurors.

### OUR COLORED FELLOW-WORKERS.

ON New Year's day the colored people of the United States will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of their emancipation from the curse of chattel slavery.

They have grown in that time from 4,000,000 to about 10,000,000 in numbers; from an illiteracy rate of 80 per cent to one of about 30 per cent; from zero in personal possessions to the ownership of something like \$350,000,000 of wealth. They count in their ranks about 10,000 small merchants today. In 1863 they had none. They have about 40,000 professional men and at least 200,000 independent farmers. Below these, their backs bent and their faces sweaty with the struggle, are 1,200,000 working men and 2,000,000 unskilled day laborers.

A mighty proletarian army, toiling upward against natural handicaps and enormous social prejudice; aliens in their own land; wage slaves, with a vengeance!

Emancipation has been a long and tragic story of gifts poured into their laps and then

snatched violently away. Every child, north and south, has been drilled in the story of how the enfranchised negroes abused their newfound rights, of the extravagance and misgovernment which prevailed in the South, when the "carpet baggers" descended upon the country and manipulated the ignorant negro vote for graft and gain.

But the average man—even the well-read Socialist—has never heard the immediate sequel of that story. He doesn't know anything whatever of the real facts of the case, namely, that these ex-slaves, just before they were put down by the Ku-Klux clans, made a thrilling fight to take their place in our "superior" civilization, actually threw off the rule of the "carpet baggers," found honest leaders in their own race and among the whites and made a big advance toward (1) a more democratic form of government, (2) free public schools, and (3) the beginnings of social legislation. It is a white historian who says of the colored people of the South in this period:

During their ascendancy they obeyed the Constitution of the United States. . . . They instituted a public school system in a realm where public schools had been unknown. They opened the ballot box and jury to thousands of white men who had been debarred from them by a lack of earthly possessions. They introduced "home rule" into the South. They abolished the whipping post, the branding iron, the stocks and other barbarous forms of punishment which up to that time had prevailed. They reduced the number of capital felonies from about twenty to two or three. In an age of extravagance they were extravagant in the sums appropriated for public works. In all that time no man's rights of person were invaded under the forms of law. Every Democrat's life, home, fireside and business were safe. No man obstructed any white man's way to the ballot box, interfered with his freedom of speech or boycotted him on account of his political faith.

No political party—not even the Republican party—has in recent years given thoughtful attention to the so-called "race problem" except the Socialist party. My files of the International Socialist Review bristle with articles on this subject from comrades both north and south of the Mason and Dixon line. That aggressive organization, on behalf of the civil rights of the negro, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored people, has a large Socialist membership. We have no political jobs with which to tempt the educated members of the colored race; indeed, we can scarcely offer them immediate political protection; but there is no doubt whatever that the hundredth anniversary of the emancipation of the colored race will find them grasping, as never before, the significance for them of the Socialist program.

# YOU MUST WORK for 500,000 Socialist Women Votes in 1916

By BARNET BRAVERMAN



**Y**OU KNOW that the greatest weapon against capitalism is Education.

You know that the splendid increase in the Socialist vote last November was due to the ever-constant campaign of education that the Socialist Party has been waging against the capitalist system.

Well and good.

But look here! There was one big feature of the recent election that cannot be overlooked—that must not be forgotten—that needs immediate and ever-lasting attention.

And that big feature was the wonderful victories of the woman suffrage movement.

Four new States—Arizona, Kansas, Michigan, and Oregon—have declared for woman suffrage. Others will follow. And those four new suffrage States, added to California, Colorado, Utah, Washington, Idaho, and Wyoming, bring the total up to ten States where women can vote on an equal footing with men.

Just now there are 1,257,000 women voters in the United States—and what do you propose to do about it—what do you intend for them—and for Socialism?

Will you leave their education to Doctor Wilson, who had not the courage to say that he had no use for woman suffrage—or to Roosevelt, who permitted suffragists to be thrown out of his meetings until he considered it political expediency to advocate votes for women?

This great big army of women voters is ready for the truth. They are ready to listen to Socialism, but you must bring it to them—through **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**—the only Socialist magazine for women—a magazine that is full of virility, snap, and vim.

**THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** stands out today from all other Socialist publications because it has a mission of its own—and that mission is to make Socialists of women voters.

**THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN** is inaugurating an educational campaign of such breadth and aggressiveness among women voters that at least 500,000 women voters shall cast their ballots for Socialism in 1916.

But **YOU** must help in this splendid work.

**YOU MUST DO YOUR PART WITHOUT FURTHER DELAY.**

Take that half-dollar in your pocketbook and convert it into a subscription for one year to **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN**.

Subscribe for your mother, sister, cousin, friend, or sweetheart.

Subscribe for it yourself.

Grab your envelope, pen and bottle of ink right now—address the envelope to **THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, 111 N. MARKET STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.**—enclose the amount of your subscriptions—seal the envelope—stamp it—and **PUT IT IN THE MAIL BOX BEFORE YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE.**

**REMEMBER—WE MUST GET 500,000 SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916.**

# A BROTHER IN ARMS

By ALICE HENRY

LET me tell you a story. Some years ago I was in the Vorruiet in Ghent, Belgium, one of the people's centers that in that country house the Socialist Party, and the trades unions, and the co-operative stores, where all the comrades deal. In the front, offices and meeting halls, and in the rear, bakeries and shoe stores and whatever is needed for man, woman or child.



I had looked forward to visiting Edward Anseele, but he was going out of the building as I entered, setting out for the scene of a strike over the border in Holland. But he left me indeed in

good hands, handing me over to the secretary of the Vorruiet, Comrade Charles Beekblock. I spent a long morning there, first going over the "House of the People," and then talking over the whole story of the people's struggle in Australia, in England, and in his own Belgium.

A listener would have smiled to hear us. His native tongue was Flemish, mine English, and we had to meet on the common ground of more or less fluent French. Before we parted we had strained both our vocabularies pretty hard in exchanging ideas on Socialist problems in our respective countries.

Especially was I moved and interested by what Mr. Beekblock had to say of the duty of the Socialist man toward women and the woman movement. He was himself so deeply impressed with the necessity of helping on the organization and the self-development of women on all possible lines.

Just then the question of Socialism or woman suffrage was rending the ranks and creating divisions within the Belgian Socialist Party itself, whether to concentrate on a widened franchise for men, or to urge on the equal

claims of the women to whatever franchise there was.

"But," said Beekblock, "I can't say 'Socialism or woman suffrage'; it must be 'Socialism and woman suffrage' for me."

And to show where he stood, he went on to tell me how not long before some middle-class conservative women had come to him, a Socialist official, to ask his advice as to how to organize some little club, how to manage their meetings and arrange their work.

"And you helped them?" I asked.

"Certainly I did; because, even though now it may appear to be building up something against us, I know the wrong of the cramped lives that even fairly well-off women lead, and that we can never have a free, self-governing country till women are on an absolute equality with men. And they cannot be on an equality unless they are accorded every right and privilege and every means of self-expression that we men demand for ourselves."

"Why," I interrupted, "I have heard some of the comrades say, 'Let us have Socialism first, and then we will give women suffrage.'"

My friend smiled.

"Yes, it is true. But then, they do not say that because they are Socialists, but because they are men, and the old masculine leaven of ruling and managing is still strong in them. They say to me, some of them, and they laugh, 'You are a feminist; we know it!' And I reply: 'Yes, I am a feminist, and if it is a Socialist woman, to her I add, 'If you want really to help on your work, you must be a feminist, too, for a Socialism that is intended for half the race and is built upon a basis of inequality and injustice toward the other half isn't the sort of Socialism I'm fighting for, and isn't going to make a very different world from what we have.'"

I came away that lovely June morning with a sense that I had been in touch with a very great spirit. There may be many abler men than Charles Beekblock, but few with a farther vision and a deeper sense of devotion to our ideals.

## MEN! LET'S TURN IN AND HELP

By MURRAY SCHLOSS

WE Socialists stand for democracy—in political life, in industry, in education, in every relation which society must serve its interests. Now a nation politically half free, half slave cannot be—even politically—democratic. Therefore we Socialists, always and everywhere, must and do stand committed resistlessly and sincerely to full woman suffrage.

We ought to fight for it, too—right here today in Michigan, in Wisconsin, in Ohio, in Kansas, in Oregon, in Nevada. Bourgeois legislatures have stolen a march on us by submitting woman suffrage to be voted on by the voters of several states this fall. They may have done that in concealed conviction that man in short-sighted selfishness would not vote it in. Or, again, they may have done it to stem the rising tide of masculine radicalism, especially Socialism, since women in Los Angeles and some other places have voted in larger proportion for the capitalistic parties than for their real interests.

But whatever was the real purpose craftily concealed behind the legislative action need not concern us. Either we are really, as we so loudly prate at the street corners, for full democracy, for equal rights, for the full and indiscriminating participation by men, women and children—all—of the fruits of collective labor and the glories of civilization—

OR ARE WE HYPOCRITES. And as hypocrites drunkenly jealous of our unfair artificial advantages over the sex of our mothers and wives, cravenly terrorized by fear of one-half the human race whom we profess to love and protect.

Capitalism, regardless of the delicate rights and sacred functions of womanhood, is throwing ever more millions of the families of the race into the fierce economic battle for existence, into direct conflict with its ugly self—capitalism. With one hand it takes the traditional home industries of the woman out of the home, while with the other it blasts at the foundation of the working class home itself.

Woman NEEDS the ballot.

What WORKINGMAN under these conditions will lift his voice to plow womankind under the more, denying her the full suffrage which she is coming so urgently to need—and increasingly to want? What WORKINGMAN will sneakily cast his ballot against it? Surely not a Socialist.

Let us, then, comrades and friends, generously and courageously lift our voices for the upraising of our sisters.

And they will, in due time, lift theirs to free us.

Not perhaps at first. Man has had the ballot over a century. Have the workers made good use of it? Then why expect woman, with little political experience, to use it more sensibly?

Yet they will, soon enough. Women are the more conservative of the sex by nature. It is theirs to CONSERVE the race, but they are far less "loyal" to fool partisan ties than we men. Just because it IS theirs to conserve the race, it won't be so hard to show them that under ownership by the few of the means whereby all must live—instead of ownership by society—the race is going to the devil. And when they do see it, neither a bum cigar nor a glass of rotten whisky, nor a picayunish favor by a ward

boss will keep them from voting and working for HUMANITY.

When votes for women have come—as they will pretty soon—we will have to convert a majority of the population to the cause of freedom, instead of a majority of one sex. Which will be mighty fortunate when the crisis comes.

## THE HEALTH OF OUR CHILDREN

THOS. D. WOOD, professor of physical education in the teachers' college at Columbia University, New York, has given some significant data in relation to the health of the school child in America. He says of 20,000,000 school children, 75 per cent suffer from defective eyes, ears, or teeth, in some manner menacing their permanent health.

1,000,000 tuberculous.  
1,000,000 spinal curvatures, flatfoot, or some physical deformity.  
1,000,000 defective hearing.  
5,000,000 defective vision.  
5,000,000 mal-nutrition.  
10,000,000 defective teeth.  
6,000,000 enlarged glands, tonsils, or adenoids.

90 per cent of these children are the children of working parents.

At all times in the United States 3,000,000 are seriously ill.

150,000 consumptives die annually.  
There are 3,000,000 cases of malaria in the United States each year.

There are 200,000 feeble minded, and these are increasing.

2,000,000 are constantly suffering from syphilis.

Fully 70 per cent of the adult population are or have been infected with gonorrhea.

Pneumonia kills 150,000 each year, besides leaving many thousands with tuberculosis, bronchitis or other chronic lung diseases, of which there are many.

Tuberculosis, malaria, syphilis, gonorrhea are diseases that extend over varying periods of time in adult life. They often are not serious in themselves, but by reducing the vitality of the sufferer they predispose to other afflictions. They invalidate the parent during the period of family creation when offspring are being conceived and developed. From weak, exhausted stock can a vigorous offspring be expected?

The working class, numerically the largest class, is also proportionally the greatest sufferer and has the highest death rate. Is it any wonder that the present generation of the school child is showing the effects of parental starvation and exhaustion by being himself defective? We have heard ventilation cursed and bad lighting criticised, and a myriad of explanations given in apology for the defective American child, but knowing that 95 per cent of the parents have lowered their vitality, willingly or not, by social diseases that exhaust the stock, is it not more logical to expect their offspring to be weak and defective than to blame altogether the housing conditions, and clothing, and faulty exercise?

A large part of the 20,000,000 school children have workers for parents. Why should not the children be influenced either directly or indirectly by the same environment that determines the health of the parent? Can preaching education amount to much, when the real cause lies away back of bad air or poor clothing in an exploited, starved, diseased parent? No one can place the blame on any one cause or condition for our alarming social diseases, and no profession is going to go far towards the elimination of the disease so long as they look upon each manifestation of social maladjustment as an entity.

# THE DEATH OF COMRADE J. A. WAYLAND

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

ON November 10, at his home in Girard, Kan., Julius A. Wayland, founder of the Appeal to Reason, shot and killed himself.

This news flashed over the wires, striking like an electric shock upon the hearts of thousands who loved and revered, or hated and feared, but never knew "J. A. Wayland, the One-Hoss Philosopher."

To hundreds of thousands of readers of the Appeal to Reason, Mr. Wayland was a myth; a wonderful man, of whom nobody knew anything personally, whom nobody had ever seen, yet whose work and fame had gone around the world.

Born in extreme poverty and reared by a widowed mother, Mr. Wayland grew up, uneducated, timid, lacking self-confidence, yet making a name for himself both in the financial world and as a radical journalist. He was very much of a fatalist, and like many men who have achieved success, had his pet superstitions. His friends all knew the story of the "Old Fortune Teller." Once, when a little boy about eight years old, an old woman stopped at the Wayland home; the typical, bare home of a widow with little children depending upon her for support. The old man was a "seer," and offered to tell the mother's fortune for a consideration. The mother could not afford to pay. The old woman started away, but turned back. Pointing to little Julius, who, always timid and sensitive, shrank behind his mother's skirts, she said: "Your children are ordinary children; they will be ordinary men and women, all except this one, whose name will be known around the world."

At the age of 18 Mr. Wayland went into a printing office at Greencastle, Ind., to ask for a job. When the foreman approached and inquired as to his errand, he gasped, "Nothing," and made a hasty exit. Much of this timidity stayed with him throughout his life. In the latter years a desire possessed him to go out and speak. He got no further, however, than sitting in the midst of a group of farmers in a country school house, arguing with them and answering questions. Realizing his inability to "make a speech," he chose this method of "going to the people," and thoroughly enjoyed it. He was also a familiar figure in a street-corner argument on Socialism. Whenever Mr. Wayland made a trip to one of the cities—which he did frequently, especially in the last few years of his life—he avoided the Socialist headquarters, or anything that would give him personal notoriety. "Those fellows don't care to see me," he would say. At the last National Convention of the Socialist Party he sat through several days, an unknown figure in the gallery. Had he made himself known among the delegates and newspaper reporters, the papers would have been full of him, and the cameras would have been busy with his photograph. The latter thing he never permitted.

The struggle to accomplish the thing he felt he must accomplish, to build up a great Socialist journal that would reach into every corner of the nation, was at times almost overpowering. There were more bitter days than bright ones. More opposition than assistance. For many years the venture seemed a losing one. The deficit was made up out of Mr. Wayland's private purse. But the jeers and sneers, the lack of confidence within the party ranks and among friends, and the hatred outside of it—these could never be made up. They cut to the quick. Mr. Wayland suffered from spells of terrible depression on account of them. In later years things have gone easier with the "Little Old Appeal." With Fred Warren at the helm—a man in whose efficiency Mr. Wayland had the greatest confidence—the Appeal to Reason sailed out of the deficit-strewn shallows and swung into unsounded, but safer, deeps of Socialist journalism. The actual financial troubles were over, but there were fights, long, tiresome fights, with capitalist interference, with the postoffice and the courts.

Then came the sudden and tragic death of Mrs. Wayland a year ago in an automobile accident. It is said Mr. Wayland never recovered from that. The deadly moroseness took hold upon him at times, and—came the end.

This is one side of J. A. Wayland, a side very well known to his friends. The other side, that side which dealt in large things in a large way, big real estate successes, the well-known success in Socialist journalism when Socialism itself was hardly more than a name outside of Socialist circles, is the side the world will know him by forever. "I would rather see J. A. Wayland than any man alive," has been the uttered desire of many an Appeal reader. This desire will never be realized. Only to those who made the journey to Girard, Kas., the home of the Appeal and Mr. Wayland, did he try to make himself known. And then no one could have been more genial, more entertaining.

No man in the Socialist movement of the world, aside from its founders, has done a greater service for Socialism than has been done through the work of Comrade J. A. Wayland in building up and maintaining the Appeal to Reason, with its frequent editions running into the millions, and its regular circulation of over 400,000. This little weekly paper is a tremendous monument to the quiet, retiring man, through whom the "Social Force" found such efficient expression.

Hundreds of thousands of Socialists are saying today: "Him whom we have never seen, we love." And scores of capitalists are saying: "Good riddance; too bad he did not do it sooner." And J. A. Wayland, conqueror of things seemingly unconquerable, yet strong in human feeling, would wish, after all, no better answer to his life than this.

## SYSTEM IN DOMESTIC SERVICE

A MAN said recently: "I cannot understand why housekeeping, if it is done in the systematic, business-like way in which other lines of work are done, should be irksome or degrading to the housekeeper."

The trouble with housework is just that point—it is so very difficult to systematize.

There is the cooking, for instance, three meals a day, the planning and preparing of which are problem enough for one person, if they are good meals. There are children to be clothed, trained and nursed, which is responsibility enough for any one woman, if it is done well. There is the cleaning of the house and the laundry, which are in themselves no small items, especially if the family consists of four or more. There is the sewing, which in certain seasons quite takes the time of one woman, unless the one who does it is willing to work overtime, fourteen or sixteen hours a day.

Now, no man, nor any set of men, would undertake to do all or half of these things at a time for a living. Yet the average housewife is supposed to do them all (and several items besides, such as running a garden in summer, if she lives in the country, looking after pigs, chickens, milk, butter, etc.), not for a living (the very idea is shocking to refined sensibilities) but for the mere love of doing them! (No wonder it has been said the love of woman passeth understanding. It does, in the average housewife.)

When a man takes hold of any branch of domestic service, he socializes it, so far as the matter of production is concerned. In our great laundries, for instance, we find hundreds of men and women doing collectively what hundreds and thousands of women are doing individually throughout the country. The item of cooking is the same. A man undertakes the business (he always calls it a business), and he specializes on bread making, another on pastry, another on pickles and preserves. And there are thousands of employes (not servants) and the work which was drudgery for the individual housewife becomes a "business" for the man.

Our greatest woman sociologist, Charlotte Perkins Gilman, claims that the only salvation for the housewife is the co-operative bakery (not the ordinary bakery, but one in which distinctly family cooking is done by women or men who make a business of this line of work), the co-operative home laundry, and, where it is desired, the co-operative dining room, where families may reserve their tables and be served according to their heart's desire.

Such arrangement would seem excellent, in that it would leave time for mothers to devote to their children, and to other departments of home work which might appeal especially to them, to say nothing of the leisure moments which must be snatched if a woman is to keep her body and mind in a moderately healthy condition. Of course, to the sixteen-hours-a-day housewife the idea of leisure moments comes with a shock. But she is the one who needs most to be shocked out of her treadmill of domestic servitude.

The Progressive Woman and Physical Culture, one year, \$1.50. This is the price of Physical Culture alone. Don't miss this splendid offer.

## FOR ONE DOLLAR

Buy HIM a box of 6 knitted neckties, assorted colors, for \$1.50 prepaid. These ties bear the union label and are worth at least double the price I ask. Some dealers ask 50 cents for similar ties, while some dealers are actually getting 75 cents for them. One comrade ordered two, and after receiving them bought 12 more. 6 pair men's socks, any size, \$1.00. Send your orders early. Prompt shipment made. Money refunded if goods are not superior to any sweatshop products you have ever bought. Send money orders to O. T. ANDERSON, 7411 Adams Ave., Grand Crossing Post Office, CHICAGO, ILL.

I will send you, prepaid, 6 pair of ladies' good cotton stockings (bearing union label), or 3 pair of Lisle thread stockings, any size.

THE little farm lay snug beneath the snow. In the small dining room, which was also sitting room, the squat King Heater glowed with the intensity of burning logs within.

Father read the Stock Journal, when his chores were done, and Mother and Sister May busied themselves making Christmas gifts from bits of bright colored silks, and knitting thread, beads, and the other things that go to make up the wonderful and often mysterious gifts such as one receives from loving friends at Yuletide. This they did between cooking, dish washing, butter making, milk straining, sweeping, dusting, and the score or more of other small details that go to make up the domestic duties of the farm-bound woman.

In the big barn at the end of the lot, old Mooley and Bess chewed their cud contentedly, while the lazy pigs piled close to each other, in the half-frozen mud of their sty, grunted hoarsely at every breath of icy wind that blew through the crevices upon them. The chickens sat on their roosting poles, nodding drowsy heads, or fidgeting about with fussy cackle or noisy crow. Other fowls and animals passed the long days according to their types and "temperaments."

Over all the white snow lay for miles, breaking along the edges of the bare forests in dark, irregular lines.

"Only four more days now. If Bess could only come home, everything would be fine," said May, as her fingers flew with the "crotchet" she was doing. It was a long, knitted scarf of blue wool with white border and fringe. This scarf was altogether the most "ambitious" of the Christmas presents she had planned, and was for Bess.

"Bess was always such a help with the singing, and, goodness knows, we need her now. And she would just fit into that pantomime of 'The Three Graces.' Ruth Colver don't near come up to her for looks. But what's the use? She's already wrote that she can't possibly be here. I wonder what she will send for Christmas?"

"Oh, don't expect Bess to send much. She is likely having all she can do to take care of herself in that big city. I do wish she could come home and be contented." And the mother sighed at the thought of the little daughter so far away from the family nest—and the weather so cold. She remembered her little girl at home, the soft arms about her neck, the little bare feet she used to tuck the covers about on a night like these nights. She was the kind of mother whose children never really grow up. And Bess was especially infantile in the soft sweetness of her nature and the doll-prettiness of her face.

"But, Mother, just think of the nice things Bess did send for awhile. My long silk veil, those lovely lace collars, and the ties for dad—I don't reckon Dad ever had any ties but those. Eh, Dad?"

From behind his Stock Journal Dad grunted assent to the assertion.

"Why, Pa, you know better'n that. Don't you recall on a Christmas—just five year ago, I think—I got you two black silk ones with them eggs I took to Burns's, besides the handkerchiefs and the things I got for the girls?"



SHE HURRIED ALONG CASTING SPECULATIVE GLANCES.

Pa looked at Ma for an instant and then "remembered." "Oh, yes— And I wore them ties, turn about, every Sunday for three year— Pretty good wearin' stuff, eh?" And with this slight compromise in favor of "wimmin's talk," Pa turned his nose again into his Stock Journal, and was immediately lost in an editorial on "Tariff and the Consumer."

"I'm worried about Bess. She ain't wrote as much of late as she did when she first went away." Ma couldn't keep away from her favorite subject. She and May discussed every possible phase of Bess' activity from the time she got up in the morning till she had pulled the covers over herself at night and passed into sweet and dreamless slumber. There were a good many letters for some time about the store, the pretty girls and handsome "fellows" who worked therein; about a supper, a dance or lark of some kind. And there were little presents and money from time to time. But all of this had grown scarcer until the letters came as seldom as two, and even three, weeks apart.

May accounted for it by the fact that Bess must be making more friends, and was naturally busier with her ever-increasing social obligations and her work in the store. But Mother's anxiety refused to vanish before such argument. Instinctively, she felt that it would be better for everybody concerned if Bess could only make up her mind to come home and "be satisfied." The simple environment, the meager life would be hard on her after the gaiety of the city. But—"if she only could," was constantly in the mother's heart.

And so the long days passed for the little farm under the snow, and the day for the Christmas celebrations in the district school house drew nearer.

In the Big City the Vice Commission had been hard at work. Responsibility rested heavily upon the crusaders against segregation, and raids, and police intervention, and newspaper scare heads and daily conferences had resulted in "scattering" the denizens of the districts into every nook and corner of the town. Unable to ply their trade according to regulations, many of the girls were driven to the streets in search of conquests.

About seven o'clock, Bess, hungry, poorly

clad, badly housed in a small, back, ill-ventilated room, started on her work for the night. The lash of necessity drove her with unrelenting hand now, as it had driven her since her arrival in the great city. At no time had she been able to find work that would give her the necessities of life. A combination of honest labor which brought its few dollars, and of the other kind, which brought more dollars, furnished the necessities, and, for a time, small luxuries incidental to a girl's existence. Then the "honest" job fell off. It came as an almost unbearable shock to Bess. She had been told, and she had believed, that the "honest job" would increase its pay later on, and that the "other kind" would fall off. Instead— But the girls laughed at her, and told her not to be a baby. Most of them had had the same lesson, and, bitter though it was, they had learned not to cry about it. One must live, and if one cannot live by fair means—why, one must live by foul. One can't deliberately starve to death. And

then the Vice Crusade came, and Bess and the others were driven like rats to hunt what holes they might.

"It's a bitter world for women," she cried to herself, as she hurried along, casting speculative glances at the passersby. "My God! What do they think women ought to do? They refuse to give us a living wage for our honest toil, and when we seek the other way they drive us out into the streets to freeze and starve! And there are the men! All of the men who go free, and live in warm houses, and have good jobs. They make us what we are—and they go free! Oh, the men! How strong they are! How easy life goes with them! But the women and the girls! God, alive! I am freezing to death!"

And the employers of labor, and the law-makers and the Vice Commission, and Ma and May and Pa, at home, and all the good and decent women in all the homes, who permit such things, were responsible for the plight and misery of Bess.

And Christmas morning dawned upon the earth and the bells rang out their "Peace on earth! Good will to men!"

**DON'T ARGUE SOCIALISM WITH YOUR WIFE.**

Let her find out for herself what Socialism means.

Do not propose to do her thinking for her. Let her think for herself. She knows how.

Let her become a Socialist by reading THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

That's what THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN intends to do—make her a Socialist.

So open your wallet now and send in a one-year sub. to The Progressive Woman for your wife.

# WOMEN OF OTHER LANDS

By META L. STERN

Formerly the home was our world;  
Today the world is our home.

## Germany.

OUR Socialist sisters in Germany have reported great progress at the last annual convention of the Socialist party of Germany.

Within one year the Socialist women's bureau has arranged sixty-six agitation tours of women organizers, has organized two hundred women's meetings, and has caused the observance of a national Socialist Woman's Day upon which meetings were held in practically every German city. The fruitful result of this splendid organized activity is that the woman membership of the party has increased from 107,693 to 130,371, an increase of 22,678. The Socialist women have also greatly increased the circulation of their official organ, the "Gleichheit," (Equality) and have sold and distributed thousands of Socialist pamphlets and leaflets. The woman's conference that preceded the last national convention of German Socialists is said to have had an inspiring influence upon the membership generally. In regard to woman suffrage, German women are not nearly as far advanced as the women of America, but the Socialist women nevertheless maintain a quiet, persistent campaign for the enfranchisement of all women, in opposition to any limited form of woman suffrage that might satisfy the German suffragists. In this they are faithfully supported by the party. Immediately upon the opening of the present German diet, the Socialist representatives introduced a bill providing for the enfranchisement of women.

## Hungary.

THE franchise laws of Hungary are most undemocratic. The suffrage is so limited by property and educational qualifications that barely 6 per cent of the adult population may vote at national elections. It is surprising therefore that the female suffrage movement in Hungary is overshadowed by a male suffrage movement, and that "votes

for men" is heard louder and more frequently than "votes for women." Nevertheless our Hungarian comrades—to their credit be it remembered—include the women in all their propaganda for a democratic franchise. Their demand, as expressed in the platform of the Hungarian Socialist party, reads as follows: "Universal, equal, direct and secret suffrage for every citizen over 20, without distinction of sex." Upon this principle Hungarian Socialists are maintaining an active suffrage campaign. According to recent reports, the Hungarian government is planning to counteract the demand for universal adult suffrage, by introducing a weak reform in the shape of a limited woman suffrage bill. This reform is to include college women, professional women, women who are employed in public service and women who have had at least three years of high school education. The ownership of property is not made a direct requirement but practically these conditions are property qualifications because only well to do women can fulfill such educational requirements. All working women and working men's wives would be excluded. The measure is favored by the Hungarian "feminist" societies (suffragists) and is bitterly opposed by the Socialists. It is likely that suffragists favor the measure, not from any ill will toward the working class, but because they honestly believe that this limited form of woman suffrage is all that can be obtained at present. Yet Socialists are more than justified in employing all their power to combat a measure that would strengthen the conservative and reactionary forces without making the slightest concession to the interests of the workers.

## Italy.

A NEW suffrage club was recently successfully launched in Rome. One of the first activities of this club has been the establishment of a free employment bureau for Italian working women. It is expected that the activity of this club will be linked with the interests of working women.

Teresa Labriola, a Socialist woman and Italy's first woman lawyer, has just pleaded her first case before a Roman court. Comrade Labriola is the daughter of the

late Professor Antonio Labriola, an eminent Italian Socialist.

## Russia.

EQUAL pay for equal work has been granted the women teachers of Russia. At the same time a law has been enacted making women eligible as teachers and professors at all colleges and universities.

## Spain.

SPAIN is one of the most backward countries of Europe in regard to women's rights. Spanish women, with few exceptions, still hold the position of household drudge or parlor ornament, equalled only by the position of the harem women of Turkey. Of course here as elsewhere, a small advance-guard of progressive women are working for the mental, moral and legal uplifting of their sex. Perhaps it is due to the persistent efforts of this small minority that Spanish women will from now on enjoy the same educational opportunities won by American women half a century ago. By a recent decree of the Spanish government, women will be admitted to all universities on the same terms as men and will be entitled to practice any profession for which they have become qualified.

## Australia.

THE Australian House of Representatives has passed a bill providing a "maternity allowance up to a maximum of five pounds (\$25) in respect to any child born in Australia and not of aboriginal or Asiatic parentage."

In Australia, since women vote, the problem of caring for the children of widowed or forsaken mothers without means has been solved in a different way than in other countries. Instead of taking the children from the mother and placing them into charitable institutions, the mother receives a government allowance so that she can maintain her home and rear her children.

# COULD WOMAN LEARN TO VOTE?

By J. O. BENTALL

COULD she? Could she learn how to vote?

Just a woman, a mere woman?

Now, that is the question that has puzzled philosophers and statesmen and scientists and preachers and slum ward politicians and saloon keepers and retired farmers.

It's an awful question. A ponderous one. A question that staggers. A stunning one, like a society queen's ball gown.

Admit that woman can make good bread.

That she can cook good food.

That she can sew fine clothes.

That she can darn socks when she is mad.

That she can wash clothes and iron them.

That she can keep a house clean and beautiful.

That she can paint pictures and take prizes in art.

That she can play the piano and sing inspiring songs.

That she can master mathematics and chemistry and astronomy and biology and psychology.

That she can master languages and history and literature.

That she can master the drama and star in the opera.

That she can go into the factory and make boxes and chairs and musical instruments.

That she can make shoes and hats and gloves and coats and gowns.

That she can run the swift spinning wheels and the gigantic batteries of looms.

That she can manage department stores and railroads.

That she can superintend factories and mills and shops.

That she can run bonanza farms and large ranches.

That she can run engines and systems of power plants.

That she can run automobiles and flying machines.

That she can fill positions as teachers in colleges and presidents of institutions.

That she can sell goods and take letters and operate the typewriter.

That she can practice law and medicine and have charge of jails and hospitals.

That she can set type and edit newspapers and write magazine articles.

That she can produce poetry and literature and music and art.

That she can bear children and bring up the whole human race.

Admit all that, and still the big, troublesome question remains: Can she vote?

Now it takes some skill to vote. For Pat McHooligan says so, and he is a ward boss and ought to know.

It takes some scientific training to vote. For Pacci Julipolo, the gangster, says so, and he ought to know.

It requires some wisdom. For Sambo Wilkerson says so, and he is a white slaver and he ought to know.

It requires intelligence. For Ole Olson runs a saloon, and he should know.

So it isn't the snap that some of you good sisters have imagined.

No, no! It is very intricate.

And, besides, it is very arduous. It rests heavily upon a man's shoulders, and a woman might break down under it.

It is such a responsibility—so weighty that only the brave and the strong should attempt it.

Only great and sturdy characters like the patriotic beer guzzlers and the honest dive keeper should shoulder this weighty burden.

The weak vessel—woman—should let the strong oak—man—the hero of civilization, the knight of the twentieth century—perform this arduous task.

Then, too, woman's place is in the home.

Don't come with your argument that she has been driven by economic necessity into the mill, the factory, the shop, the store, the office, the laundry, the field.

Don't bother us like that, for we won't listen to it. We won't even listen when you say that it doesn't take her longer to go to the polls and vote than to go to prayer meeting on Wednesday night or to the ladies' aid on Thursday afternoon.

Don't put up those objections, for we won't listen to them.

And, for glory's sake! don't tell us that woman pays taxes and should have the right to vote for that reason.

That she is equal with man is absurd. Didn't Paul, the Apostle, tell her to keep still, and shouldn't that settle it?

So there. From the above the question should be solved, and it should be settled forever that woman can never learn to vote.

It has always been that way and always will be that way.

So there.



# The PICKPOCKET

## A CHRISTMAS EPISODE



By EMANUEL JULIUS

I.

IT was Christmas; and its spirit pervaded the city. Things were thriving; money was changing hands; this, that and the other thing was being bought by this, that and the other person.

And this was the season, Kennedy agreed, when a man should labor hard that his rewards might be quick and numerous. So Kennedy mingled among the people, lifting this, that and the other thing from this, that and the other person.

Christmas always was a welcome season to pickpockets.

Pocket-picking, to Frank Kennedy, was an Art—with a capital A. He frowned upon the word "trade," or even "profession"—nothing less than "Art" suited him.

And Kennedy was a nice young fellow, who invariably dressed a la Beau Brummel. He was up to the minute when it came to style and fashion in matters of dress. You couldn't tell him from a banker's son. A detective always hesitated when he approached Kennedy—he thought twice—just long enough to give him a chance to get away.

To be perfectly frank, there's only one thing Kennedy couldn't confiscate from you—and that's your undershirt. Outside of that, this nimble-fingered wonder could cinch anything he set eyes on.

Kennedy's main amusement was found in watching for new "safety" majiggers made to keep a diamond pin, or the like, where its owner intended. He enjoyed taking a pin from an unsuspecting stranger more than attending a score of vaudeville shows—that is, if it were "protected" by one of those cute, little fifty-cent clasps.

On this morning Kennedy corraled three

pins in less than two hours—that was a big morning. His fourth "haul" is the subject of this story.

Kennedy got his first pin—later it proved to be "phony"—by the aid of a delicate, tiny pincer.

Click!

Kennedy cut the diamond sticker directly above the clasp.

Zip!

The pin was his!

Kennedy got his second pin somewhat differently—he always believed there are more ways than one to asphyxiate a hippopotamus.

In the second instance, Kennedy pulled out his trusty shears—they were tiny things. With a quick move he slitted that thirty-nine-cent tie. It was pitifully simple. The hole was soon big enough for that fifty-eight-dollar sparkler—for this pin was not "phony"—to slip out, gracefully assisted by Kennedy's tender fingers.

The way he got his third pin deserves condemnation. It was very mean. Kennedy deliberately took his shears and cut off that tie—completely cut it off right above the sparkler. And, doubtless, his victim walked about town all day and didn't notice it. Everybody laughed at him, including Kennedy.

But this youthful "dip" was getting bored—three pins in succession is enough to tire any man—even so great an enthusiast as Kennedy. He wanted change. He wanted variety. So he decided to turn his attention to a woman. And now we're at the story.

II.

Kennedy looked on women as very peculiar animals—in fact, all women to Kennedy were some sort of bird. Girls; up to seventeen years



A SECOND LATER HI

of age, he gently referred to as "peeps young women from seventeen to twenty squabs; women from twenty to twenty-five chickens; ladies from twenty-five to about thirty-five—pelicans; and—good heavens from thirty-five to the end of time—buzzards."

But women at all stages of the game were interesting—entrancingly interesting. He approached them with the air and instincts of a born gambler—ready to take a chance, fully conscious that presuppositions were utterly valueless. Kennedy learned that from experience—and the incident in this story, all the more, tended toward his education.

Kennedy knew very well that a woman "external self"—as the novelists say—meant absolutely nothing. A well-dressed woman, was certain, many times carried nothing more than a powder rag—Kennedy really knew well



## THE OLD MUST DIE

By PAUL ELDRIDGE

The old must die!  
As when the leaves are withered and shriveled,  
And the New Life is shaking the tree,  
Whispering its secret eternal:  
"Greener the leaves I shall bring thee!"  
There is a clamorous rattling and moaning—  
So mankind, effeted and worn,  
Wrinkled with hatred and falsehood,  
With ignorance, war and injustice,  
Is shaken by Truth in her anger,  
And frightened to hear the great verdict:

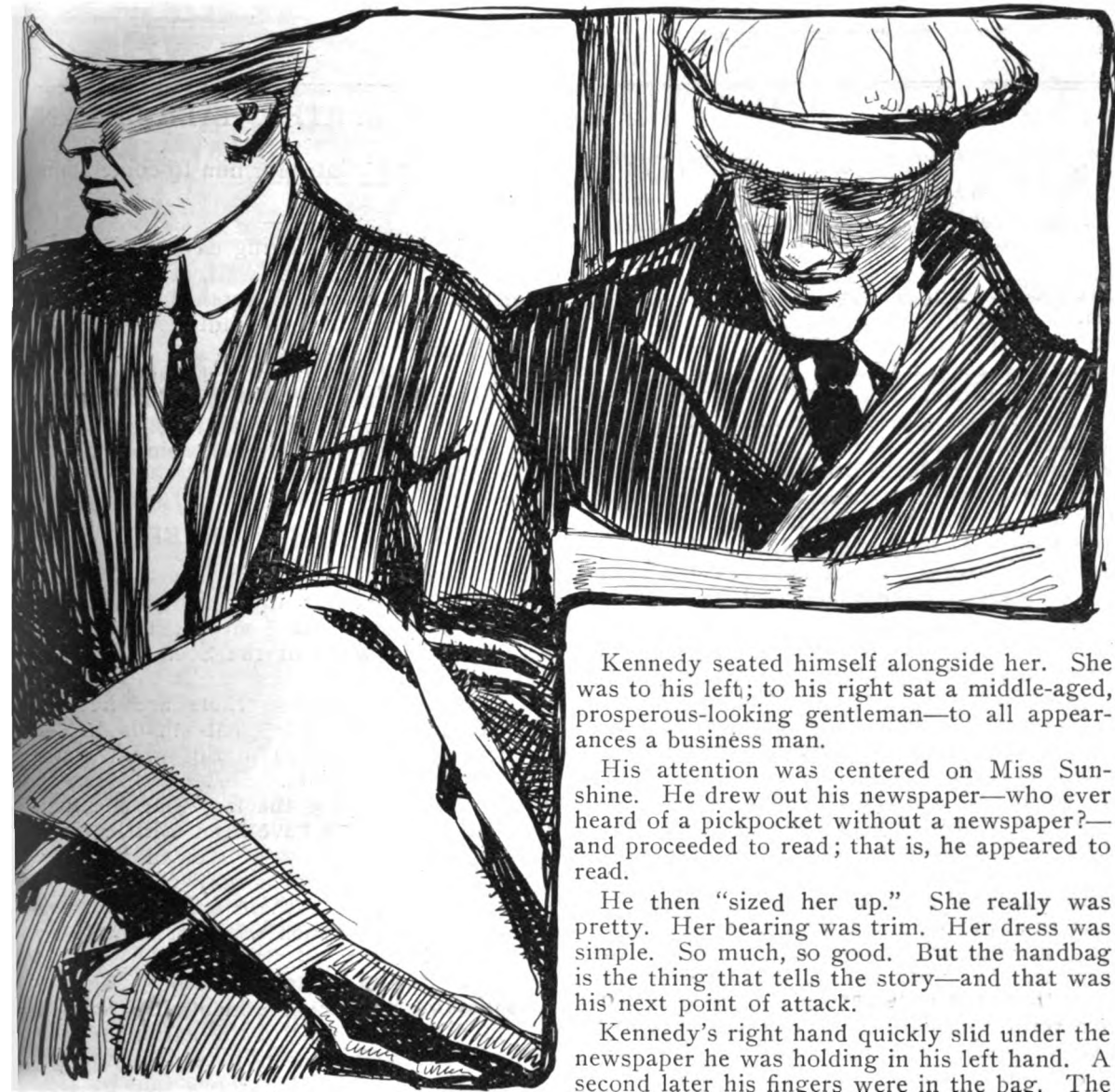


"Death to the old; long live the new!"  
Wild the tumult arises  
Of ancient and revered crimes  
That cover the blood with the ermine;  
Judgments condemning the righteous,  
And teachings despising the Truth;  
Lies and thefts and disease  
Spreading the network of darkness!  
Wounded, they lie now  
Corpses, that trammel the march.  
Truth shall scatter and crush them,  
Their names and fabrics forgotten—  
The nightmare of mankind awakened!



Fresh seeds shall be planted and nurtured,  
While the New Life shall whisper her message:  
"Fairer the world I shall bear you!"  
And as a river forever is flowing,  
Swelling its heart with new waters,  
Fresher and clearer and purer,  
So also the cycles of mankind  
Shall roll on, changing, renewing,  
Fairer and nobler and better—  
Forever the youth of the world!





The pickpocket speedily read the following: "Instead of you asking your parents for money, it's you that ought to be sending us some. We are awfully fixed right now, and we don't know what's liable to happen. But here is \$5, and I hope it will help you until you get work."

And the date on the letter showed that Miss Sunshine had received the money two weeks ago! Five dollars; two weeks—and now penniless!

Kennedy noticed the address on the envelope—he knew the neighborhood; in fact, knew the very house. He planned to become acquainted—oh, but that's foreign to this story.

The letter was returned to Miss Sunshine's bag.

### III.

"The girl hasn't even had breakfast," thought Kennedy, a rare sense of pity coming over him.

And then, like a bolt from the blue, Kennedy decided to "pocket-stuff" the girl's bag. This, to the young "dip," was a new experience. He enjoyed it. He had robbed hundreds of pockets, but never had he "stuffed" a pocket—except his own.

Kennedy turned to his right and saw the prosperous looking business man. He was engrossed in his paper.

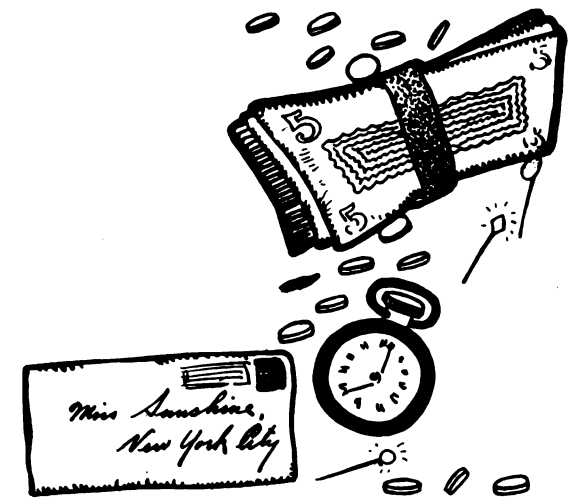
"Ah!" Kennedy muttered, "this man will do some good in the world this morning!"

And, with speed and ease, Kennedy "felt" his victim. It took but a few seconds for him to locate the wallet.

The man's wallet, Kennedy soon learned, was in the back pocket of his trousers. It was a light task to slip it out. Then he extracted a number of bills.

The girl made a move to leave the car. Working speedily, Kennedy tucked the money into her bag just as she was rising to go.

"There!" exclaimed Kennedy, a smile of satisfaction on his face. "This really has been a good day's work!"



Kennedy seated himself alongside her. She was to his left; to his right sat a middle-aged, prosperous-looking gentleman—to all appearances a business man.

His attention was centered on Miss Sunshine. He drew out his newspaper—who ever heard of a pickpocket without a newspaper?—and proceeded to read; that is, he appeared to read.

He then "sized her up." She really was pretty. Her bearing was trim. Her dress was simple. So much, so good. But the handbag is the thing that tells the story—and that was his next point of attack.

Kennedy's right hand quickly slid under the newspaper he was holding in his left hand. A second later his fingers were in the bag. The first thing he touched was a handkerchief. Then his hand went farther down until he felt something hard—it was a door key. The next was an envelope—and that was all.

Kennedy had gambled—and lost. This girl had nothing worth stealing. She didn't even have a penny. Nothing, absolutely nothing.

His venture did not anger him in the least. Kennedy smiled, just as an old-time gambler smiles when he loses by a hair's breadth.

But Kennedy was curious. He felt a desire to know something about this penniless girl whose face was so pretty, so sweet to behold.

The letter, he thought, in the envelope he had just touched might tell him something. You see, Kennedy was more than a pickpocket; he was a student of human nature, particularly woman nature—and, like the gambler he was, he was determined to go the limit.

And there, while this little Miss Sunshine was gazing abstractedly at the advertising cards before her, Kennedy stole the envelope.

### WERE IN THE BAG

was talking about; Mother Experience had taught him many a lesson.

An ill-dressed woman, however, usually had an empty pocketbook, for, beyond question, a woman in this world who is badly clothed is in that condition not because she is stingy, simply because she is too poor to spare the money. That was another lesson.

But the plainly-dressed woman. Ah! there was the enigma—the all-absorbing conundrum; beyond all the powers of keen observation and knowledge of life's subtleties.

Kennedy was helpless when before an ordinarily dressed woman. And that, in a measure, enabled him to pick out a girl seated near the front of a downtown car. He immediately christened her "Miss Sunshine"—because of her bright eyes and good-natured, pretty countenance.

## "BOYS WILL BE BOYS"

Dear Comrade:—Your little editorial last month, "Boys Will Be Boys," presents a fine idea—only it isn't because they are male, but because they are conservatives and capitalist satellites and corrupt politicians that the old party candidates made offers to the women voters that they can't fulfill. Therefore, the "Boys Will Be Boys" expression does not apply. As usual, the "cutest" part has to be struck out for the sake of accuracy. If not struck out, which you have not done, with good reason, for if it is a matter of "Boys Will Be Boys," the Socialist party would not be any better and the moral would be a woman's party.—A Mere Man.

NOW, isn't that a man's logic for you? And does this correspondent think that women of the working class are following the Socialist leaders because they imagine the latter are better, as men, and finer and wiser than any men of the old parties? Because if he does, it is time he readjusted his views and looked at things as they are. The women of the Socialist Party are in it because of the principles the party stands for, and not because of any special personal virtues the candidates of the party may possess—outside of their belief in Socialism. When capitalist candidates tell women voters they are

uncompromisingly for the working class, will abolish child labor and shorten the workday for women, we know they are playing the game for doughnuts, because they can't do the things they promise. The principles of the Socialist Party forbid the aspiring candidate to compromise with the capitalist class in order to catch the votes of unsuspecting Big Business men. So, however much there may be of the primitive boy with a strong taste for cookies in the Socialist candidate, he is disciplined into standing for party principles, and untoward promises are impossible as a feature of his campaign.

### SOME EDITORIAL COMMENT

# HIS OWN



On the slope of a southern mountain, where the wind comes up from the Gulf with the tang of the answering pines in every whisper, lies the little town of Eldorado. It will never be anything but a little town. In time, when the great mines are worked

out, it will not even be that. Long ago a great coal company sent a band of keen-eyed prospectors into the southern hills and Eldorado was built between two days—a collection of shanties flung down on a rocky hillside.

In the beginning it was barren of all nature's grace—an uninviting wilderness. Here and there on the mountain's scarred face, or in the sun-scorched lowlands, were small, profitless farms. Through the long hot summers men, women and children worked in the stump-strewn cotton fields. Tucked away upon some ridge or half hidden within some hollow, was a little, wooden house, built of the undressed slabs from the saw mills miles down the valley; or perhaps of back-covered logs, where for a few weeks each winter the children of the countryside, tired and listless after the torrid summer, attended school. They lived their simple lives, scarcely conscious that the world was different beyond the encircling hills.

But with the first coal mine sunk in Ponce county all that changed. The natives were glad to take the insignificant sums offered for the clearings, as they called farms, and either, in their helpless simplicity, drifted into the outer world and were forgotten, or moved into town to work about the pits and to become the unflinching butt of ridicule for the veteran diggers who soon crowded the shabby streets—the flotsam of the industrial world.

A mining town is but a pause in a circuit. For the coal miner mere existence is incredibly hard. Always the world's "move on" is urging him from coal field to coal field—always looking for a place where the problem of from pay day to pay day is less puzzling.

After a few years Eldorado changed a little. Better houses, schools, a half dozen churches and the upspringing of a narrow little circle that looked upon the miner with consuming disdain. In all such towns there is a tiny group of "business men"—clerks, company store and office employes, doctors, preachers and what not. These form a clique that is the last word in exclusiveness—to the digger who makes the town—the strong and dauntless soul who faces the daily menace of a probable death, who spends his brave life in darkness and the dank odors of the terrible pit, and uncomplaining, though a bit contemptuous, accepts the dictum that relegates him and his family to the outer darkness.

The General Manager is the supreme authority in Eldorado and the Old Man held that position many years. He was a very satisfactory manager, was the Old Man. He had studied his profession all the way from the half-starved child picking slate from the coal to the office of General Manager—had toiled up the weary way till he reached the top. But the climbing had been painful, and he hated to look back along the way—hated even more the poor, blind fools that still groped about in the darkness at the bottom.

He didn't know much about schools—but he knew much of books. He had a secret contempt for colleges, though he sent his boy to one. He meant the lad to take up his work when he should be ready to lay it down, and thought perhaps the knowledge necessary

could be gained away from the shadow of the pit. Still, in vacation time—the Old Man had no use for vacations—the Boy was sent down into the mines to learn his profession at first hand.

He took it well, did the Boy, and though he learned much, he never knew any of the lessons the Old Man had learned so well—how to be a faithful servant; how to despise the ranks from which he came; how to fight for his master's right of might, though his brother fell in the conflict; how to observe the merciful laws that allowed that master to destroy a hundred lives without penalty, to maim without recompense. All these had the Old Man learned to good purpose, for he had his little reward for faithful service. The Old Man had been born in the shadow of The Pit in another far country. Down in the depths had his mother toiled all the days of his childhood, missing the sun day after day—no light but the glare of the pit lamps as she worked, or the glimmering stars as she went to her post in the faint dawn, or crept her weary way homeward in the falling night.

Along the way of the Old Man's path from poverty to success lay much wreckage—incapables thrown aside lest they hinder his progress. John Bruce was one of these. Simple in heart and in mind as he was skilled in all the work of the pits, he accepted his promotion to the position of foreman with a wondering gratitude. And then the Old Man set a pace for him to follow that left nothing for anything but a frantic purpose to make good. And to make good meant to drive himself and his men and his mine at top speed, day in and day out, with an hour now and then grudgingly given to such repair work as the law required—when those requirements could not be evaded.

Bruce's salary was small—many a digger made more, and many a veteran of the pits sneered at him with his ill-paid position, as worry and responsibility dried up all the geniality and friendliness of the man. Under the spur he was driven to send his own young son down below, and like a black shadow the knowledge of ignored dangers hung over him always. When the inevitable disaster came it was his boy that was carried out. And when the investigation demanded a sacrifice, John Bruce was discharged for the "criminal negligence" that had cost his boy his life. "Get out of here, ye murderer!" the Old Man barked at him when he went to the office to plead his case, and Bruce, leaving his broken home and ruined name behind him, drifted out into the world and was forgotten.

After this things went badly at Eldorado. All winter long the men fought for a living wage, and most of the time the mines were idle. The Old Man proved himself a general indeed, marshaling his crew of strike breakers from the station to the stockade prepared for them. But the Scab is the original invertebrate, and at best the mines could not be worked more than a day or two a week. The Old Man got cross at last and credit at the stores in the town stopped short; families were shoved out of the company's houses into the streets; installment furniture was reclaimed. Every day held its little tragedy.

And the men were beaten at last and went back to work just when the Boy came home. The Old Man put him in charge of a gang busily repairing the damages caused by months of idleness, and the Boy with his six-feet-two of beautiful youth, clad in the foul garments of the pit, went gayly and gallantly to his task, dreaming of the Girl who had waited

through the long winter for him to come home again.

In the gloom of the dying day, at the hour when the happy wives wait, in the shadow of the tippie, the Girl watched them carry him forth, swathed in dreadful wrappings, hidden from her eyes forever.

And as he had watched others in times gone by in many a grim pilgrimage from the mouth of the pit, so now the Old Man followed the silent four carrying his Boy to his empty home.

## WOMEN ARE WORKERS.

By J. L. Engdahl.

The big reason for the existence of the Socialist party is to have an organization to do the political work of the Socialist movement.

In order to do this workers are needed. Every obstacle, therefore, that stands in the way of securing workers in this great cause should be brushed aside.

There is no denying the fact that the men in the Socialist party have been a little timid in witnessing the influx of women into the Socialist party. The men may charge it to natural timidity. Yet there are many hard-working Socialist women who can today bear witness to that fact.

In many places where I have been, accompanying Socialist Vice-Presidential Candidate Emil Seidel on his tour of the nation, I have found that it is like taking a cold plunge for many of the men to get to work side by side with Socialist women in the cause that must lead to the emancipation of the working class.

After the plunge, however, it is a different proposition. These men voice their surprise at the manner in which the women take up the work of the Socialist party organization. They confess that they never before dreamed that such could have been the case. They wonder that they never had suspicioned it before. They are glad that they have been awakened.

Without exception, those Socialist organizations where I have found this phenomena to have taken place are today active and fighting. From this and from various other observations I draw the conclusion that immediately a large number of women become interested in a Socialist local, that minute will see the rejuvenation of that local if it has been dormant in its activities, and it will begun to accomplish bigger things if it is already active.

The Socialist party has long ago settled the question of its attitude toward woman suffrage. But it has not yet settled the question of getting the women of the nation, the working women, enlisted in the ranks of the party.

When that question has been solved by the Socialist party, then the question of woman suffrage is settled not only for the Socialist party, but also for the nation.

### Has Your Local Celebrated PROGRESSIVE WOMAN DAY?

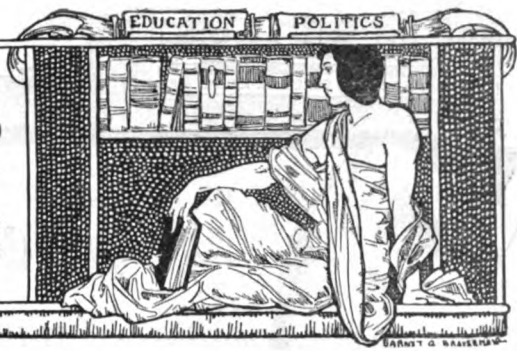
If not, you should bring the matter up.

Write us today and we'll tell you why your local should celebrate a day for THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN and how to go about it.



# BOOKS and WRITERS

A CAUSERIE :: By FLOYD DELL



I HAVE just been reading "A Man's World," by Albert Edwards, whose real name is Arthur Bullard. Mr. Bullard has been a newspaper man, war correspondent, and all that sort of thing, and I knew him from his friends for an interesting man long

before I ever read this book. A young woman whom I met in New York— But never mind, it is the book, not the writer, that is our present concern.

"A Man's World" is, for America, the book of the year. Of course, there is "The Financier," by Theo-



dore Dreiser, whose previous novels have, perhaps alone among American fiction, touched greatness. But we know what Dreiser can do. Bullard is a new man, and his novel is the most encouraging thing that has come inside my critical ken for a long while.

It is of special interest to me as a Socialist, for it takes account of the ideas by which the modern world is influenced. There is a great deal about Socialism in it, all the more effective for its being from the "reform" point of view. The spectacle of a man who can see no further than reform being pushed back and back by the Socialists, until he is practically ready to surrender, is more interesting than would have been the spectacle of a man who had already arrived at the Socialist position. The one is suggestive and dynamic, the other static and juiceless. Besides, this "reformer"—I refer to the chief character and not to the author, who probably carries a red card—this "reformer" makes some very good points against Socialism, or rather against Socialists. Heaven knows, we need criticism. "The Socialists of America have never analyzed Wall Street," he says. (I quote from memory.) "They are circulating pamphlets translated from the German." This is less true than it was a few years ago, but it does hit at our weak point, the intellectual laziness of our national movement. We are content to have let Karl Marx (whom, so I have remarked in these columns before, we do not read) to have done our thinking for us. When I say "we" I mean you," of course. I don't!

There is a story about Arthur Bullard which throws some light on his novel. When he was in Russia during the ill-fated revolutionary uprisings of a few years ago, he received from his father a warning letter, reminding him of what traditionally happens to the innocent by-tander. "You may dismiss your fears," he replied. "I am neither innocent, nor a by-tander."

So in his account of the process by which a man born at the close of the Civil War becomes involved in all sorts of modern struggles, economic and ethical, Mr. Bullard as an author does not pretend to be an innocent by-tander. He is not afraid to tell his readers what they ought to think about such things as criminal law, marriage and the rearing of

children. He speaks with easy familiarity of anarchism, and makes no bones of a discussion of free love. In short, he is a modern-minded writer, a sufficiently rare bird among the romantic old women (male and female) who produce our fiction for us in America. He is fit, in spite of some technical deficiencies which I shall comment on later, to rank with some of the big Englishmen now writing novels—with J. D. Beresford, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells and John Galsworthy.

The technical matters are easily disposed of. Mr. Bullard has not taken the job of writing a novel quite seriously enough. He has forgotten that the art of fiction is the art of telling a story, and so he writes pages which are a mere sketch of a story, more pages which are mere materials, which might have been culled from his magazine articles, and still more pages of discussion which fail to be convincing talk. If he were not a big man with a big mind, his book, or a good part of it, would be worthless. But it is good, and very good, in spite of everything.

He tells the story of a man who comes to New York and disappears from the real world into the depths of a library. From this and from his scholarly ambitions he is rescued by a most virile personage, a man named Norman Benson. Benson is an eccentric millionaire settlement worker—I shouldn't have told you that; it will prejudice you against him; it would prejudice anybody against him. But Benson is all right, one of the most interesting persons possible to meet inside the covers of a novel.

The best part of the book deals with the episode of Benson's marriage to Nina. Nina is a charming little street walker, whom Benson takes to his home, not with the motives which usually animate settlement workers. When Benson and his friend get in trouble with Tammany Hall, his relations with this girl are used to "get" him with. The girl's mother is paid to swear that she is under 17, and, according to our enlightened laws regarding the age of consent, he is charged with what, in the delicate manner of the newspapers, we shall here designate a statutory offense. But Benson, who has grown fond of Nina, marries her. It sounds very sensational, and indeed it is very exciting to read about, but it is made perfectly convincing and real. The marriage turns out to be a great success, which also seems romantic, but is quite credible. I wonder if the readers of this paper have any idea that thousands of girls who have been prostitutes become wives and mothers? Anyway, Nina becomes delightfully respectable, and the mother of an interesting daughter, who in the latter pages of the book is heard to express her views on strikes, woman suffrage and marriage.

The man who tells the story (his name is Arnold Whitman, by the way) has his own love affairs. One is with Ann, the nurse who had taken care of him while he was in the hospital temporarily blind. Ann is the daughter

of an old-fashioned, radical mother, and consequently refuses to marry her lover. It would hurt her mother's feelings if she went back on the principles of free love! Besides, she is interested in a career, and goes to Paris to study under Pasteur. Ann is a happy creation, and one only wishes that Mr. Bullard had drawn her picture in more detail. Then there is another woman, a lawyer, Suzanne by name. Suzanne might have made Arnold happy, but he was too much of an idealist to deal with her. Their walk across France, after the silly international congress of criminologists that he had attended, is charmingly described.

Of course, I could go on and talk about this book all afternoon, but I have no patience with the idea that my reviews are supposed to enable my readers to dispense with the books. If my reviews give the reader (as I have been insultingly told) so much of the book that he need not read it, then I have failed utterly. If a critic has any value, it is in interpretation. Who would be a mere parasite on literature? Not I. And so I say no more about "A Man's World," save to beg you not to stultify yourself by neglecting it. . . . Besides, my supply of my favorite unlined yellow paper, upon which I am writing with lurid green ink, has run out.

\* \* \*

N. B.—I have just read Mr. Dell's review of "A Man's World." I am impatient with it. Not that I do not admire the combination of yellow paper and green ink. I have long admired that. I am impatient because he seems to have exercised his ingenuity chiefly to conceal the special achievement of Mr. Bullard.

His achievement—and so far as I know, it is an achievement unique among American novelists—is that he has written of radical ideas as if they were familiar to him. He does not stammer and he does not shout; he does not whisper with a leer. A young woman who holds to the anarchist philosophy of love is neither an abomination nor a superwoman to him. Above all, she is not an object of prurient inquiry—conscious or unconscious. She is a Young Woman.

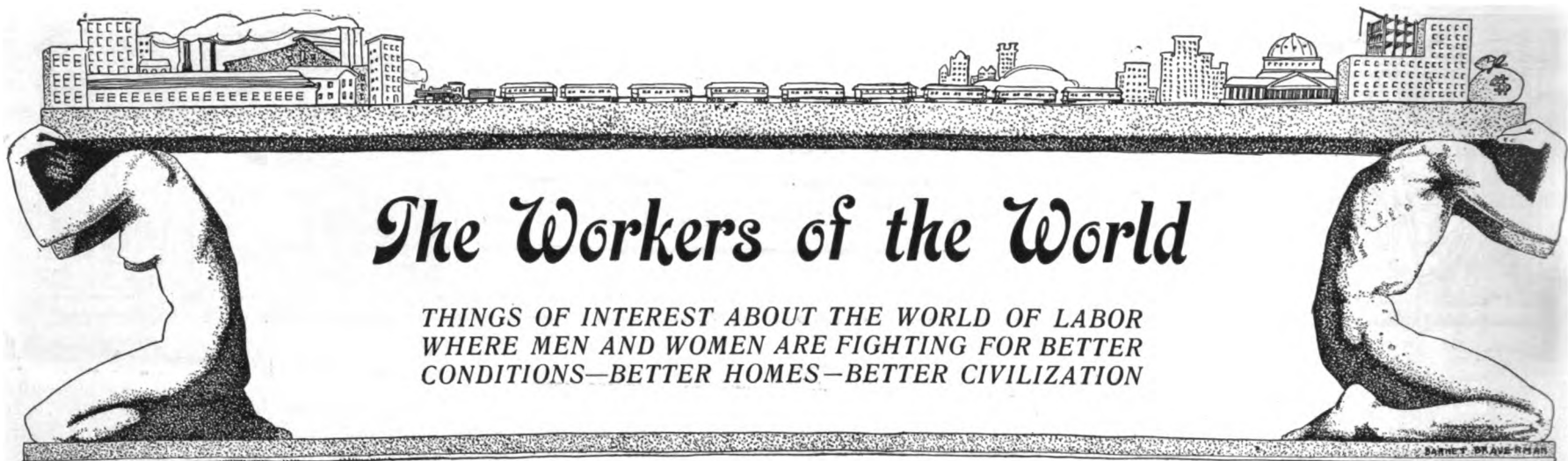
And because Arthur Bullard looks at Ann, as he looks at all the other human beings he has gathered into "A Man's World," with intelligence, he compels the reader to look at her with intelligence. I really believe that a Methodist bishop or an Evanston matron of fifty could read "A Man's World" without being shocked. If that is true, Arthur Bullard's book is a great book; if it is not true, I am less cynical about Methodist bishops and Evanston matrons of fifty than I should be.

LUCIAN CARY.

She will risk her life for her children; may woman not risk her judgment for her own safety.

The working woman's ballot will answer the non-working woman's ballot.

**WOMEN—A NEW WAY** to buy toilet necessities; order by mail. Catalogue full of ADVICE AND INFORMATION FREE. Hunt Toilet & Novelty Co., 32 Lenox Ave., Dept. 5, Maspeth, L. I., N. Y.



# The Workers of the World

THINGS OF INTEREST ABOUT THE WORLD OF LABOR  
WHERE MEN AND WOMEN ARE FIGHTING FOR BETTER  
CONDITIONS—BETTER HOMES—BETTER CIVILIZATION

## LAW AND ORGANIZATION

By PAULINE M. NEWMAN

WHILE the strike in Lawrence was still on, we stated in this department, that if the mill workers had a powerful organization of their own to back the fifty-four-hour law, the mill magnates would not have dared to reduce their wages. And we were right.

The State legislature of New York has recently passed a law limiting the hours of labor for women to fifty-four a week. Immediately after the passage of the law, the employers of various industries began to cut the wages, thus reducing the meager earnings from a sixty-hour to a fifty-four-hour basis.

The masters of the textile mills in Little Falls have followed the example of the textile masters in Lawrence and forced 1,500 men and women to strike. And there, as in Lawrence, the workers were not organized.

The Little Falls situation is serious. About forty strikers and organizers of the Industrial Workers of the World are imprisoned on the charges of assault and inciting to riot.

The strikers are on the verge of starvation, and without funds. The political authorities are doing their best to carry out every wish of the textile barons by prohibiting the strikers from holding meetings, choosing their own speakers, etc. We earnestly hope that the strikers will win their just fight, and will prompt others to be prepared to face the new law by having a strong union of their own to back and enforce the law.

But there are other employers whom the fifty-four-hour law has affected. These employers do not reduce the wages. They have found a new trick, and created a far more serious situation than that of the strikers in Little Falls. The new trick is to do away with women workers, to a great extent at least, and replace them by men, so as to be able to work them longer hours. As long as women's labor was a bargain for the employers they were willing to employ them rather than men; but now that women are no longer to toil day and night for next to nothing, they are being discharged and men are once more employed.

On Friday last the employers of the laundry workers in New York began to put this new trick into effect, by discharging more than twenty women employes and hiring men in their places.

Now, we are inclined to believe that were the laundry workers well organized, were every member of the trade a member of the union, this trick of the master class could have been easily prevented. As it is—the workers remain the sufferers.

No law which is to benefit labor will not, and cannot, prove beneficial to labor unless labor

itself becomes intelligent enough to enforce the law with its economic power. In other words, men and women of the working class will have to learn to use **both arms** on the economic and political field. Then, and then only, will the law prove of value to them.

### WHITE GOODS WORKERS TO STRIKE.

THE White Goods Workers of New York are preparing for a general strike. There are about fourteen thousand girls employed in this trade in the city of New York alone. Conditions are such that a strike in the trade is inevitable. Wages paid to the girls are deplorable. Hours of labor are long. Sanitary conditions are bad.

There are factories where the girls still have to pay for thread, needles, and oil.

The organizers engaged to carry on the agitation for a general strike feel confident that nothing but a general strike can better the conditions which prevail in the trade.

The International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Women's Trade Union League will assist in the work to inaugurate the strike.

### TIMBER WORKERS WIN.

WE ARE sure that the readers of The Progressive Woman were glad to hear that the timber workers of Louisiana won their battle with the timber kings. The strikers who were imprisoned and charged with murder were acquitted two weeks ago.

One may not believe in political action—and there are many among the timber workers who don't—still it does one good to make the judges—at least for once—deal out justice.

So here is to the timber workers! May this political victory lead them on to many economic victories.



### MARK YOU!

THE COVER and the third page of this number have been combined into a poster.

Placed side by side, they make a poster that is attractive and artistic.

You will want this poster to boost THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

A quantity of them has been mailed to your State Secretary. Write to him or to her for some of these posters. Place them prominently upon the walls of your lecture halls and club rooms. They'll look good on any wall.

If the supply of your State Secretary has been exhausted, write to us TODAY and we'll mail as many as you need.



## WHAT YOU CAN DO

By EUGENE V. DEBS

YOU can get at least one subscriber for The Progressive Woman. And if you are interested in the progress of woman you ought to do it. This paper is the voice of woman protesting against ancient wrongs and customs and demanding freedom in the fullest sense of that term. Every subscriber secured adds strength to the paper and enables it to speak louder and accomplish more.

There are many papers published ostensibly in the interest of woman, but this is one of the few which stand for the absolute and unqualified emancipation of woman and which insists that woman shall have every right and every opportunity, economically, politically and socially, that man enjoys.

So far as hard and disagreeable work is concerned, woman has always done her full share of it and more, and is doing her full share of it today. There are tasks enforced upon her from which strong men shrink. Upon even this score, if the question must be considered upon so low a plane, woman is entitled to equal voice with man in determining the conditions of employment and in the control of the affairs of state.

It is in this struggle for the enfranchisement of woman that The Progressive Woman is enlisted and is rendering the most faithful and efficient service. It is not a popular nor an easy task. Neither financial help nor moral encouragement comes from the rich and powerful. As a rule, the paper's supporters are among the poor whose days are spent in struggle to keep the wolf of want from the door. But this is all the more reason why the most strenuous efforts should be made on the part of all to increase its circulation, augment its power and speed it on its mission of emancipation.

By patient and unremitting labor the paper has been kept going, but it has not yet conquered in the struggle for existence. Could only the readers realize how easily the paper might be placed upon a secure foundation, I am quite sure they would set about it without delay. There is not a reader who cannot furnish an additional subscriber. Many can secure half a dozen or more with but little effort. It is the indifference of the average reader that permits the paper to struggle along and only half do its work for the want of proper support.


You who are reading these lines can furnish at least one subscriber. Do, please, do it. In no other way can you better serve the cause. It requires but a few moments of your time, while it means so much to the paper that is fighting your battles.

The Progressive Woman can and should be made one of the great and powerful papers with a national circulation and a national influence in the great struggle for emancipation.

# THINGS IN THE MAKING

By BARNET BRAVERMAN

## WOMAN'S MARCH FOR FREEDOM.

HE great torch-light procession held in New York on the night of November 9 to celebrate suffrage victories in Kansas, Wyoming, Oregon and Michigan will be remembered in history as an emphatic protest against the caloused, cowardly, man-made no-

tions of the past that still dominate industry and government today.

Thirty-five thousand men and women—mostly from the working class—were in that parade. The many hundred thousands who had come to see this demonstration of an awakened human consciousness looked on in silence. At the suffrage parade of last May they hooted and filled the air with catcalls. The difference between their former and present attitudes was striking. The fact that these people were silent now indicated that they were thinking—for thinking requires silence, and something to think about.

The participation of both men and women in this parade should impart to the world that the suffrage movement is more than a mere movement for the emancipation of women—that in reality it is a human movement—a movement for both men and women—a movement that is based upon the principle that men and women should be equal in all things and dependent in none.

Like the Socialist movement, woman suffrage propaganda is an organized, but thoughtful, purposeful rebellion against a social system that robs human beings of their right to grow and expand towards better human relations. And because of the common purpose between these two greatest movements of the century, the suffrage movement is destined to find in the Socialist Party its most powerful ally.

Woman suffrage will be the final step towards actual political freedom. But political freedom is useless if it is not based upon industrial freedom. The manner in which people make their living determines the real basis of their freedom. If women voters are to work long hours, submit to wage reductions, endure periods of unemployment when anxious to work, and be muddled by the bickerings of capitalist politicians—then the franchise will not help them to lighten woman's burden. We know that men have been voting all these many years, but the chains of industrial slavery have never been more firmly riveted upon the workers than today. This condition prevails because men have not realized the power of the ballot. They have not fully understood that the right to vote is a joke and swindle upon themselves as long as they have to depend for their necessities upon a master class—the class that does not care how much political freedom the individual has, as long as he or she does not get the sensible notion to fight for industrial freedom.

And this is just the problem that women voters will begin to face. They will see that their votes are bound to be useless as long as the cost of groceries, rent, and clothing soar sky-high, while wages are cut or remain stationary. And because we have faith in woman's desire to attempt the alleviation of social ills—because the suffrage movement is based upon the passion of social service, the one logical thing suffragists will eventually do will be to join the Socialist Party in the fight for industrial justice.

Those who are familiar with the Socialist

movement know that it has always stood for complete justice to both man and woman because that is necessary for healthy growth in the social organism. The Socialist movement has always declared that man cannot progress unless woman progresses too. And there can be no social progress until there is industrial justice for both men and women.

The time will come when wise suffragists will not only recognize the Socialist Party as their greatest ally in the fight for economic justice on the political field—but they will also discern the necessity of joining industrial unions to force the master class to relinquish its grasp upon human needs.

It may be that most suffragists do not foresee the part they will be compelled to play in the class war that is to be fought out by the working class and the capitalist class. But evolution has made some rapid strides during the last five years. And what will happen in the future is likely to be something of which the suffragists never dreamed. Nevertheless, they are destined to be in the struggle that will mean defeat for the capitalist class and victory for the working class. And this victory will spell the elimination of all classes. It shall result in a unity of all men and women and thus usher into fact a real Human Race.



## EDITORIAL CHAT.

We just can't help trying to impersonate Santa Claus—for we have interesting surprises in store for our readers.

It's all we can do to keep ourselves from telling you about them—'s a fact.

But we'll give you a small hint, anyway.

You have read in the daily press about the splendid fight George R. Lunn, Socialist mayor of Schenectady, and his co-workers have been making against the industrial and political bosses of Little Falls—the Lawrence of New York State.

And perhaps you know now that Mayor Lunn refused to pay a \$50 fine and decided to go to jail for fifty days instead—all the outgrowth of the free speech fight in Little Falls.

It's an honor to be sent to jail these days for a principle, and this honor has been thrust upon Mayor Lunn. His article will tell us about his free speech fight and the conditions of the textile slaves of Little Falls in the JANUARY number of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. Be sure to read this story, and get your friends to read it, too.

You know the stories by Emanuel Julius—one of the best short story writers in the country today. His sketches of working class life—and life as it is—teem with sympathy, humor, and vigor. THE PICKPOCKET, his story in this issue is good—but the JANUARY number of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN will contain his best—THE SECRET—and we want you to make it your secret, too.

Hallinan's able, original comment, and Floyd Dell's sparkling, thought-provoking book reviews will continue to entertain you.

Anna Maley, recently Socialist candidate for governor in Oregon, will also have a contribution about her campaign experiences—and Anna Maley writes really fine stuff—the kind that makes you ask for more.

You see, we would like to apprise you of everything in the January issue, but we haven't the space. Nevertheless, it will be the best issue of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN you have seen. We are making arrangements to get the work of the most capable men and women in the suffrage, labor, and Socialist movements. Some of it will appear in the JANUARY number.

In fact, the JANUARY issue will have some big feature articles about big things—big questions—big problems of human appeal to men and women, and we urge you to watch for it.



## CIVIL WAR IN WEST VIRGINIA.

THE struggle which began last July between the mine owners and the miners of West Virginia has evolved into a civil war.

Detectives have been employed. Thugs and criminals have been imported as guards, but the molestations of these hirelings have not cowed the strikers. The State troops were also called out to awe them. This failed in spite of numerous clashes. Then the mine owners issued an edict which caused the miners and their families to leave the shacks and hovels they called their homes—but which are owned by the coal barons. The latter also informed the daily press that the "inhabitants have lapsed into a state of primitive savagery. Stories of attacks on defenseless women and raids on homes are common."

This is typical of the ruling class. In every struggle that labor has fought back, the exploiters have sought to confuse public opinion by falsehoods charged with twisted data about the "savagery" of strikers, their assaults upon women and children, the ransacking of stores, and ruination of property.

Not once has the servile daily press pointed to the master class as the real savages. Nothing approaches savagery so closely as the refusal to permit men and women who produce the wealth of the world to have better living conditions. Furthermore, the most heinous savagery is the kind that starves bread winners into submission, and this is exactly what the coal barons of West Virginia have been trying to enforce upon the miners.

Now that the winter is almost upon us, the ink-pot prostitutes of the daily press are fretting about the scarcity of coal which has been caused by this strike. And scan the papers as much as we wish, we will see nothing which censures the mine owners or embodies a suggestion to stop the class war that is becoming more intense as time goes by.

Meanwhile, the strikers and their families are hungering in the hills, desolation has become rampant, and the corrupt, boss-ridden State of West Virginia has been metamorphosed into one mass of lawlessness, crime, and anarchy.

But not a word has been heard from President Taft, Wilson, Roosevelt, or any of the capitalist politicians who presented such devious pleas for labor's cause during the campaign.

## NO THEORIZING AFTER ELECTION.

TO Socialists, the great vote for Debs is not a source of surprise. We expected it—and that is why we will not theorize or philosophize about it. We will gladly leave all speculation to capitalist politicians.

We know that many of those who voted for Debs are not straight Socialists—and our propaganda will make them so. Special attention will also be given to the great and ever-growing number of women voters. But there is one fact I really wish to mention, and that is the scarcity of really good women speakers in the movement—women who have a thorough understanding of economics, industrial history, and social science. I believe that 50 per cent of the growth of the Socialist movement from now on will depend upon the women. And organizers will do well to train both men and women speakers. Some locals are now sending promising young women to the Rand School in New York, which specializes in this work.

# THE PREVENTION OF CONTAGIOUS DISEASE

By HATTIE C. GREER  
President of "I WILL CLUB," Chicago, Illinois

IT IS admitted by all writers on medical subjects and social hygiene that filth is the one great cause of contagious disease.

From the mildest case of measles to the dreaded diphtheria, from typhoid fever to the ever-fatal spinal meningitis, filth is the one and only cause. Up to within a few years ago epidemics of contagious disease were supposed to be visitations of Providence. Now we know that we ourselves are to blame.

Let an epidemic of typhoid show itself and the doctors begin to look to the water supply. In all cases they are able to trace it to a cess-pool, the contents of which filter through the earth and foul the water supply. Cows drinking from this source carry contagion in the milk, hence one cause of infant mortality. Chicago, since the advent of the drainage canal, has almost driven typhoid out of the city.

It is true that a few cases exist nearly all the time, but they are usually contracted out of the city, by people going into the country and drinking too freely from the "Old Oaken Bucket" which often hangs in a well, the bottom of which is covered by several inches of decomposed snakes, toads and rats. Typhus fever, also known as jail fever, from the fact that it attacks people crowded together with no means of keeping clean, is seldom heard of nowadays. A few cases have occurred in Chicago during the past year. In every instance it has been traced to the five and ten cent lodging house and has been proved to be carried by the common body louse.

Where people are so situated that they can keep clean, lice do not exist. Tuberculosis, the "Great White Plague," last year killed six hundred thousand people in America alone. And think of the millions that die from it in other countries! It is sad to think that this

preventable disease is kept alive largely by the rapacity of man.

While it is true that people who lead cleanly lives, and who are fairly well situated, often die and suffer greatly from its ravages, yet in all instances, if it could be traced, it would be found to have its origin in the ghetto of the Jews, the little Italy of the Italians or the shantytown of the Irish.

People do not live in close quarters or follow unhealthy occupations because they prefer it. These conditions are always forced on them by grasping landlords or capitalists who coin dollars out of the misery and suffering of the underfed and overworked people of our country.

Think of the thousands of men working in the Chicago Stock Yards at less than five dollars per week. Out of this must come rent, food, fuel and clothes for themselves and families. Or of the thousands of girls working as seamstresses in the ghetto district of Chicago whose average wage is, according to Mrs. Raymond Robins, one dollar and eighteen cents a week. Is it any wonder that the clothes we wear, bought at the bargain counters of the department stores, made in the sweatshops by people whose standard of living is so poor that they cannot resist the ravages of disease, are carriers of tuberculosis germs?

And in this way they find entrance to every household, jeopardizing the health of all who wear or come in contact with them. An injury to one is an injury to all. We cannot wrong others without injuring ourselves. Starvation of the workers is bound to react upon ourselves.

Three hundred years ago our forebears stole the negro from his African home. They lived upon his labor for 281 years. He brought with him the hookworm.

Today three-quarters of the people of the South are infected with it. It is the cause of physical and mental death.

Fortunately for us in the North, it does not exist above the frost line. Stealing negroes from Africa was profitable to our ancestors.

Four years ago there was a gathering of scientists at Philadelphia to study tuberculosis. The best-known methods of cure were learnedly talked of. Particular parts of the country were lauded as places to which the sufferers could go and die. Sanitariums were advocated in which the disease could be cured, and cleanliness was offered as a preventive.

But, strange to say, not one physician in that whole body of men said one word about the real cure—the abolition of poverty. Give people—all the people—pure air, water, sunshine, beautiful homes, proper playgrounds in which children can grow and develop, and tuberculosis, like the plague of the sixteenth century, will cease to exist.

In closing this paper I will mention two other contagious diseases directly due to poverty—syphilis and gonorrhoea. Both diseases are propagated by prostitution. Prostitution is the direct result of poverty.

Women denied homes, men too poor to found them. What is the consequence? Hardly a town or hamlet but what has its quota of these diseases. Insane asylums are filled with the victims of syphilis. Married women by the thousands suffering from operations due to venereal disease.

And conditions are constantly growing worse. Hospitals are multiplying and doctors growing rich on the miseries of the people. Is it not about time that we ceased to urge palliative measures for the prevention of contagious diseases and get down to the basic cause of all of them, which, summed up in one word, is Poverty?

## CRITICIZING THE CRITIC

By CARL SANDBURG

NEWS from Milwaukee tells us that John Schrank, the man who exercised close range marksmanship on Theodore Roosevelt, makes criticism of the commission of doctors appointed to investigate his sanity.

"They ask so many foolish questions of me," said Schrank, "that I think I ought to turn around and question them as to their own mental condition."

What this amounts to is that Schrank asks a sanity commission to be appointed to examine into the sanity of the sanity commission.

And while all this is rather confusing and somewhat humorous to many good, respectable people who are satisfied with their mental capacities as they are, it is fairly well understood by active party Socialists who have witnessed an examination by Socialists into the socialism of other Socialists.

Something of this process is seen in Floyd Dell's veering inquiries in the last Progressive Woman. Dell takes up the socialism of several kinds of Socialists and, having subjected them to momentary scrutiny, passes on to declare that real socialism—real socialism—philosophy—tactics—well, there ought to be more tactics. We ought to know more clearly what we are going to do. The working class should organize, but just how the organizations should be organized is the perpetually haunting query that gives us pause.

Floyd Dell describes for us how he went to the Chicago City Club and heard Kier Hardie speak. The speech he heard was the same old Socialist address he heard years and years ago from a little German soap boxer. What Dell wished to hear about was syndicalism and the decay of the Labor party in England. And because this wish was not met in the utterances of Hardie, Dell went away with his mind "full of unanswered questions."

Two erroneous impressions are created by the manner in which Floyd Dell made his observations. First, the impression is conveyed that if Kier Hardie had opened his batteries of explanation he might have answered some of the questions concerning syndicalism which are a source of more or less anxiety to Dell. Second, the impression is conveyed that Kier Hardie is something of a "fogie," an old man who has seen better days as a working class organizer, being now rather a political trimmer failing to touch the really vital points of the modern working class movement.

Now, my first point here is to call attention to the fact that Kier Hardie would have taken a forensically fatal course, comparable to that of the man who became famous through ramming his head against a stone wall, if he had attempted to discuss the delicate distinctions of direct action, political action, sabotage, or the strike of the folded arms, before the deco-

rous and genial members of the City Club. The average member of the City Club is still possessed of the idea that the competitive system was made by God and God has looked on it and called it good. For this reason, if there are classes and class war, it is because of improper adjustment of the competing units. A little patience, some fortitude, and perhaps a few prayers, with a modicum of regulative legislation by the government, and civilization will be saved. Such is the theory of the average City Club member.

What these gentlemen need first of all is the knowledge that there is a mass of facts which go to prove that under the individualistic, competitive system the opportunity of the individual is a lie, the equality of the individual before the economic, political and judicial system is a lie, while the division into an exploiting class and an exploited working class is a truth.

It was this that Kier Hardie dealt with before the City Club gentlemen. If he had tried to give them a clear conception of the many tangled, conflicting forces tied up with the working class movement, he would have left those gentlemen with only a hazily hazy notion that the working class doesn't know what it wants and a commission should be appointed to investigate the subject and report its findings immediately, if not earlier.

(Continued on page 15.)

(Continued from page 14.)

Ol' Man Hardie knew well the kind of listeners who were finishing their coffee at the tables before him. He gave them just the taunts and teasers that would send them to Socialist thought.

The second point I raise in this controversy is that when Kier Hardie spoke at Riverview Park he did deal with the subject of syndicalism. It makes a good picture to remember, that of the old miner, with his broad shoulders and well-knit body, the long, silvered shag of hair on his head blowing in the wind, while his deep, clear voice rang out to the thousands of workingmen. He spoke not from books. He spoke of conferences he and his associates held with Karl Marx and Frederick Engels when the struggle was on to eliminate from the international workingmen's organizations those who were against political action. He said that the general strike may be a good thing; that he would like to see such close and widespread organization of the workers that a general strike could be successfully carried on. Then he pointed out that if such power were in the hands of the workers, there would not be much use for it. They could then take anything they want.

In closing my fifteen minutes of debate, I would respectfully submit that Floyd Dell in his causerie neglected the showing up of any nonsense connected with his own socialism, while none the less attributing nonsensical connections to the Milwaukee Socialist administration, the Lawrence strike, and other extensions of the labor movement. If this neglect was deliberate, it implies two things. Either Floyd Dell knows how the Socialist movement ought to be conducted and refuses to divulge the secret, or he is devoid of such knowledge and between thoughts cracks his critic's rifle at such Socialists as amuse him. Which is to say, the causerie poured forth for us was all more or less Pickwickian, for the passing pleasure of Floyd Dell rather than the instruction of us, the multitude, eager and thirsting for learning.



Please find \$3 for 100 copies of the Progressive Woman which our Branch intends to distribute on "Progressive Woman Day." Personally I think the Progressive Woman is a splendid magazine and I think its recent enlargement and improvement was a pleasure to every one.

I want to ask you if you cannot secure some articles on that terrible plague which threatens to destroy society—venereal diseases. I feel sure you must realize the importance of such articles. Of course we Socialists realize that this terrible thing cannot be entirely removed until we have Socialism, but think of the educational value of a series of articles on this important subject from the Socialist viewpoint. I have been instrumental in inducing our Woman's Club to adopt resolutions petitioning our legislators to secure an amendment to our domestic relations law providing that a certificate of health must accompany all marriage certificates.

This will not solve the problem by any means, but the realization of how such a law would save many an innocent girl or boy was brought home to me in the case of a friend of mine. A sweet "innocent" girl of 19, an "experienced" young man, affected with syphilis forbidden by his physician to marry—terrible awakening of the bride within the first two weeks, but too proud to return to her parents. After three months of married life she is affected and suffering greatly.

Knowing these things, who can sit still and do nothing? Hoping that in the near future you will wage a vigorous campaign of education against this menace, and wishing you every success, I am, yours for the Revolution, R. M., Illinois.

Enclosed find \$10 in payment for the sub cards received in October. We are going to hold a large meeting on Progressive Woman Day at the Broad Street Theater, where we will have a number of able speakers. Send us about 200 cards and 500 copies of the Progressive Woman. The Progressive Woman is splendid. Wishing you every success, yours for the cause, L. I. J., Philadelphia.

Find inclosed fifty cents to renew my subscription for one year. "The Arrest of Suffrage" is worth fifty cents to any reasonable person. I think it extra good.

MRS. O. W.,  
Texas.

REPORT OF WOMAN'S COMMITTEE.  
LOCAL NEW YORK.

PROGRESSIVE WOMAN DAY.

IN ACCORDANCE with the decision of the National Woman's Committee that November 24 be set aside as Progressive Woman Day, the Woman's Committee of Local New York has decided to organize two meetings of women upon that day, in different sections of the city. There will be musical programs and several short, pertinent talks on the great need and importance of an official organ of the Socialist women of this country. Hundreds of free copies of the Progressive Woman will be distributed and subscriptions will be taken.

The Woman's Committee of Local New York urges the Socialist women of other cities to earnestly take up this matter of increasing the circulation of our woman's paper. Those who have failed to call special meetings for November 24 can utilize any meeting, particularly any woman's meeting, to distribute free copies and to take subscriptions.

THE day is imminent when the sanguinary shackles of woman as well as of man will be irretrievably shattered.

A new age is rapidly being ushered in. It is the age of Socialism—the age of liberty, equality and life. Beneath Socialism's blazing standard of truth man and woman shall stand side by side on a plane of perfect and absolute economic equality. Woman, the parasite, the slave, and the toy, shall vanish. Woman, the Free, the Worker and the Student, shall be introduced into human society and given eternal life.—Rosa Markus.

MINNESOTA WOMEN  
IN THE CAMPAIGN

By Nellie M. Zeh, Recent Organizer in Minnesota.

DURING the recent campaign I crossed the state of Minnesota four times. Everywhere the women came to our meetings. Sometimes they were in the majority and rarely did they constitute less than one-third of our audience.

This awakening is in no small measure due to the tireless efforts of Elsie Henry Latimer, Minnesota's most capable woman organizer, located at 305 Lincoln Building, Minneapolis. She has held this position but four months and during that time has accomplished wonders.

Through inquiry and correspondence with the various local secretaries throughout the state she has accumulated a list of names of more than one thousand women who are interested in Socialism. These are alphabetically arranged and kept on file.

It was Comrade Elsie who attended to our routing and by referring to her list every Socialist woman and sympathizer along the line was notified by personal letter of our coming and urged to arrange for a special woman's meeting or at least to attend the night meeting. It worked like a charm. We were thus enabled to leave fifteen women's committees in different towns visited, and with few exceptions left at least one woman in each town to look after the work among women.

Upon our return to Minneapolis Comrade Elsie reported twenty-three committees that had taken some part in the campaign and would resume active work for the cause of woman after election.

This awakening of the women has had a salutary effect upon the men. They, too, are awakening. Men remained at home to care for the babies while their wives attended the meetings. Men met me at the depots requesting that I make a special plea to the women urging them to join the party. "If we can only get the women," they said, "we can hold our organization together." "Yes, women are better organizers than men," they admitted. "We must have the women with us," and so on and so on. Wherever there were true-blue Socialist men it was the same and everywhere such men were found the women were showing a corresponding interest.

But there was one thing the brother comrades forgot when their wives went to the meetings without them. That was to give their wives the pocketbook. It made our collections woefully small in some instances.

Among the many delightful women comrades we met along the way was Mabel Lefevre, secretary of Local Grand Rapids, and her husband's able assistant in editing and managing the Socialist paper published there.

Clare B. Heffron of Bemidji, an accomplished and well-educated comrade, as candidate for County Superintendent of Schools, was especially interesting. There were Nina Moe of Ronneby and Mary Drescher of Princeton.

Nina Moe carries the mail, has charge of the railroad station, runs a creamery, takes care of her home and little girl, and in addition is secretary and head pusher for the Socialist party at Ronneby. Two of our most successful meetings were held under her supervision.

It was Mary Drescher who, before she knew that women had a right to join the Socialist party, often listened at the closed door to catch some word of comfort and hope from the proceedings of the Socialist meetings which were held in the sitting-room of her home.

Her husband? Well, he didn't think about it. One of the best fellows in the world, too. But there were no other women members; besides, he was so busy making a living that he failed to see his wife's need of Socialism. He sees now and no one is more interested in woman's emancipation than Comrade Ed. Drescher of Princeton.

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Dr. J. H. GREER was formerly Professor of Genito-Urinary Diseases in the College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill.

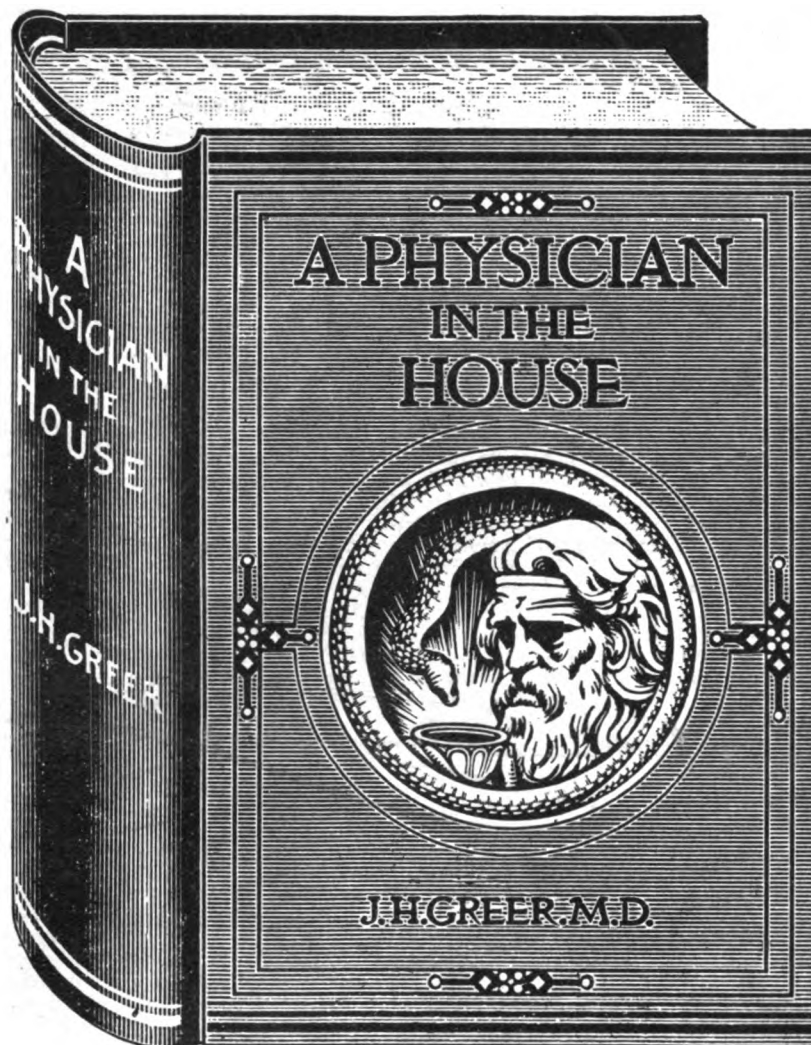
He has been a prominent and active Socialist for years and is the author of several Socialist books. "A Physician in the House," which we offer you now, embodies all the sincerity of the man who wrote it.

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