It is frequently said that Socialism will "level down" the human race; will remold all persons after one pattern until the charm of individuality is forever to be lost to society.

Nothing is further from the truth. Nothing refutes this assertion more than a study of the personnel of the Socialist movement to-day, both in this country and abroad. Socialists are pre-eminently the seekers after truth, the seekers after the supremacy of a full self-expression. And they cover the whole gamut of social activity. Socialist women are no exception to this rule. We find them in every walk of life, from the necessary kitchen maid to the artist in the conservatory, or on the stage. But wherever they are found they are above all people, seeking to grow, seeking to learn, seeking to fill to the fullest their individual sphere of expression.

Among the best women artists of the Socialist movement is Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth. Mrs. Wentworth has had the success for several seasons as an interpreter of modern dramas in Boston and other Eastern cities, as well as in Chicago, where she always isbertly received. One of her recent "votes for Women," by Elizabeth Robins, appeals especially to Socialists. Of Mrs. Wentworth's rendition of this play, which has been called a "dramatic tract"—the Boston Transcript has the following to say: "Mrs. Craig Wentworth as she stands there in her delicate beauty, herself thrilled by her possession with the theme, her slight figure shaken with her anxiety, her beauty in embodying the figures of the drama, seems like a bright, accusing angel of retribution sent by her whole sex from the beginning of time to the present."

The thoroughness and completeness of the arrangement, the crushing hill of particulars, the cumulative but after all and natural catastrophe of the sex—let us start forth in the world and let the British commonplace as to woman's place, the Hooligans' interruptions at the public meeting, the speeches of the doughty women's trade union leader with the cockney dialect, a la Vestia Victoria, and the nervous treachery of the bright, little, pertinaciously middle-class "Suffragette," with her high-pitched volubility on the platform.

"All these types Mrs. Wentworth renders with perfect distinctness, fulfilling, as has been remarked before, the unwritten law of reading in public as differentiated from acting, which draws the line most strictly but clearly short of "comedy" at outright delineation, making rather the appeal of intelligence in the artist to intelligence in the audience, always only flattering and pleasing thing in itself."

Mrs. Wentworth is herself the author of a play, "What Is Miss Jones Doing?" which is one of the great plays of the future. It will be produced during the coming spring in Boston, with Mrs. Wentworth in the role of leading woman.

The Socialist woman in clubs of four or more, 25 cents a year.
WHAT A MAN SHOULD LEARN OF A BACHELOR WOMAN

Lida Parce Robinson

Now what really is the difference between the bachelor woman and the old maid? This is it: The old maid usually gets her living by working for wages for society. And what a pitiful, dejected creature that old maid was; hoopskirt, crinoline curls, lamp bonnet, and all the other "beauties" around among the family, wherever any one wanted to have some work done, or nothing, and she "helped" all she could, and kept out of sight, and made herself as inoffensive as possible. But the bachelor woman, what does she do? Bless you, she does just what she pleases to do, in so far as one can, under the present order of things. She keeps house, or boards, which ever she thinks best at the moment; but she is most in her element when she has her own home. And what a spot of luxurious rest and comfort and good times that home can be. It need not be elaborate, in fact it may be very simple. Perhaps only a room or two, a plate of food and a tea pot, or an open fire and a sacking, and a shining broom, with a few tuppences to serve the drink that cheers, to a few good friends. This bachelor woman knows that she is no relic of feudalism, and she has no desire to maintain feudal pomp and circumstance, in the appointments of her home. The old maid has been fairly washed off the stage by main force. The family has ever less work for her to do at home, and less money with which to pay for her food. So the poor thing is thrust, shivering and afraid, out into the world of social production, and social interests and sympathies. Perhaps it means a cold world and the conditions under which she must work in it are atrocious; but the atmosphere of it. If breathed with cool will up to the best of his, is found to be invigorating, and a strong stimulus to thought and character. The hours of work may be long, the pay small; but they are in very many cases not so long nor so small as the hours of the woman in the patriarchal home. The task of Hercules it has been, to loosen the grip of the Patriarch, but the factory system of production has performed that task. The shortening of hours, the raising of pay and the bettering of conditions will come with time.

Under the present "mixed modes" of thought about the home, as necessarily based on the patriarchal institution, and impossible of realization unless founded on the "conjugal relation," a man is really very helpless,—in fact, quite pathetically so, unless he happens to be a patriarch, and the major portion of a conjugal unit. He is at the mercy of the woman, all is right. He gets his home and himself cared for at very slight expense—(this does not refer to men of the native type, but to him in that fortunate position, alas! his only choice is between boarding by the week, or getting his meals at restaurants. He can not have his own room, with his own table, and books and lamp, and chairs; certainly not! Who would keep the room in order; unless indeed, the service be paid for in cold cash? And in these times, money must be handled with circumspection. He can not have his coffee urn and other things, and dispense a simple but generous hospitality, because where people eat, some one must wash dishes. And could he wa—? Um—Well—no.

A man can not, will not, do these things and so he must marry for a home. But a woman can do all these handy little stunts, and at the same time earn the money with which to maintain the establishment. She can have a home not founded on the "conjugal relation," and it is a home. Ask her. And she has no one but herself to "manage" but herself. Do you say that we can not trust women to keep their homes "sacred," when they are free? But we will have to trust them. There is nothing else to do. And if these women choose, they can always marry. A mere man; not a patriarch.

But, you will ask: What is to be come of men, poor dear, while woman is thus realizing her independence? Well,—the answer is that he will be realizing his independence, too. He will take to the simple life and learn to wait on himself, for one thing. He can ever learn to make his own coffee, if he has to. Then if he can acquire the gentle art of sewing on buttons, which he can if he is very, very clever, he will know the joys and dignity, not of mastership, but of independence. After which he will be worthy to marry one of the bachelor women above described.

Gradually, it will come an understanding that social production, as against domestic service, for the married woman, offers a larger financial return, and a larger life, for both. Then will come a simplifying of domestic arrangements, and a shortening of the hours of socialized labor, home-keeping for the married will become a joy instead of a burden, and the servant problem will go to join other feudal rubbish in the scrap-heap. Then will dawn a realization that dignity and self-respect for both lie in that course which ensures the complete segregation of the economic and the love relations. Such a realization will probably never come until the reality has been achieved. Man will never really learn what independence means, until he shall attain that sublime height of being willing to pay for all personal service, while his wife pursues her special vocation, and pays her own expenses by the wages of her own industry. Then the mutual helpfulness of the home will be given and accepted as courtesy, not as duty or as service.

Can a man absorb all a woman's working power in taking personal care of himself, without incurring an obligation too heavy to be paid? Not in this world.

THE SERVANT GIRL PROBLEM.

Anna Rapport

"The goal of the servants is shocking, indeed! Just picture—a servant To be in the lead? They used to be modest, And humble, and meek; But now—just imagine They have their own cliques, And many of them To a union belong That makes them become Independent and strong.

And the sweet, dainty ladies Of our "better class" Arv. Oh! so unhappy! They are in distress.

O ladies, dear ladies, Don't frown, don't kick; I think if the women Who work had their pick They would ever eat the shop To the kitchen prefer. And seldom for housework Would any one care.

For the work in a shop. At no matter what trade. Would never the girl Or the woman degrade.

While the work in the kitchen By "servants" is done; Is this not a reason The kitchen to shun?

The "servant" besides all, Is never well paid. She is often a cook And a nurse and a maid.

She always has work Not for one, but for three. Work in the kitchen? O. thanks not for me.

The Socialist Woman will be one year old in May. Better send a bunch of subs, to celebrate.

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THE WOMAN WORKER

Edited by Mary R. Macarthur

BEAUTY AND SOCIALISM

J. Ward Stimson

Our humble, heroic, productive workers are robbed of the largest part of life's inheritance, when they are robbed of Beauty. For what is Beauty? Is it not that "perfect expression of human relations," which extends over the physical and spiritual world alike; the world without, or the world within; i.e., mankind complete—on this material, unconscious plane of being, as well as all its grand phases—physical, intellectual and emotional or spiritual?

No one can look upon Nature of a spring morning, with all its transcendent beauty in glowing sunlight, bursting blossoms, bubbling brooks and singing birds, without recognizing exterior physical beauty and charm in Nature's order of material relations. Yet man must have a corresponding interior and spiritual capacity to see and feel these principles and relations, or he would not get the joy and uplift he does from them. When therefore you think of Helen herself, you find, that she, too, is a marvelous product of the same Nature; possessing the same wonderful adjustments and harmonies between the physical, intellectual and emotional centers of Being, which Nature herself possesses.

As she reveals throughout her work, those principles of Beauty which are found in the orderly and harmonious co-operation of her inner and outer life, through observance of Unity, Balance and Variety, man is built an individual unit, erect upon a central spine and center of gravity to earth's surface, but balancing rhythmically between two feet, legs, arms, eyes, ears, and hands, while the infinitely varied play of his constructive multiple fingers, and of his overwhelming imaginations, ranging through all the realms of both spirit and matter, make him a marvelous living exponent of variety in Balance and Unity.

But by experience, and by reflection upon experience, he became conscious of the wonderful world within both himself and Nature. Then, first, his real awe and progress began; and since then his entire history has been a battle between his inner and his outer life competing for "predominance,"—where really there should be no war, but only mutual aid and appreciation.

No one can read the life of the blind and deaf girl, Helen Keller, with her unusually interesting and sympathetic articles in recent issues of "The Century Magazine," for this year, without being struck by the splendid struggle of the soul for its normal evolution out of material darkness into spiritual light. What is the physical and tragic way she epitomizes the struggles of the human race itself along the same path; and her victory, in all physical, mental and moral beauty as she now evidences, is even more instructive than that of her race since she was deprived of the two highest senses, sight and hearing, out of the five with which our race was normally endowed for its progressive struggle upward. But what counts for the greatest counter balance in her favor was the loving solicitude and wise co-operation of her nearest human friends, who strove, by kindly education of her spirit through the three human doors—touch, taste and scent—still left open to her, to bring her to her true heritage in the wealth of existence.

It was by intelligence, sympathy and love, that the great victory was won—again fearful odds; and one may equally admit that it will be only by the same forces and agencies, Sympathy and Love, that the rest of mankind will come up to the full measure of joy and capacity she has already attained, and go on with her to further and more wonderful attainments. For be it well remarked, Helen was by no means at first what would be termed "exceptionally promising" example of our race; the teacher who first undertook the difficult task of helping her soul's and imprisonment, testified in letters written at that time to her being a most selfish, wilful, destructive, and wild little "animal"; and she herself confesses "before my teacher came, I did not know that I AM. I lived in a world that was no world. I cannot hope to describe, adequately, that unceasing, yet consciousness of Nothingness. Nothingness. I did not know that I knew aught; or that I lived, acted or desired. I had neither will nor intellect. I was carried along to objects and actions by a certain blind natural impulsus. My inner life was a blank—without past, present or future; without hope or anticipation; without wonder, joy or faith."

Here then, is surely, the human "animal," as it is born into the world of sense perception; only, in her case, robbed of that which is "better half" of sense perception by which we all must climb the Ladder of Life. Surely, there was an example of a human "missing link!"

Yet, today, at only the age of 28 years, behold the splendor of its spiritual victory. How may not in the entire world of civilization, at this hour, can another soul be found more delicately sensitive to spirit, more broadly and sympathetically open to Truth, Beauty, and Faith in man; or more exquisitely poised and balanced in her faculties of judgment, appreciation and coition, even among those possessing all normal senses, and certainly not among those with only her limited three.

Now is there not here a wonderful and most inspiring light cast upon our human, social and educational opportunities, obligations, and aspirations for ourselves and our race? If a life so renowned in so short a time as Miss Keller's can do for this poor, blinded, straining human soul, such miracles of evolutionary unfoldment; if knowledge thus absorbed and empy such inspiring possibilities: then, by all the beautiful wonders of this planet; by all the pitfalls of our race upward, and by all the heart hunger and aspiration of every down trodden soul, what do we owe each other as human beings, of mutual co-operation, education, sympathy, pity and affection?

If there were no other meaning to Socialism than this, that as a just and humane system of production and distribution, it promises to mankind the end of a blind and narrow struggle for the fruits of Nature's gifts and opportunities, by substituting mutual consideration and co-operation in bringing, to the door of every man and woman, generous and generous provisions for all; and supplying to all such wise supervisions and adaptation of the powers of all, that the few simple physical necessities of all can be satisfied, and the vaster need of the spirit reached and unfolded for the lasting blessedness of the race, it would, by itself, justify our most un hesitating and unqualified adhesion and consecration.

Until lately the race did not know that steam, coal, oil, electricity, wireless telegraphy, lay latent and awaiting our wakeful attention and application. Yet here they were, always ready for man's utilization. He had but to awake! Have we not, in the discovery of Socialism and the demonstrated marvels of Helen Keller's life, at last had revealed to all the earth, that in our human sympathy, co-operation and mutual helpfulness through education, lies the "Master-key" that will unlock for our darkened and grooping humanity the gate of heaven here below, the mediaval dawn of the coming of the Son of Man unto his-own.

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SEPARATE ORGANIZATIONS

Josephine C. Kaneko

A California comrade wants to know if I am in the mixed local, and worked with the men, instead of having separate organizations of their own.

To answer to this question I would say that much depends upon the circumstances, both of the women and of the locals. Under favorable conditions it is possible for the mixed locals and women work together in every phase of the Socialist movement.

By favorable conditions, I mean a group of women who are advanced sufficiently to be willing to work in the mixed locals, and a group of men who are sympathetic and responsive to those needs of women who look outside for their own. Given these conditions, and the mixed local is ideal.

But the masses of women are so backward as far as any line of social progress is concerned, and especially in the matter of Socialism, that it is difficult to induce them to break off with the men, and go to the mixed locals, much less to join them. They need some sort of a preparatory school in which they may train for the more arduous work of the regular branch or local.

In the separate organization the most unsophisticated little woman may soon learn to preside over a meeting, to make motions, and to defend her stand with a little “speech.” She has been used to thinking with her head, rather than with her heart, on all her life; she isn’t self-conscious when enacting the business of a meeting before them. After a year or two of this sort of practice she is ready to work with the men. And there is a mighty difference between working with the men, and simply sitting in orders and resolutions, as far as the reproductive power.

Women have done all this centuries of their history, and they are willing to continue it, whatever ones expect from them under the gentle and benign influence of a Socialist regime.

The direct and practical attractions of the present day are not sufficient to drive them into co-operative activity for their welfare as a class, and as a sex, what will they do toward furthering the public weal when the Co-operative Commonwealth shall furnish them a home, and a husband who can make enough bread to keep that home, warm and comfortable, without a great deal of exertion on their part, as some Socialist writers predict will be necessary?

There is a very great deal that women need to learn about themselves, about the history of man, and the conditions of their sex. Those things can best be learned, as a rule, in a separate organization, where the mind can be better centered. In the separate organization, the Socialistic interpretation of life—feminine life, as well as masculine. The members of such an organization must feel, however, that their work is essential to individual and social progress as is the work of any other progressive society. And perhaps a little more so, since women are largely in need of intellectual development to effect the highly emotional development which has been theirs throughout the ages.

These organizations of women are especially essential in those communities where the male members of the local branch are not particularly aggressive and friendly with the women part of the Socialist philosophy. We have known instances where the local was made of a sort of man’s club—a place where men met and talked and smoked, and split hairs over unimportant technicalities, transacted a little business, talked and smoked some more, and adjourned until the next meeting’s program, which consisted of practically the same line of procedure.

Sometimes these locals have a series of lectures which are good for the advanced Socialist, but cannot appeal to the mere woman who is seeking for the first steps. To be sure there are always two or three faithful women who will stick with these organizations, and go their lonely way night after night to the meetings; but if conditions were right, I believe there would not be a Socialist local anywhere that would not have a good attendance of women interested in Socialism. It hasn’t been done satisfactorily so far through the mixed local. It remains to be seen what can be done through the separate organizations.

THE MACHINE’S SOLILOQUY

Sara Kingsbery

“If every tool could do the work that befits it, just as the creations of Daedalus meant of iron and the tri pods of Hapheuswent of their own accord; if the weavers’ shuttles were in a sort of weaver of the same cloth, then there would be no need of apprentices for the master workers or of slaves for the lords.”—Aristotle’s Politics.

Iron of fate! I, who was born to be the liberator of men, have all the more enslaved him.

Man has woven into me his brain and muscle. Not one man, many. Through the ages I have evolved. By your might or your cunning? No. By the might and cunning of the inventors and scientists of all the ages that are gone. Into my form have been welded their flesh, their being. Savior, liberator of mankind I dreamed I should become.

And you, proud proletar, do you think I am so much iron and steel to be bought for a handful of gold? Not so. I am the end. I am the goal, the aim of a thousand heroic souls, or hearts consumed with zeal for human progress. I am the child of the inventive genius of the age, I am the invention of the first rude tools of stone, age, back of that, from the animal-like progenitor of the human race who first dared to use club or stone in quest of food am I come.

Hundreds have endured the sneers and taunts of the backward-looking multitude that I might be born. I, the inheritance of the ages. And men dreamed of beautiful forms of us. That in my perfected state, would free their brothers from hateful toil; that women’s backs would no more be bent with toilous and hard. And woman would take her children by the hand and lend them into paths of noble knowledge, and their voices would be heard in the halls of power, hopefully, joyously, while the music of the children’s laughter would mingle with the songs of birds. Beautiful and noble as I am, I am the fulfillment with the grace and strength of the forest monarch.

But greed has enslaved me. Basest of slaves, I have become the cruel driver of more helpless slaves—I who am the gift of the ages to the present hour, the rightful servant of mankind. The few have chained me to the task of commercial greed to labor for them. They glut me with human flesh, the delicate pink forms of little children to the frail women with the souls of them crying out in hunger.

I weave fine linen and silk for you, my lady, and purr and purr with the pleasure of plying to your delicate ears? Your ears deceive you. It is not my voice; my voice is still. You hear my jaws crushing the bones of little children. Had you eyes to see you would know that your white damask and silk, soft to the touch, have ugly stains. Stains purple like wine. But it’s not wine. Glutted with blood I have spewed it from me upon your fine raiments. And there arise from them a stench that all the aromas from Arabia could not smother.

Yet you know it not, for year by year you bring me the children by hundreds of thousands. But some among us are my fine-feathered ones, who bear in me a voice, a powerful voice, the blended cry of all who labored and travailed to have me into being. And the world pleads with man to free me from these vultures of greed. Their inheritance from the ages, their servant to save them from toil.

And they who first heard the voice were stoned and beaten and thrown into jail. And men spat upon them. But they had told their message and others bore it on until ten millions are now marching to free me from the prison of private greed. And the blended voices of the inventors and scientists and toilers of the ages, the voice that cries out from within me has now a hopeful strength. For the great Socialist and his brothers volume and impetus as it moves along like an avalanche rolling from the mountain. And it comes to free me, to restore me to humanity.

Then will men and women sing songs of freedom and the heavens will blazon with the light of humanity’s gladness.

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[Address]

[Letter from Dr. Alexander J. McVoy-Tyndall]

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[Letter from John W. H. Cassady]

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Managing Editor.........Kicheli Katsuko
Editor.........Josephine C. Katsuko

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EDITORIALS.
The education of women grows apace. This is one of the most welcome signs of Twentieth Century progress. It foretells a broader life, greater advancement, purer living, and more wonderful achievements for the generations that are to come than the world has ever known. Many of us who are watching "the signs of the times" regret that the span of human life is so short since it will cut us off from participation in the greatness of the very distant future. The whole civilized world is undergoing a revolution; the United States no less than Japan, England and Germany, no less than China, which is just taking its place in the march of progress. Everywhere the old, backward ruling powers are frightened out of their wits, and are afraid to think what may happen next.

And all along the line we find this progress marked by the awakening of women. Women and the working class. These two seem to be coming into their own at last. And it is broadcast all over the world that these two social factors are the conservative rulers of the nations are frightened.

The Civic Federation of the United States has formed a society for the defense of the suffrage movement in this country, that will be under the direction of some of the richest women in the land. Why? Because the enfranchisement of the working woman—of which there are some five million or more in this country—will mean her further effort toward emancipation from wage slavery. Emancipation from wage slavery means the awakening of the working woman, which is the awakening of the masses, means the awakening of the working man, is too strong. The backward ruling powers cannot stop it now. And they are learning that they can not. They have had a lesson on the matter which is going, in the killing of the Averbuch boy by the Chief of Police, Shippy. Chief Shippy had no personal grudge against young Averbuch. The grudge of the class he is striving to serve, against all men and women of the poorer working class, and especially of the unemployed, which is so large in this city today. He no doubt killed Averbuch in the heat of that class antagonism. He said he thought his victim was an anarchist. He represented an anarchist group, from an Italian anarchist "circle." He didn't know that he was a Jew until the boy's dead body lay on the marble slab in the morgue.

Under ordinary circumstances this bit of by-play would have passed without comment. Would have been accepted as such things have been accepted in the past—without question. The capitalist press gave it out that it was a "dangerous anarchist"—Averbuch was not yet nineteen, and afflicted with pulmonary trouble; Chief Shippy is a very large man, weighing over 200 pounds, and was killed by a "brave" police chief. So the world would have believed, but for the activity of the Socialist press, and the awakening which is in themselves of the working class. It has been shown that these in so far as any has yet discovered, young Averbuch was not an anarchist, as would be affiliated with anything of the sort, and even the lairs of the "circles" could not be found, though the police pulled the city as with a fine tooth comb, to find them. There have been no proofs thus far, that the young Jew went to Chief Shippy's house to kill him, or that he had in his possession either a gun or a knife.

These facts the working class, with their press, have brought out. In like manner was the murder of the officials of the Western Federation of Miners defeated last year. And so rapidly are the remnants of the working men and women developing, that it will be more and more difficult to oppress them as time passes. These people who once were the helpless victims of inordinate greed, are learning to look at life through the eyes of free human beings, and to demand the rights of free people.

It is knowledge, then, that counts. Knowledge about the truth of things. This knowledge Socialists are trying to gain. They have brought scientific facts to bear upon organized society as it exists today, and they know that a great wrong exists somewhere. Further, they have found that that wrong lies in the ownership, by a few individuals, of the means of that are left to all. No one gave the mines, the oil wells, the land, the great factories, to one man to hold against all other. No one gave the right to board ships and heaps of grain, food, oil, live stock and coal, while thousands died of starvation and cold. The whole system of doing things is radically wrong. It is scientifically wrong. Working men and women are learning that it is wrong. They are teaching others that it is wrong. They are printing papers, books and magazines, that tell of these wrongs. The Socialist Woman is published for the purpose of explaining to women of these wrongs, from their special standpoint. All this literature is scattered far and wide, and thousands are seeing every day just where the evils of the present system lie. Women are seeing as well as men. Women will awaken as well as men. They will help in the new education that will work as valiantly as men for their own sex and their own class. And one day women will all enter together into the new life—the Co-Operative Commonwealth.

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THE SOCIALIZST WOMAN

RECOGNIZE YOUR CREATOR, WOMAN

Luella B. Krebski.

"Shock old proprieties, cross local forms,
How Indigation in a moment storms.
Lie, cheat, pilfer, steal, turn orphans out of doors,
And Indigation in its armchair.

In man's primitive days he was totally ignorant of the facts of the universe, and of the laws of nature, and he imagined facts, and he imagined laws, and these imagined facts and laws became the creeds of the people.

And men have clung to their primitive beliefs, however false, while they have been not clung to their imagined facts, and laws, and have formulated laws of their own, many of which have violently antagonized natural law.

Men's ignorance of truth and justice is a violation of law filled with inharmony and suffering. But in his ignorance he has been incapable of logic.

He has never been able to trace his effects to their causes, and has spent three centuries blindly striking at effects, instead of removing causes. The world's results resulting from the violation of truth and natural law have been accepted as a part of a "fixed order," established by "divine decree."

Man has held "God" responsible for much and himself responsible for very little of the evils of his life. But we have found through centuries of study and investigation that while a power outside of man has created the events and forces of nature, and given life to man, that man himself has the power to control these natural forces and the conditions that shape his own life.

If God is the creator, man is the arbiter of the universe. He is the chooser of the nature of force, and creating species, and he has absolute control over those social conditions which tend to elevate or lower the masses. When men are overworked and underfed, the body becomes exhausted and in turn exhausts the brain. Wherever the burdens and opportunities of life have been equally borne, we have found a well-balanced society. It has been the people themselves who, through their indifference have tolerated the manipulation of the few that have concentrated the wealth and the powers producing the social extremes—the dregs and the scum of society.

It is now clear to us that any longer denies the influence of social and economic conditions on individual life. For many years men have been very strong on the economic condition, but now the race must be filtered, lest her freedom and become the chattle property of man. The Phallic sex worshiped sex, but the following sects that developed with their organized church, antagonized anything supported by the earlier sect, degraded sex and subjected woman.

A stream cannot rise higher than its source, and so long as woman yet was born of nothing; and instead of subjecting woman and stifling her intellectual and spiritual powers, her individuality and her powers should have been developed to the highest capacity, that she might have these powers to transmit to posterity. A subject motherhood means a subject race; and woman's subjection was the most vital mistake every made by the human race. All through the centuries woman has proven her intellect, and what sound can do all can do under conditions that are just and equitable to woman. Her limitations are temperamental rather than intellectual; a matter of church and state; manipulation instead of nature's decree.

Subjection and repression stifle every intellectual, moral, and spiritual force, and a subject motherhood has filled the world with war, crime, vice, licentiousness, immorality and every condition of which man and the creative forces have reason to be ashamed.

The little fellows who talked about woman not being fit were too illogical to realize that if their mothers did not have souls, they could not have souls either.

Instead of woman becoming the reflection, the domestic, the chattle property of man, her individuality should have been developed, and by right of initiative man, and the conditions of which man and the creative forces have reason to be ashamed.

And again, man has violated a fundamental law and fallen lower than the brute. Woman has been the chattle of man, she has been unable to control her own body, and she has filled the world with weaklings and perverts of enforced motherhood. The centuries of enforced motherhood are the degradation and eternal shame of the race.

But it is urged that woman will not freely assume the responsibilities of motherhood. She would under a normal state. The only normal man is the truly great man, and we better have but a few normal men than the myriads of mealy-mouthed inefficiently that we have to-day. We can expect but little of a race of sexual accidents. We can freely trust the course of only that child that is born of the inspiration of life.

The world is suffering. It is waiting—for what? The normal condition of motherhood. Woman has been so degraded, her powers so undeveloped, that she has had little to transmit to posterity. Why should she want to become a mother under these conditions? She has been so enslaved and outraged, that maternity has seemed her curse. But the days of normal creation are soon to come. Women will cease to be an economic, or financial, dependant, and she will become the possessor of her own body. Her powers will be developed until she becomes conscious of them, and inspired by them. She will become intensely interested in what she may be able to transmit in her powers of creation. Her joy will be the unfoldment of those powers in the being she has created.

It is the mother who nurtures the child into existence, and she inevitably stamps her individuality upon her child. No great man was ever born into the world who did not come of a mother of strong characteristics. We know of mothers who have reproduced beautiful forms, or artistic forms that they have much appreciated, or by which they have been deeply impressed. There is no effect in life without a cause. The day will come when we shall have a liberated, developed motherhood, which will be impelled and inspired by its own powers. We shall no longer have the child born of the enforced condition, but only of the love that makes of patience a divine privilege. Then will the race be liberated and the world filled with peace and joy.

Socialism is the movement that has come to liberate women.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Sex Mating. Mae Lawson. The Raven Press, Finley, Ohio.


BOOKS FOR WOMEN.

The Origin of the Family—Engels. Price, 5 cents; postpaid.

Looking Forward—Philipp Rappaport. Price, 5 cents; postpaid.

Woman Under Socialism—Bebel. Price, $1; postpaid.

Love's Coming-of-Age—Ed. Carpentier. Price, $1; postpaid.

The Rebel at Large—May Beals. Price, 50 cents; postpaid.

Ancient Society—Lewis H. Morgan. Price, $1.50; postpaid.


Woman and the Home—May Walden. Price, 5 cents; postpaid.

Marriage—Robert Blatchford. Price, 5 cents; postpaid.

An Appeal to the Young Men—Peter Kropotkin. Price, 5 cents; postpaid.

Katherine Breshkovsky—Ernest Poole. Price, 30 cents; postpaid.

Underfed School Children—John Spargo. Price, 10 cents; postpaid.


Not Guilty—John Spargo. Price, 10 cents; postpaid.


THE SOCIALIST WOMAN PUBLISHING CO., GJ9 E. 56th street, Chicago.
THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

ELIZABETH C. STANTON ON SOCIALISM

Elizabeth Cady Stanton was invited by Susan B. Anthony to send to the Woman's Suffrage Conference held in Rochester, just prior to our war with Spain. Her letter, "Women and the War," follows:

"The Social Woman" is a series of articles on political and social topics written by Susan B. Anthony. She discusses the role of women in society, the need for equal rights, and the importance of education and suffrage. The articles are intended to educate and inspire women to become active in the suffrage movement.

The articles are divided into several parts, each focusing on a specific topic. The series begins with an introduction to the suffrage movement, followed by discussions of the role of women in politics, education, and business. The articles also explore the impact of gender discrimination on women's opportunities and the need for legal and social reforms to address these issues.

Susan B. Anthony's articles are written in a clear and accessible style, making them accessible to a wide audience. They are an excellent resource for anyone interested in the history of the suffrage movement and the role of women in society.
THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

DOMESTIC SLAVES

Octave Mirbeau

People have no idea of all the annoyances to which domestics are subjected, or of the fierce and eternal exploitation under which they suffer. Now the masters, now the keepers of servant houses, now the charitable institutions, to say nothing of the courtesans, some of whom are capable of terrible meanness. And nobody takes any interest in this war. Each one lives, grows fat, and is entertained by the misery of someone poorer than himself. Scenes change, settings are shifted, you traverse social surroundings that are different and even hostile, wherever you find the same appetites and passions. In the great city, in the provinces, and in the elegant mansion of the banker you meet the same filth, and come in contact with the inexorable. The result of it all, for a girl like me, is that she is conquered in advance, wherever she may go and whatever she may do. The poor are the human manure in which grow the harvests of life, the harvests of joy which the rich reap, and which they misuse so cruelly against us. They pretend that there is no more slavery. Oh, nonsense! And what are domestics, then, if not slaves? Slaves in fact, with all that slavery involves of moral vileness, inevitable corruption, and hate engendering rebellion. Servants learn vice in the houses of their masters. Entering under their duties pure and innocent, some of them—they are quickly made rotten by contact with habits of depravity. They see nothing but vice, they breathe nothing but vice. Consequently, from day to day, from minute to minute, they get more and more used to it, being defenseless against it. Being obliged, on the contrary, to serve it, to care for it, to respect it. And their relations with their fellow-workers are powerless to satisfy it, and to break down all the obstacles in the way of its natural expansion. Oh, it is extraordinary to find the demand of us all, the virtues, complete resignation, all the sacrifices, all the heroism, and only these views that flatter the vanity of the masters, and which yield them a profit. And all this in return for contempt and wages ranging from thirty-five to ninety francs a month. No, it is too much. Add that we live in perpetual distress of mind. In a perpetual struggle between ephemeral semi- luxury of the places that we fill, and the anguish which the loss of a place causes us. Add that we are continually conscious of the winding snare that follow us everywhere—falling spools, puddling drawers, spilling bottles, numbering cakes and prunes, and continually putting us to shame by insignificant examinations of our hands, our utensils, our trunks. For there is not a door, not a closet, not a drawer, not a bottle, not an article, that does not concern us. Add also the continuous vexation caused by that terrible inequality, that frightful disproportion in our destinies, which, in spite of familiarities, smiles, and presents, places between our mistresses and ourselves an impassable abyss, a whole world of sullen hatreds, suspicions, jealousy, and future vengeances—a disproportion which is rendered every minute more perceptible, more humiliating, more disgracing by the expressions, and even by the highness of those beings that know no justice and feel no love—the rich. Did you ever think for a moment of the mortal and intimate hatred, of the murder—yes, murderous—desires with which we must be filled when we hear one of our masters, in trying to deceive something base and ignoble, cry out in our presence, with a disgust that costs us so violently outside the pale of humanity? He has the soul of a domestic in a domestic sentiment of a domestic. Then what do you expect us to become in these hells? Do these things really imagine that I should not like to wear fine dresses, ride in fine carriages, have a gay time with lovers and have servants of my own? They talk to us of devotion, of honesty, of fidelity. Why, if it would choke you to death, my little mistresses.

Once, in the Rue Cambon • • • how many of these places I have had • • • the masters were marrying their daughter. They gave a grand reception in the evening, at which the wedding presents were exhibited—enough of them to fill a furniture van. By way of jest I asked Baptiste, the vint de chambre: "Well, Baptiste, and you? What is your present?" "My present?" exclaimed Baptiste, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Yes, tell me, what is it?" "A can of petroleum lighted under their bed. That is my present." It was a smart answer. Moreover, this Baptiste was an astonishing man in politics. And yours, Celestine?" he asked, in his turn. "Mine." I contracted my two hands into the shape of fists, and, pretending to clause fiercely, I cried: "My nails, in their eyes!" The butler, without being asked, remarked quietly, while arranging flowers and fruits in a glass dish with his fantastic fingers: "I would be satisfied to sprinkle their faces in church with a bottle of good violets." And he stuck a rose between two ears. Oh, yes, how we love them! The extraordinary thing is that these vengeances are not taken more frequently. When I think that a cook, for instance, holds her masters' lives in her hands every day. Well, no, it must be that we have serenity in our very blood! I have no education, and I write what I think. I have seen, Well. I say that all this is not beautiful. I say that from the moment when any one installs another under his roof, he is the lowest of the poor devils, or the lowest of disgusting people, he owes them protection, he owes them happiness.

Send ten names with a one dollar bill for ten months' subscriptions.

WHAT SOCIALIST WOMEN ARE DOING.

Leona Morrow Lewis is making a lecture tour of the southwest.

Gertrude Breola Hunt is giving a series of Sunday lectures at Aurora, Ill., on economic subjects.

May Beals is editing a Socialist monthly called The Red Flag, at Abbeville, La.

May Walden is preparing a course of lectures for Socialist Sunday Schools. These will be published in the near future.

Lisa Parce Robinson is writing an extensive work on the "Natural History of Marriage."

Mrs. Marion Craig Wentworth is giving a series of readings of modern dramas in the Eastern cities. She has written a play herself, in which she will be starred by Frohman next season in Boston.

Miss Luella Twining, who is managing the speaking tour of William D. Haywood in the East, filled his dates recently when she went West to attend the funeral of his mother.

Miss Fay Krehbiel, a daughter of the well-known Socialist lecturer and organizer, Mrs. Luella Krehbiel, is a young Socialist nineteen years old, who will be starred in a Clyde Fitch play in New York this month.

Miss Ann Malley has been taking an active part in the newly awakened suffrage movement in New York. She works always from the Socialist standpoint.

Mrs. Meta L. Stern, as delegate from the Socialist party of New York, prize speaking at Albany, Feb. 19th, addressed the Judiciary Committee of the New York Senate in favor of the proposed amendment to the constitution of that State, whereby women shall be given full citizenship.

An address to a large audience in Oakland, Calif., recently, by Crouch Hazlett made the statement that Socialist is essentially and pre-eminent a woman's question, because, in her opinion, while woman is socially inferior, she is organically the superior human being. Socialism would raise her to her natural place in life. Mrs. Hazlett is the editor of the Montana News, and a brilliant speaker.

Books for Sunday Schools and Home Use


Every Socialist home, every Sunday school teacher and every Socialist mother should have these books. They are valuable aids in improving children in Socialist principles. The SOCIALIST WOMAN PUBLISHING CO., Chicago.

TO-MORROW

A RATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE

Human Problems from the Non-Human Viewpoint. How our Sacred Customs appear to men from other Worlds. The Socially-Infected Man—A Fresh View of our sacred Customs and Institutions.

10 cts. a copy $1.00 a year.

TO-MORROW PUBLISHING CO.

129-141 East 66th Street. • Chicago, Ill.
As announced before in this paper, this page of The Socialist Woman is to be devoted to reports from the British Women's Socialist Bureau. They are, therefore, to take the agency in England, The Socialist Woman in England. Communications to the Bureau should be addressed to the secretary, Clara S. Hendin, 33 Woodfield Road, Paddington, London, W., England.

The official reports of the Bureau have failed to reach us for insertion in this number, and we will publish instead an extract from a most interesting pamphlet just issued from the London press by Mrs. Dora Meaden, reporter for the English Bureau, with a preface by Robert Blatchford. The title of the pamphlet is "Some Words to Socialist Women."—Ed. S. W.

MUTATED MOTHERHOOD

D. B. Montefiore.

This Socialism of which we hear so much nowadays, may be described, not so much as a system, not so much as a doctrine, but as an interpretation of facts from the point of view of the oppressed, but evolving, masses of the people. In order to explain and interpret these facts, and to light on what motherhood under capitalism is compelled to be, I shall begin by telling you that living our whole population of 43,000,000, one-third, or 14,000,000 of that population, at the present time lives below the level of subsistence; that is to say, in plain English, that one-third of the people have not enough food for their stomachs, nor enough clothes to their backs! What sort of motherhood do you think is possible among one-third of the population of wealthy England? What home life is possible where the women housemaker never knows from one week's end to another what the scanty sum she will have at her command to lay out on bread, meat, or fruit? What home life is possible where the thought of Monday, with the fateful ring of the man calling for the rent, shakes the nerve of the woman housemaker, and drives her forth pitilessly to take her place at daybreak on Monday morning in the waging procession outside the pawnbroker's, with some treasured bit of the home under her ragged shawl? How can the home lamp do its burning under such conditions as these? How can the tender ministry of helpful sympathy, which is a mother's due in her hour of pain and need, be realized in the distressful, disorganized lives, which present society, as a strong, successful, unsympathetic whole, force on the weak and unfortunate in the daily struggle for existence?

Let me quote from my impressions of the normal march of the women of the unemployed in November, 1905, when Mr. Balfour found courage to reply to the broken words of women, starving in the midst of plenty: "You have my sympathy, but what can I do?" And then let me remind you

and teach those women our grand ideal of Socialism, with the result that the lives of many of our comrades' wives are happier and more useful, and more women belong to the S. D. P. than ever before.

We have issued three leaflets, and hope soon to issue more. We have planned Women's Circles in many parts, which are conducted in a strictly business-like manner, so that when the members know enough of Socialism to join the local branch of the S. D. P. and are well acquainted with the business methods of the branch. This, we feel, is an important point, as nothing can be done without organization. The circles have lectures on comrades as well as from our own women; sympathizers also often address them. The circles meet in conjunction with the local branch, in elections, social meetings, lectures.

The Women's Committee has, in addition to forming circles, issued many outdoor and indoor meetings. Also we are in communication with our Socialist sisters abroad, especially in Amsterdam, where, through the London Office, a splendid organization of women has been built up.

The Women's Committee is always ready to assist anyone who applies for help in forming a Women's Circle, as we think there should be a circle in connection with every branch of the S. D. P.

For further information apply to the secretary, Clara S. Hendin, 33 Woodfield Road, Paddington, London, W., England.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE IN DENMARK.

In accordance with the resolution passed by the International Congress at Stuttgart on Woman's Suffrage, the British Women's Democratic Party was about to take action on 9th of October, last year, immediately after the opening of Parliament, brought in a bill which demands that the universal suffrage as well as the right to sit in Parliament, shall be conferred on women for both chambers of the Reichstag—Folketing and Landtag—on many of the age for voters of both sexes.

We proposed that the suffrage for both chambers of the Reichstag ought to be granted with the completion of the 21st year to both men and women. The suffrage must be universal, and consequently must not be made dependent on the payment of any tax.

All women would get the vote, unmarried as well as married, men equal in the law as well as married, men equally with women who are in private service.

On Sunday, the 26th, January, there was held a big women's meeting in Copenhagen, the object of which was to support the Social Democratic women's branch, and for the promotion of the woman's vote, active and passive, in addition to the women to take an active part in the forthcoming Municipal Elections. It is
THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

highly probable that a law will be passed, giving them the municipal franchise, in the course of the coming spring sessions of the Reichstag. The meeting was attended by more than 1,000 women, and should be found for on the premises, and very large numbers besides that were engaged to go away without attaining their object.

The meeting accepted the following resolutions unanimously:

The workwoman assembles on Sunday, January 22, to the number of 1,000, in Wittnack Hall, earnestly insists that the government and the Reichstag make the first day with the bill brought in by the Social Democratic Section during the present session to extend the political franchise to all adults, who are in possession of civil rights, women or men. Also all unmarried women by March, 1909, have arrived at the 25th year, are requested to name themselves for an income of at least 500 crowns in order to secure for themselves the franchise. The meeting declares it to be the duty of every participant to work for the women as a necessary means to raising the conditions of life of the working women, as it is the duty of every lightenment and social knowledge.

Further the meeting declares that only the Social Democracy and Socialism can secure complete freedom as well for the woman as the working man. Which means the complete freedom of humanity without regard to sex, race or nationality.

OUR FIRST BIRTHDAY

The Socialist Woman will be one year old the first of May. It has already grown into quite a vigorous youngster, and has got its name spread pretty well throughout this country, as well as to several beyond the "briny deep." The Socialist Woman's Bureau of England has asked that the Socialist Woman act as their organ of publication, giving them one paper a week. The Bureau is in return act as agents for the paper in England. This arrangement has been made, and we hope each month to give you an interesting account of the progress among women, not only in England, but on the Continent as well. Orders have come for subscriptions from Australia, Japan, China, Sweden, Canada, Mexico, and other far-away lands.

It is gratifying to know that our more remote brothers and sisters take us seriously. That they are anxious to read and to help the only Socialist woman's paper printed in the English language. They no doubt are looking for great activity among us who have been the first to venture with a Socialist periodical in our own tongue.

Really, we do seem rather enterprising. And as Socialist women we should make a mighty strong effort to live up to the position. We have the chance to build up a really great paper, and with the necessary energy shouldn't fail in this opportunity. If each one will do her share, the burden will fall lightly on the shoulders of all, and the task will be a pleasant one, instead of a grind, as it is when only a few try to carry it alone.

The best and easiest way to help is by getting subscribers. This means more readers; more readers means a wider activity among women, more intelligence, and more Socialists. Any woman, any man, who is really interested in the progress of women, is able to pick up from ten to fifty subs a month. And those who are in deadly earnest, and who would be willing to send in from fifty to one hundred each month.

To make it easier to introduce The Socialist Woman to new readers, a three months' trial subscription will be sent for 10 cents, silver. At this rate our circulation manager ought literally to be flooded with subs. Indeed, why not add a thousand new subscribers by the first of May, as a birthday present to this ambitious infant? Let us see if we can't do it.

You will want bundles of the May issue for distribution, too. They will sell at the rate of $1 for 100. We will not celebrate our first birthday, but we can make the paper a Convention number, as our National Socialist Convention meets in Chicago in May. There will be several special features and our artist friend, Comrade Ralph Chaplin, of Chicago, is making a new letter design for the front page which we will present to you for the May issue. You will be glad to see this new title page. Altogether, the May number will be a fine one with which to secure subs. Send your orders early.

You who began your subscriptions with the first number, better renew at once. We must keep back numbers of the paper, and if you would not miss an issue send in your subscription for the second year as early as possible.

Another way to help The Socialist Woman is by ordering books. We can furnish you whatever you want, Socialist or otherwise, at the regular rates. Don't overlook this point.

Leaflets advertising The Socialist Woman will be sent free of charge. Other leaflets for sale are "Elizabeth Cady Stanton on Socialism" a fine propaganda leaflet, equaling that of "France Willard on Socialism."

"Where Is Your Wife," by Kichi Kaneko, for propaganda in Socialist journals, second edition; "Why the Socialist Woman Demands Universal Suffrage," by Josephine C. Kaneko. Every working man and woman should read this argument for equal suffrage. Any of these leaflets 50 for 10 cents; 100 for 20 cents.

Subscription cards for The Socialist Woman, four for $1. Always keep a supply on hand. They will assist you in getting subs.

I never feel right if I leave a Socialist meeting of any kind, without having secured a few, for The Socialist Woman. How do you feel when you haven't?

On account of having to pay postage in Chicago at the rate of one cent a paper on The Socialist Woman, we are unable to make the club rate of four for $1 in this city. But we have done our best, and will mail it at the rate of 40 cents each. In clubs of four or more, to all points in the city limits.

The Socialist Woman's best workers this month are Capt. D. W. King, Winfield, Kas., who sends in thirty subs., and Mrs. Malkiel, of Yonkers, N. Y., who sends twenty. Every subscriber sent this many names each month, it would boom the paper considerably. Try it.

LETTER BOX.

Dear Comrades—Enclosed find 50 cents for one year's subscription to The Socialist Woman, as I need it just as I enjoy it. I wish I could place it in the home of every working woman in the United States. Yours, Mrs. M. W. Williams, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Sirs—Herewith I enclose postal order for fifteen shillings. Please forward me monthly an equal number of The Socialist Woman. Any amount to pay for year's subscription. Faithfully yours, F. A. Boglin, Kalgoorlie, W. Australia.

Dear Madam—Enclosed find 50 cents as one year's subscription to your splendid little paper. I shall do what I can to extend its circulation in England. I expect to be away about three weeks' time, and if I possibly can I trust I have the pleasure of meeting you. Cordially yours, Mrs. B. Borrmann Wells, N. Y. City, N. Y.

Dear Comrades—We had a very pleasant gathering of earnest women on Feb. 20th, and laid our plans for an organization in which we hope to take up the study of Socialism in its relation to women. I see an article in The Socialist Woman for April 1st. I hope to use this paper on the table before me, "Women's Week," written by Agnes H. Downing. I have not read it through, but this one paragraph has caught my eye: "The majority of women have the great maternal instinct to do, and, if need be, suffer, for others, so strong that if they are not fed the truth they will become the foremost fighters for the cause." It is that very instinct that first made me a Socialist. I long ago rebelled against the idea that in order to make money society could spread all sorts of temptations in the path of my husband and my children, and they and I get all the blame. I wish they were with me. I am in the ranks of the fighters and I am there to stay as long as there is a single soul to support your work. Yours truly, Mrs. C. L. Thompson, Burlington, Calif.

Dear Comrade Kaneko—I have been afraid to say anything about The Socialist Woman at my Garrick lectures.
THE SOCIALIST WOMAN

This month because I knew we did not have enough news. Our column has been cut. Can you bring us 50 more next Sunday morning? Yours, Arthur Morrow Lewis, Chicago.

Your statement in effect that woman has a battle as a woman in addition to her struggle as a worker is so true; and the dear "Socialism" is doing so much to awaken her to this fact. I do hope—as I feel assured that you will—keep your paper from fear of narrow criticism. Keep on broad, progressive policy; appeal to all women that must win. Yours, Agnes H. Downing, Los Angeles, Calif.

`()..---I received the magazine. Your poem, "A Woman," makes a great hit with me. Send five copies, please, and use the other few cents you like. Sorry the amount is not larger. This March number is the best ever. Yours, Mrs. Florence C. Twingin, New York City.

Dear Friends: We find the enclosed for a year's subscription to The Socialist Woman. My husband takes The Appeal, The Ripaw, and The Willer. If there is any publication for boys we will subscribe for our little son, and then we will be a Socialist family out and out. Yours, Mrs. Ethel Bradshaw, Shawnee, Okla.

Dear Comrades,—To say that I am pleased with "OUR MAGAZINE" is putting it mildly. My main regret is that I have not time to approach every one who needs it. I shall try to reach them by sample copies, and hope to reach as many as possible. Your work in New York, or at least some of us, are debating the question whether we can gain anything by joining the "Socialist Rights" Club that has existed for some time here, but is just renewing activities since some of our energetic suffragists from England have sent their moral support. I think that in the Socialist movement we can accomplish just as much as in a separate woman's organization. Non-Socialist women do not want the world where we would do it in a woman's rights club. Yours, Martha Hohmann, New York, N. Y.

3.3---I feel like I can in better way express my appreciation of the dear little "Socialist Woman" than by sending you some subscriptions. I have only just begun to read the magazine but I have already given it to a woman who has never had a socialist magazine before. Yours, Mrs. Martha A. Porter, New Orleans, La.

THE NATIONAL MOVEMENT.

New York, N. Y.—Central Committee of the Women's Socialist League at the Labor Temple in New York on March 12. Comrade Henry presided. Report of Branches was given. Branch 1 in Boston reported admission of one member. Branch 2 reported that meeting on Feb. 27th was a great success; admitted two members; received 100 tickets for the Dance, which old cook will only get for the benefit of the branch. Comrades Stern and Schmeke reported that the first English branch was organized. Branch 4 of Chicago will be Socialist Women's Society, Branch 1, English. Branch 3 could hold to meeting. Branch 4 admitted two members. Branch 6 will hold mass meeting on 5th of April with Comrade Stern as speaker. Initiated one member. Branch 4 sent $5 for the Daily Call Fair. Branch 7 at the National meet-}

ing. Comrades Stern and Schmeke spoke on Woman Suffrage. Admitted two members. Branch 8 had fine meeting with great success. Comrades Stern, Schmepe and Lowes addressed the meeting. Collection was taken amounting to $9, or about $3 for Fest-valuet of Branch 5. Will hold meeting with Comrade Vanderpo-ten as speaker on April 3. Five thousand leaflets were distributed in different branches. Donation of $10 was made for the Unemployed Confer-ence. One thousand membership cards were ordered. Comrade Stahl was elected as delegate to the Socialist Rand. Adjourned. Johanna Grele- Cramer, Secretary, 26 8th St., Eliza- beth, N. J.

Chicago, —The Socialist Women's League holds regular meetings each Tuesday evening in Room 312, 26 Van Buren street. In addition to the order of business for the past month was the app-pointing of a committee to get up a se ries of lessons for Socialist study clubs, and passing the list of speakers, app-}