

## DOES A WOMAN SUPPORT her husband's EMPLOYER? by JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

Does a woman support her husband's employer?

Has anybody ever thought about a woman's part in her husband's contract for his wages?

Has anybody ever thought that when a man gets married he DOESN'T RECEIVE A PENNY MORE FOR HIS WORK THAN WHEN HE WAS SINGLE, AND THAT THEN HE GOT BARELY ENOUGH TO BOARD AND CLOTHE HIMSELF?

Evidently nobody has thought much about these things. And least of all the woman herself. So, let us see about it.

And you, madam, must see about it with us. It means something to you. It might mean that you are to have a new voile dress next spring, instead of making over that old thing again that you were married in ten years ago.

For that is just what it amounts to—your husband's employer getting the dimes and dollars that should be yours for a new dress and the other things you need so much to lead a normal, happy life.

Here is the situation. Your husband works eight or ten hours a day, and receives a cash return for his work. You work twelve or fifteen hours a day, AND NEVER SEE A CASH RETURN FOR YOUR WORK.

Your husband works to produce saleable goods for the man who employs him. YOU WORK TO KEEP A HOME AND FEED YOUR HUSBAND SO THAT HE CAN KEEP ON WORKING TO PRODUCE SALEABLE GOODS FOR THE MAN WHO EMPLOYS HIM.

Your husband, working for his employer, produces in a year, say \$2,500 (the U. S. census statistics say the average worker produces this much in a year) and he gets back in wages \$500 (census statistics also say that a man's average wage a year is \$500).

Now, YOU make a home for your husband, cook his meals, wash his clothes and mend them; in fact, you keep him in trim and working order so he can produce \$2,500 a year for his employer. Your husband gets back from what he makes \$500.

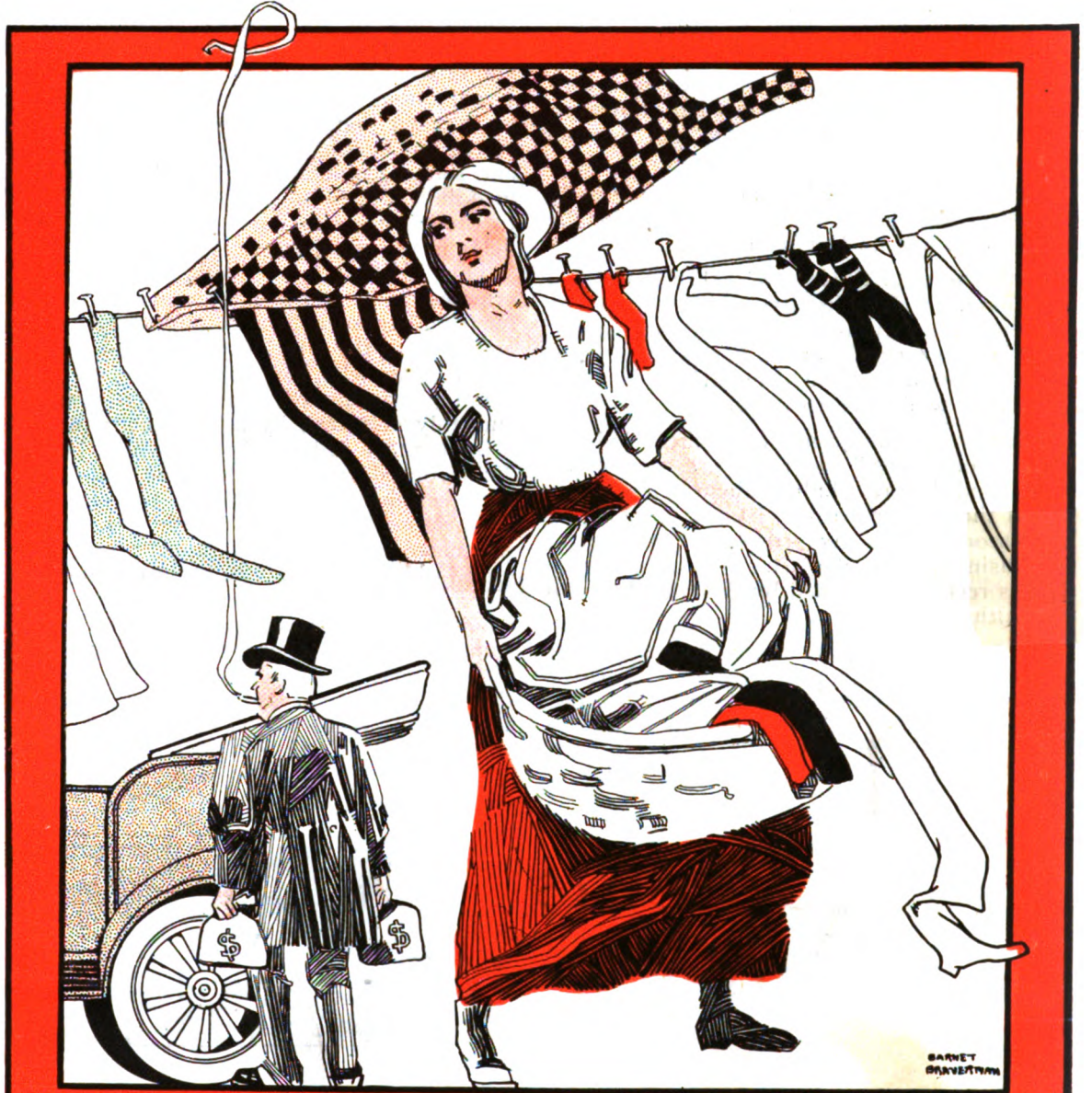
### WHAT DO YOU GET?

If you hired out to families to do the washing alone, you would get \$2 a day and your car fare and lunch. If you went from family to family six days in the week, washing for them, you would get six free lunches and \$12.

Working this way, your work is from 8 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon. After you are through with your work you have the evening to yourself, and \$2 in your pocket.

When you work to keep your husband in good order for his employer you don't get through at 5 o'clock, and you don't have your evening for yourself. Nor do you have \$2 in your purse at the end of the day.

No. Not exactly. (Continued on page 10.)



THE PRICE JESSICA PAID

A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

HIGH LIGHTS OF MILITANT SUFFRAGE

HOME <sup>is</sup> Woman's Sphere—a fantastic claim

LOST IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO~32,000 Fathers, Brothers, Sons.

PO' WHITE TRASH or THE HIGH COST of LIVING~and other good things



# LOST IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO 32,000 FATHERS-BROTHERS-SONS



So much has been written about the women of the "underworld." "Lost" woman, once a tabooed subject in polite society, is almost as familiar a figure (mentally) as any other woman. Preachers, lecturers, writers, social saviours of various types, have all concentrated on the woman of the underworld for the past few years.

The "lost" woman, the white slave, has a commercial value. Twenty million dollars a year is spent in Chicago alone on her. This is only her physical value. What she has netted those who have exploited her in literature and on the platform has never been estimated. It is generally conceded, however, that the commercial value of the "lost" woman is very, very great.

Perhaps that is why her fame has so greatly overshadowed that of the "lost" man. For the underworld has its lost men, also.

In the heart of Chicago 32,000 of these men are living. Every big city has its percentage of them. Men without homes, without names, or, at least, bearing assumed names; men without work, without hope, even lacking in many cases any semblance to manhood.

They are the denizens of the cheap lodging houses, or "flops," as they are commonly called, and the great bulk of them live in about 123 of the most notorious 10c-15c-25c lodging houses on four or five streets in the heart of the business district of Chicago, according to figures recently compiled by the Illinois board of health.

If you have lost your father, your son, your brother, he may be among these men. Perhaps he has failed in finding work; he may have lost his health, or have been crippled, or it may be

he has passed the "old-age" limit (which is 45) and he may have gone into one of these 10c-15c lodging houses until he could "get on his feet," find work, and make himself respectable again. And, failing, he may have decided to become a "regular" of the place, and just live there, doing odd jobs from day to day, and paying his small fee for the right to stay on.

Most of the lodging house population has been called the human wreckage of industry. They come from the ranks of the unskilled, the floating laborers. Hundreds and thousands of men in the United States don't know any longer what a permanent job and home means. Even among skilled laborers the machines have taken their places until they find themselves out looking for anything they can find, and soon become members of the ranks of the unskilled. They go to the forests in the fall, to the ice fields in the winter, to the harvest fields in the summer.

This kind of labor, with a homeless life, cripples the best of men after awhile; they suffer from exposure, become physically disabled, and drift to the city lodging houses.

One man who had been the foreman in a country printing office for fifteen years was suddenly displaced by a machine, and finally drifted into a lodging house, where he lived, "half soused" most of the time, and covered with vermin. Another, a one-time successful business man, had permitted himself to become infatuated with his stenographer; this was followed by a divorce, his children ranging themselves with their mother against him, the whole thing resulting in disgrace and business ruin. He drifted about, trying to re-establish himself, and in the cheap lodging houses, at the age of 55, was still figuring on business schemes.

"There is one thing you ought not to say about these 'flops,'" said one ex-nomadic laborer to a newspaper reporter. "They are not filled with robbers, murderers, criminals, as people often imagine. The criminals of the day live in better places than these 'flops.' They hang out in more comfortable 'joints' than the cheap saloons of this district. The lodging houses are festering places of vice and disease, and through this also of crime. There are in them many hundreds and possibly thousands of men who have jail records, many ex-criminals. But it is not as ex-criminals they are here, but as ex-men, ex-workers. We are the odds and ends, the wastes that are swept out of our national industrial shop.

"The lodging house 'flop' is becoming essentially the last refuge of the old and disabled worker for whom industry has no use. The great majority of us are men like myself who worked as long as they could, men who are still willing to work, but for whom industry has no use, because there are younger men to take our places at the same money."

It comes high, our present industrial system! It eats up the best years of thousands of men and then casts them, still in middle age, on the refuse heap. The "lost" men of society, they are. Our brothers, fathers, sons. Traveling the road to the pauper's grave, along with the "lost" woman. Less expensive to society, perhaps, than the lost woman, less of a problem. Certainly less written about and talked about, but still one of the great, living cancers of the present ill-adjusted industrial system. In Chicago alone there are 32,000 of them, homeless, and thus counting so many broken families.

And yet there are those who would not disturb the present order of things!

## Home Is Woman's Sphere A Fantastic Claim

Yes, Ethel, home is woman's sphere—partly. But what does home mean? What does it include? Ever think of these questions?

Did you ever dwell upon the fact that the city, the laws, politics, taxes, statutes, relating to the protection of minors, municipal corruption which affects schools, playgrounds, and libraries all pertain to the home?

The fantastic claim that home is woman's sphere was originated in the dark past when man's brute force began to dominate and enslave woman. Down through the centuries this claim has come, carrying with it a heavy burden of pain, insult and abuse for women.

Around this fantastic claim folks have gathered to hurl the jibe of "old maid" at the unmarried woman, who in all probability had a few particular ideas as to the kind of a home she wanted and the type of man to share it.

Yet it is this claim—that "home is woman's

sphere"—which has forced many women to marry lustful rakes, drunkards and other unwholesome male specimens; it is this claim which has led to children being born with the taint of their father's sins; it is this claim, perverted and metamorphosed into a club by respectability, that has compelled many a woman to prefer a hell on earth rather than incur the jeers of the gentleman who could, without incurring the protest of society, remain in single bliss and sow large quantities of the wildest brand of oats.

A good, sanitary, pleasant home should be the heritage of every woman—but it should be only a part of her sphere. In woman's sphere today stand government, industry and education!

And what are the prospects of the seven million women toilers in our nation to have pleasant homes? The cheaper labor of women, made cheaper than the labor of man through

lack of voice in public affairs, has been weaving a nation's clothes and helping to feed a nation's mouths. But here and there—in ten suffrage states, and in places where women will get the ballot—a higher valuation is being put upon the labor of women by woman herself.

This valuation upon the social and industrial labor of woman will continue to soar, and with it will rise the value of man's labor.

Women of America! You are destined to be the greatest force for social justice this country ever had. Yours is the work to help banish industrial robbery and political corruption, and this task when performed will result in the elevation and emancipation of the race. Hence your sphere is not confined to the thing misnamed "home," but to the larger sphere of world service—social service—human service.

B. B.

# A Little Sister of The Poor

by JOSEPHINE  
CONGER-  
KANEKO

## FOREWORD

haired, 16-year-old girl who had been lured away from a country hotel owned by relatives, and placed on the streets by a "cadet" whose business it was to furnish young women to keepers of resorts.

The young Pole, Anton Novotny, is a type not unfamiliar to those acquainted with the Jews, Poles and Russians of Chicago's West Side. Many a beautiful, sensitive, cultured soul among them, inefficient under the stress of American commercialism is buffeted and beaten down by it.

"A Little Sister of the Poor" is told in the simplest possible manner in order to avoid the charge of sensationalism; a charge easily brought against even a moderately colored treatment of such a subject. The facts which I most wish to bring out, however, hardly seem to require impassioned or exaggerated rhetoric to

point the moral. If the reader can catch the meaning that underlies the brutal and systematic ruination of thousands of young working girls in our larger cities every year, the mission of the story is complete. If the fact that \$20,000,000 a year is made in Chicago alone on the sale of the virtue of women is evidence that the present system is the avowed enemy of womankind, then something may be started toward the abolition of the system.

If this story can carry with it any conviction that the mother-sex is the most abused and degraded of all human beings; if it can raise the query as to Why this is so; if it can plant in the reader's mind a desire to see woman's position improved; if it can play the part of the tiny mustard seed in the movement toward the betterment of the race through the uplifting of the woman, then it will have done its part, and the author asks no more for it.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.

## I

Chicago.

Passing from West Lake into Halsted street, one begins a ride which extends for miles through a district intersected by streets upon which are long rows of ancient, gray, dilapidated houses, houses that have done service for Chicagoans for upwards of forty years. In the beginning they were fairly good houses, and were inhabited by fairly respectable folk, as respectable folk go in the bulk. But as the years passed the respectability moved northward and eastward, and the houses, left to the chance resident, gradually fell into disrepute. So today they stand, tier upon tier, row upon row, scarred and disfigured, and propped at intervals by newer and stouter buildings toward which they lean as if for support. Their doors are battered by numberless impatient kicks administered by thousands of booted and slipped feet; their windows are small-paned and dirt-grimed, and there is an absence of paint, and a general exhaustion of all freshness and beauty about them.

So far-reaching is this district, and so individualized is it in spite of its poverty—or maybe because of its poverty—that one soon becomes possessed by it, is absorbed and assimilated by it, and comes at last to regard himself a fractional part of it, while he grows to look upon it as the real Chicago.

Here, at least, is the cosmopolitan city. Nowhere in the world can be found a larger representation of races, more humanity and inhumanity, and more knitting together of the odds and ends of all the earth than can be found in the district lying between Blue Island avenue, Lake street and the Chicago river.

Here is the Jewish money lender; here the Polish tailor; the Russian sweat-shop worker; the negro barber; the Chinese chop suey house; the Yankee broker; the Japanese bazaar; the English banker; the Irish ditch digger; the German delicatessen store; the Dutch cheese store; the Italian fruit vender; the Greek grocer. And here are Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Croatian, Servian, Slovakian, Lithuanian, Hungarian, Scotch, Armenian, Manx, and a long array of neighbors of other tongues, all brought together and made one people through the agency of the English language. For they learn with remarkable rapidity this tongue of their adopted country, and thus, through their wit, this Babel of the West is reduced to a comparatively harmonious, law-abiding populace. A populace that is too busy earning its living to fall into serious disputes, and too thankful for any kind of a covering above its head to criticize severely either the appearance or the style of architecture beneath which it lives.

So the gray houses are more alive

in the days of their decay than they were in the days of their prime, for every bit of available space is occupied, from cellar to garret, by the mixed hordes that find their way from Ellis Island and Port Townsend, to the great metropolis.

And there are other inhabitants of these houses, invisible creatures that cling to the rotting woodwork, that float in the stale air, that fasten upon the clothes of the people, that go down into the lungs with every breath. These people have seen their young die, and their aged linger in the torment of a dread disease. But they have accepted much of it with that quiet resignation which comes with a belief that all things are according to the will of the Great God. If six persons must live in two rooms and disease overtakes one or more of them, there is nothing to do but to resort to cheap nostrums, if they can afford them; if not, they succumb to the inevitable with a complacency that is remarkable, in view of modern science and the preventives for disease.

But the churchyards of the rich are filled with graves, they say; and if the rich die, what can one expect of the poor?

## II

"Mamma!" cried Lettie Oblinsky, as she scrambled up the stairs leading to the landing of her mother's apartments one September morning. "Mamma, dey is de new peoples coming by our next house on de corner. Come quick! dey is got mit der wagon efery ting what is go in der house. Hurry up!"

"Oh, get out," answered Mrs. Oblinsky, with well-feigned indifference in her voice, at the same time throwing her faded gingham apron over her head preparatory to following Lettie. "Get out; what you tinks I haf time mit running to look at new neighbors what aint yet. I haf too much vork, I tell you."

Lettie's heels disappeared with remarkable rapidity down the front steps, and the mother followed behind; not because her interest was any less keen than her daughter's, but because she had been burdened for so many years—always, she would have told you—with "too much vork." And too much work tends to lessen the alacrity in one's joints as one reaches the meridian of life.

When the mother reached the last step of the flight leading to the street, Lettie was balancing herself like a gray pigeon on the curb stone at the corner of the brick walk, watching, with mouth open and hands clasped behind her, the proceedings of the new neighbors who were "not yet." A small faded wagon with a lean and tired horse held the property of the new comers, and when Mrs. Oblinsky had surveyed it all, which she easily

managed to do under pretense of getting Lettie home, she turned her back upon the proceedings and pulled the little girl along with her.

"Huh!" she ejaculated aloud, half to herself, half to the child. "These folks been not rich, I'm thinking. Why I haf an interest in so poor a peoples? Dey haf no carpets for der floors; dey haf no piano, no large pictures, no nice furnitures. Efery ding bin scarce what dey got. No, Lettie, I haf not time mit such folks. Come, come mit your mutter. I haf too much vork today; you must wash de dishes from dose breakfast."

Mrs. Oblinsky's home was a one-story frame building, just off the main street. It had been put up years before when the street was young, for a small retail store. It had been remodeled in recent years by reducing the front windows to the average dwelling-house size, and partitioning the inside into four compartments, and building a kitchen at the back. With the exception of the original walls, none of it had been plastered, but the partitions had been painted a dull gray, which served very well. Neither had the kitchen, which was a mere shed, been lathed or plastered, and the warped weatherboarding had let in rain in summer and snow in winter for many a year. But it was shelter, nevertheless, and here the family ate their meals in summer, and here Mrs. Oblinsky did her washing all the year around.

The two front rooms were "let" to four workmen, who paid the generous sum of fifty cents a week each for them. In the other two rooms and the lean-to kitchen the family, consisting of husband and wife and two daughters, lived. Besides renting her two front rooms, Mrs. Oblinsky added to the family income by washing for her roomers and for two or three restaurants and saloons. The patch of ground at the rear of the house was open to the public, and was not safe for the exposing of clothes to the wind; but the roof of the kitchen was flat, and made an excellent drying place. With hammer and nails this industrious woman had erected three long poles, which she had managed to secure without cost, on the flat roof, and by the aid of a home-made ladder she climbed up there every wash day and flung her laundry to the breeze. On those days when the wind carried the smoke of Chicago factories in another direction, the results of her labor were not bad; but on other days when the dirt from the street combined with the soot in the air to play havoc with her towels and cotton sheets, the results were not what some laundresses would have considered ideal. But her patrons seldom complained, and Mrs. Oblinsky was making money. What with her husband's wages of a dollar a day, her daughter's four dollars a

six dollars a week, it was not difficult week, and her making from four to five to put aside a neat sum for a rainy day. And, in truth, Mrs. Oblinsky had one hundred dollars in the savings bank.

In spite of her pretended indifference to her neighbors that were to be, Mrs. Oblinsky could not refrain from giving them some thought, especially as to their financial status. Why had they hired rooms in the big new brick on the corner instead of renting one of the old and cheaper frame houses in the neighborhood? Which had they taken, the seven-room suites, or the three-room suites? Had they some way of making money with which to buy more furniture in the future? These were matters of interest, for upon them would hinge the social standing of the new comers. Their pecuniary condition filled her mind to the exclusion of all else, and she never thought to speculate as to their nationality, their number or their religion. She had noticed a young man giving directions to the drayman, but her mind was engaged with the contents of the wagon and she paid little attention to his appearance.

Mrs. Oblinsky had been a student of economy so long that financial speculation had become second nature with her, and her neighbors were prone to regard her as grasping. She had no dimes for beer, no pennies for amusements of any kind, and even her daily food was below the standard of the average Polish family. The necessary tables, chairs and beds made up her furniture, and there was no crowding in of superfluous ornaments. The walls, however, were decorated with gay posters that her daughter, Verona, had brought from the store. These were advertisements of music and various art wares, but some of the neighbors whose walls were denied even these decorations regarded them with a certain envy.

Mrs. Oblinsky had her dreams. She would live frugally now, that she might enjoy a real splendor in later years. She would save every penny now, that she might own a home after awhile. She was quite confident of having this home, and receiving full enjoyment from it before many years, now that money was coming in so rapidly. She would buy it on the installment plan, and she was hoping to have a good big amount of money for the first installment. Not that it was absolutely necessary, but it gave one more confidence and dignity, when one went to buy a house, to have a good deal to show the agent making the contract.

There was a chapter in Mrs. Oblinsky's life that the neighbors were ignorant of. It was that, perhaps, which had given the impetus to her passion for saving, and her craving

(Continued on page 11.)

# ILLINOIS



## and the WOMAN VOTER

"Votes for women" seems to be an established fact in Illinois. Fear still lingers in the minds of some that the measure will in some way be pronounced unconstitutional. But as time passes this fear (and no doubt in many, this hope) is waning.

In Chicago a parade was arranged and took place after the signing of the bill by Governor Dunne. Although it was hurriedly gotten up, it was very successful, consisting of 113 automobiles filled with happy, enthusiastic women. This did not mark the strength in numbers of the Chicago suffragists, but was rather representative of the various organizations interested in suffrage. Among the organizations represented were the Political Equality League, the Good Government League, the Woman's Party, Working Girls' Suffrage Society, Woman's Trade Union League, Cook County Socialist Party, and scores of others, each with flags and banners, bright orange, red, white and blue streaming in the wind. Two bands accompanied the procession.

But the parade was only an outward display of real sincere interests bubbling beneath. Every woman in the parade was even then busy with mental projects for work in the future. For merely to vote is not enough, the Illinois suffragists say. Women must also know HOW to vote. Men have generally made such a mess of their political rights that women should take warning, and try, above all things, to vote intelligently.

The result is, study clubs for enlightenment on civic conditions. What is the city, what is a government, what do they mean to the people, and what can the people do toward perfecting them? These are the big problems facing the women voters of Chicago and the state of Illinois.

That the Chicago women will make use of their ballots as they think best is proven by what they have done for the city without the ballot. The "roundabout way" is a very difficult and generally unsatisfactory way. But the club women of Chicago made the best of their limited opportunities even in the roundabout way.

The Cook County Federation of Women's Clubs numbers 25,000 members. Much of the progress Chicago has made along fundamental lines has been due to the work of these women. They established the Juvenile Court. Formerly little boys were locked up with hardened criminals in the city's jails, for childish misdemeanors, such as stealing apples, pennies, or playing truant. The women protested against this state of affairs and spent \$100,000 in promotion and agitation, before they could convince the men of the evil and the remedy for it. Today the Juvenile Court is one of the proud features of masculine government throughout the nation. The women are responsible for the small park and playground movement, for the vacation school and the school extension movement, and the Woman's Protective League, which has been absorbed in the Legal Aid Society.

The women saw that the gas and all manner of abuse and neglect was ruining the trees and

shrubbery of the city, and they started an agitation which resulted in a forestry department as a branch of the city government. They reorganized the Industrial School for Girls, which was disgracefully demoralized, dirty and disorganized formerly. They started the kindergarten, which is now a legitimate part of the public school system. The school as a social and civic center is also the work of the women.

The list of their activities for public welfare is a very long and important one. Having accomplished these things without the ballot, what shall we not expect of them with the ballot?

These are the things the women have done of their own accord and on their own initiative. Things they have had to fight for! That the votes of many women will be reactionary, there will be no doubt. These will be the women who do NOT act upon their own initiative, but are used by various interests to the advantage of the latter. For instance, the saloon interests are now forming clubs to win the votes of women. How long these women will allow themselves to be USED as catspaws to draw chestnuts from the fire for others, to their own and their children's disadvantage, no one can tell. But we can safely reckon that it will be only so long as they are ignorant of the harm they are doing.

It is to enlighten this large class of women that the women of Illinois, and especially of Cook County, are organizing every ward into clubs for the study of civic welfare.

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### ILLINOIS WOMEN FORESEE THE EIGHT- HOUR DAY.

As a result of the Illinois suffrage law for women, the latter are now prophesying the passage of an eight-hour day law and better labor conditions for women.

On Sunday, June 13, a great mass-meeting was held in the Garrick Theater by the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago. The meeting was a protest against the killing of the 54-hour amendment to the 10-hour law. At this meeting Jane Addams made her first public appearance since her return from the World's Equal Suffrage Congress at Budapest, Hungary. During the course of her address Miss Addams declared that she never expected to arrive home to find herself a two-thirds voter, and had previously thought equal suffrage would not be granted in Illinois within her lifetime.

"For many years," she said, "I have had experience in lobbying for bills to improve conditions in Illinois. I am now rejoicing that we women can go to Springfield as voters who have rights, and, while we cannot vote directly for our representatives, we can vote for men who have influence with them.

"The first movement for the betterment of conditions in Illinois began in 1892. In 1893 the eight-hour law for women was passed, and Governor Altgeld signed it. The Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional in 1895, but the women had gained a knowledge of better working conditions, and the fight was kept up until the ten-hour law was passed. The United States Supreme Court meantime had declared such a law constitutional.

#### Says Women Are Capable.

"Never in the history of the world was franchise given to more intelligent voters. The women of Illinois are well educated and capable of handling the ballot. With this weapon they naturally will turn to the legislation which gives them a shorter working day and better labor conditions."

Three resolutions were passed. One called upon Governor Dunne to include a fifty-four hour law in the call for a special session of the Legislature, if such a call is issued; the second commended the Legislature and the governor for the passage of the suffrage bill, and the third lauded the governor for his veto of the "cannery" bill, which, it was argued, called for a twenty-two hour day for women.

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## IS SOCIALISM RIGHT or WRONG? *by John M Work*

### CHAPTER VII.

#### Hopeless Effort.

The present capitalist system of industry compels the masses of the people to work a their lives for a bare living.

The average man, when he has a job, gets up early in the morning, eats a hasty breakfast and hurries off to his work. He has a brief time for lunch at noon. He works hard a day and goes home tired in the evening. After ridding himself of the grime of the day's toil and eating his supper, a few minutes of leisure remain before bedtime, he is too weary to make use of them. He goes to bed and sleeps the sleep of exhaustion. The next morning he gets up early again and goes through the same round.

He does this six days a week; sometime seven. If six, the seventh is needed for recuperation for the next week's work.

This continues week after week. It continues month after month. It continues year after year. Seldom is there any vacation. If any it lasts but a few days. Or, if thrown into enforced idleness by losing his job, he is too worried and poverty-stricken to make good use of the time.

The working women, both in the industries and in the homes, have an equally wearisome round.

In return for this grind, the workers, men and women, receive only enough to afford bare subsistence.

After paying for the necessaries, there is nothing left for the higher things.

Nothing left for better homes.

Nothing left for better food.

Nothing left for better surroundings.

Nothing left for more culture.

Nothing left for books.

Nothing left for study.

Nothing left for travel.

Nothing left for higher education for the children.

Nothing left for the other higher things of life.

And no time to take advantage of them even if there were enough funds to secure them.

Just let that soak in a moment.

Getting a bare living is not the object of life. It is merely a start toward the object. It is the preliminary. It is the preparation for life.

To really live, one must take advantage of and make use of the higher things. One must develop, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

These things are impossible to the masses of the people under the present conditions.

In other words, we commit the amazing folly of spending practically our whole lives in the mere preliminary work of getting a living. We scarcely spend any time at all in actually living.

This is because the exploiting industries are owned by a few. These few, because they own the industries, are able to secure for themselves most of the earnings of the rest of the people. The rest of the people are therefore deprived of everything but a bare living.

Socialism, by making the exploiting industries collective, will give the people their full earnings and also shorten the hours of labor.

Then hopeless effort will be a thing of the past. All the people will have the time and the means to really live. (To be continued)

## MARY and MAGDALENE Virginia Clay Bacon

Little sister of the street,  
Do not hurry by!  
There's a problem we must meet  
Together, you and I.

While your head with shame is bowed,  
While you shun the day,  
Right forbids that I be proud  
Who might have gone your way.

Did you find the road too hard  
Feet untaught must tread?  
Was the honest pathway barred?  
To this the other led!

In a world where all is sold  
You have sold yourself;  
Poor the price the world has doled,  
You win not even pelf.

Little sister of the street,  
This old wrong must cease!  
You and I as women meet  
To give the world release.

### JUST WEDDED? HERE IS SOME ADVICE.

It has not been so very long ago since not only men but also women were unanimous in advising humble submission to the dignified and just-as-I-feel-like-it tyranny of husbands. One specimen of such advice, quoted by Prof. Thomas of Chicago University, will interest us. An English woman, known as a "lady of distinction," wrote to a relation "shortly after her marriage," as follows:

"The most perfect and implicit faith in the superiority of a husband's judgment, and the most absolute obedience to his desires, is not only the conduct that will insure the greatest success, but will give the most entire satisfaction. It will take from you a thousand cares, which would have answered to no purpose, it will relieve you from a weight of thought that would be very painful, and in no way profitable. \* \* \* It has its origin in reason, in justice, in nature and in the law of God. \* \* \*

"I have told you how you may and how people who are married do, get a likeness of countenance; that I have done it. You will understand me, that by looking at your husband's face, by smiling on the occasions on which he does, by frowning on those things which make him frown, and by viewing all things in the light in which you perceive he does, you will acquire that countenance which it is an honor to possess, because it is a testimony of love. \* \* \* When your temper and your thoughts are formed upon those of your husband, according to the plan which I have laid down, you will perceive that you have no will, no pleasure but what is his. This is the character the wife of prudence would be apt to assume; she would make herself the mirror, to show, unaltered, and without aggravation, diminution or distortion the thoughts sentiments and resolutions of her husband.

"She would have no particular design, no opinion, no thought, no passion, no approbation, no dislike, but what should be conformable to his judgment. \* \* \*

"I would have her judgment seem the reflecting mirror to his determination; and her form the shadow of his body conforming itself to his several positions, and following it in all its movements. \* \* \* I would not have you silent; nay, when trifles are the subject, talk as much as any of them; but silent when the discourse turns upon things of importance."

All anti-suffragists and Cardinal Gibbons should set this letter into a memorial. Politicians and business interests would surely provide the funds for the erection of the memorial and place it in prominent view somewhere near Thirty-fourth street, corner Fifth avenue, in New York, or on State street in Chicago, where the flocking bargain-hunters will stop to read it.

(All anti-suffrage papers please copy.)



# The PRICE JESSICA PAID

When Fred was ten years old, Grace was born, and they gave her to Fred. "This will be your nag, son," Fred's father had said, and the lad felt himself expand in the pride of possession.

And to possess a real, living thing, too, made it all the better for Fred. His parents, wiser than many, decided between themselves that a boy is better for having something to love and be humane to, as he is growing up. So when the little colt came, she was given to Fred to care for and have all for his own.

And the parents were not mistaken in their reasoning that a boy learns kindness by having something of his own to exercise the faculty on. Fred was tenderness itself with the baby colt. And as she grew into horsehood he never relaxed his fondness and care for her. "Grace" became a very knowing nag, and early distinguished Fred from anyone else who undertook the guidance of her comings and goings. Always high-spirited and full of the joy of living, she yet reflected Fred's attitude toward herself, and was all gentleness with him. With others she was as the mood led her—sometimes frivolous to the point of danger.

This in itself brought Fred and his graceful chestnut-brown mare closer together. The boyish heart always thrilled when Grace, very naughty under the reins of others, became the embodiment of good breeding the moment the reins passed to his hands.

When Fred was nineteen Grace had a beautiful colt, and this was also given to Fred, because Fred was a young man now, and would soon be looking out for himself, and it was thought that the accumulation of a little property would help.

At twenty-one Fred decided to go to college. Grace had grown into a well cared-for family buggy nag, still proud and reasonably spirited, but Jessica, her colt, was the beauty and delight of the family.

That made it very hard, when Fred decided to go to college, to sell Jessica. Yet that is what he had to do, in order to collect sufficient funds to get through his three years' course. It was a sad parting between the young man and the spirited Jessica. Sad, at least, on the young man's part, for Jessica, fortunately, though showing unusual intelligence, couldn't realize what was taking place.

Judge Briggs, over in town, bought Jessica, and paid a good price for her. She was just the thing for young Jay Briggs' runabout, when that young man was home from college with a bunch of chums during vacation times. Otherwise, for the most part, Jessica frolicked in the pasture, or ate her oats serenely in her well-kept stall.

After young Briggs came out of college he settled down at law, and bought an automobile. Jessica passed into other hands. There was a siege of hauling a milk wagon, and a delivery wagon, and then came the Great Transference. Jessica and a number of her race were bought up and shipped to the city.

Everyone has heard of the cold commercialism, and cruelty of the great cities, but few men and women, to say nothing of an unsuspecting horse, could imagine much of the pain that is inflicted on man and beast under cover of the rush and confusion of the giant towns.

Jessica had been country-bred, and the noise and strife of the city streets drove her to distraction. The automobiles, the street cars, the great trucks and express wagons, and not least of all, the never-ending streams of people "got on her nerves," and her master, an ignorant, hard-driven driver of a delivery wagon, had the time of his life preventing her from thrusting herself, the wagon, and all it contained before street cars, autos and other traffic of the streets, as she was constantly shying at passing objects. The delivery boy complained so hard that she was sold, and passed into other hands.

Then the Terrible Thing happened.

There are certain horse dealers who guarantee that their horses will not shy and need no blinders. The commercial value of these horses is a little above that of the less tractable kind. Jessica was bought by one of these dealers.

Then the Thing was done which clinched the guarantee. Her eyes were DELIBERATELY BLINDED. A needle thrust into the retina did the work. And Jessica, the one-time pride of her young master, was cast into total darkness—forever.

After that, nothing but the dumb, driven brute, beaten, tortured by a thousand fiendish noises, but sightless and therefore conquered, lived in Jessica. For some time, when she would be hitched up and driven out in the morning, as like as not with a kick, and seldom with the gentle pat she had always had from Fred, she would strain her sightless eyes for the light, and the objects around her, but only darkness stretched about. Seas and seas of it, filled with fiends that bellowed and shrilled, and of whips that lashed, and of heat that burnt, and of icy winds in winter.

And never out of the midst of it came the comradely word that the old master, Fred, had always spoken, never the soothing hand on the sensitive nose. Never but once.

On a hot afternoon in early June Jessica was left standing before a clubhouse of her old master's college. Fred ran hurriedly down the steps; something in the wilted, dejected look of the little delivery pony caught his attention, and he spoke to her, in the old tone he had used with his own ponies. Immediately Jessica's ears were lifted, and she strained her eyes to see. Fred caught the act, and patted her on the neck, still talking in his old horse language. Jessica whinnied. Fred started; a cold chill ran through him, he quickly and almost instinctively looked for markings on the left foreleg and shoulder of the pony—and found them. A shock of pain went through him, and he leaned heavily against the horse. "Jessica," he cried, and she whinnied, throwing her head up in the old way.

Fred staggered back onto the sidewalk, and before he could gather himself together the boy had jumped into the wagon and was off, whip in hand, lashing Jessica across the back.

Fred forgot his appointment, forgot everything, and stumbling into his room threw himself upon his bed, burying his face in the coverlids in a spasm of agony.

"Great God!" he groaned, "is this the price SHE must pay for MY schooling?"



# HIGH LIGHTS ON MILITANT SUFFRAGE

by BURKE McCARTY



London is the storm center of one of the most extraordinary revolutions the world has ever seen. Its scope envelopes the earth and yet the real facts are submerged in deepest mystery to nine-tenths of the people outside of England.

On the surface it appears to be a battle of the sexes, in which, on the women's side all class lines have been completely wiped out. A sex earthquake has ripped open the whole social organization from upper crust to foundation stone.

The titled women at the top, on down to the scrub women, are fighting earnestly, desperately, shoulder to shoulder.

The Social and Political Union—militant suffragists—are but the signal corps, calling the attention of the world to the conflict.

That England is the storm center is due neither to accident or chance. It is the logical spot, for in no other country, perhaps in the civilized world, have women been so suppressed, exploited and dominated than there.

Now the question which arises is, **What has occurred to change a nation of conservative, submissive women into a set of fighting, window-smashing, bomb-throwing furies?**

The fact that over 400 British women, all of respectable, unblemished reputation, should serve paid sentences of various duration, endure hunger strikes and go to the brink of the grave as a result of forceable feeding is a thing which cannot be lightly passed over.

That it is the act of vain, silly women seeking the limelight is also preposterous, for going to jail, especially an English jail, is no snap, and such women would seek notoriety in some more comfortable way.

But every woman who has been sent to jail, every woman who has endured physical violence for the Cause, is an object-lesson which is clearly understandable and appeals strongly, especially to the women of the working class.

It is well to keep in mind the fact that 82 per cent of English women are wage-earners.

It is well also to remember that there are 1,278,000 more women in England than men, a condition due to emigration, war and wretched working conditions.

On the women's side of the battle-line are drawn up:

- 20,000 Women's Co-Operative Guild.
- 76,000 Women's Liberal Federation.
- 15,000 Scottish Women's Federation.
- 100,000 North England Weavers' Ass'n.
- 109,000 Women's Temperance Union.
- 20,000 Independent Labor Party.
- 20,000 Textile Workers.

A total of 360,500 thoroughly organized women of all ranks and stations. This is the human bulwark which stands in mute determination behind the militant suffragists.

This is the force which is stampeding the so-called Liberal cabinet. And why should a "Liberal" party oppose such an overwhelming appeal in a country where women are over a million in the majority and 82 per cent of this number are working-class women?

Let me call attention to the fact that the old English Tory party exists in name only.

Evolution in industry has made the manufacturing class the dominating force in political government.

The party known in politics as Liberal has supplemented the old-time Tory party, which represented the commercial interests.

Behind the Liberal party, which is merely an alias, to fool the people, are grouped the brewers and distillers, various manufacturing interests, and the military and naval interests.

The women of England have learned that as men have increased their suffrage, their wages have increased, while women's wages have decreased.

These women also have awakened to the fact that the extremes of poverty and wealth produced by the system have a killing effect upon the physical and mental health of their sex.

These are some of the causes which have cemented the women of England together in this great struggle.

Their solidarity is one of the most wonderful things in the world today.

The Liberal government argues thus: "If we give women the vote, with their large majority they would destroy our military and naval organizations, for they stand as a unit against war."

"This is a government built on brute force and women have no right to any voice in such a government. A large army and navy is absolutely necessary for us to keep the natives in our colonies, India, South Africa and Egypt in suitable subjection, and we could not allow the flood of gold pouring from them to be cut off."

They quite overlook the fact that the women of the nation have produced the manhood sacrificed to the war god!

That they are their sons, husbands, fathers and brothers!

The brewers and distillers are on the job in England, just as they are in every other country, bitterly opposing putting such a weapon as the ballot into the hands of women, knowing full well that women realize they are the chief sufferers of the liquor traffic.

The manufacturing interests, employing thousands of women and girls are, of course bound to the above interests in the battle, because their profits would be reduced by labor laws, increased wages and improved working conditions, should women be given political power, not to mention the added strength it would be to men's labor organizations.

These are some of the elements which make the battle of the sexes in England the most unique in the world's history.

In the final analysis, it is the battle which motherhood, with her back to the wall, is waging for the preservation of the race.

**Motherhood vs. greed!**

Who can doubt the outcome?

## WHY NOT HAVE A SCHOOL FOR THE PROPAGATION OF COMMERCIAL MORALS? BARNET BRAVERMAN

Just take a look at our "grand" list of millionaires and multi-millionaires.

How many of them possess or depend upon a college education?

Isn't it a fact that many of them call themselves self-made because they never advanced beyond a public school education? Every once in a while college statisticians project curves on charts to demonstrate the superior earning capacity of graduates who had a post-graduate course over those who had not—and their average earning capacity is about \$1,500 per year!

How about the incomes of six or seven hundred thousand per year? How many post-graduate degrees does it take to earn such incomes? Incomes like these make the success of the worshipped sort today, and they are earned (?) by a different schooling. Imagine that this different sort of schooling be suggested to the young! What would be its tendency? First and last, not to go to college, but to evade the effete shades of knowledge-unapplied-to-profit-making. Go, instead, into business! Worship business day and night! Inhale, digest, and dream business! Reduce every feature of life to the simplest definition

of business: a profit-making device! Learn at every turn and curve to grab all that the law allows—one, ten, or a thousand per cent, if you can escape undetected! Learn to tax and brow-beat competitor and wage-earner to the last degree.

Since gentlemen like Bird Coler are protesting against the fact that our colleges are now hotbeds of Socialism, we sincerely suggest that a school be organized for the propagation of commercial morals.

Such a school could carry out the decrees of business. Before the main entrance could be an arch embellished with a stupendous money-bag, supported by the figures of Boss Murphy, J. Wesley Hill, and J. Pierpont Morgan. An imposing array of Astors, Vanderbilts and Richermuds for trustees; Nelson Bailey Aldrich for president! "Uncle Joe" Cannon and George W. Perkins for lecturers! Detective Burns for watchman, and Messrs. Roosevelt, "Wall Street Wolf" Lamar, Andrew Carnegie, William Howard Taft, Jacob L. Schiff and the silk manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., for the rest of the faculty. Marshall Cushing, who knows how to break strikes, crush, buy and bribe government offi-

cial, could have charge of the department of physical culture.

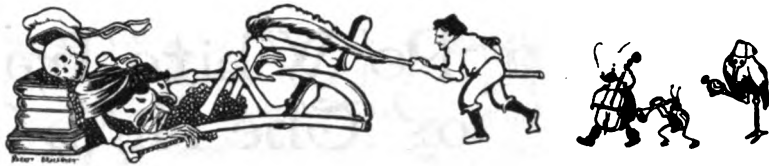
Lectures in this wonderful school would disclose the fine art of giving orders, taking them, and making prices for steel, iron and other commodities, including strike-breakers, congressmen, judges and traitorous labor leaders. In the laboratory room the living worker could be dissected to the greatest fraction of abuse and contempt as a test for his willingness to be bossed and exploited. Then, he could be bathed in a pool of judicial lye; this would effect his obedience to laws even though not of his own making. Would not all this be splendid?

If the aim of man is to make money and preserve the power it wields, why not show our country's youth how to go about it scientifically? And can you think of a better combination for a faculty than has just been suggested to create enthusiasm in this noteworthy direction?

\* \* \*

P. S.—We purposely do not include John D. Rockefeller. He's playing golf on the links these summer days. Besides, he needs the outdoors to aid his digestion.

# THINGS IN THE MAKING



By  
**BARNET  
BRAVERMAN**

## WHY NOT HAVE A \$12,000 STANDARD?

The Great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan, now the secretary of state, seems to have increased his standard of living since seventeen years ago when he came forth with his declaration against interests that would like to nail the Common People to a golden cross and put thorny crowns upon their wearied, perspiration-laden brows.

That was seventeen years ago. In those days Mr. Bryan lived the simple life. No luxury for him—no, ma'am! Then it was that he believed in the virtue of culinary frugality and played hide-and-seek with the High Cost of Living, as you and I are doing today.

But what changes time doth bring! Now the Great Commoner finds that \$12,000 per year is



not enough to supply his frugal, humble tastes. And instead of playing hide-and-seek with that monster, the High Cost of Living, he has decided to give it a solar-plexus blow and earn additional greenbacks by going out on a lecture tour for a vacation. Mr. Bryan says he is doing this for the benefit of the people. In this he errs. You know this. So we will not discuss the matter here.

The fact remains that Mr. Bryan, after making his oratorical effusion seventeen years ago, has done considerable travelling—inside Pullman coaches. Travel enlarges one's vision. And the more Mr. Bryan's vision beheld, the more tired he become of homely grub—and his inner man began to yearn for the complex life filled with good things. In seventeen years Mr. Bryan has developed a plain mush-and-milk taste into a craving that \$12,000 per annum fails to satisfy.

Now, if you think this is to be a diatribe against the Great Commoner, the joke is on you. To be brief, it should be said that were workingmen and women to develop a \$12,000 standard of living—and get it—they might find it a great deal better than the two or three dollar per day kind.

Why not give the High Cost of Living a solar plexus? The collective ownership by the people of land, machinery, and government will help you do the trick.

## WHY IMPROVE HUMAN STOCK?

We can't understand why Professor Corwin of the University of Colorado, like some Socialists, should experience delightful sensations in calling attention to the pessimistic side of life.

The world abounds so much in the lovely, beautiful, and charming that we are at a loss to unravel Professor Corwin's motives when he declared before the National Educative Association that 15,000,000 out of 20,000,000 American school children are diseased; that insanitary and other conditions detrimental to mind and body exist in school buildings, and that the present methods of education should be discontinued for the sake of "improving the human stock."

Hsst! Did you get that? The professor said something about improving the human stock!

How erring some people are!

Isn't there enough stock to improve without bothering about our kids? For instance, we have watered stock, Wall street stock, pig, cow, sheep and poultry stock. These require much time. But children? Well, thy kin jes' grow and grow like Topsy.

Speaking of pigs!

There's Mrs. Whitney Newton, a Denver society woman. She has a pig—a cute little baby pig. Her son brought it home. Then it was given to a maid to be fondled. Frequently Mrs. Newton takes Piggy-Wiggy into her a-a-rms and tries to make him feel comfortable. One day she had a fine piece of embroidered, hemstitched linen wrapped about the dear thing, and put him carefully upon a soft, feathery pillow beside her own. Piggy-Wiggy gave a grunt and went to sleep. He was happy. Piggy-Wiggy's skin is bathed in perfume and every night he is put to sleep on the feathery pillow beside his mistress. A silver spoon has been provided for him that he may eat like a human being.

Perfumed pigs!

Pigs with silver spoons!

And 15,000,000, more or less, diseased school children to boot. What about the kids? Oh, there are so many of them. That's all.

However, one should not be so stubborn as to think that a diseased child is a more desirable object to sleep beside a pretty society woman than a pig bathed in perfume. But—what an example of divine motherhood!

And how fiendish, muckrakish, and demagogish for any one to say that the interests of



children should at least be considered equally with those of pigs.

## A PHILOSOPHY OF ASPIRATION.

Socialism is the most optimistic movement of modern times. Always it demands something better for the man, the woman, the child.

Socialism wants peace in the world. It speaks peace. Hence it shows the wastefulness of industrial wars and all wars.

Socialism wants health for the world. It speaks health. Hence its demands for good, sanitary conditions for the worker in mine, factory, and store . . . Workers, to enjoy the products of their labor must be healthy and strong.

Socialism wants love for the world. It speaks love—a great, broad, spiritual love. Hence its demands for the elimination of a system that makes the realization of love impossible . . . an impossibility caused by the struggle among men and women for the means of life.

Socialism wants success for the world—for the individual. It wants success for the useful man or woman—the success which embodies the enjoyment of one's labor. That is why Socialism opposes the slums, where we find denizens of failure.

Socialism is a mighty power of good. It is blazing the way for real optimism—real aspiration—real success for every individual. It is the big movement of attainment, uplifting, un-

folding, radiating, and bestowing of peace, health, love, and success to all the world.

Want more—expect more—demand more—live more! This is the basis of the philosophy of aspiration.

## PATERSON (N.J.): A SYNONYM FOR TERRORISM.

For five months Paterson, N. J., has been the scene of a savagery so relentless that it makes the despotism of Russia look like kindergarten efforts.

In Paterson an intense struggle has been going on between 25,000 silk workers and the silk manufacturers in whose mills they have toiled for an average wage of \$10 per week.

Assaulting, clubbing, smashing, and murder have stalked about in Paterson, and they have been put into Paterson by the silk manufacturers through their detectives, thugs, chief of police, mayor, magistrates, and prosecutors.

In this industrial conflict the behavior of the strikers is best summed up in an editorial ex-



tract from the Paterson Press of July 7, one of the papers that has fought the strikers ever since they rebelled against their servitude:

The strike has had one remarkable feature that the Paterson people will never forget. It is that although many thousand workers stayed away from the mills for five months, not only was there practically no violence, but the rank and file of the strikers behaved themselves during a trying time in a manner that entitled them to admiration. The Press believes that this phase of the great strike of 1913 stands without a parallel in this or any other country.

The editorial extract unwittingly condemns the bosses and their political hirelings who condoned perjured evidence which resulted in the imprisonment of many hundreds of men and women—evidence based upon the false assumption that the strikers had used violence.

The Paterson Press editorial is an admission that the silk workers have a solidarity so strong that even savagery, brutality, and clubbing have proven powerless to beat them.

It may be timely to state here that one of the foulest outrages that was ever made upon the individual's constitutional rights occurred when Patrick L. Quinlan, a lecturer for the Board of Education in New York, who addressed the strikers, was convicted by a jury of business men on the trumped-up charge of "inciting the workers to personal injury." Quinlan had been previously tried and released on the same charge and the first jury failed to bring in a verdict after being out 22½ hours. He is now serving a two-year term!

Alexander Scott, editor of The Issue, a labor weekly, who characterized Chief of Police Bimson as boss of the strikebreakers, has been sentenced to one year. A law on the statute books of New Jersey prohibits criticism of the authorities and makes it punishable by a prison term from one to fifteen years.

Such is the government of Paterson—a hotbed of legalized tyranny and terrorism.

Paterson isn't very far from the White House, but President Wilson is busy with the tariff, and the Great Commoner is busy with his lectures. Of such is statesmanship made!

The idea that there is a virtue in poverty belongs with all the other outgrown notions of the past.

There is no virtue in ignorance, in filth, in ugliness, in slavery. Yet every one of these things is an outgrowth of poverty. If the poverty is severe enough, and of long enough duration, they are inevitable results of it.

Throughout the southern part of this country there is nothing, excepting the negro, more despised and discredited than "po' white trash." The well-to-do southerner is perfectly open and frank in his attitude toward this type of neighbor. In other sections of the country such openly acknowledged caste lines have not been drawn between the rich and the poor; but poverty is a thing of contempt for the man and the woman of wealth and leisure, no matter where it is found. And the old doctrine that there is virtue in poverty was invented merely to hold the poor in contentment with their lot.

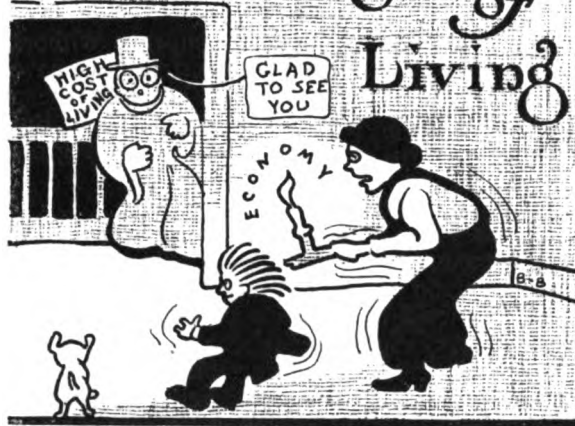
The fact that poverty is increasing at a tremendous rate, that vast numbers of people who formerly belonged to the highly "respectable" middle class are being forced below the line into actual poverty, doesn't make poverty one whit more respectable, nor the danger any the less.

The high cost of living is the club that is knocking family after family from its secure middle-class position to the insecure ranks of the wage-worker. Once our fathers could go a little into the frontier, buy a piece of land, stock it, and live a simple but secure and independent life. The privilege of living in this manner did not cost him so much as it does today.

To buy a piece of good farm land today costs a small fortune; to stock it another small fortune; to live after it is bought and stocked costs more than the average person can afford to pay.

The notion that the farmer is battening off the high prices of food products goes to pieces when we look into the matter. The other day one of the big Chicago dailies traced the "profits on a \$19 steer." Here are some of the figures they gave: "The producer received \$19.25 when he sold the steer; the feeder got \$64.20; the railroad got \$1.50; the commission man got 50c; feeding en route, 10c; the packer

## Po' White Trash or The High Cost of Living



got \$6.88; the retailer got \$26.28. Total cost of the steer to the consumer, \$118.71."

That is, the farmer got \$19 for a steer that the people paid \$118.71 for when they went to buy it for their tables.

Now everyone knows that the cost of living has soared tremendously in the last ten years, and is still going up like a balloon. The wages and salaries and incomes of the consumers haven't kept pace with it. At the very best, the workers' wages have increased about 12 per cent, while the average cost of living has increased more than 60 per cent.

Here are a few interesting comparisons from the market reports:

	1900.	1910.
Bacon, by the pound.....	\$0.12	\$0.36
Sirloin Steak, by the pound..	.22	.33
Round Steak, by the pound..	.12	.20
Lamb, by the pound.....	.12	.28
Veal, by the pound.....	.15	.28
Mutton (leg).....	.10	.24

Comparisons for a shorter period are given in the following table:

	1905.	1910.
Flour, by the barrel.....	\$4.10	\$5.70
Butter, by the pound.....	.26	.32
Bacon, by the pound.....	.15	.25
Coffee, by the pound.....	.16-.28	.30-.38
Potatoes, by the bushel.....	.50	.65

So widespread is this menace of the high cost of living that the people are looking in

every direction for a means of escape from it. The newspapers and magazines are printing articles on how to "reduce the cost of living." Whole columns are devoted to recipes for cooking. The suggestions are to buy cheap cuts of meat; use the bones to their fullest capacity; grind bread crumbs and mix them with other odds and ends of food; discard meat altogether and eat vegetables; buy peanuts; eat less—and every other kind of advice.

But butchers are saying that the "cheaper cuts" of meat are fast becoming the expensive ones. Demand creates the rise in price. Bread crumbs, peanuts, everything that is made popular through this demand will rise in price. So while the housewife may temporarily reduce the cost of her table by maneuvering in this way, those who hold the foodstuffs in their possession will ferret out her little secrets, and raise the prices on her. They are doing it right along.

And what are the results of this high cost of living on the moral and mental life of the nation? The raise in meat, potatoes and bread makes it necessary to set the boys at work as soon as they are out of grammar school. Going to work thus early, there is no time for industrial training. The boys grow into men, who swell the army of unskilled labor. They work long hours at low wages. They marry working girls like themselves, who have had no opportunities for self-development. Their children grow up without opportunities.

Two or three generations of widespread breeding of this kind, and we have a nation of people with low standards of living, unintelligent, and crushed down by that small army of excessively rich, who grow fat off of the degradation and oppression of the many.

When the American housewife tries to reduce the "cost of living" by buying soupbones and utilizing bread crumbs, let her remember that she is only REDUCING her STANDARD OF LIVING, and that, continued in, the standard of living for her children will be lower than hers, and so on until we shall have a vast population reduced to the lowest extreme of poverty and opportunity; until we have, in reality a nation of "po' white trash."

There is an infinitely better way than this of settling the problem, and that is by the intelligent co-operation of housewives to overthrow the conditions responsible for the high cost of living.

## MOTHERS, DO YOU EVER TALK to your daughters? BY MARY SNOWDEN

IT is a regrettable fact that the majority of girls and women are ignorant of the structures of their bodies. In most schools where physiology is taught, no word is ever uttered, for instance, about the most complex organs. Neither are books or outside instruction ever suggested to the girl, and the result is that she grows up in ignorance about her well-being.

Look at the stenographer. She runs her fingers over the typewriter at a rapid pace. When it is out of gear, she knows how to repair it. She understands the mechanism of the typewriter. If she did not know these things, she would be ineligible for her work.

Why should it not be at least equally as necessary for the girl to know how to care for and understand her organisms? If she were aware of their functions, many harmful results due to carelessness would be eliminated, and she would have excellent prospects for developing into a healthy, vigorous, useful woman.

Not long ago, a committee of students in a well-known university, asked the faculty to arrange for instruction on sex hygiene and ad-

vised that a woman physician could be secured for the course. But the staid members of the faculty drew themselves up in all their professional dignity and said that the young women were very immodest to make such a request.

Girl students are taught the different forms

## Summer Days by M. L. S.

Bloom and radiance everywhere,  
Fragrance in each breath of air;  
Songs in every leafy nook,  
Laughter in each rippling brook;  
Butterflies of golden hue,  
Roses, fresh with morning's dew;  
Summer days, O wondrous fair!  
Bloom and radiance everywhere.

No bloom and radiance greet the vision here  
Where life means endless toil from year to year;  
Where unobserved the seasons come and pass,  
No spray of blossoms, and no blade of grass,  
No joyous song of birds to wake the morn;  
No scent of roses on the breezes borne.  
O summer days, of all your splendor sweet,  
The toilers know but this: your stifling heat.

of animal reproduction from the lowest to the higher forms, but what a noticeable silence prevails in books and among teachers about the reproduction of the human species!

However, this is a woman's age. And women are realizing the fact that they have been suffering needlessly. So we see Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of the Chicago public schools, fight for the instruction of children in sexual hygiene, and quite a few educators are trying to emulate her example.

The ignorance among married women on this question is appalling. Mothers who have suffered through lack of knowledge should not let their daughters do likewise. If it is impossible for you to tell your daughters how to care for her physical development, get her some books on the subject. Most important of all, a child's questions should never be avoided. If you are unable to reply to them, tell her so, and make it a matter of duty to help her to secure the necessary knowledge. Every mother should be a confidante to her daughter, and become a chum, rather than a ruler.



# HYGIENE *and* THE HOME

## A FOOD TALK.

Elizabeth Shapleigh, M. D.

Malnutrition is the bane of the working class. Frequently the lower-paid wage-earners suffer from insufficient nourishment. This increases the burden borne by the worker. A poorly-nourished condition is due either to the lack of sufficient food, or as more often happens, to the lack of certain food elements required by the body.

If busy housewives, who have only a small amount of money to spend for food, were acquainted with a few scientific facts in regard to the varying food values of different foodstuffs, they might spend their money to better advantage. The same amount of money wisely expended would in many instances prevent malnutrition.

There are four classes of food which should be eaten in certain proportion in order to keep the body in a healthy condition. This proportion varies somewhat in different individuals, but can generally be guided by taste and inclination. Foodstuffs are divided according to their predominating chemical elements into proteins, carbohydrates, fats, and mineral salts.

Protein, or albumin, is found in meat, fish, eggs, cheese, milk, beans, peas, nuts, etc. Meat is not a necessary article of diet, provided the necessary protein is eaten in some other form. Often the meat offered to the working class is inferior in quality, and in a varying state of decomposition which is governed by preservatives. This is a frequent cause of indigestion. Even fresh meat contains waste products of living tissue which are injurious.

Meat can readily be discarded, if plenty of fish, eggs, beans and peas are eaten. Beans and peas, both fresh and dry, contain a vegetable protein which is highly nutritious. The amount of protein required by a person varies with the age and occupation. The aged and those of sedentary habits require less, while the rapidly-growing young person and those in active labor require a large amount.

The carbohydrates, or starchy foods, include bread, cereals, potatoes, rice, macaroni, cake, sweets, and everything made of flour and sugar. Of the numerous varieties of food in this class, entire-wheat bread, cereals and potatoes are the most wholesome. Cake and sweets of various kinds are indigestible, and only slightly nutritious. They are not required as a food and should not be eaten to any great extent.

Food in simple compounds is more readily digested, and hence more easily assimilated. Those foods which are highly seasoned, or are made of complex ingredients, should be avoided as indigestible and harmful. There is a tendency among the working class to eat an overabundance of starchy and sweet food. This is probably due to the fact that this class of food is cheaper and more readily obtained. This is the cause, however, of much ill health. Curvy and rickets of childhood and indigestion and constipation of later years is often traced directly to this cause. Nevertheless, starchy foods furnish heat and energy and should be eaten in considerable quantity, especially in cold weather.

Another class of food is fat in its various forms, such as fat meat, butter, cream, milk and nuts. Fat is needed to produce heat and energy, and also to build up the nervous system. A person eating too little fat is apt to

become irritable and "nervous." Babies fed on too little fat and too much sweet, are apt to develop indigestion and rickets. Too often butter is left out of the diet of working people because of the expense. They cannot afford to do this unless they eat fat in some other form.

Another important, but often under-estimated, class of food is the mineral salts. These are contained in fruits and vegetables of all kinds. Mineral salts, especially iron, and certain necessary acids, are obtained almost exclusively from various fruits and vegetables. Iron is found in those which are highly colored, such as beets, carrots, strawberries, blueberries, etc. The fruit acids, which are found in oranges, lemons, apples and other acid fruits are an essential element of food.

During hot weather, the diet should consist largely of fruits and vegetables of all kinds, with only a small amount of protein and fat. In winter it should be reversed and should contain more protein and fat with a considerable quantity of vegetables. Carbohydrates should be eaten in moderate quantities in both summer and winter.

GET A CLUB OF FOUR—25 CENTS  
PER YEAR!

## FATHERS OWE AN OBLIGATION TO THEIR SONS.

IF we could peer into the inner lives of many brilliant men who showed promise of rising to heights of achievement, but like a shooting star, appeared only for a short time, we would see the cause of their setback was due to mistakes made during youth.

Many clever men are cut off in their careers by what appears to the outsider to be caused by heart failure, Bright's disease, etc. However, the man himself, or his physician, could easily give the real reason why.

Gonorrhoea in its mildest form contracted in youth may retain a few germs which in later years might be transmitted to the wife or mother and cause her death. Sometimes sterility would be the result. The fact is that this disease can so affect a young man's life forces as to leave him unfit for marriage.

Every boy wants to be strong. He wants to be successful, and no one can look at him without feeling the need of his being told how to keep himself strong and clean. Fatherhood, like motherhood, has its privileges, and the responsibilities of fathers to train their sons for the duties of manhood are great.

In the mind of the growing boy many questions loom up which he would like to discuss with his father, but seems to lack the courage to ask, because the father usually hasn't the courage himself to talk with him or admit his unfamiliarity with the very important subject of preserving manhood. Then, when the boy encounters pitfalls, an embarrassing stir is created in the household, or else he remains silent and goes to some quack physician.

But is the boy really to blame?

Don't you think that a wise father's, or physician's, advice and caution might help every boy?

SPECIAL BUNDLE OFFER—TEN  
COPIES SIX MONTHS FOR \$1!

## SUN AND AIR BATHS WILL GIVE YOU VITALITY.

DID you—the working man or working woman—ever take a sun or air bath? If not, then you are a stranger to a luxury.

An air bath is a wonderful tonic. Remember, the skin requires air just as the lungs do.

Choose some spot where you are sure to have a supply of pure air. If you wish to take your air-bath at home, have the windows wide open. If the weather is cold, a few movements will warm the blood. If you can be at ease while taking an air bath with wide-open windows and the air is cold or brisk, you will be benefited all the more.

In taking an air bath, every bit of clothing should be removed. If you wear the smallest kind of apparel, you are only taking a partial air-bath, and you will be getting only partial benefits.

Should the temperature be mild, and you do not wish to indulge in any movements of the body, sit down and read or write. If there is anything in the house that you wish to do, proceed to do it. The air bath will go on just the same while you are attending to other things, and all the while your body will be benefiting greatly from the bath.

An air bath taken after rising will dissipate the torpor resulting from sleep and there won't be any shock connected with it. You will find the air bath a valuable means for hardening the constitution without any danger, and housewives, working girls, and working men should do all they can to take advantage of an air bath—even if it is necessary to arise thirty minutes earlier than usual.

Air baths taken outdoors at day or night develop into a luxury beyond the conception of those who have never had one, and give increased health.

Now, the skin is one of the eliminating organs of the body. Vapor is always passing through the pores. Sometimes the vapor is condensed in the form of perspiration; the latter is usually full of impurities that cause harm if allowed to remain or be re-absorbed into the body. In cold winter weather, like in summer, this vapor leaves the body. The beneficial quality of an air bath is created because impurities are exuded which would otherwise clog the pores of the skin, and thus invite disease.

After you have taken air baths for some time, you will note that you will cease being afraid of draughts, and the danger of taking cold will be reduced to a minimum. Instead, you will welcome cool air draughts.

Air baths will not only improve the skin, but also give tone and vigor to the nerves.

The great value of the sun's rays as a cure for nervous maladies is being recognized now more than ever before by medical authorities. Every large hospital now has quarters where patients may take the healing sun bath at certain times of the day.

You can take your sun bath in the same manner as the air bath. In beginning, a combined air and sun bath should last about fifteen minutes; otherwise, the skin might become sun-burned, and this always gives discomfort. Become accustomed to the sun bath while the summer lasts, and you will soon find yourself possessed of a strong, healthy-looking skin.

Patronize our advertisers and you'll boost  
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

## THE PATERSON STRIKERS' REPLY

To the Silk Manufacturers' Eulogy of the American Flag.

Yes, we have lived, we have worked, we have fought under the flag; but you (who had to buy flags to put them on your mill), you reduced our wages under the flag; you increased our hours under the flag; you took our wives from the homes to work ten hours a day under the flag; you took our children from school under the flag; you fattened on our labor under the flag; now we demand more bread, more meat, fewer hours, longer life, under the flag.

We, the textile workers, fling your challenge back into your teeth.

We wove the flag.

We dyed the flag.

We won't scab under the flag.

## THE PILGRIM MOTHER.

Some one was talking the other day about the respect due the pilgrim fathers. He referred eloquently to their sufferings from exile, hunger, cold, sickness, fear of wild animals, and fear of wild Indians.

"Why don't you speak for the pilgrim mothers?" said someone in the audience. "They suffered as great pains and ran as great risks as the pilgrim fathers did—and then besides, they had to live with the pilgrim fathers."

So do the militant women of England have to meet all the difficulties that all women in subjection meet. Against them is the same inertia, the same ignorance and prejudice, the same injustice, that other subjected women contend with—and then, besides, they have to deal with stubborn English men!

ALICE PARK.

GET A CLUB OF FOUR—25 CENTS  
PER YEAR!

## DOES A WOMAN SUPPORT HER HUSBAND'S EMPLOYER?

*cont'd from Page 1*

You work ALL HOURS, at BOARD WAGES. That is, you get a part of the food you cook, and live in the house you keep, and you can have a dress occasionally that you make, FOR WORKING ENDLESS HOURS THAT YOUR HUSBAND MAY BE AN EFFICIENT WORKER FOR HIS EMPLOYER.

And what does your husband's employer get out of it? Taking the U. S. census as a guide, he gets on the average \$2,000 out of your husband's work. The employer gets \$2,000, your husband gets \$500, and YOU GET SOME OF THE FOOD YOU COOK, AND THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE YOU KEEP.

It is a very nice arrangement—for the employer. Not so very nice for the husband, AND A SLAVE'S LIFE FOR YOU.

But a man needn't get married, some one says. The employer doesn't demand that he be married.

Oh, yes, workingmen have to get married. Not the individual man here and there, perhaps. But the masses of them. That is an undisputable fact, and we would not drag it into this except that some very short-sighted person will raise the question, and think he has shattered to star-dust our contention that a woman supports her husband's employer, by saying that A WORKINGMAN NEEDN'T GET MARRIED.

If he DOESN'T MARRY, whose children are going to do the world's work in the future? Not the employer's children. On the contrary, the employer WANTS his employes to marry, and raise up children to work for his heirs when THEY are grown.

So it is an indisputable fact that the workingman must get married. BUT IS IT AN ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL FACT THAT THE WOMAN MUST BE THE GOAT AND BEAR THE HARDEST, TOUGHEST, MOST SLAVISH END OF THE DEAL?

THAT IS WHAT SHE IS DOING TODAY!

When a man gets married, does he go to his employer and say: Now, Mr. Employer, I am going to take a partner to help me live as a decent man should live, and so increase my efficiency for my work with you. For her part in our three-cornered deal I think you had better allow me so-and-so.

Does Mr. Young-Man-About-to-Be-Married say that? No, he doesn't. If the boss hears

that he is to be married he may unbend his dignity enough to say: "Well, Bill, old man, I hear you are going to hook up with a mighty nice girl. That's right. Every honest fellow should settle down and raise a family." And Bill—well, he just grins. That's all. It's real pathetic, that grin of Bill's. It stands so often for inefficiency. He just don't know what else to do. So when the boss unbends enough to "congratulate" him on the greatest event of his life he grins and feels that a great favor has been bestowed upon him.

But the new little wife! Heaven help her. Bill's grin won't coin into dollars; won't buy new dresses; won't buy baby clothes; won't pay the doctor's bill; won't hire any of the back-breaking work of the house done. The little wife has somehow got to manage to attend to all of these things herself, or go without. And keep Bill going besides, so he can produce saleable goods for the boss.

It's pathetic, but the wives have got to get at the problem themselves. The Bills DON'T KNOW HOW. Their ignorance and stupidity in some things is appalling.

So, next time your husband comes home with \$10 in his pocket when he should have \$20, ask him where YOUR share is. And don't be put off with the silly answer that you are getting your room and board out of HIS \$10 for your share. Tell him you can go out and work by the week and bring home \$12, AND YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING TO BE YOUR END OF THE DEAL BETWEEN HIM AND HIS EMPLOYER.

Time was when a man gave his slave men their board and clothes, AND GAVE THE WIVES OF THE SLAVE MEN THEIR BOARD AND CLOTHES ALSO. Today a wage slave gets the equivalent of HIS board and clothes in wages—and the wife of the wage slave gets nothing.

The employer thus gets off a whole lot easier than he did when he owned slaves and was responsible for the physical welfare of the whole family.

THE UNPAID AND GROSSLY EXPLOITED LABOR OF MARRIED WOMEN IN THEIR HOMES MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THE EMPLOYER TO PILE UP IMMENSE PROFITS OUT OF HIS BUSINESS, WHICH, OF COURSE, IS HIGHLY SATISFACTORY TO HIM.

But is it to you, O Woman, who must pay the price?

## ONE MINISTER'S OPINION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the course of a sermon delivered at the Church of St. Clements in Philadelphia, Rev. Knox-Little once said:

"God made Himself to be born of a woman to sanctify the virtue of endurance; loving submission is an attribute of a woman; men are logical, but women, lacking this quality, have an intricacy of thought. There are those who think women can be taught logic; this is a mistake. They can never by any power of education arrive at the same mental status as that enjoyed by men; but they have quickness of apprehension, which is usually called leaping at conclusions, that is astonishing. There then, we have distinctive traits of a woman namely endurance, loving submission, and quickness of apprehension. Wifehood is the crowning glory of woman. In it she is bound for all time. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is no crime which a man can commit which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying that monstrous thing divorce. It is her duty to subject herself to him always, and no crime that he can commit can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but refuse him never. Let divorce be anathema; curse it; curse it! Think of the blessedness of having children. I am the father of many children and there have been those who ventured to pity me. 'Keep your pity for yourself,' I replied. 'They never cost me a bitter pang.' In this matter let woman exercise that endurance and loving submission which, with intricacy of thought, are her only characteristics."

Madam, what do you think about it?

## SOME REFLECTIONS.

Anna A. Maley.

Those who grow disheartened with the "figments, feints and formalisms" which block the world's progress may take new courage in contemplating some of the dire things put far behind us by one brief century. The Chicago Post of May 9, 1813, contains the following news item:

"A vote was taken here today to ascertain whether there was any real desire among the people for cars drawn by steam locomotives. The count was: Against, 46,718; for, 29.

"The stage coach, or walking," said Mr. Stanwood Patrick, the majority leader 'was good enough for my great-grandfather and they'll be good enough for me. Most people do not want steam trains."

And know you brothers of the working class, who believe that the ballot would have a demoralizing effect upon women, that good people in days gone by would have cherished and protected your tender innocence, would have kept your hearts unspotted of the world by shielding you from political privilege? Let modern antis, male and female, draw inspiration from this extract from "Chartism Unmasked," written in 1840 by Reverend E. Jenkins:

"What would you gain by universal suffrage? I am certain that you would gain nothing but universal confusion, universal setting of workmen against each other. \* \* \* All workmen would then become politicians; they would neglect their vocations in life—spend their time, their strength, their talents in what would increase their poverty. Vote by ballot would be nothing; but a law for rogues and knaves, nothing but a cloak for dishonesty, insincerity, hypocrisy and lies. \* \* \* The famous Chartist doctrine of Equality is diametrically opposed to Nature and the word of God; it is a doctrine taught only by lying prophets—men who are of their father, the Devil, for his works they do."

What have we to do with the "blood-rusted" key of the past? The doors of the future refuse it. Full social right and political power for women is one of the tools which must be potent in the building of a new heaven and a new earth.

Surely, the star of the broader brotherhood ascends; but before its fullness can shine there must be bridged the thousand chasms which yaw between us and the gardens of life, the fields of humanity.

"\* \* \* O, more than my brother! How shall I thank thee for all? Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line, But thou hast fought for a stranger, in hate of wrong not thine. Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be dispossessed, But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!"

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# WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

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## WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE MOTIONS.

The Woman's National Committee is now electing a sub-committee of two on Foreign Relationship. Lily Lore, Theresa Malkiel and Rose Schneiderman have accepted nominations. It is the purpose of the Woman's National Committee to enlarge this committee until we have one representative from each of the language federations.

Anna Maley, who is doing such good work in Philadelphia, is to prepare an outline of her plan for city organization work. This plan will be published in The Progressive Woman.

## THE PARTY BUILDER.

The Party Builder is just now what it sounds—the OFFICIAL ORGAN of the party. It contains reports of state and national organizations, reports of officials and organizers, and such other matter as may be of interest to the membership in the building of a class-conscious political organization.

## NEW LITERATURE.

Comrade Simons has re-written "Why the Professional Woman Should Be a Socialist." It is larger and very much more complete than before.

"Frances Willard on Socialism" is to be enlarged to include several splendid revolutionary paragraphs from her Buffalo speech, also a sworn statement as to the authenticity of this leaflet is to conclude the leaflet.

The Hungarian secretary, Armin Loewy, has translated the woman's leaflets, "Why You Should Be a Socialist," by Theresa Malkiel, and "To Wives of Toilers" by Meta L. Stern. These leaflets are now printed in Hungarian and are for sale by the Hungarian section of the National Socialist Party, 111 N. Market St., Chicago. Price 5 cents per copy, \$2.50 per 100.

## STATE CORRESPONDENTS.

**Maine**—Fred E. Irish, state secretary of Maine, notifies us of the election of Georgie J. Whitten, Searsport, Me. as state correspondent to succeed Alice M. West resigned.

**New Mexico**—Mrs. LeRoy-Welsh, recently elected state correspondent of New Mexico, reports that the work in that state is greatly hampered because of the poverty-stricken condition of the inhabitants and the long distance between locals, which practically prohibits speaking dates.

**Nebraska**—Ethel J. Shafer, newly-elected state correspondent of Nebraska, writes: "I have just made a start. I hope by the middle of July to have something more favorable to report. Of one thing I am convinced; that is, the locals in this state need a good awakening in regard to the necessity of getting women into the party. How to do this is the next question. I find that none of the locals in Nebraska have local committees or women correspondents. Locals Fremont, North Platte and Omaha give me their promise of assistance."

**Oklahoma**—Mrs. M. A. Stallard of Oklahoma, reports an awakening of interest among the women of that state. "During the past two months I have received many encouraging letters from locals over the state, and it looks as if the women were awakening. Have circularized the state twice and sent samples of leaflets. I am going to keep at it." This is the

spirit of the undaunted Oklahoman, the spirit which has placed Oklahoma in the fore ranks of the Socialist movement of America.

**Massachusetts**—Rose Heinzen-Roewer, newly-elected state correspondent of Massachusetts, reports the issuing of a call for a state conference of women, to be held in July. The Massachusetts women intend holding a series of fairs. The money so raised by the woman's committee is to be turned over to the state campaign fund. It is believed by the state correspondent that these fairs will be the means of securing the united cooperation of all women sympathizers, and as an initial work will be especially suitable, as it is not a departure from the old line of activity among women. In this way they will be gradually lifted from their past psychology of raising money to that of active participation in organization and propaganda work of the Socialist party.

**California**—Marion L. Israel, recently-elected state correspondent of California, writes: "Can your department supply me with news items concerning the movement, particularly such news as would be of interest to women? I want this for our state paper, and for as many of the newspapers of the state as can be persuaded to take them. I want to work up a publicity department in this state. Also have you an outline of work for study clubs?" California has a woman's committee composed of nine members, five resident at the seat of headquarters. Upon the five resident members working in conjunction with the state correspondent and state secretary, falls the main work of reaching the 671,389 women voters of that state with the message of Socialism. The entire committee is to meet at least twice a year for outlining general plans. The State Executive Committee adopted the following motion: "That we assume the work of the woman's committee as a part of the work of the state office, that we furnish a corresponding secretary and pay postage and stationery expense incidental thereto."

**Rhode Island**—Mrs. Mudrak, state correspondent, reports new interest and enthusiasm in our special propaganda work among women. She deems the leaflet the most effective means of propaganda. The attendance of women at local meetings is good, even in spite of the excessive heat.

**Montana**—Martha Egerton Plassmann, state correspondent, reports the work as progressing nicely. Missoula having a local press bureau, which supplies a column of news each day to capitalist papers. Mrs. Plassmann has charge of this service. The Missoula woman's committee has organized a study club, and is now studying the Communist Manifesto. The state office is pushing the Lyceum Bureau of the National Office. Local committees now number ten.

**Michigan**—Kalamazoo is working valiantly to reach the 50 per cent membership mark. Last local meeting had as many women present as men. That is going some for Kalamazoo. By the way, they are taking the Lyceum course also.

**Colorado**—Lizabeth Williams is to be retained as state correspondent. Splendid work is being done in that state among the children in the organization of children's Glee Clubs. The little tots, dressed in red uniforms, are literally singing in the cooperative commonwealth. Seven committees are doing specially good work.

## CONT'D FROM PAGE 3 A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

for keeping something aside for the rainy day. The neighbors did not know how, when she had three young children to look after, her husband, who was an unskilled laborer, had gone to another city in the hope of securing work, and had left her to be evicted with her babies upon the street, and how she had had to beg from door to door for days to keep them from starving. At night they had slept in an empty house. She could have had them sent to a foundling's home, if she had asked, but she did not want to ask; on the contrary, she was in constant terror lest someone should discover her plight and separate her from her little ones. After the husband, who had not done well on his trip, returned, they had lived in the rear of a tenement basement, and the two youngest had died. "Exposure and lack of nourishment," the doctor had said, when he answered the father's summons to call and do something for them. After the younger children were buried, Verona, who was seven, was put in the chart class of a ward school, and Mrs. Oblinsky went out to work regularly.

Mr. Oblinsky was fortunate enough to secure a job, and soon they moved to the top floor of a tenement, where the sunlight came in, and the air was better. When Verona was ten years old and had had three years of schooling, a little baby they called Lettie came to the house. After that Verona had to stay at home with Lettie a good deal while her mother went out to work, but she never quit school entirely until she was fourteen. So many years of learning had not been lost upon her, and she could read and write easily and gracefully, and her knowledge of geography and history were a wonder to her illiterate parents. At fifteen she went to work in a big department store down town, as cash girl.

Now, at sixteen, she was selling popular music on the fifth floor, where a young man played the piano all day long, for the purpose of advertising the tunes. She felt herself passing rich on four dollars a week, and, besides, she was not blind to the advantages of the musical atmosphere in which her soul basked throughout the day. It was her business to know what were the latest airs, and possessing a quick ear, she learned many of the catchiest songs, which she sang at social functions given by members of her "crowd." This accomplishment, with the psychic influence upon her of higher accomplishments of higher persons, had been the means of widening her list of acquaintances and strengthening her social sway. It was but two months since that Rachel Hammerstein, whom she had always regarded with secret awe because of her worldly possessions, had invited her to attend a party at Rachel's home, and had informed her that she

was to give them some of "the latest." Rachel was the possessor of a second-hand piano, and played tunes after hearing them a few times. So Verona had gone to her place to practice with her, after deciding upon the selections she would give.

At the party the music had been a decided success. Verona, inspired by the impressive manner in which Rachel, whose soul was a very fountain spring of poetic feeling, had rendered her accompaniments, sang so well that everyone declared it was as good as a vaudeville.

Besides the piano, Rachel's parlor was decorated with a big porcelain lamp mounted on a brass base, with green leaves and purple roses painted on the shade; there was a brussels rug on the floor, which might at one time have been red in its dominant hue, and a pair of burnt orange curtains of cotton tapestry hung before the doorway. Primly set in each corner were red and green plush chairs, with a settee to match. A centertable occupied the middle of the room, and supported a photograph album of red plush, a stereoscope with views, and a blue satin-lined manicure box with a set of silver instruments in it. On the walls hung portraits in crayon of the head of the house and of Rachel, besides a machine-made landscape in oils, and a print representing a storm at sea. It was a parlor that was used mainly for company; it smelled musty and was just a trifle in need of dusting.

But altogether it was one of the smartest parlors in the neighborhood, and it was always an honor to sit in it as a guest. Rachel's father kept a second-hand store and loan establishment downstairs, and naturally they could afford finer things than, for instance, some of the neighbors to whom "Old Iky" had loaned money. Verona envied Rachel, and at times wished her mother would invest her savings in a pawn shop and second-hand store.

But if Verona Oblinsky was poor in money and house-furnishings, she possessed other points of interest, for she not only was informed regarding music, but she was an extremely pretty young person, with soft dark hair that curled bewitchingly about a face set with wide brown eyes, and warmed by round, pink cheeks and a very red mouth. She had that air about her, too, which one acquires through association with handsome and stylish ladies that one meets all day long over a music counter. And she had learned little manners of coquetry that were attractive to some.

So Verona held her head high, and though there was not much time for intimate association with her acquaintances, she knew that she was both admired and envied by her "street" as she hurried through it to and from her work.

(To be continued.)

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[This column contains the names of men and women who are striving for the Socialist ideal—who are spreading it among their fellow men and women by getting them to read *The Progressive Woman*. Is your name in this column? You're next!]

Enclosed find one dollar for which send me a bundle for distribution.—John E. Demo, Rupert, Idaho.

Chas F. Nelson, Orin, Wash., sends five subscriptions.

I am enclosing M. O. for eight cards and 25 copies.—Verne E. Sheridan, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. L. Daniken, St Louis, Mo., sends 18 subscriptions! Fine work.

Find enclosed \$1 for express money order for which send me subscription cards for that amount to *The Progressive Woman*.—R. L. B. Davison.

Please renew the following subscriptions to *The Progressive Woman*. Find enclosed M. O. for \$1.50.—M. H. Greep, Deadwood, Alaska

I. O. Braman, Sibley, Mo., sends three subscriptions and writes: "Wish circumstances were so that I could send you more subscriptions at my expense. *The Progressive Woman* is a grand magazine and shows that spirit of the conservation of humanity so much needed as a saving influence from present corrupt conditions."

Enclosed find \$2 for which send me subscription cards and 10 cents for your suffrage post cards.—Mrs. H. P. Neville, Conrad, Mont.

Enclosed is check for one dollar and twenty-five cents to be applied for the following two renewals and 25 cents' worth of your Three Minute Leaflets.—A. O. Grigsby, Tolesboro, Ky.

Here are \$2 for which send me subscription cards. I like to do my share to help the work of *The Progressive Woman*, and hope many will do the same thing. We cannot very well get along without this magazine.—Rose Schoenen, Morristown, N. J.

Anna Maley, suffrage and Socialist lecturer, sends 19 subscriptions from Philadelphia.

H. M. Hoover, Ephrata, Pa., sends six subscriptions.

Enclosed find \$1.25 for which send me 1,000 of your Three Minute Leaflets entitled "That 50 Per Cent."—Mrs. Marcus Moorehead, York, Pa.

Birch Ellis, Auburn, N. Y., keeps up his good work and sends in seven more.

Please send me 100 copies of *The Progressive Woman* for July. I am trying to get active for *The Progressive Woman* but don't have much time to work for subscribers. We run a dairy on a farm and am a very busy woman, but will do what I can.—Minnie B. Wittup, Missoula, Mont.

Carrie Engeldrum, Mishawaka, Ind., remits for eight subscriptions.

Will Hopkinson, Glenoma, Wash., sends in another bunch of new subscriptions.

Frank Dogue, at Hough Lake, Ont., Canada, writes: "This is a new country and I'll look up some more names when I get acquainted with the settlers."

R. Kingsbury, of Alta, Can., remits for his and three other renewals.

Please send your dear little magazine to the following.—Ray McHaffie, Ft. Pleasant, W. Va.

I must say that I am a dejected bachelor and not in favor of the ladies. So I send you herewith names and addresses of eight quite refined ladies and enclose one dollar so you can send two issues of *The Progressive Woman* to each of them and a letter asking them to favor you with at least one subscription for *The Progressive Woman*.—F. P. Brown, Bad Axe, Mich.

At a whist party tonight I secured the following ten names for three months' subscriptions.—O. J. Gibbons, Richmond, Cal.

Enclosed find 35 cents for the poster poem, "Woman's Awakening," and one copy of "Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom," by Josephine Conger-Kaneko.—Ida Marksbery, Spokane, Wash.

This little bunch of ten subscriptions was secured in about one hour and it wasn't very hard, either. If all the readers of *The Progressive Woman* would give one hour per week, they could make *The Progressive Woman* heard all over the nation. You will hear from me again.—Mrs. A. E. Gordon, Terre Haute, Ind.

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## EVELYN BLACK'S DIARY-Part II

Monday—Washed today. I wonder if it is my imagination, or does the wash really get bigger every week? We had cold lunch, as usual, and it was rather skimpy, owing to the Smiths being here yesterday. The children were hungry and fretted because there wasn't enough to eat, and even Tom seemed a little grouchy. I guess I won't invite the Smiths any more, but Edith and I have been friends so long, and if I cut her out there won't be anybody to visit with.

Tuesday—My! what an ironing! Some of it will have to be done tomorrow, because I am not well, and don't feel like doing it all today. Am too tired to write any more, too, though several things happened.

Wednesday—Finished the ironing and did another basket of mending. It certainly is hard to keep up with those children in regard to clothes. I wish Tom could get that raise so they could have more, and I wouldn't have to mend so much.

Thursday—Made a couple of shirts for Ray and Jim, and cut out a dress for Jessie. Poor child, she needs that dress. I wish she could have as many as Retta Joyce. It is hard on children to feel they are discriminated against on account of their clothes.

Friday—Hung all the rugs and bed clothes out to air, and did the marketing. I am going to have baked beans for dinner Sunday, instead of meat. Simply couldn't get enough to go around, and buy other things, too. It is awful the way things are going up. I wonder how the awfully poor people live. And this is one of the things that makes us poor—giving all our money to the store-keepers. They must be terribly rich. Yet, some of them don't seem to be. Tom says it is the "trusts" that make prices so high. Whatever the "trust" is, I think the voters ought to get together and stop these high prices. We'll all land in the poor-house pretty soon if they don't. \* \* \* But even there we'll have to eat!

Saturday—How I have fussed around the kitchen most of this day trying to get something ready for tomorrow's dinner. And the result is something I wouldn't have looked at ten years ago. But what am I to do? I don't think even Tom thoroughly understands how hard it is to get up a meal for six people with all these high prices attached to everything. But he ought to know, because I have to explain often enough. \* \* \* I wish Tom would get that raise!

Sunday—The children went to Sunday school and I went to church. It looks like I just have to go to church, even if Tom won't, because it is nice and quiet there, and the singing somehow does one good. Then, it helps to get into your best clothes once in a while, just for a change, even if they are back numbers. \* \* \* Mrs. Mackay, the new neighbor who moved in next door, dropped in this afternoon. Her husband is a bookkeeper at \$21 a week. She hasn't any children, so she has time to read and go to clubs. She came over to invite me to her club. She says women just MUST get out and learn more of the world; that it is wrong to them and their children for them to be house drudges, and nothing more. She says they are human beings and must develop their mental faculties as much as they can, so they can be of help to the world. My! it was great to hear her talk. Somehow it rested me, and seemed to open up things. After all, it has been a hard, narrow life just staying at home doing the same eternal round every week. But I don't see how I can manage otherwise. I told Mrs. Mackay so, and she said she would come again, and talk it over. "There is SO MUCH to talk about on the subject," she said. (To be continued.)

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# BUD McMASTERS

By WAYNE AREY

"Say, mister, won't you give me a job? I'm not very big, I know, But I'd try mighty hard to earn my keep, if you'd just give me a show. I'm Bill McMaster's youngest boy—everyone calls me 'Bub,' I don't want to work, but I guess I must, 'cause we're gettin' short on grub.

"I'd rather go to school and learn and be president some day; And maybe I'll get there if I try, 'cause Lincoln he started that way. Things is pretty tough at our house and my ma looks awful bad, An' there ain't no pie in our cupboard, 'cause there ain't no work for dad.

"Dad used to work at the iron works, where they make the big machines, He says the works is sold to a truss—I don't know what that means. The only truss I know about is the truss dad always wears, He hurted hisself at the works one day a-caryin' shafts upstairs.

"My sister is in the city, in a hospital there, they say; Ma wanted her to come home to us, but the fare was too much to pay; They say she has consumption, and I guess she's goin' to die, And, I tell you, mister, it's pretty tough when you hear your mother cry.

"When you wake up sudden like at night out of a dandy dream That you was eatin' pies and cakes and peaches and ice cream, And you sit up straight and listen till you hear the sound once more, And you know it's your ma a-cryin'—it makes you awful sore

"Right here in the throat where you swallow, and you shut your eyes up tight And lie awake and listen the rest of the blessed night; And your ma comes in and kisses you, and she calls you 'her mannie dear,' And something hot falls on your cheek, and you know that that's a tear.

"Say, mister, I read in a paper about a man somewheres That paid two thousand dollars for a couple of old oak chairs! And another that got ten thousand for lickin' a man in a fight! Say, I'd lick ten thousand fellers—if my ma wouldn't cry at night!

"My brother Sam he'd help us, 'cause he was always good, But there's a strike in the mines where he works, over at Hazelwood. They struck for higher wages and I heard a man say today, 'The soldiers is goin' to Hazelwood and there'll be hell to pay!'

"Say, mister, when I'm president I'm goin' to make a law, And folks'll say that I'm all right and the best they ever saw: It'll be that every honest man can get work every day, And kids like me kin eat pie and cake and go to school and play.

"And sick girls in the city, they can come home and get strong; And miners what go out on strike—they won't be doin' wrong; And folks'll cheer and call out loud: 'McMasters, you're all right, An' we'll vote for you for president, so our mas won't cry at night!'"

## Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANBKO

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for Ten Children

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CAPITALIST SYSTEM.  
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EIGHT CHILDREN.

*Capitalist System should be dressed in rags and made up as very old and feeble man. Co-operative Commonwealth may be represented by a little girl bearing a banner.*

SCENE: A room.

*(Enter Capitalist System. He totters to center of stage. Enter first and second child from opposite sides of stage. They go up to figure, examine it, shake their heads.)*

FIRST: What's the matter with him?

SECOND: How bad he looks.

FIRST: I'm dreadfully afraid he's going to fall over.

*(Enter Third R.)*

THIRD: What's the trouble?

FIRST: O, we're so afraid this poor fellow's going to pieces.

THIRD: Good thing if he did.

SECOND: O, you bad boy, it would be awful.

THIRD: Aw! It wouldn't. Look how rocky he is. *(pokes figure which sways).*

FIRST AND SECOND *(scream)*: O, don't!

FIRST: What would we do if he fell over?

SECOND: We must patch him up somehow.

FIRST: That's it, let's patch him up.

THIRD *(laughing)*: Patch him up! Patch up your uncle!

*(Enter Fourth L.)*

FOURTH: Are you speaking of patching this gentleman up? Just my idea. *(strikes attitude)* Ladies and gentlemen, it is not necessary to say to this intelligent audience that this gentleman must not go to pieces. *(Name of local town)* is a lovely city, and I must express my admiration of it, and remark once more on the intelligence of this audience. You all know this gentleman has always been, and must always be, and the patch to save him is this. *(shows Republican patch)*. This will give continued prosperity, a full dinner pail, Taft, Teddy Roosevelt, or some one else.

THIRD: Do you call it prosperity with thousands out of work, and children toiling all hours of the day and night for a mere pittance?

FOURTH: Hem! Very unfortunate of course. But we must save this gentleman. This *(fastening Patch on figure)* will save him.

*(Enter Fifth R.)*

FIFTH: Bosh! It won't. Give me the floor. *(strikes attitude)* Fellow citizens. Our beloved country must be saved and in order to save it, we must preserve this gentleman. Just at present he looks a trifle seedy, but he can be made alright. As I walked along the streets of your beautiful city, and thought of all the glory of Free America, it came to me like a thunder clap, in a clarion voice—

FIRST: O, dear, what is she talking about?

FIFTH *(glaring at Third)*: A clarion voice—

THIRD: O, let's have it. How are you going to fix the gentleman?

SECOND: Yes, let's get down to obusiness.

FIFTH: I will. What we need is more democracy. This patch will fix him

THIRD *(scornfully)*: All right! All right, your uncle! Look how he shakes. *(fastens Democratic Patch.)* There now—er—he's all right.

*(Enter Sixth L.)*

SIXTH: Dear friends, I heard of this trouble. Let's down with graft, let's reform, stand by the Progressive party. All he needs is this. *(fastens picture of Roosevelt)*. There now he's stable and firm.

THIRD: Stable and firm your uncle. A thing is never settled until it's settled right. He's not settled. See how he wobbles. *(pokes figure, figure rocks)*.

SIXTH *(puzzled)*: Dear me, so he does. I don't understand it.

*(Enter Seventh R.)*

SEVENTH: Dear, beloved frinds. Why waste time in this foolish fashion. The cause of this gentleman's trouble is drink, you can see it in his fiery nose, and unsteady appearance. If there were no saloons there would be no poverty.

THIRD: O rats!

SEVENTH: You can say rats but this is so. See this *(shows Prohibition patch)* will establish him on a firm basis. *(fastens patch on figure)*. There now, see how steady he is?

THIRD: Aw! Steady your uncle. Bah!

FIRST: The poor fellow's hungry, what we need is free soup. This will fix him. *(fastens free soup ticket.)*

SECOND: Not at all; you're all wrong. What he needs is this. *(fastens municipal ownership patch.)*

THIRD *(getting nearer)*: But ha! ha! How silly you all are. Now he's patched up he looks worse than ever.

*(Enter Eighth)*.

EIGHTH: Wait till I fix him. What we want is that the workers shall unite—

THIRD: Now you're talking.

EIGHTH: Unite, join hands, and strike for higher wages and shorter hours. Do away with child labor. This patch will fix him. *(fastens Labor Union patch.)*

THIRD: And you'll let this fellow stand. Go a little further, friend. Help me knock him over.

ALL *(horrified)*: Knock him OVER?!!!

THIRD: Yes, to be sure.

FOURTH: O no, it would be anarchy—

FIFTH: Destroy the home—

SIXTH: Make every one on a dead level!—

SEVENTH: Destroy the individuality—

FIRST: The Bible says the poor ye have with you always.

SECOND: Destroy property right—

EIGHTH: We don't want to divide up.

THIRD: Who said anything about dividing up? That is what you are doing now. I will knock him over and bring peace and plenty in the place of poverty and misery.

ALL: How will you do it?

THIRD: With this *(Unrolls scroll on which is written Socialism. Waves it at figure. Capitalist System rocks and falls and from behind him comes Co-operative Commonwealth.)*

*(Co-operative Commonwealth stepping to front of stage.)*

C. C.: I come with peace and plenty. I come with peace and joy. And I will give True Freedom to every girl and boy.

*(All sing to America.)*

My country, thou art free,  
Sweet land of liberty,  
Now justice reigns.  
Now darkness turns to light,  
Now wrongs are changed to right,  
Now truth asserts her might,  
And breaks her chains.

CURTAIN.

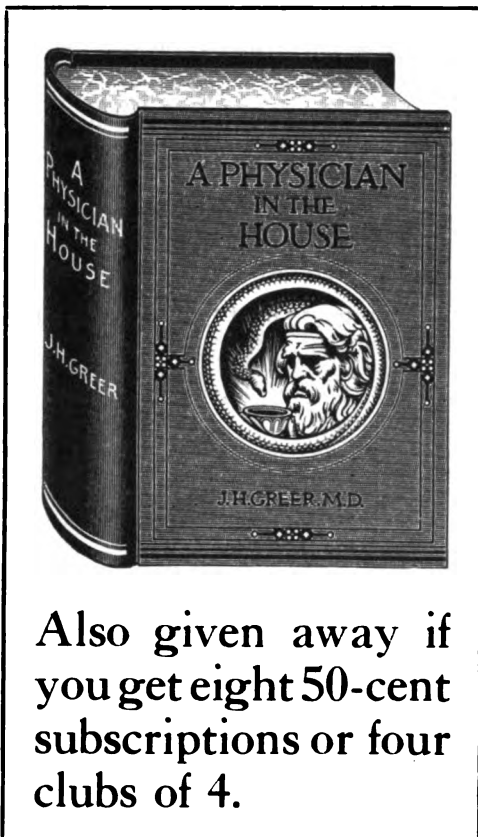
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