Edna Porter

MAY BEALS HOFFPAUGH.

I have been asked to write of Edna Porter but Emerson has described her far better than I can. "A soul whose acts are all regal, graceful and pleasant as roses." A noble woman of entertaining loveliness is Edna Porter. How much her beauty owes to regular features and graceful form I cannot say. It is difficult to observe her analytically. Her face reminds one, partly by its beautiful modeling, but more by its winsome, captivating candor, of Rembrandt's portrait of his own idolized son, "The Golden Lad" in his fourteenth year. Edna Porter's theatrical debut was unusual, perhaps unique. Of the thousands of girls, without theatrical friends, or influence, pouring into New York continually with the intention of going on the stage, perhaps no other has secured, in her first six months in America, so many of the parts in Shakespeare and Dumas plays. Yet her instantaneous success seems not remarkable to those who know her. She is greater than her success. It was easy for her.

She is the first southern comrade to win a place in the legitimate with the avowed object of using the influence thus gained for the cause. Almost at the first of our acquaintance she asked me whether she would better try the stage first or the lecture platform. I advised the stage, for one needs the widest possible experience and knowledge of life before undertaking the agitator's nerve-ailinging work.

Comrade Edna was for awhile on the staff of the daily "New Orleans Item." She also attempted to take a course in art, but the art students who know a good thing would not let her do anything but pose. "Twas a base imposition on her youth and good nature, but perhaps this unusual method of thwarting her unformed aspirations helped her to find her true vocation. As either writer or artist Comrade Edna's unusual construction of talents could not all completely function. The writer needs brains only for his own self, keen observation and the power of expressing ideas in fit words. The artist or sculptor requires brains of but slightly different type, and unusual dexterity, but the actress needs brains plus beauty of the mobile, expressive sort, grace, personal magnetism and the undefinable thing we call charm. These are Comrade Edna's in abundance. She lacks only tact and perhaps imagination that enables one to understand widely diverse characters. I believe she has consciously neglected to cultivate tact, considering it a form of hypocrisy. After all isn't it? When I first met her at her father's house during the Mardi Gras festivities she was spending much of her time denouncing a Bohemian friend who had joined the Presbyterians. I observed that she said as much to her friend as to others, and in an equally severe tone. I think the way to her heart is through her sense of humor for she did not seem specially drawn to me until I offered to fill the place of the anthropomorphized friend and betrayed my emotional sympathy. Embracing Emerson's well-known consolation for lost delusion, "When half-gods go the gods arrive."

Comrade Edna is a magnet of hearts. Children love to sit near her and caress her hands, and even her dress. Women those who are above jealousy adore her. She is a human sunbeam—a superwoman who sheds goodness and gladness and good comradeship as a rose sheds fragrance.

Her home life has been so pleasant and her world-view is so philosophic that if she achieves great distinction in emotional and tragic roles it can only be through imagination and intellectual comprehension. I think that the knowledge of sorrow, that comes from experience, can never be hers, for her joy of life is innate and infallible.

While traveling with the Morrison Faust company recently Comrade Edna is reported in the Milwaukee papers as saying in an interview: "Do I believe in Socialism really and truly? Why I'd rather expound Socialism from the soap box than be the greatest star on the stage today. Why don't I do it? Simply because I don't feel that I am capable. But she is expounding Socialism every day as she travels over the country with her company. The audience of these days we should doubt hear from her in the full role of a Socialist agitator.

FIGHT FOR YOUR LIFE
by Ben Hanford. This is a book that we can easily recommend to our readers. Every woman will find it a valuable addition to her store of Socialist knowledge.
Price 25c, a copy.

Copies of the May number The Woman containing the playlet, "The Socialist's Wife," may be had for a penny each. The little play was given at the Woman's conference at Girard with a good deal of success.

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Race Suicide With a Vengeance

There are in one city in America alone—New York—forty thousand babies and young children born to mothers with tuberculosis and doomed to die of that disease early, or to drag out pitiful lives in suffering and sorrow.

The above from an editorial in a non-socialist paper, the New York Journal—tells a terrible tale of man's inhumanity to the little folks who come to take up a time their residence in this life. The editorial goes on to say, "out of 40,000 children, more than 30,000 could be saved by fresh air, sunlight, good, plain food.

Simple things enough, and yet denied the helpless infants by the strong men at the heart of city affairs." They report the president of the Chicago Law and Order league recently sent to the public press gives some more frightful news about some more helpless infants of another great city. It says:

I have reliable information that in twenty-four months three boys have passed through the venereal disease ward of the Cook county hospital.

Of these 15 per cent were afflicted with syphilis, 85 per cent with gonorrhoea; 20 per cent inherited the disease from their parents, 20 per cent of the girls (all under 12 years of age) were raped and 80 per cent contracted the disease from others in public schools, institutions, etc., etc.

In one instance a child 17 months old was released by her father and another child three years old by her uncle.

If those who read these items will go carefully through the article in this issue on "Official Protection of Vice," they will come to the conclusion at once, if they be not too thick-headed, that there is a great crying need for a few "city mothers" in our cities and towns. They will leave behind forever the old saw that woman's "sphere" is the four walls of a home—often a mere shanty at that—and that her one and sole duty is to bear children—for the sons of men to destroy.

There might also creep into the minds of some self-satisfied folks that the profit system that starves little consumptive children, and generates vice that destroys thousands of others, ought some day to be abolished and a sane co-operative commonwealth inaugurated in its place.

Every time you take a street car ride, or go for a walk in the evening you might do good work for the cause by carrying along some of our leaflets and handing them to those you meet.

The Progressive Woman in clubs of four or more, one year, 25c.

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Official Protection of Vice
AGNES H. DOWNING

Often we have heard it said: "Despite laws and public opinion prostitution still persists." Let us take pause and see why it is that an institution alike destructive of the physical and moral health of the race should continue.

The key to the whole situation is in the control of the city by the private corporate interests. A big corporation desiring to evade its taxes, to secure franchises and other special privileges, finds that it can do this only by controlling the political situation. The big interests, therefore, have political machines in the guise of "bosses", who control both old parties. Through the machine they elect men of low character to public positions. These men owe their positions to the political machines, and the "boss" who runs the machine does his bidding. And in turn these disreputable officials use their political offices for their own selfish aggrandizement, protecting all sorts of evil acts committed under their very eyes. The reason the corporation puts such venal men into office is, first, that they are more subservient to its interests; and second, they are cheaper for the corporation, because their price is secured not direct from the corporation, but from the vice of the city which they foster and protect.

To avoid theorizing take a specific case.

For some time preceding September, 1908, there existed in Los Angeles a segregated district of vice. The place was flagrantly discussed. From time to time there were "raids," and the public thought that meant an effort in good faith to suppress the evil.

The police courts presented busy scenes in these trials. The "cub" reporters were active and the press spoke quite lighty, jauntily, of the various phases of this social crime. The number of girls arrested would be given, sometimes their names would be printed, and the king of the red light districts would be referred.

A. C. Harper, mayor of the city, was a democrat, elected by the Southern Pacific machine, and the Times, the machine republican organ, was his chief support. Mr. Harper was waging war with the police commission, whom, under the charter he appointed, were oppulent. New substantial brick houses had gone up, houses of special architecture, well designed to entrap and secrete inmates. Besides the special district, certain saloons, hotels and clubs were quite as notorious.

The office of the district attorney, whose duty it is to prosecute such cases, was quite oblivious to what was going on, for usually it happened that an assistant prosecutor was appointed who strove in good faith to enforce the law. Such attorney would begin not by arresting the wretched girls and going through the shameful farce of a justice court trial to facilitate the collection of graft, but would issue warrants for the arrest of the keepers of the places and the owners of the property. Such efforts came to naught. The cases were dismissed and so was the decent attorney.

The vice went on. It had always gone on. It couldn't be stopped, people said. Los Angeles was "corrupt and contented."

Toward the end of September, 1908, Thomas Lee Woolwine, city prosecutor, in a newspaper interview, boldly charged Mayor Harper and his police commission with protecting vice: and the mayor admitted a segregated vice district. Yet a few days later, this same mayor and some of his police commissioners sought to intimidate Mr. Woolwine and the Express which published his statements, by filing damage suits aggregating nearly $200,000, which suits were later withdrawn.

After a good deal of juggling, Mr. Woolwine was removed from his office as prosecutor. District Attorney Fredericks publicly declaring that Mr. Woolwine's charges were absolutely groundless.

A special grand jury, however, was summoned to inquire into the vice matter and after sitting for three months and examining 232 witnesses, on February 19, 1909, brought in a most condemning report.

The report showed that vice was protected. It showed that houses of prostitution existed in the city in direct violation of the laws of the state; that the mayor, his chief of police, and members of the police commission were not only aware of this fact, but that they had visited the places; bought liquor which was sold there in violation of the law; and participated in an orgy. Yet, notwithstanding all this, the jury brought in no indictments.

Six of the grand jurors felt that they could not concur in the report of the majority, and gave the public their reasons. This minority report stated among other things that Mayor Harper and Chief of Police Kern on many occasions visited those places and took young men of the town with them; that "the grand jury had ascertained that rentals as high as $120 per month were charged for single rooms in the three brick buildings which had been especially constructed." Further, that the plans to erect those buildings had been made by the mayor's office, that the buildings were not held in the name of the mayor, but in the words of the minority report: "One certain person held the title (papers being in escrow) to the real property upon which three of the said brick buildings are built, and was acquired after this district was established by the present administration. The minority report went on further to show that the man in whose name the title was placed (the papers all the while held in escrow) was a man "wholly without means and living upon the earnings of fallen women."

From the three brick houses referred to the rentals were $200,000 yearly.

Notwithstanding that these facts were brought to the knowledge of the grand jury, it failed to indict. So not only was vice protected in Los Angeles by corrupt officials, but these corrupt officials were in turn protected by the grand jury. Justice was blind and was led not by the proverbial blind, but by brazen, flagrant greed.

If Los Angeles had in proportion to its population as many white slave women as there are said to be in Chicago, it would have nearly 5,000. But in the district that the administration had set off, where the brick buildings had been built, and to fill which the machinery of law, by raids, fines, etc., was used, only one-tenth of the number of people were white. The rest were still scattered about the city. The segregation in any case takes comparatively few.

The other places scattered about did not pay the direct tribute of rent. There was a more indirect method. The mayor, chief of police, and members of the police commission organized or were deeply interested in certain sugar and oil corporations. They sent their agent, Police Commissioner Schenk, to the keepers of saloons, gambling rooms and disorderly houses, and these bought freely of the stock. The price they paid was out of all proportion to the value of the stock; they paid not for the stock but for protection for their illegal and criminal business. So it was that saloon-keepers who violated the law, gambling-house proprietors, and keepers of white slave dens became the business partners of the mayor and other high city officials. The Los Angeles Herald is authority for the statement that thousands of dollars worth of this stock was bought
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

by R. F. Goings, democratic politi-
cian, and notorious keeper of a sa-
loon with whom the Third street near
Main in the heart of the business
section of the city. Here again is
the "special architecture," steel bars
to let down on the stairs, etc. The Los
Angeles Herald speaks of this as an
"inadequate," and in the issue of
January 9, 1909, goes on to ex-
plain: "Many a young girl has been
taken there, believing her escort hadrather her to one of the leading
girls of Los Angeles, within an hour
or so later to beg an employe to aid
her in making her escape from
shame." Indeed a specific instance
was given as an ordinary occurrence,
where it was stated that two girls
who innocently entered the place ac-
companied by two men, and upon
discovering the character of the house,
the girls made frantic efforts to
escape, but were doing so by the men;
that a human servant came to aid the girls and
was beaten by the fiendish villains.
There was no escape.

The position of the abuses of women
in these places will never be known.
The issue of the Herald above quoted
(Jan. 9, 1909) says: "Men have util-
ized the privacy of the Manhattan
to maltreat girls whom they had induced
to enter the place. In some instances
it has been necessary for the man-
agement of the Manhattan to call in
a doctor to attend the women after
their brutal captors had left them."

The Herald gave the name of the
owner of this place, Thomas Higgins,
and his place of residence. He is a
wealthy citizen of Los Angeles. It
also mentioned J. A. Dumore, the proprie-
tor. It stated that Police Commis-
sioner H. W. Lewis, who was ap-
pointed by and serving under Mayor
Harper, was the agent of this Man-
hattan hotel. No libel suit came from
these charges so they were
probably true.

Think of the lives wrecked in these
shambles! Think of the homes made
destitute, of the despairing fathers
and heart-broken mothers of these
girls! And think of the nameless fate
of the poor girls themselves—their
suffering, their helplessness, and the
gloom of the shame, ignominy, and
slow death that is before them! From
the gilded Manhattan where in the
first flush of womanly beauty and
romance, all unwilling they were held
captive victims, to the brick cribs
where they were hurled and hopeless
till later be kept for profit, the most
wretched slaves the world has ever
known.

Though the Herald and the Ex-
press, two of the large dailies of the
city were lurid with the stories of
these crimes against womanhood the
grand jury brought no bills. The
recall effort and another grand juri
were to follow, and an-
other chapter in official depravity was
to be made known.

Chicago's Soul Market—Fourth
edition, fifty pages, just off the press.
Illustrated. A moral book woven with
against white slavery. Fully endorsed
by press and selling as fast as can be
printed. Order now. Prepaid twenty-five
cents—silver or 1. O. order. Agents
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Dearborn street, Chicago.

Women Too Good to Vote.

In an address to the girls graduates
of St. Joseph's College and Academy,
Cardinal Gibbons declared against woman suf-
frage.

"I am entirely opposed to woman suf-
frage," he said, "not because I hate the
women, but because I think it is unwise to
fulfil the mission for which God intended
them. If you play in the arena of politics
you will bring the dust and grime of the
dirt. If you grasp too much you will lose everything.

(Cardinal Gibbons)

Natives is so honored in the United
States. This is largely due to the chivalry and
the generosity of the men, and you are
protected by the men, what more
then do you want? I want to remind you that
the woman has a great mission in life.
You should, therefore, have a sense of your
responsibility in the domestic walks of life.
We cannot hope to preach in the church,
but you can preach in your homes and
those who come in contact with you in your
daily lives. Preach to your fathers and
brothers. The home is to society what
it had to depend upon the men alone—
with women to do the devil's work.

Please note the words of the above:

"Woe be to society if it had to de-
pend on the men alone—it would cer-
tainly go to the devil." And,

"If your women are not
protected by the men (WHO
WOULD LEAD SOCIETY
TO THE DEVIL) what more do you
want?" Consistency, Cardinal, is a
jewel.

An Interesting Epistle.

Addressed to the Appeal to Reason,
and turned over to us by the editor
of same:

SIR: I have been reading your paper,
Appeal to Reason for several weeks.
You mention in your paper that two women are not
allowed to vote as they might vote for
Socialism. You need fear nothing about that
as few women are weak enough to do such
a thing & they are only influenced by their
Socialist Leaders. The Socailists' attack on
Roosevelt is a set worthy of a Socialist.
It is a shameful thing to be published.

Thousands agree with Roosevelt. You
say that be attacked it with out knowing
anything about it. Others who have only
seen a few of the papers agree with him.
It condemns itself. Times are as prosper-
orous as they could be if Eugene
Debs had been elected If people are willing
to work & will demand reasonable wages
they can get work. There is a cry for
bread & jobs the world over. In the last
volume our society consists of, if every one
was put on an equal? You say in one
paper that a hob is a good as a president.
Then do this. He should be his equal in
society? Do you think a hobo would
make as good a president as Roosevelt or
Taff?—From a "Capitalist."

If you try to do better in the
basket, put it there. But remember,
Thousands think the same way.
We do not like hearing on the
impertinent to ask whether this lady
"Capitalist" moves in the same social
set with the Tafts and Roosevelts.
Judging from her fear of "hobo"
invasion of the "society" one would think that she did.

AN OBSTACLE.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN.

I was climbing up a mountain path
With many things to look at.
Important business of my own,
And other people's too.

When I ran across a Prejudice
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such as could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load.

And then and there I missed a step
And begged that he would move a bit
And let me travel by
He smiled, but as for moving—
He didn't even try.

And then I reasoned quietly
With view point should possess this lit-
tle book.

My time was short—no other path—
The mountain winds were cool.
I argued like a Socialist,
He said there lies the cool.

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced and howled and swore,
I begged and cried and sobbed
Till I was still and sore.

And then I begged him on my knee—
I might be kneeling still
If so he had the most unwise
Of obdurate ill-will—

When a sudden inspiration came,
I walked directly through him,
As if he weren't there!

The May Bulletin for the Intercol-
legiate Socialist society reports the
following colleges as having student bands
actively interested in the propaganda of
Socialism: Maryville College (Ohio); University of
Georgia; University of Colorado; New York College; Wells
College (New York); Cornell University;
Vassar College, and the Univer-
sity of Pittsburgh.

LESSON OUTLINES.

BY LIDA PARCE.

Anyone who wants to study social
evolution from a Socialist
point of view should possess this lit-
tle book. It will give you a clear
glimpse of human civilization from its prehistoric stage down
to our own day.

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contains only sixty-two pages, but
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few among many of its type
foisted upon the public that is worth
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ism?" Only 20c a hundred.

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The Tragedy of Human Passion
THERESA MALKIEL

Honor and faith she thought his intent
(And God only knew what the gentleman meant).
Yet a man must follow his natural bent;
Yes, as you and I.

In this age of money-mad existence we are apt to lose sight of the part played by human passion, and yet its tragedies are as great as ever or even greater than in the days of yore.

From a crude savage place of habitation the earth became gradually civilized. As the passing generations have supplanted one another they changed their mode of living, their religion and morals, but in spite of the radical changes that took place in the conception of its ideals the human is still a slave to its passion and as herefore a victim of its tragedies.

Man's instincts remain the same today as they were during the era of organized war. When haunted by the desire of tearing forbidden paths man sought and obtained woman's favor. Tired of her or even jilted by her he still had his hunting grounds, his wars and conquests; love was of his life a thing apart. Encouraged by the success of breaking hearts, for which deed he was often lauded in the legends and ballads of his time, he did all he could to control over his aimless straying towards new passions and acted as cheerfully the villain as the hero.

And today men who, among their own sex, stand up for honor and straightforwardness do not hesitate to play the hypocrite and flatterer before a pretty woman. They become actors for the sake of a glance, they turn orators to secure a kiss and are willing to take the place of a valet in order to obtain a favor. And for all that— they are always "men."

It is the woman as a rule who bears the penalties. Love is woman's whole existence—from time immemorial, by tale and song she was always spoken of as the object of romance. From the cradle to the grave she was assured of the prince charming who is bound to come into her life—until her whole existence comes to be concentrated on that one object. In that prince charming she expects to find the ideal around which her childhood dreams were woven. In him are embodied all her hopes and aspirations. To him her young affectionate nature sends out its prayer and her whole breath is filled with a deep yearning for the tender emotions to come.

The prince charming arrives and, in the complexity of his manifold aspirations, carelessly plucks her as he would a chance field blossom, only to drop it at the sight of another; the tragedy becomes complete for woman, as the rule, droops and steps out of the game of life.

What was true of the heart-broken nun of the middle ages is equally true of the New England spinster of today—one like the other carries her love with her into the grave. We today have our Juliets, our Ophelias and Desdemonas, just as the Elizabethan period had. Even like the biblical Ruth the woman of today says to the man she loves: "Thy people are my people and thy belief my belief. Where thou goest I shall follow willingly."

Marriage bonds imposed by centuries of higher civilization have fallen short of their mission, for they have failed to decrease passion's tragedies. Man's transgressions remain as great as ever, while society fails to make any concessions to the wife who breaks her marriage vows, or to the girl who dares to love without them. As heretofore—woman must pay the penalty.

It is hard to foretell what effect the coming radical changes will have on this phase of our life. It is possible, or rather probable, that the near future will give us an equal standard for both sexes and the morals that hold woman as her husband's property will disappear altogether. That upon the consent of both parties the marriage contract will be dissolved freely. That women once economically independent will not cling to the man after he ceases to love her. But here arises the question—will it heal her bleeding wounds? Will it tend to do away with the numerous tragedies of life?

As an inevitable result of her position during the past centuries woman became more emotional, more sensitive and more dependent on man. While man's life is occupied with general affairs, woman clings to the personal, and in a child-like way soars towards heaven, often neglecting the essential things of life.

Man in the exuberance of his power, goes through life controlled largely by his reason, woman, as a rule, follows the inclinations of her heart. And as we look forward into the distant future it seems that so long as this remains true, so long will woman be earth's chief sufferer, so long will natural tragedies be bound to recur.

A great revolution must take place in the mind of woman, who, chained by a thousand fetters of dependency to man-made conditions, brought up in the belief of ancient traditions and prejudices and degraded by a false morality, is herself partially to blame for a great deal of her suffering. A change of education and of rearing must weave itself into her life so that she might learn to control her heart by the power of her reason or in other words, must learn to be mistress of her feelings and come down from the dreams of heaven to the realities of the earth. She must outgrow her childish illusions for, though we admire the innocence of our children, we are anxious, nevertheless, to see them outgrow those traits as they progress in years. She must become a philosopher and learn to view her romantic disappointments as she does any other unpleasant incident in her life. She must understand that the vow of eternal truth is sometimes broken, even against the will of the individual who breaks it—for love knocks on every door unbidden, uncalled for. She must remember that there is always a possibility of a change of feeling in her mate, as well as in herself—and be prepared to meet the consequences. She must become conscious of the immediate need of her political and economic emancipation, which will also mean the liberation of her sex. She must throw off the fetters of slavery and learn to rely on her own ability, thus dispensing with the chivalry which worshipped her in poetry and degraded her in life. She must give up being only a domestic plant, a vegetating stay-at-home, become the real sovereign of her own being, and take as much interest in the large family of the human race, as she does in the small immediate one of her household.

Or, in the words of Olive Shreiner, "Woman must throw off her shoes of dependence, must discard the mantle of apperition and even leave behind her dear child—passion, whose clings still so desperately to her—before she can hope for salvation from her misery."

The ballot, though an absolute necessity in her struggle for freedom, is only one of the aims toward the goal. We cannot renovate a garment by turning over one of the sleeves—the whole of it must be turned inside out. And this renovation is possible under a social regime only. A woman being on a par with the rest of the world—woman will be economically independent. Living in a society that will not gloss over the word "mind" or tolerate the broad-minded. Brought up under the same rule as the male she will compel him to gradually recognize in her the human, the spiritual qualities. Only then will she become a part of the universe, only then can she hope to lessen the sorrows of her heart.

The task may be a long and painful one. Many of us may perish in the effort without leaving any evident trace of the long and bitter struggle. But woman will be fully compensated for it all when the goal is finally reached.

Read the announcement of the Girard post-cards elsewhere in this paper. If you want to get acquainted with Girard, and the "bunch" of comrades here, this is the best chance you have had, and it saves car fare. You can line the excellent post card photographs up in your room and look at them whenever you want to.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Woman Suffrage and Socialism

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

That the struggle of women throughout the world, and particularly in this country, has behind it the economic pressure becomes more apparent, is we acquaint ourselves more with the movement. Indeed, no great moral struggle has ever arisen in the history of the race, that did not have back of it the economic force. When the first convention of women suffragists met in Seneca Falls, July 14, 1848, a declaration of sentiments was read, in which we find that the fight of those women was primarily an economic fight. Their declaration of sentiments followed exactly the Declaration of Independence of 1776, except that they substituted for King George, "all men," and we find them saying:

Having deprived her (woman) of this first right of a citizen, the elective franchise, they, in their wisdom, to render appearance in the halls of legislation, he (man) threatened her on all sides. He has made her, if married, in the eye of the law, a stranger to her husband. He has taken from her all rights of property, without her consent. He gained her wages she earned. After depriving her of all rights as a married woman, if single and the ownership of property, he taxed her to support a government which recognizes her only when her husband has made provision for her. He has monopolized nearly all the probable employments, and from those she is permitted to follow, she receives but a scanty remuneration. He clings against her all the avenues of wealth and distinction which he considers it more honorable to himself as a teacher of theology, medicine or law, she is not known.

He has denied her the facilities of obtaining a thorough education, all colleges being closed against her.

These are the principal counts of the first suffragists against an absolute masculine rule. They were thus characteristic in their nature.

After a good deal of agitation on the part of the early suffragists the laws were modified to suit, in a measure, their demands. They were permitted to attend the colleges, and, like the professions, a married woman could draw her wages and own property in many of the states, and altogether conditions were made easier for the woman, even though the ballot is still denied her. Following these concessions in her favor, the fight for suffrage became less animated. It almost died out. It was only occasionally that we heard about it, and people said it had been only a fad, that the majority of women had not wanted the ballot, and that there would never be a revival of the struggle.

But we find it reviving. And this time it is becoming a class fight, as well as a sex fight, for it is the wage-earning woman today, who is the backbone of the suffrage movement. This fact was recognized that the Queen of England, Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish and other very rich women of America, have placed themselves on record as against the movement of women for the franchise. The recent protest of the Pope is also significant. On the other hand, we have the women of the labor unions, school teachers and other professional and wage-earning women, forming the bulk of the membership of suffrage organizations. In New York, the richest city in America, the pay of women school teachers is so small that there are hundreds of vacancies in the public schools for which no teachers can be found. The teachers of New York city have waged a hard fight for better wages, but have been defeated again and again. They have decided that one of the causes for their poor pay is lack of the ballot, by which the city officials are elected, and are laboring to secure the suffrage movement hoping to find relief there.

There is not a little reason in this, since in the four states where women do vote, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah, women teachers receive the same pay as men, for the same work done. And these are the only states in which they do. Carroll D. Wright, a former commissioner of labor, has said: "The lack of direct political influence constitutes a powerful reason why women's wages have been kept at a minimum." And it is a well-known fact even among women members of the unions, that they have not the influence in their unions that they should have, because of this lack of political power. The men of the unions know that their possession of the ballot weighs with their employers and helps in keeping their wages up. The woman has no ballot, and to her employer, even though she is a union member, she is a mere nothing, outside of the labor she performs. Employers can never be brought to time through fear of the votes of women, for they haven't any. Besides directly influencing their wages, the ballot in the hands of the working woman would help her class in many ways. Mrs. Maud Nathan, of the Consumers' league, says: "In the states where women vote there is far better enforcement of the laws which protect working girls." This, because the vote of the woman weighs more with the lawmakers than all the eager appeals made by disfranchised women for the welfare of their sisters. She says further that in Colorado, when some little children were brought from the southern cotton mills and southern methods of employment were adopted in a Colorado cotton mill, a vigorous anti-child labor law was put into effect. The education law were enacted at once, without a fraction of the agitation required in states where women are denied the suffrage. Another matter of vast interest to wage earners is the education of their children. It is essential that children should be compelled to attend school, rather than be forced at an early age into industry. The enormous number of illiterate children in our great industrial states is appalling. In Wyoming where women have voted for nearly half a century there are fewer illiterate children than in any other state —only 72 in the entire state. In Colorado also the age of consent of girls has been raised to eighteen, which makes it impossible for them to be a legal party to their own ruin, earlier than to their marriage. This is a safe-ward which young working girls in other states do not have. Mrs. Nathan, in a letter to the governor of New York, appointing an incompetent man, an ex-elevator boy, as deputy factory inspector, over a woman who had had long experience and was thoroughly capable, merely because the voters wished him to appoint a man. And the voters were not women. On another occasion she called on a governor of New York in behalf of the working-girls, and he told her frankly that he was not interested in the working-girls; they had no votes!

Just recently we have the news that Mrs. Lillian C. Tucker, deputy clerk of the United States circuit court in Boston, has been asked to resign by the clerk, on the ground that her salary, $2,500 was too much for a woman. Mrs. Tucker has been in the service of the United States court for over twenty-five years, and is said by the judges of the court to be thoroughly competent. Had she been a voter, it is hardly probable that she would have been turned down in this manner. Mr. Trowbridge said that the women were not in the habit of receiving such large salaries, and he did not wish to set the precedent.

John Neal, an eminent American publicist, affirmed many years ago that the vote had added more than fifty cents a day to the average wages of the workingman. Whether this be true or not, we know that one of the first declarations of the Socialist party in countries where the workingman is disfranchised, is that he shall have the franchise restored to him. The party does not stop to ask whether he will use his vote against the Socialist or any other movement. The Socialists say that it is a business. It is working for the emancipation of the oppressed everywhere, regardless of sex or color, and wherever it finds this oppressed class standing out the fight to work for the right to work, to aid it, and to help it on to victory. And especially since the woman's fight for
the franchise is devolving more and more into a class fight, into an economic fight, it is incumbent upon those that their trade unions, and through which, too, may attain economic freedom. The Socialist party at its last national convention set the precedent for us. It is now our duty to push this movement in this country to the extent that the working woman—and the great majority of our women are working women, or wives of working men—may come into political power, and finally into economic freedom.

Under modern conditions housekeeping and rearing of children are no longer private matters—they are public duties, and it may be, the housewife of today finds herself brought into contact with every problem of municipal life.—Ida Husted Harper.

“The New Ethics”
JOHN EDWIN SVYDBR.

When Upton Sinclair wrote “The Jungle,” he aimed at the people’s heart in behalf of the workers, and hit them in the stomach. It seems to me that J. Howard Moore has aimed better for his book, “The New Ethics,” certainly appeals to the heart of everybody having a spark of humanity in them. His appeal goes out for all living creatures. He says:

“I appeal to the hospitality of the unenslaved for understanding of this message—to the men and women who have not yet passed into the solid state.

There are very few who escape condemnation in this book, but if a man or woman have reason and a desire to get at the truth I am sure that the old law of the jungle, of tooth and fang, of murder for sport and furs and meat will be overthrown by this fearless champion of the wild and domestic animal.

“Oh, this killing, killing—this awful, never-stopping, never-ending, world-wide butchery! Every time your clock strikes six thousand, five hundred and twelve, an intelligent and highly sensitive being have had their heads smashed with an axe, and their throats cut through, and have struggled, and shuddered, and seen the world vanish from their eyes or ears in these godless charnels.” (The packing houses.) “The Chicago stock yards alone grind up annually 20,000,000 living beings a year. What for? Why, bless your life! in order that men and women may pray for mercy, and preach the Golden Rule, and deplore injustice, with their bellies full of blood.”

Even the butcher and consumer of meats are dealt with severely, equally as hard does he strike at the murderers of wild animals for furs; and at those who wear the furs, “No one but a vulgarian would attempt to adorn himself by putting the dead bodies of birds on her head, or muffling her shoulders in grimning weasels and dangling martens...” In 1891, the latter part of her life, for her too, recognized that the profit system lies at the bottom of this. This leaflet, 10c per 100; $1.00 per 1,000.

FRANK WILLARD ON SOCIALISM.

In the latter years of her life, for she, too, recognized that the profit system lies at the bottom of this. This leaflet, 10c per 100; $1.00 per 1,000.

“THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.”

OUR LEAFLETS.

REPLY TO ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS, by Theresa Malikil. This is one of the best things to hand to the average person or woman, that can be found on suffrage. Don’t fail to get a supply to use on all occasions. Our leader of the suffrage workers, Mary Carpenter was a member of the National Socialist of England. In this leaflet she sends a plea to a suffrage convention that they investigate Socialism. It is a fine leaflet for propaganda among suffragists.

A PLEA TO A CLUB WOMEN, by Agnes Dowling. The club woman is a decided factor in forming public opinion. This leaflet is calculated to turn her mind toward the study of Socialism. Get a pack and hand them to your club women friends.

WHERE IS YOUR WIFE? by Klitchi Kanklo. There are a good many Socialist locals in the country which have no women members. In many of the men comrades are a majority for this fact. This is the very thing to hand them. They own the highest respect among the members of every local in the land. All the leaflet per 100: $1.00 per 1,000.

FRANK WILLARD ON SOCIALISM.

Franz Willard, like Elizabeth Cady Stanton, began to fight for women’s rights in the latter years of his life, for she, too, recognized that the profit system lies at the bottom of this. This leaflet, 10c per 100; $1 per 1,000.

“THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.”

This program is a must as possible, and when he has extracted from them every benefit he is able to extract, he casts them out, as the money dog does his worn-out workmen, to rot.

“Human beings have become the butchers of the universe.” But still they believe that beauty and truth are slowly creeping into the heart of the human race, however. Every new truth that comes into it has got to sneak in on its hands and knees and where there is so little courage to genius and originality that ‘A man is thought a knave or fool, or bigot plotting crime, who for the advancement of his race is wiser than his time.’ “The human race is at the beginning of its career. It stands blinking and rubbing its eyes in the dim morning of the ages, not only half-baked, but scarcely in the batter stage of development.”

This book does not just condemn; it has excellent chapters on “What Shall We Eat?” “Is Man a Plant Eater?” and “The Foods of the Future.” In these he gives many tables which show that the plant, and dairies foods are far superior to meat foods and do not destroy the human soul in their getting.

“The mouth of the carnivore is an arsenal—Man’s mouth is a mill” thus he answers the advocates of man being a carnivorous animal. And those who say that the most highly developed races are meat eaters, he asks, “How about the Eskimo and his blubber?” A diet of fruits, grains, nuts and vegetables, with dairy products and eggs, is the ideal diet of man. An excellent table of comparative strength of foods is to be found on page 90, and it shows that nuts and oatmeal and beans are three times as nutritious as meat and that meat is only second-hand food any more.

“The New Ethics” is the ethics of “Love,” not alone for our fellow man but for all living creatures. When text books such as this enter the homes and schools of our world the butcher and his shop, the hunter and his gun and dagger, the rum seller and his liquor and all their kindred will go out of business.

J. Howard Moore has written a book worth while. Get it. Read it to your children. Published by Samuel Block, Chicago. Price $1.00.

July Dusk
J. C. K.

The odorous breath of flowers, the last at dusk of a dusty day, the indulgent happiness when thousands of melodies play, the mystical, dreamy, the world that steal across the way, the breath of peace, and cause the soul to pray.

The articles The Progressive Woman is running on the white slave traffic should be read by tens of thousands. Do you realize the necessity of enlightening the public on this matter?
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Since the last issue of The Progressive Woman the receipts have been excellent some of the time, and other weeks not so very good. So this has kept the average lower than it should be, though not so bad as it was in the spring. But, comrades, this paper ought to have 20,000 subs, and it hasn't got them. It is so much better, you know, to make an absolute success of a thing than it is just to have it half-way. And The Progressive Woman can't be an absolute success until its circulation is at least doubled. It can't be a real success until a good little bunch of its readers are willing to sacrifice a great deal for its success. When you get in that frame of mind, you will be doing more than you are at present. Remember, this work of arousing the women from their long captivity, and ignorance, superstition and prejudice, of instilling in them a social consciousness, depends upon you as much as on any one else. One of these days you are going to close up your little shop and pass on into your life. Do you think when that time comes that you will be satisfied with your contribution to the welfare of the human race? Is any decent, self-respecting woman willing just to live like the animals—eat, sleep, bear children, and pass on, without so much as lifting her voice for the welfare of the human family in its mental, spiritual and moral development? These are questions, comrades, that we all ought sometime to consider seriously. Have you thought about them?

In every town there are a number of women's clubs, the members of which are the housewives of the community. They need to know about Socialism. Hand them one of Agnes Downing's "Downing the Club Woman" to read. It will set them thinking.

What suggestion have you to make that would cause an improvement in The Progressive Woman? We would like a word from every reader giving her idea of an improvement. You may not all agree, and it will be impossible to follow each one's suggestion, but out of the whole a composite form may come that will greatly improve the paper. This is your paper, doing your work; don't be afraid to criticize it.

Mark the best article in this number and pass it on to some one who needs to learn about it.

Economic slavery of the workers is their greatest curse. It is the greatest curse of women. Socialism will cure it.

Cardinal Gibbons doesn't want women to vote. We wonder why?

Send for some suffrage blanks and get them filled.

This is a rich country we are living in. But most of the people are poor. Why?

To live in a state of humiliation is a bad thing for both the health and the morals. Yet the majority of women are humiliated every day because of their poverty. Why don't they join the Socialists in their effort to abolish poverty?

"I am willing to be burned at the stake, if it would give the ballot to women," Anna B. Shaw is quoted as saying recently. This is rather a brave statement. Of course Miss Shaw does not expect to be burned at the stake; we don't do things that way these days. But her's is the spirit that makes for success—the spirit of sacrifice. And she is doing all a human can in her line of progress. Would that more women were like her.

We have a lot of suffrage petitions and hope that you will send right along for them. As it is not permissible to lengthen the petitions by pasting a piece of paper on the end, you will need a good many for all the names you want to get. I do not believe that these petitions will secure the ballot for women—not at once anyway; but they will do away with the old saying that "women don't want the ballot." So send for a bunch, and get as many signatures for them as you can.

These photograph post-cards of Girard subjects are first class. Five cents each.

The time is coming—indeed, it is here—when every body of men organized to promote human welfare and moral progress turns instinctively to women for help, and men and women alike must soon recognize the necessity for the manhood of the nation to be fully equipped for meeting these new responsibilities.—Ida Husted Harper.

Have you read Little Sister of the Poor? Read it, and pass it on to your neighbor.

We have a new supply of Kate O'Hare's Sorrows of Cupid. Those who have been calling for it may have it now.

Say, by all means don't forget to get that neighbor of yours to subscribe for The Progressive Woman. She needs it.

If our correspondents do not always receive personal replies to their letters it is because we are very busy, and must cut out all excepting the absolutely necessary work. Don't let this make your interest lag, however. We have our mind on you just the same, and appreciate every line that you send in, and every bit of work that you do.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Conference of Socialist Women in Girard

All over the world women are becoming actively interested in Socialism and the Socialist movement. In Germany the Socialist women's societies support a weekly paper for women, with a circulation of more than 80,000. In Finland, where a number of Socialist women have been elected to the diet, or parliament, they also have a paper of their own. In England the Socialist and trades union women have a splendid little magazine in The Woman Worker.

In the United States organizations of Socialist women are growing at a rapid rate. In California, Indiana and New York these organizations are especially strong. Kansas, under the work of Miss Caroline Lowe, the state organizer, is rapidly coming to the front in this respect. This is evidenced by an organization of Socialist women's committees, with a membership of more than 300, and which has just closed a most successful conference in Girard.

The conference of the Socialist woman's committees convened in the county court room, on June 4th, at 1 o'clock. The meeting was opened with music by Mrs. Emma Johns-Call, who never fails to please with her renditions of both classical and popular airs. After the address of welcome, followed the regular routine work of such a gathering—the election of officers, reports of committees, etc. The evening session was opened again with music by Mrs. Call, after which Kipling's "Capitalistic Class" was sung by the women's quartette of the Girard women's committee—Mesdames Kaneko, Lovejoy, Hewitt and Withrow. A hearty encore brought a response with "The Fairyland Waltz," which was also well received.

Fred D. Warren, of the Appeal to Reason, was then introduced by chairman Mrs. Kaneko, as the speaker of the evening. His subject was "What Will Be the Attitude of the Church Toward Socialism?"

Mr. Warren is a forceful speaker, with an analytical mind and a keen sense of humor. He brought much applause from his hearers during his talk.

The session of Saturday morning was opened by a paper by Grace D. Brewer, on Socialist literature. At 10 o'clock the conference adjourned to attend the funeral of Comrade Glass, and marched to his home in a body.

At noon a picture was taken of most of the visitors and delegates—it is to be regretted that a number were not in it—in front of the Appeal to Reason office. The delegates were also photographed as they ate a dinner together the evening before in Osborn's restaurant. Comrade Duncan the official photographer for the Socialists of Girard, did the photographing.

The afternoon was given to open discussion, papers being read on the following subjects: "Child Labor," Mrs. Mary Lovejoy; "The White Slave Traffic," Mrs. Elizabeth Vincent; "Woman's Work Abroad," Mrs Effie Withrow, Mrs Puckett, of Kincaid, acted as chairman for the afternoon. A monologue, "Hepzey at the Convention," was given by Mrs. Lillie Tabbs, and a playlet, "The Socialists' Wife," written by Mrs Kaneko, was presented by members of the women's committee of Girard.

Miss Berry, of Coffeyville, brought in the report of the committee on study work for the coming winter and the resolutions committee brought in resolutions condemning the action of the federal court in its decision in the Fred D. Warren case; condemning the white slave traffic; the child labor evil, and endorsing the magazine, The Progressive Woman, calling upon the women of Kansas to work for its wider circulation; endorsing the suffrage movement, and the work of the National Political Refugee Defense League. Resolutions were also read recommending that we cherish the memory of Alice Lewis (Pittsburgh), who met a sudden and cruel death by being run down by a freight train on a principal crossing in her city last February, and that we do all in our might to push forward the cause upon which she had set her heart, and in which she was engaged when death took her away.

This first conference of the Socialist Women's Committees of Kansas is but the small beginning of what is hoped to become a great work in the near future. Kansas women are beginning to recognize, as do their sisters in other states and foreign lands, that economic slavery of a producing class is contrary to the best interests of society as a whole, and are setting their faces against it.

Coming, probably as one of the results of the woman's conference of Kansas, is the announcement that the great Appeal to Reason is to be turned over to the women some time in September, for a special woman's edition. A circulation of a million has been promised, and if all who are interested in the woman's cause will lend a hand, this issue of the Appeal should reach 2,000,000. Think of it! The best writers on the woman question in America as well as abroad will contribute to this monster edition, devoted especially to the progress of women. In the meantime, let the women's societies all over the land be busy. Something good is sure to come of their efforts.

Those who attended the conference at Girard ought by all means to have one or two of those large pictures taken by Comrade Duncan. Either the dinner at Osborn's restaurant, or that taken before the Appeal to Reason, will be furnished for 60c. This picture will be historic some day.

Experience clearly shows that women's interest can not be aroused in mere partisan strife. Their interests center around questions affecting education, public cleanliness, public morality, civic beauty, charities and corrections, public health, public libraries and such subjects as more intimately affect home life, and conduces to the prosperity of the family. Men lose sight of these important considerations in the scramble of partisan warfare for office, but women will not see them obscured by anything.—St. Louis Labor.
The Progressive Woman.

LIDA PARCE

We women have often been exhorted to "stand shoulder to shoulder with our brother and help him do his work." We are also advised to "learn men's methods." I have sometimes wondered at the enthusiasm of those who give this advice. What is "His work?" Historically speaking, has his work been something in which it would have been well to "stand shoulder to shoulder" with him? It would have been well if woman had not been excluded from a part in forming governments and social institutions, but that is not "His work," that is everybody's work, since everybody has social relations.

But it is now being discovered that caring for folks, just folks, supplying human needs, is not such a contemptible thing after all. "His work" is coming to be strangely related to our work. But don't tell him! It would make him furious. Our brother is beginning to "stand shoulder to shoulder with us and help us do our work."

And when you are told to "learn men's methods" don't be too much flustered by the suggestion that you could do such a stupendous thing. There seems to be some question of late whether the best methods have yet been found. At least, the results are not always quite perfect. When the best methods shall have been discovered it is probable that woman's ways will have some part in them. About half, perhaps.

I was recently talking with a good Socialist comrade. You know Socialists believe in the freedom and equality of woman. There was no limit to the generosity of this comrade toward woman. He was willing that women should be just like men. Certainly a man could have no greater generosity than that. He was very earnest about it. I asked him if he was willing that men should be like women. But he could not take this suggestion seriously. He laughed at it heartily. Too heartily in fact.

What women must do is to hold their own ground, and demand their liberty, not to use as men use their liberty, but to use as they see fit. Not to "adopt men's methods," but to help in working out a human method of doing the world's work and conserving the human race.

The woman's committees of the Socialist party and various woman's clubs that are interested in Socialism are pretty generally taking up definite study. They are adopting the method of education, as against agitation. The results of agitative political campaigns seems to suggest a question as to the best propaganda methods. At all events, it is well that the women have taken the way that seems good to them. They may be able to contribute something toward the discovery of the best way.

In the International Socialist Review for June, Mr. Joseph Cohen, under the title, Socialist Philosophy, says: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in animals than in man... And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man, intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought." This according to the gospel by Mr. Cohen is the place of woman in the Socialist Philosophy.

Women will require a different treatment of the woman question at the hands of the Socialist Philosophy than women in the Socialist party with applications for membership. The plank for woman suffrage in the Socialist platform will not cover an unlimited multitude of sins both of omission and of commission, in the estimation of intelligent women.

On the outskirts of a town on the desert of the far southwest, there was a shabby "home" where a little girl of thirteen lived with her parents. In the back yard of this home an ocotilla bush, to which it could to relieve the barrenness and redeem the desolation of the spot. One day the neighbors saw the little girl weeping distractedly under the ocotilla bush. To the bare branches tissue paper flowers and bits of grass were tied. The next day, and the next the child was seen here, always in an agony of distress. The neighbors went over to see what was the matter with the child, and in the shade of the bush they found a little mound of fresh earth. They opened the mound, and a foot or so deep in the ground there was a pasteboard shoe box. And in this box, wrapped carefully in cloth, and tied with pitiful bits of soiled ribbon, was a tiny dead baby.

This was in a country where motherhood is "honored," and where the home is the safest place for the child.

Once upon a time I attended a county picnic. As I stood near the gate of the picnic grounds a woman passed in. A woman faded, tired, poor, worn, depressed. The joy of life gone out of her, to the last glimmer; squeezed as dry as a last year's bird's nest. In her arms was a small child. Another, nearly as small, clung to her skirts on either side. In the rear came three others only a little larger; and maternity was again brooding over the woman. The dreary procession was closed by a man, dull of eye, heavy of foot, dark of mind; but owner of the woman's body, and sole guardian of her children.

Anyone who has attended a county picnic has seen the prototype of this family. And this is in a country where motherhood is "sacred," where a woman's only safety is supposed to lie in the holy bonds of matrimony, and where parents are thought to be universally godlike.

Do we honor motherhood, or is it something else quite different, that we honor? The modern citizen was thought to be honored quite to the point of dizzy exultation. But the mother of the Greek slave was not honored.

The natural process of motherhood was the same in both, but the legal status of the parties was different. Is it that a human law is so much more important than a natural process? Don't we women really honor our motherhood after all?

We talk a great deal about how we honor labor. But the labor we honor is free labor. None of us want to emulate the slave. So long as we submit to slave labor and slave motherhood, all our talk about honoring labor and motherhood is silly cant. What we mean is that slave labor and slave motherhood are profitable to our masters. We shall never honor either until they are free and voluntary.

Scientific thinkers, both intellectual and plain, are beginning to take these facts into account. The sciences are now covering upon a common point—the point of human interest, and at this point the science of sociology is emerging. Sociology is the science of extracting the human value from the natural sciences and applying it to social conditions. So the thinker regardless of cult of party or sect, is beginning to turn the light of science upon our most cherished dreams, our most sacred institutions, our most solemn trivalities. And just this light is crumbling them into dust.

But while the crumbling process is going on it will be possible for some people, like Roosevelt, to fuss around quite a little about the impiety of it all. But those who claim to be Socialists and to understand the social process of changes that it brings, ought to be able to get along without railing at one another about it. Nothing could delight the capi-
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

cause it was cold. But the pale creature on the cot was conscious only of her pain, and prayed the Mother of Jesus to hasten Old Frances' return with a quieting drug.

At the corner Old Frances stopped. Again she took her hand from the folds of her shawl and looked longingly at the silver piece. The habit of a life-time was gnawing at her vitals. The cold was in her bones, and her parched throat thirsted "for a drop." As she turned the corner a gust of wind swept down upon her, cutting through her thin clothing fiercely, causing her to lose her balance for the moment. Clutching at an inviting door knob she clung to it, bracing herself against the storm. Then some one flung the door open, dragging her in.

The light, the warmth, the odor were overpowering. "Just a drop," she gurgled to the man at the bar.

An hour later a policeman piloted Old Frances to her basement door. Revived by the cold, she was able to turn the knob and enter. The children huddled together among some rags in a corner were fast asleep. The sick woman was quiet. Old Frances approached her hesitatingly. She was afraid she would start up and curse her. But the sleeper did not awaken. The old woman put out her hand, which had begun to tremble as with an ague, and touched the ice-cold face.

"Mother of Jesus," she gasped, as her weak knees gave way under her, and she sank to the floor.

The woman was dead.

THE OCEAN OF DISCOVERY.

I do not know what inventions are in the brain of the future; I do not know what garments of glory may be woven for the world in the loom of the great ocean of discovery; I do not know what science will do for us.

I do know that science did just take a handful of sand and make the telescope, and with it read the starry leaves of heaven; I know that science took the thunder bolts from the hands of Jupiter, and now the electric spark, freighted with thought and love, flashes under the waves of the sea; I know that science stole a tear from the cheek of unaided Labor, and converted it into steam, and created a giant that turns with tireless arms the countless wheels of toil; I know that science broke the chains from the human limbs and gave us instead the forces of nature for our slaves; I know that we make the attraction of gravitation work for us; we have made the lightnings our messengers; we have taken advantage of fire and flames and wind and sea; these slaves have no backs to be whipped; they have no children to be sold, no cradles to be violated; I know that science has given us better pictures and better books; I know it has given us better wives and better husbands and more beautiful children; I know it has enriched a thousand-fold our lives, and for that reason I am in favor of intellectual liberty.—Robert Ingersoll.

If you can't talk for Socialism you can distribute leaflets. They will talk for you.

THE SORROWS OF CUPID
BY KATE RICHARDS O'HARE

This little book has run through several editions and has sold by the tens of thousands. Many who have read it consider it . . .

The Finest Piece of Propaganda Literature

that can be put in the hands of women. THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN has a fresh supply of Sorrows of Cupid on hand, and can fill any and all orders for same.

Remember, this is a book, written in story fashion, that is not so "deep" that it will tire the reader, nor so light that it will fail to impress. It is JUST RIGHT. Paper 25 Cents.

The Progressive Woman Publishing Co.
GIRARD, KANSAS
"Socialism for Students" is the title of a series of lessons that have been running in the International Socialist Review for several months. The title is an interesting one. It suggests a great deal of knowledge, or at least a good bit of browsing among scientific works relative to biology and sociology, and some of the other things that teachers of Socialism are supposed to know something about. In the June installment of the lessons, we are told about the mind, and we run across this startling bit of information: "The impulse below intellect is intuition, which is developed further in many animals than in man. Thus animals scent danger more quickly than man and are better weather prophets. And because woman is nearer to the lower forms than man intuition is more deeply seated in the female of the race, enabling her to peremptorily pass judgments that the male arrives at only after laborious thought. Intuition is often spoken of as a feminine attribute."

Dear me! (In the words of Hashimura Togo, "multiply this by 1000!") One hardly expected to find this in a "Teacher's Socialism for Students." It sounds like an appeal to the prejudices of the remote back waters of conservatism. It is the unabashed note of the androcentric—man-centered—culture of the ages. It is not the voice of the Socialist prophet crying in the wilderness of social oppression.

The true Socialist says to man and woman, You are equal in your humanity. You are, both representative of the human family—and neither is more or less human than the other. There may be reversions to lower forms in the human family, but these reversions are found in both sexes, not in one alone.

However, even so noted an authority as Havelock Ellis says that if there is a reversion to the lower forms in either sex of the human, that it occurs in the adult male, who, as he reaches senility, presents many of the characteristics of the simian condition. He says: "It seems that up to birth, or shortly afterwards, in the higher mammals, such as the apes and man, there is a rapid and vigorous movement along the line of upward zoological evolution, but that a time comes when this foetal or infantile development ceases to be upward, but is so directed as to answer to the life wants of the particular species, so that henceforth and through life there is chiefly a development of the lower characters, a slow movement toward degeneration and senility, although a movement that is absolutely necessary to insure the preservation and stability of the individual and the species. . . . We see, therefore, that the infantile condition is shared by both male and female, and the apes is somewhat alike and approaches to the human condition; the adult condition of both also tends to be somewhat alike and approximates to the ape-like condition."

And further, that the female of both man and apes stands midway between the infantile and the adult male condition—is not quite so human as the child, nor quite so beastial as the man. The fact of her intuition could not place woman nearer the "lower forms." Lester Ward says that intuition is the main branch of the intellectual faculty, and speaks of the instinct of some animals as being so great as to approach insipient intuition. He claims that the intuitive faculty adheres both in man and woman, though differently directed, because of the different lives of the two sexes. The male nature has always been aggressive, while the great end of female action has ever been protection. The power in woman of instantaneous and accurate judgment as to what to do when her safety or that of her offspring was threatened, in short of "scenting danger," was developed through ages of conflict with the males of her own kind, and the beasts of the jungles. Man's wit, or intuition, was sharpened as an aggressor, an adventurer, a possible conqueror and ruler, and so it runs today. Both of these intuitions have risen above the instincts of the animals and are human.

But if we admit that woman is more intuitive than man, and if it is true that the intellect is the main branch of the intellect, all the other faculties being off-shoots from it, then we have only proven that woman ranks first in the purely intellectual realm, just as the female ranks first in the root stock of the species. It sometimes is expedient for the writer on sociological subjects to make comparisons between the sexes in their development throughout the ages, and their relative contributions to social progress. But just here, too, is where too often the mind takes a slip backward, and hangs up on the peg of overgrown sex. It is so very hard to get over the notion that woman was created for her sex and her motherhood and nothing more. Mr. H. B. Marriott-Watson in an article on "The American Woman in the 20th Century" last year, says: "A few years ago; strikes the high key in the idea of woman's 'place' in the world when he says: "Her constitutional restlessness has caused her to abdicate those functions which alone excuse or explain her existence."

This but the audacity of the androcentric idea that "women are just women and men are everything else."

But let Socialists be consistent. If they are following the new, let them adhere also to the new ideas of woman's humanity, and cease those statements which but serve to fix still deeper in the mind of the race the notion of her inferiority, her "sphere," her everlasting sex attributes. The fact is that the mother-creature existed before the inauguration of sex, while the male came in later purely and simply as a sex function, and had no other place in nature for aeons of time. So if there is a distinctly "sex" creature in the human race, it is the man. But we are willing to forget it, if the woman can be given a rest on the subject.

The Little Socialist Magazine

The leading monthly for boys and girls. 80 Cents per year, 6 Cents per copy. Special rates for Socialists Sunday Schools.

15 Spruce Street, New York

Woman

Give us that grand word "woman" once again, and let's have done with "lady," one's a term Full of fine force, strong, beautiful and firm, Fit for the noblest use of tongue or pen; And one's a word for lackeys. One suggests The Mother, Wife and Sister; one the dame, Whose costly robe, mayhap, gives her the name. One word upon its own strength leans and rests; The other minces tippoe. Who would be The perfect woman must grow brave of heart And broad of soul to play her troubled part Well in life's drama. While each day we see The "perfect lady" skilled in what to do And what to say, grace in each tone and act ('Tis taught in schools, but needs some native tact), Yet narrow in her mind as in her shoe. Give the first place to 'n to the nobler phrase, And leave the lesser word for lesser praise.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox

There are more than three female teachers to every male teacher in the public schools.
A Little Journey and a Visit to the Home of Bobby Burns

Comrade Ben F. Wilson, after a strenuous campaign in this district as candidate for congress on the Socialist ticket last fall, found where he had been engaged in speaking for the English communist candidate, Bitter Lucy. Comrade Lelia Wilson, who accompanied him, says that these two ladies send the following delightful letter to a friend:

The day is beautiful, and scenery charming. The landscapes suggest peaceful country life, though who can tell of the struggles that go on inside those prim little stone cottages? Beyond is the snow-capped hills where the proud highlanders dwell.

Edinburgh is a wonderful city. It is called the modern Athens, wide streets, city gardens, Greek architecture and sculpture make it well deserving the name. Prince street is said to be the finest street in the world, which is easy to believe. And Scotland does not forget her noble sons or their genius—that is the dead ones. Mighty statues to the honor of heroes, statesmen, poets and writers are numerous throughout the city. A mighty castle and the palace of the ancient Scottish kings make it rich in historical interest. Edinburgh also has the finest collection of paintings that I have ever seen, but like every modern city, her glory is dimmed by the shameful slums. As I walked through Commmongate my heart cried out for the host of neglected children, many with handsome, but tired, faces, who filled the narrow, dirty street—their only play ground. An interesting fact is that this slum street is the ancient royal road, where dwelt the high and mighty—and along which the royal procession passed from the castle to the palace. The mind is filled with a local outlook of the tyranny of a master class in its various forms of royalty, clergy, modern captains of industry, etc. Oh, for a time of justice and brotherhood when no city shall be degraded by neglect and degradation among her children!

Well, we have left Edinburgh and are just now pulling into Aye, at 10:45 a.m. The day and situation look promising for a good time and your poetic soul would be charmed with this spot. After leaving the station we walked up through the town of Aye towards the old fort of Oliver Cromwell and watch the Scotch folk about their daily tasks. Then we took a half-hour's ride on top of a street car into the country to the cottage where Burns was born—was born—was born—stood around the grounds, which are beautifully kept; through the quaint little cottage, and then into the museum where all the Burns relics are most carefully preserved. Too bad, too bad, to see the same efforts to the burning of genius and the fostering of that which is born as they do to glorifying the name of the man too often after he is dead, who succeeds in spite of all obstacles in transcending his environment—they will some day. I hope I may be living then.

We wandered from the crowd of sight-seers and strolled up a sweet country lane, enjoyed the fresh spring air, the song of birds and the fresh air, the song of birds and the song of birds. We sat down by a hedge and ate lunch, rested and read some sweet little songs of Burns and then joined the sightseers and walked to the Burns monument not far away, went up into the tower and viewed the landscape o'er, walked through beautiful flower gardens and now here we are seated on the bonny banks of the Classic River Doon, beside the famous Old Brig O'Doon. I cannot describe it. It would require the genius of Burns to do that. The spirit of poetry—no, it is more personal, the spirit of this particular poet broods here—in the songs of the birds, in these primroses, daffodils and cowslips, in the bumbling music of this swiftly flowing stream, in the bewitchment of its warm spring air. It all makes a beautiful poem—alluring, subtle, deep. We sit here awhile in silence and enjoy it.

We have crossed the famous bridge of O'Tam O'Shanter fame, followed the river through the woods up to a picturesque old mill, where the wheel is turned by the waters O'Doon in good old fashioned style. High up on the Braes we took tea and ate scones, (O, yes, you must drink tea occasionally in the land of the Scots) and now we've strolled back to our starting point to take one last look at this spot where Nature has been so lavish in her adornment and over which the songs of a spontaneous, unspoiled poetic soul has thrown a glamour for charm irresistible. I see pairs of lovers ever where I turn, today—of course this is an attractive spot to them. The whole spirit of the place breathes sentiment—poetry—romance.

Well—farewell to the sunny waters and bonny banks O'Doon and to the proud memory of the ploughman poet.

Scotland adores her great men—too bad that it is often so late and like the rest of the world, she waits till they are dead to do them honor. It seems to me that among the many care and delightful qualities of the soul of Burns—the manly pride that would bow the knee to none—would own no master and yet "for that and a' that" saw in every man his brother, is perhaps admirable. This unconquerable spirit woven into so tuneful, so loving and unsophisticated a personality makes the greatness of the genius of Burns.

We then boarded a car, climbed a conspicuous little stair to the open top— and have a pleasant ride back to the city of Aye. So take one last look at this charming spot—for it is a place that stirs the soul, refreshes the body and enriches the mind.—Farewell.

Feeding School Children

In the bulletin that has just been issued by the United States bureau of education there is an interesting review of the extent to which public feeding of school children in the foreign countries has progressed, and we quote from it as follows:

Germany: Meals are served to school children in most of the large cities of Germany. The money is raised chiefly by private charitable enterprise, but this is supplemented by municipal funds. The work in Germany is considered as relief, except in the schools for the feeble-minded children in Leipzig, where a mid-day meal is provided for all children in attendance. Milk and rolls are given in Leipzig to children who are especially fragile and delicate. These are selected by medical officers.

Austria: In Austrian cities (Vienna, Trieste, Prague) poor children are fed partly by private charitable associations and partly by the use of municipal funds. The municipality furnishes rooms usually in the school buildings.

Belgium: In Leipzig the state has furnished soup free for many years to all children in the kindergartens. The benefits of this practice have recently been extended to the children of the first year's course, and to nearly all children in the second and third years' courses.

Antwerp food is served to all who wish to buy. There is a charge of 5 cents a day in the kindergarten and 10 cents in the elementary.

In Brussels meals are served to infant children.

Denmark: In Copenhagen meals are provided free for all children who wish them. No questions are raised as to the economic conditions of the parents. One third of the children in the free schools were reported, in 1905, as taking advantage of this opportunity. The work is administered by an association directly connected with the municipality and receiving from it a yearly grant to supplement the private contributions.

Holland: Utrecht has since 1904 provided free dinners during the winter months for children designated by the head of the school and approved by the municipal officials. In other cities of Holland the relief is entirely in the hands of charitable organizations, in most cases without aid from municipal funds.

Spain: In Madrid an association has recently been organized for maintaining "school canteens." This is under supervision of the public authorities and receives assistance from the ministry of education, the provincial administration, and the municipality.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

THE LETTER BOX

From our Readers

Enclosed find money order to pay for subscription to Comrade Dena and article asking what we could do. Will do my best for you all.—Mary E. Charette, Ff., Collins, Colo.

Was at a suffrage meeting last night and got some sous; also a number of names on which I enclosed the names for the letters. I certainly do love the Progressive Woman.—Mrs. A. G. Lian, California.

Find enclosed four more names for the P. W. Think you were wise to change the name. The paper improves with every issue. My wife was very interested in Clara Brown's Diary, although she is not converted yet. I am keeping plenty of good reading material on hand for her.—L. C., Connecticut.

Am sending you seven new names with my remittance; I hope the mail is a copy of the paper.—Katherine Grimmes, New York.

Enjoy reading the Progressive Woman very much, and heartily approve of the new name. It seems to me it will be far more effective in reaching many women. I have secured three subs and intend to get more.—Emma Petritz, Buffalo, N. Y.

I just received the June issue. Each new number I feel the more the appreciative of the courage—all stand you take for granted. You are not alone in your work; we are all with you. Am sending $1.50 for subs, etc.—Agnes Downing, Lotz, Miss.

Enclosed find $2.50 for renewal of my sub for as long a period as this will cover, and a copy of my friend. I write more after reading your excellent little paper for it gives me spirit, and I like to boost a good thing once in a while.—Mrs. Nettie, Los Angeles.

I had been out disgusted in my hunting trip for subs, and was thinking of writing an article telling of my bad experience, for it is not easy to find subs for a Socialist paper. But to my delight I just now received a lovely letter from a dear old friend of mine, which tells me how she worships us. So I will soon try to get some more names. Enclosed are four subs from her.—Agnes.

I am sending four subs and would like to have them with the June issue. I am sending $2.50, as the<br>last year's subscription was $2.00 in order to get $2 seed for bundle and sub cards.—Eelie Whitehead, Pasadena, Cal.

I admire the article in the June issue. The Daughter of the Dream" very much, though I am not an anarchist. While waiting for an opportunity to get a bunch of subscriptions for the P. W. I consider it my duty to send to our dear monthly a small contribution, and hope that my "mother of the child" will, like the rest of our comrades, take it as the maternal of the splendid "child" which is a magazine for all our women comrades. Help all the assistance and encouragement we can possibly give have. If the lady who helps the mother will come back and resume his position, I will do my best to do the "child's" first cousin. Anna Rapport, Mass.

As usual I read every word of the P. W., and it is excellent. We cannot do without our "mother of the dream" it is very<br>thetistical and I for one will think of you all, and our united efforts to help and encourage you one and all. $3.00 for names and leaflets.—Gertrude Punshon. Indiana.

I am sorry you are not doing so well with our dear little paper, and truly hope the splendid work you are doing will help and the circulation enclosed. Find enclosed four names of help.—Lydia Wright, Iowa.

I have just been reading the dear paper that we women all love so well, and that includes the dear ones that make the paper possible. I do not believe you will feel lonely as you are not without your co-worker, for we shall all send you loving thoughts and thoughts are things.—Winolda Wilcox.

I am sending four subs. In my 51st year, and find out that although I am financially to do as much for human progress as I would like to do. But our paper is such a godsend to me. —W. N. Slocum, Los Angeles.

The June issue is a fine number, but it made us feel just a bit of the death of Comrade Kaneko going away till and you all alone. Our women comrades in the World Order order a bundle of 50 of each issue for awhile. For the enclosed check send another bundle to me.—May M. Strickland, Indiana.

When I read over the article of Comrade Dena, although not feeling well, I resolved to put out and get at least one sub for the P. W., but it was not hard at all to get four instead of one.—Pauline Newman, New York City.

I am a member of the Women's Club here and hope to do some good propaganda work among them this year. I want to add my word of appreciation for the splendid work you are doing in the P. W. Shall do all that I can to advocate its circulation, for it seems to me it will be an invaluable factor in widening the road, and in giving her a new and broader viewpoint. Since we have never arrived to any stage of social consciousness, the appeal must come from her as a woman. This work the P. W. is doing is done well and efficiently.—Rose B. Moore, Washington, D. C.

The June number of the Woman shows most creditably the breadth and breadth of its tendency to do if can, but as soon as I get at liberty there'll be something for the P. W.—Gladys Lamb, Los Angeles.

It sometimes happens that I lay aside my best moment to write a less distracted hour wherein to give it undisturbed attention and therein to the "feast of reason" it truly contains. This magazine is the P. W. Comrade Kich's farewell words moved me to attempt to sell subs cards, so I am sending for four. I quoted his words in my folder, No. 3 and hope it may sell 1,000 for this article given in my beloved method of doing good work.—Alfie Lindsay Lynch, Chicago.

Your appeal to Roosevelt to come back and save the country is very welcome with a time. Of sarcasm that borders closely on the humorous. However, all joking aside the article will serve to show the people how sincere Republicanism is trying to save the country. The whole issue is exceptionally fine this month, both in breadth and sweep of courage and insight into the cause of humanity, and the cause of woman that all true revolutionary Socialists as well as Socialists will rejoice for as they read its pages. Enclosed find the subscription notice.—Mrs. Laura Morrow Lewis, Nebraska, en route.

Am working here practically alone, but I've good material to work on and some day I may be able to tell you some gratifying results from the murrums I've already begun to bear. Send my love and sympathy to you in your lonely hours while you wait and watch and WORK. Please send following leaflets.—Ardell Horner, Illinois.

I can fully appreciate your feelings lost all your "loneley" and here is a hand to help just a little bit,—calling "child". Enclosed find $2 for subs.—Margaret Moore Goebel, New Jersey.

I think the P. W. is the finest paper ever, and all who read it think it the same. None yours. Am enclosing $1 for four.—Theresa M. Geesner, Los Angeles, Cal.

I can't say you sufficiently how delighted I am with the P. W. I have managed to get this into homes where the word Socialism interested most of all things, and bad that is known in advance it was a Socialist paper now they are coming to me and I will get some more. Enclosed find $6.—Mrs. F. New York City.

I have at last got four subs to the P. W. It is a splendid magazine and I wish every woman in the land was interested in the cause of Socialism. I give my paper away whenever I read them. I am sixty- seven, but want to live the world better than when I found it.—Mrs. Phoebe Brown, Denver, Colo.

The P. W. is the best paper for women. I boost it all I can, but I do not have much opportunity. What time capitalism does not demand of me I am putting in as secretary of the party locally.—John N. Radin, Idaho.

The Socialist women of Aberdeen have started a club. We have five members and will have more. We want a bundle of P. W. for six months. I think we can do much good with the paper.—Mrs. Carrie Culbertson, Wash.

SOUVENIR POST CARDS

SOUVENIR Post-Cards of the following Girard subjects can be furnished at any time: Views of Appeal to Reason; Views of the big press; view of office with Warren and Debs; office of Progressive Woman, with the editors; Miss Caroline Lowe, Kansas state organizer; Miss Lowe and Mrs. Kaneko; Woman's Conference delegates in front of the Appeal, and others. These are genuine photographic post-cards taken by our official photographer, Comrade Duncan, and sell at 5 cents each.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

GRAND, KANSAS

Joan of Arc

The peasant girl of Domremy has been canonized and the authority of the Roman Catholic church has proclaimed that "she exercised justice, fortitude, charity, chastity and other Christian virtues in a heroic degree." Thus The Maid comes to her own and is numbered among the saints. Yet in life she was cursed, imprisoned, outraged and martyred. It is the old sad story. We value lightly the great souls that abide with us. It is only when they have been dead a hundred years that we recognize their greatness, and,"The heroism works of yesterday in silent awe return, To clean up the scattered ashes into the history's golden urn." Are we as foolish as our fathers? Are we crucifying the great souls of our day? Will our children marvel at the moral blindness that prevents us from recognizing these heaven-sent messengers?—Fellows,ship.

The first woman admitted to the bar in the U. S. was Arabella A. Mansfield, at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, in 1864.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

National Movement

OUR NATIONAL ORGANIZER.

Comrade Anna A. Maley has begun her work of organizing the women of the country. She started in Massachusetts the latter part of June, and will work for some time in that state, giving two days to each town visited. Now this is not very much time for successful work, and yet it is all that is possible to spare to an organizer who must make the whole country in a year or less time. So it will be the duty of the women wherever Comrade Maley appears to aid her with all the resources at their disposal on her visits. Comrade Maley is a faithful and untiring worker, but her powers of endurance will not suffice to shoulder the whole burden. At the same time there is the expense attached to her work, and in order not to make this a dead loss to the movement, it will be necessary for the women interested in each community to see that the work is made successful from every viewpoint.

The hope of the woman's movement lies in the local committees formed in each town and state. These should enter upon their work with such ardor as to bring thousands of new women members into the party each year. This can be done, and will be done, we believe. But not without the co-operation of all the Socialist women. So let each community visited by our national organizer vie with all the other communities in creating the very best local committee going. Then let all the local committees co-operate in making the movement a great national one.

Socialist women, it is up to you now. Don't depend on others to do your work. For goodness sake, don't lean. We believe you are going to do good work, and the whole movement will be watching you at it. Yours is not a play affair. It is just as serious as any other part of our propaganda. A little more so, for our movement is at present working on one leg, and will continue this unhappy feat until the women of the land come in and give it completeness. We can't have Socialism until we get the women. Remember that.

Comrade Maley's dates for July are all in Massachusetts as follows:

July 4-15—Attleboro—J. H. Harmalove, 52 Providence St.
July 14-15—Attleboro—J. H. Harmalove, 52 Providence St.
July 16-17—Fall River—Richard Hindle, 63 Harrison street.
July 24-25—Westport—Albert W. Wright.
July 26-27—Rockland—John E. Murphy, 53 Plain street.
July 28-29—E. Weymouth & Weymouth—M. R. Draper, 130 High street, E. Weymouth.
July 30-31—Quincy—A. Hale Kingseley, 43 Chase street.

ORGANIZATION.

New York City: The members of the Woman's Socialist society of New York will hold a campaign of street meetings this summer. In this way more hearers will be reached than has been possible for a long time past. The meetings will be held in the streets conducted in a hall. The great drawback to the woman's movement in its agitation work is its lack of women speakers. Here is where the woman's suppression throughout the centuries tells most plainly—in her fear of public speaking.

Chicago: The Woman's committee of the Socialists of Chicago, under Mary Walker, Remus as leader, have begun their summer agitation work by holding open-air meetings.

Washington: Bertha Ford, the bright, energetic writer on the Seattle Socialist, is doing good work in the capital. She has raised the rays of Washington to a sense of duty toward the work of the women in the state. The women of Aberdeen have formed a new study circle, and expect much good work from it.

California: The Socialist Woman's Union of California is affiliated with the National Progressive League, of which Mrs. Gildred Williams is a member. This spring the various branches of the union are doing good work. The evidence of Miss Ethel Whitehead, the enthusiastic and competent state organizer.

Kansas: The Women's committee of Kansas are entering their work with renewed energy since the conference at Girard. Plans are being laid for the winter's study course and agitation work. Meetings during the summer are being arranged in the mining camps in the vicinity of Girard. The Girard committee of Girard recently visited the teachers' normal, which is in session here, and handed to each of the students a copy of the Progress. The Kansas section of the Socialist Woman's Union of America is active in all its work.

WOMAN'S WORK ABOUND.

CLARA ZETKIN.

Denmark.

In the early part of March there took place the municipal elections in Denmark. The women took part as electors and as candidates for the first time. The new electoral law made that possible.

At the Copenhagen elections in March the Socialists got 44,849 votes, and twenty candidates were elected including two composers. Henrietta Crone, and the Seamstress Anna Johansen. A third Socialist woman was in the twenty-first place on the list and thus she was elected as a supernumerary member of the council and gets a seat and a vote so soon as one of the Socialist members resigns. That has already been the case as a Socialist was appointed municipal audit and got a seat on his own. Consequently our Comrade Nielsen became the third Socialist woman coun-

cilor. She has been for seventeen years one of the leaders in the Woman's Labor Federation and takes an active part in the trade union movement and the party. The anti-Socialists won sixteen and the radicals five states and the clericals one. Five women were elected to the Copenhagen council in the bourgeois parties.

In Copenhagen at least a third of the votes were cast by women and it is certain that the women workers all voted the Socialist ticket. The women took in general an active part in the fight. The Socialists held many meetings for women and distributed much literature. Both women and Socialists have every reason to be proud of the election.

According to official statistics the elections returned 9,082 male councilors and 127 women ones. Eighty-four of these are married, thirty-eight unmarried and five widows.

Germany.

In Weimar the Socialists group in the Landtag have demanded the right to vote and to be elected to Parliament for women—which will give the government and the bourgeois parties an occasion to show themselves in their true light as reactionaries.

Holland.

The first annual conference of the Federation of Social Democratic Women's clubs in Holland, took place at Easter. On the order of proceedings was a discussion on "The Support of Mothers" and the federation's organ, De Proletarische Vrouw who was enlarged by a child's page was a wise move. The report shows that the federation has grown in numbers and influence. Several new groups have been recently founded to the federation's amounts now to sixteen groups. The older clubs have increased their membership. The federation has kept up a vigorous agitation for adult women's suffrage for women labor, but equally against all proposals to prohibit women's labor—they have also started and kept going lectures, discussion and reading in the clubs, etc. They endeavored to awaken the class consciousness of the women and had great success. They succeeded in dispelling a good start of the old bourgeois prejudices which prevailed against the participation of women in public life even among comradas. Unfortunately they were much affected by the split in the party and lost many valuable members among them, our Comrade Mensing, the International Correspondent.

Hungary.

The third congress of the Social Democratic Women of Hungary was held in Budapest at Easter. The report was given by Comrade Britsch. Comrade Cardos reported on the economic and political situation of the working women in Hungary. Comrade Timar on agitation and the press.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

by Robert Hunter

The newspapers say that Mr. Roosevelt and his son Kermit spent a morn-
ing recently shooting monkeys; the af-
ternoon in phrasing moral platitudes for the edification of some local mis-
sionaries.

"I believe with all my heart," Mr. Roosevelt said, "that large parts of East Africa will form the white man's country. Hence, I am asking the settlers to co-operate with the missionaries and treat the native justly and bring him to a higher level."

I wonder if Mr. Roosevelt desired to teach the brightened natives a white man's character when he and his son spent the morning shooting monkeys.

I have seen monkeys, little playful, human things; have seen them imitate whatever I would do, have seen them playing pranks on each other like so many school boys.

It is possible there are men who would spend a day shooting dogs, canaries and other household pets, but a monkey? Can anyone, no matter how depraved, quite conceive of that?

Have you ever seen one dress himself in boys' clothing, or put on a pair of spectacles, or paint before a mirror? Give him a wash basin and he will wash himself as a child.

His eyes are curiously old and wise, and that is partly the reason why his acts are so ludicrous as he chatters and dances.

There is something frightfully cold-blooded in the man who would shoot a creature so quaint, so kindly, so human, so playful.

There is something extremely brutal and barbarous about a man who would find sport in sending bullets into the soft flesh of such a creature.

If to demonstrate one's bravery is the purpose of sport, then monkey-shooting is not a sport.

If the need of food is the purpose of shooting, then the killing of monkeys is idle and unnecessary.

If the excitement of the chase, or a long, arduous day of seeking and hunt-
ing in wild places is the object of sport, then the home and community of thou-
sands of little chattering, playful crea-
tures is hardly that.

A gentleman writes to one of our pa-
ers as follows:

"I met, some years ago, an Englishman who had devoted much of his life to the shooting of big game in Africa, and on this continent. He told me that at St. Kitt's, Jamaica, he was induced to try monkey shooting, which form of 'sport' was prevalent there.

"He took a long shot at a monkey, which was jumping from branch to branch, and succeeded in wounding it. When he reached the spot where it had fallen, he found it sitting on the ground, crying with pain, both hands clasped to a wound in its side and with tears running down its face. He said he felt like a murderer."

I have never heard of monkey shooting before. I know monkeys are caught, put into cages and brought to this and other countries to afford infinite delight to children. I have never seen one stuffed and put on exhibition any more than the skin of a child is stuffed and put on exhibition.

I cannot easily believe that there is a single other man from one end of this country to the other who could find sport in invading a little republic of monkeys for the purpose of massacre.

So determined is this country not to put political power in the hands of wo-
men, that not even in those states where so-called school suffrage has been granted, do they have the full vote on all matters connected with the schools that is in possession of the most igno-
rant and depraved men.—Ida Husted Harper.

A wife, a son and a slave, these three are declared to have no property; the wealth which they earn is acquired for him to whom they belong.—Ancient Hindus.

Your subscription expires with this issue, if the number on your wrapper is 26. It will save time and trouble if you will renew at once.

New York sweeps nearly 200,000,000 square yards of street per week. Chicago and Boston each fall short of 10,000,000 square yards.

The Progressive Woman in clubs of four or more, 25c. Forty cents in Can-
adas and foreign countries.

The first seminary for women was opened at Bethlehem, Pa., in 1749.

The Progressive Woman one year, 50c.

The average weekly wage of women is $5.24, according to Carroll D. Wright.

A LITTLE SISTER OF THE POOR

by Josephine Conger-Kaneko

This story tells how the little women in the crowded working districts of our great cities must con-
stantly struggle to keep the wolf of poverty from devouring them, and the wolves of lust from draging
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