OLGA STAPS.

Comrade Olga Staps was the only woman elected to the school board from Elmwood Plantation. She was the first woman in the entire city, and is the only woman in office in Hamilton county. The new school board is composed of five republicans and Miss Staps, a Socialist. In speaking of her election, Comrade Staps says: "Women have tried to lift myself above my early handicaps. The struggle is so hard for a woman. A man can become polished by rubbing up against the world. A woman must remain at home and fight out there the battle for personal betterment. I have done what I could for myself."

"And, as nothing else, I have fought for all humanity, I have fought for myself, for I believe that personally I and other women situated as I typify the struggle of the race for better things. At the present time we must all fight out revolution alone hounded by our poverty and struggle for mere existence. Under Socialism I look for a better chance for everybody."

"Within the one woman and one socialist in a board of education composed of men of the old-time parties. I don’t know whether these men will be gallant enough to help me in the fight for some of the things Socialists want."

RUSIAN METHODS IN SPOKANE.

"Every once in awhile things happen in the United States that seem for the world like Russia. The "bull-pen" episode in Colorado a few years ago was one of these. The present fight for free speech out in Spokane is another. The authorities out there took it upon themselves to denounce the right of free speech to the Socialists, and the Socialist labor organization, the Industrial Workers of the World, with its official organ, The Industrial Worker, and its headquarters in Spokane, is bearing the brunt of this fight.

"Men are being thrown into jail for attempting to hold their usual street meetings others come to take their places. In fact, the comrades are pouring in from every section of the country to help in this fight.

"And it is a serious business. Young men, without funds, but anxious to help, take advantage of every possible means of reaching Spokane, even to "tricking" railroad cars in the coldest part of the north-west. One splendid young comrade from Chicago was killed while making his way in this manner; another was hurt in a wreck. Others suffered agonies from hunger and the cold. But more have turned back."

As for the treatment they receive after reaching the scene of battle, it, too, is enough to frighten the faint-hearted, and cause him to pause in his work for humanity. Yet it is said that never a comrade has flanked, or turned traitor to the great cause. The following from the Seattle Socialist almost out-Russias Russia:

"Recently there was a wholesale sweatering of prisoners in the hot cell. They were mostly men from Chicago, who turned out for the police at 4 a.m. for the 9 a.m. mass for arrest the day after the arrest of Miss Flynn and others at the Hall meeting. So angry were the police with them for their method of showing their contempt for the police that they decided to give them a lesson. As a result 29 men were packed into the hot cell and sweltered from 12 o’clock noon until 10 p.m. So close were the men packed that they were unable to take their coats off even though they were being stifled by the heat. This cell, known in police circles as "The Dungeon," is air tight when the sheet-iron door is closed, and is heated by steam. It has not ventilation whatsoever except when the door is opened, so perhaps the condition of the air in this second "black hole," after 20 or 30 men have been confined in it for several hours, may be safely termed inadmissible. The door was kept shut until the cries of the men warned the guards that it must be opened or they would be stifled. So hot is this cell that in a very short time one’s clothes are wet with perspiration. After the required period is served in this torture chamber the prisoners, in their weakened condition, are taken to cells which are exposed to cold drafts, and there they freeze until their clothes become dry and their bodies more or less accustomed to the great change in temperature. Needless to say, this has terrible effect on some of the men, and when they are fit cases for the hospital, the police turn them adrift. (Revolution is not the time to make a demand for this orage, and after two days’ stay in the jail he is a physical wreck. The sudden change of temperature acted upon his bowels in such a way as to produce a blood flux, which so weakened him that he could hardly walk, though a strong man who went in. Broken in health and almost in his prime condition, he was released at last and made to shift for himself.

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, a young speaker and writer for the I. W. W. organization was arrested on the street one morning in the summer of this year and put in jail for violating the police and condemned to 90 days in jail on the charge of criminal conspiracy. Her arrest has caused a great deal of excitement, not only among her fellow workers but among the fair-minded women of Spokane.

Fearing that the strain may become too much for the men comrades to bear aloen Mrs. Bulah Hyde is calling through the Seattle Socialist for women volunteers to help in the speech-making—and to go jail, if necessary.

There is the fear in the northwest that the Socialists give in to the Spokane authorities, and forfeit their rights to speaking on the streets that it will be a blow free speech everywhere, and in order put a quietus at once upon such an outrage, they are making this bold and menacing fight in Spokane.

Sunday School Superintendent—Who is the child of Israel into Canaan? Who one of the smaller boys answer?

No reply.

Superintendent somewhat sternly—Calm no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisles who led the children of Israel into Canaan?

Little boy (badly frightened)—It was me. I just moved yere last week f Mizzoury.

Don’t think you can get Socialism “out of the way” by carrying it off into-so cold, dreary hall, or local. Get it into home. Let the mother absorb it, and get it out to her growing children. Let it become the moving spirit about the heart stone. Sometimes I think you men a fools, the way you act about your Socialism.

"The Man and the Woman," by Hel Untermann, in this issue, is an appeal to men and women to try and understand each other through a study of the other environment. It is an excellent suggestion and will be done in leaflet form for wide spread distribution. Price will be 100 f 25c, or $1.50 for 1,000.

Do you notice that we have widened a little our columns. This gives you a great deal more reading matter for the same amount of money. But it costs more. We are hoping to make up on the extra expense by a big increase in circle and foreign membership. This is something you must be hustling for your part. But you can do it.

Send us sayings of Socialist children f our children’s columns. If there are any Socialist children, then it is time we were making some. But, thanks to wise parents, there is already a good quantity of them. Let us hear from them.

ELIZABETH G. FLYNN

Picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard Children.

Last month we showed an original picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children, printed on tobacco papers. We would send you ten cents for five copies of this picture. The following letter was written to us by a school teacher who has decided to continue this offer. So, not only along ten cents for five copies of this number, at you will receive one of these fine pictures, but we have never published any where but in the P. W.
The Man and the Woman

HELEN UNTERMANN

It is the frequency of the following remark: "Why is it that so many Socialists do not interest their wives in the movement?" that should lead us into a deeper study of this question.

When we hear a speaker impress upon his audience the fact that Socialism is even more vital, more beneficent to women than to men, and then infer that the speaker's own wife is absolutely ignorant of this vital truth, we wonder over this contradiction. But if we learn to understand the cause of it, it is not hard to understand.

For centuries man has come in contact with the world. All the larger problems lay before him. He would seek for fame, fortune and dominion over his fellow man. Consequently his needs and his desires developed accordingly.

How different it was with woman. I am speaking now particularly of women who have never entered into the industrial field. Compare her environment, her problems with that of men, and you must admit that the difference of the two environments has created altogether different needs and desires. And it is this difference of environment which makes it less and less possible for them to understand each other.

Men, who is performing his labor mutually, who struggles and strives together with his fellow man, has a far better chance to come to the understanding of social consciousness than has woman. For he so soon learns that his individual efforts are only valuable as long as they are connected with the energies of other individuals.

Contrary to men, women do everything in an individual way and the spirit of mutuality does not enter into their home. Can you expect a mind that is filled with individual thoughts to have room for the larger—the social thought? It is not man's superior intelligence which makes him come sooner to the understanding of social consciousness. His environment simply suggests these thoughts to him, while these suggestions are absolutely absent in a woman's environment.

Oh! the awfully narrow sphere in which the majority of women are compelled to live! Men do not know the loneliness of such life carries within itself. They do not know that such life is bereft of all higher aspirations and all broader and higher understanding. And it is just because they do not know, that they are not able to make Socialists of their wives.

How can they? A man who knows nothing of the cares, responsibilities and agonies that a woman suffers in her lonely individual sphere, is not the right interpreter of Socialism for her. For he will interpret it as he understands it, which will be utterly unattractive to her, since she needs an entirely different appeal. Of course, it is beside the question that some men have converted the woman to Socialism, for these are peculiar cases in which men have taken a deeper interest in the life of the wife, and therefore were able to touch the right chord in her understanding.

The existence of this two worlds has brought about a very detrimental effect—the lack of understanding between the sexes. This lack of understanding can only be overcome by trying to acquaint ourselves with the life and environment of the other sex.

A man is very anxious to have a woman understand the environment in which he lives, and a woman desires the same of a man. But both neglect to take an interest in each other's life, which alone will bring them to such an understanding. Men must take an interest in the personal, the intimate life of woman and learn the effect of such a life. He will then become a stronger advocate of Socialism, for he will not merely appeal to men but also to women. Woman on the other hand must acquaint herself with the larger problems of the world in order to arrive at the understanding of social consciousness. This understanding will arouse in her a hatred for the narrow, heated, selfish sphere in which she is compelled to live. A hatred which is absolutely necessary to give her strength and power to help in the inauguration of a finer and better system. A system in which women do not have to slave their lives away in a narrow individual mind and body undermining sphere.

In many cases women ignore their husbands' efforts to educate them in the study of Socialism, for the literature brought home is tossed aside as something only belonging to men. Men quite often make a mistake.

Some years ago when the Socialist Woman, now The Progressive Woman, was published in Chicago, it found its place on the shelves of some of the radical newspapers on the stand at the office of the Chicago Daily Socialist. One day while selecting some literature for myself, I noticed a comrade take up a copy of The Socialist Woman. But no sooner had he read the cover page than he dropped it immediately. The way in which he dropped it was so amusing to me that I could not help saying: "Did it sting you?" "Sting—what?" he said. "The paper's cover stung me. Answered. "It did not sting me exactly," he replied smirking, "but this is a woman's paper; why should I read it?" And yet, I said, "you expect your wife to take an interest in the home and you are not at all really disguised when she takes no interest in them. And here you are doing the very same thing."

This seems to be amusing, but in reality it is very serious.

This lack of understanding between the two sexes, caused by the difference of environment and also by the indifference on both sides to acquaint themselves with that difference of environment, must be overcome.

If we grow into an understanding of these things, together with the aid of industrial development, we shall do away more quickly with the existing two worlds, the one for women and the one for men. Instead, we shall develop into only one world in which—

Men and women

Stand side by side.

Different in their natures,

But equal in value and understanding.

EUGENE V. DEBS—FRIEND.

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

Some call him great; but greater than that is—

Than fame or place, or deed that has no end—

Debs has a glory greater than all this—

He is a Friend.

Some call him good; but better than the best,

Than halved truth none love or comprehend—

Is his warm pulsebeat and his infinite zest—

He is a Friend.

Some call him wise; but wiser than all else—

His instinct is, which flashes to the end,

Warming his soul till all discordance melts—

He is a Friend.

Some call him eloquent, which is but part—

The lesser part, though to it all things bend;

He weeps and laughs with us—more than all art—

He is a Friend.

Not my friend only, but the friend of all:—

Debs fills the world that fills the world—

will spend Himself for any, hearing the faintest call—

He is a Friend.

A brand new book that is as sensational as it is true and as true as it is sensational, and quite as readable, by the Editor." by Charles L. Phifer. "Everybody will want to read it..."

Subscription cards were recently sent to a few Socialists, with the suggestion that they sell them and remit to us as soon as possible. Comrades, this is the EASIEST way in the world to push a paper along, and we hope you will not neglect it.

The best and quickest way of "getting Socialism" is to have the young people absorb its principles in the home. The home influence counts for more than all the schools and all the halls in the land.

"Government without the consent of the governed is tyranny." How, then, can we call our country a republic? Are not half of the adult population governed without their consent?

Women and men everywhere are counting The P. W. as one of the strongest forces for good in our movement.

The Socialist Primer.

BY NICHOLAS KLEIN.

Here is just the thing for the kiddies. It begins with the alphabet, and ends with a delightful little story by Fred D. Warren, entitled, "The Boytown Railroad." Comrade Warren claims the plot is entirely original, but I am afraid he is wrong. It is a version of that bit of the song that ends, "The world is full of woe."

Think of that! What does it mean! The Primer is a twenty-five cent book, but are getting rid of the present stock at fifteen cents each. Eight copies for one dollar. This offer lasts only through January.
SKETCHES OF RUSSIAN HEROISM—III

BY MAY BEALS HOFFPAUER

Sophie Tchemodanoff.

For a week before the wedding the choir was trained by the bride's father, and the whole house was filled from morning till night with the pious hymns which the good priest would not have considered so appropriate had he known all. The other priests joined in with tears and vodka drinking. Sophie devoted herself to the wedding preparations quit forgetful of her part as sweet-heart, and the poor, neglected bridegroom was intolerably bored. In after years Singub wrote of the event as follows:

At five o'clock in the evening the pretty village church was lighted up in festive fashion. Practically all the logical inhabitants and many from neighboring villages flocked from all directions to the temple. I put on evening dress (for the first and I hope the last time in my life) and a white shirt and tie, but left my silk hat, and put on instead an astrakhan cap. I went in the carriage with Father Michael, and we were the first to leave the house.

In the house of Father Vasili, in the meantime, there took place the ceremony of robing and placing the bride at the altar, which was presented by her scharif (best man) that very justice of the peace whose offer of marriage she had declined. He looked at this remarkably beautiful girl, now even more fascinating in her bridal attire, and who could not help shedding silent tears.

Finally the bride arrived, accompanied by her scharifs and bridesmaids. She was so pale and her hands so ice cold that I feared she would die on me or anyone else she followed me to the appointed place.

The choir thundered forth: "Come forth thou bride of Lebanon." That evening, a brother of Father Vasili, performed the wedding rites, finishing by making me and Sonia exchange rings. At this moment I heard some one in the crowd saying: "Noo, teper, znatich—shabash!" (Now the done thing.) The whole wedding ceremony I felt dreadful. The crown that was placed on my head was too large and repeatedly slid over my eyes. Someone, I believe, was Father Michael, had the good sense to pad it with his handkerchief. It was a great exertion to me to hold out till the end of this torture.

Arriving at the house the guests began eating and drinking, drinking and eating. All, including myself, were "Mongolite" (Many Happy Years), the deacon particularly merry and haranguing at the top of his voice. Numerous times the audience shouted the usual, "Borinka" (bitter tea) with which Larissa* and I had to respond in the orthodox fashion by kissing each other.

After the feast, Father and Mother Vasili accompanied us to the bridal chamber. We locked the doors and remained tete a tete in intolerable confusion. Having put out the light Larissa undressed and disappeared in the luxurious featherbed, whilst I had to spend the night on a large box containing what resembled a resting place. In the morning we had to properly arrange everything so as to avoid creating any suspicion. In this manner we spent three nights.

In accordance with custom, Larissa and I paid visits to all the more important inhabitants of the place; and finally, in the evening of November 15th, we started on our way to St. Petersburg.

The parting scenes were of most cordial nature. My mother-in-law, weeping, blessed me, and Father Michael kissed us both many times. I ardently kissed her hands, which were crossing me with such tender affection.

At last the village disappeared behind us, stretching out my hand to Larissa, I said: "Now I can congratulate you upon your freedom."

She replied nothing, but shook my hand vigorously.

"Well, are you satisfied with me?"

"Yes; yes, I am deeply thankful to you," she now replied.

We arrived in St. Petersburg at the end of November, 1872, and there I placed my fictitious wife in the Woman's Commune situated in the Baskovka lane, "harming her" over to Mile Kuvshinskaya. * * *

However, Sergius and Sophie Singub did not stay long in St. Petersburg. The progressive movement in Russia had begun the great wave of propaganda effort known as "going to the people." The young nihilists sought enthusiastically for positions in the communal groups, laborers, teachers, clerks, midwives, factory operatives, etc. Among the first and most enthusiastic of the pioneers of this movement were our young patronously-mated pair, who were becoming regular men in the same school, in the boot manufacturing village of Gubin-Ugol in the government of Tver.

Poor Sergius said of this period: "I had two cares, one of a personal, the other of a public character. My fictitious wife had seriously touched my heart, but to confess this to her I considered almost criminal. I must somehow free myself from this weakness, and seek assistance in my public work. I must devote myself entirely to the public cause, and then no nonsense will enter my head."

Sergius Singub was very young.

* Larissa was Sophie's pseudonymous name.

(Continued.)

SOCIALISTS ORATED WANTED?

Anti-Socialist oratory has opened up another calling for women. The first academy for women speakers against Socialism has been inaugurated in London, and already 1,500 applications for studentships have been received.

In the school, students will receive a thorough training in the art of public speaking. They will be taught the rudiments of elocution and to end will receive hints showing how successfully to deal with interrogatives, and be instructed in the principles of good delivery. Socialists there is no necessity for, having influence on politics in the future; and it is hoped that the school will be able to teach speakers, ready equipped, to take their places in the political arena.

And about the first real argument they meet in the "political arena" will make Socialists of them. But why are women orators wanted? Because in England women have no voice in affairs, and it is thought their influence against Socialism will be the most potent to be found.

When will the American women rise to this heroic standard?

Fine photo post card of Fred D. Warren, manufacturing advertiser of Judge Foulk's court at Fort Scott, Kansas, can be had for ten cents; two for fifteen cents.

BOOKS FOR SALE BY US.


Outlines of Economic Interpretation of History, Lida Paree, 25 cents.

Borrowers of Capital, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents.


Have you ordered a sample of those Capace Safety Flaps advertised in this issue?

"And now," said the teacher, "we come to Germany, that important country governed by Kaiser. Tommy Jones, what is a Kaiser?"

"Please, ma'am, a Kaiser is a stream of hot water spriggin' up an' disturbin' the earth."—Everybody's Magazine.

If you are tired and sorely and beat out, read the letters from the Children's Department. They will give you new life.

The Girard Manufacturing Company offers some good things this month. Read their ad.
Kiichi Kaneko, “Citizen of the World.”

In the winter of 1902 a Japanese student at Rusk In College (Mo.), told me one day that he had a very esteemed friend with whom he would like for me to know. A friend who wrote things, and whose ideals of life and career were very beautiful and very high. In fact, he said with beaming face, he thought we would just suit each other, this Japanese friend and myself. He brought me a copy of The Metaphysical Magazine, with an article entitled “The Religion of the Universe,” written by this friend.

The writer’s name was Kiichi Kaneko. In that article “The Religion of the Universe,” I got my first glimpse of a rather unusual perception of life which I was later to learn more about. A cosmic perception, I would have called it. The religion of the universe, according to the writer’s interpretation, was the religion of life. It was life. It was without creeds or names, or sectional boundaries. It was just life and—progress. Always progress. It included all, and was fully designated by none, limited by none. Christ, Buddha, Confucious, Mohamet, Moses—all were a part of it. None alone was it. Socrates, Plato, Spinoza, Emerson—all of these interpreted it in part. None fully.

To try to limit religion, according to Mr. Kaneko, was to try to limit life, growth, progress. If religion was to be thought of at all, it must be thought of in universal terms.

And so with the world-life—with society. If humanity was to be considered at all, it must be considered as a whole. The East and West, the North and South, white, brown, yellow and black—all of this went to make up humanity. When boundary lines figured in thinking of humanity, when one little section or another spoke of itself as humanity, it jarred Kiichi Kaneko—grated fearfully on his nerves. “We are THE people,” he used to say with some sarcasm, quoting the general conception of the American people about themselves. He was none the less severe with patriots of his own country. His article, “Japan as Viewed by a Native Socialist,” in the Arena of 1905, begins: “In the first place I must ask my readers to remember that I am not going to treat my subject as a patriotic Japanese, such as you usually meet with, but as a citizen of the world, as a man of no country—in short, as a Socialist.” And he treated it with such impartiality that foreign reviews everywhere quoted from the article, and Japan set her authorities to look after the recalcitrant across the waters.

It was not that he loved Japan less, America less, but he loved truth and humanity better than he loved boundary lines and patriotic egotism.

So unusual, evidently, is this “cosmic consciousness” in mankind that the New York Journal, commenting editorially on the verses at the head of this article said: “We advise those among us who have been inclined short-sightedly to underestimate the character of the Japanese nation to read this contribution with care. After you have read it, ask yourself whether you are quite sure that your republicanism is as genuine and your view of the world and its duties as wide as in the case of this gentleman from Japan.” And Collier’s Weekly, attracted by the verses, commented much in the same manner.

This love of universal freedom, of universal progress, led Mr. Kaneko to take up, with characteristic enthusiasm and tenacity, the cause of woman, whom he found in various degrees of slavery in every nation of the world. He fought every treatise he could find on “the woman question,” watched eagerly their protests in various lands against enslaving conditions, and tried to embody in The Progressive Woman his encouragement and sympathy for all their efforts. Unfortunately, before taking up the woman’s cause, he had lost his health, and from that time until his death it was a painful struggle to get through with each day’s work. Though tiring easily physically, his mind retained its alertness, and he kept up his reading and mental interest almost to the last. In one of his last expressions about woman he wrote:

I see woman is awakening everywhere. In the distant east and west. I see the spirit of revolt is beating in the heart of woman. I see her battle is on every hand. I see woman is in want. In a desperate want.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Ida Crouse Haslett, in Montana News.

Comrade Kichi Kaneko, who died in Japan on

the 8th. His death is a blow to the cause of

woman.

dead—In the beauty and life of the morning—

Said the deposed youths of old.

Mild and gentle was his manner, his voice as

faint as the summer breeze.

In the age of cruel egotism is gone.

The age of "mother love" has come.

Tolstoy, the friend of the age of woman.

Mr. Kaneko was born October 21, 1876, at Sasebo, Nagasaki, Japan. He was educated at Meiji University School and other

institutions of his country, attended the Medville (Pa.) Theological Seminary, and took a post-graduate course in sociology at Har-

vard University. Coming from a long line of people, he was act on the, while yet a boy, as the logical candidate to lead the up

other house of the national Diet from his district. He early chose literature, however, as his profession, and at twenty-one was editing a

the Weekly Times in Tokyo. At this period his mind was purely sentimental, not having become conscious of the existing class struggles. Like thousands of other Japanese students, he was in love with the teachings of Tolstoy, and wrote poetry and romantic stories and sketches. Later he came to America to study the western people and their ways. It was in his strug-

and with other cities of the East, together with his investi-

as a student, that he really came to know and accept Socialism. As a "man of no country" the political and vote catching

development of the movement held little interest for him, but he was ever in sympa-

with its ethical and philosophical side. As a great educational factor, he considered Socialism far in advance of all other move-

perhaps one has never known just how much beauty there is in nature—in the landscape, the stars, the rivers and moun-

tains—until one has lived with or among the natives of the countries he has felt this way. There is something beyond the western mind, in this love and grasp of natural beauty. It is not the wild, ele-

mental love of the savage for elemental things, but one in which the native is seen to have passed to a fine art. The slim neo moon against a dark blue sky, with the evening star shining brilliantly near by, a bunch of cherry blossoms, or even a twig from a pine, might be the touchstone of a Japanese mind like a bow drawn across the responsive strings of a Stradivarius violin by the hand of an artist, thrilling his soul with a world of tremendous tints and tones, absolute beauty sent by others to a fine art. The slim neo moon against a dark blue sky, with the evening star shining brilliantly near by, a bunch of cherry blossoms, or even a twig from a pine, might be the touchstone of a Japanese mind like a bow drawn across the responsive strings of a Stradivarius violin by the hand of an artist, thrilling his soul with a world of tremendous tints and tones, absolute beauty sent by others to a

in the Works of Tolstoy. Comrade Kaneko's death is a great loss to all the readers of

The Progressive Woman, to some of us a personal bereavement.

Born in the far East where women are still kept in slavery, he felt deeply for womanhood at large. The world will never know all the struggles he had to under-

go while championing woman's cause.

His body ceased to live, but his soul will never die. His death in the cause of com-

rade wife have started will live forever. New movements, new ideas and new pa-

pers may spring up, perhaps with a greater following and more success than our late comrade, but nevertheless, was the greatest task of all.

An alien in a strange land he was the first among our Socialist men comrades to

devote his life to sex emancipation. Never before in the history of mankind has

the love of the man for the woman been clearly understood, but at the same time proclaiming openly and fearlessly that human freedom cannot be achieved as long as one-half of hu-

manity is still enslaved.

It is the work of those who lived and died for us, leaving his life's task to his widow to whom we must pledge our sympathy, en-

couragement and help. Her burden has become greater by the loss of him who shared her trials. To our sincere sorrow has sapped her strength, but, like a soldier of the battle-field, she clings bravely to her post. The outcome is still doubtful, unless in her work the love and faith of her life go on, the hope of final victory for the cause championed by our late comrade.

Resolutions of Condolement.

Whereas, After a life of service and devotion to the working class, our beloved Comrade Kichi Kaneko died at his parental home in Japan; and

Whereas, Comrade Kaneko gave much of his time and talent to the cause of woman's emancipation; therefore be it Resolved, That we, the members of the Woman's Progressive League of Kewanee, Ill., extend to his bereaved comrade wite

in this hour of separation and sorrow, our earnest sympathy and offer our con-

tinued support to the work she is so nobly carrying through; and be it further Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the records of the league and copies be sent to the woman's department of Wilshe's Magazine, The Chicago Daily Socialist and to the widest field possible.

By order of The Woman Progressive League, Mrs. Jos. Carney, Secretary, Wewa-

nee, Ill.

A Word of Thanks.

I wish to thank the many comrades who have written me letters of solace upon the loss of Mr. Kaneko. It is impossible, just at this busy time, to answer all these letters personally, but I assure each of you that I appreciate them and always value any word of cheer or sym-

pathy from you. And I shall do my best in the future to "make good" with the charge that is left in my hands. —You Comrade Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

Our Leaflets.

(Don't forget that leaflet campaign.)

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Anna J. COX; PAPER-CUTTERS' UNION AND SOCIALISM; A WORD TO CLUB WOMEN, by Anna J. COX; PAPER-CUTTERS' UNION AND SOCIALISM; A WORD TO HUSBANDS, by Theresa Maltiel; ANY of the above, 10c per 10; THOMAS WILLIARD ON SOCIALISM, 10c per 10; $1.00 per 100; $10.00 per 1000.

WOMAN: COMRADE AND EQUAL, by Eugene V. Debs. This article from the November Progress gives Womans has been done by the Socialist party for wider distribution. Prof. C. F. Light, of the I.U.T. Library, says: "If every student had the genius of Robert Ingersoll." 25c per 100.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST is a new leaflet by Theresa Maltiel, written for the benefit of those interested in join-

ing them in our movement. Price. 25c per 10; 1.00 per 100.

THE CRIMES OF CAPITALISM is a new leaflet. Eight pages long, 10c, 1.00, 10.00.

CHEAP MOTHERHOOD IN AMERICA, in Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows what a travesty on nature our so-called "sacred" motherhood is. 10c per 100.

WHERE IS YOUR WIFE? Kichi Kaneko, is written to call the attention of Socialists to the attitude toward the woman question. 25c per 100.

HOLDING THE VOTER, by Theresa Maltiel and Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows how real homes are made today that
cannot be possible under some system of government. 25c per 100.

"Woman and the Social Problem" is a 32 page handbill by Mar. Wood Winton, on this most interesting topic. Sent to any address for 5c.

The Girls, the Boys and the Cakes.

BY A. M. G. GEORGE.

Some fortunate boys had been given or won, or returned to other girls or lost. To the latter lot when they demanded a moderate share. She was taken to the floor. They reasoned with her, they argued with her, they tried to make her see the light, but whether they shrieked or were perfectly dumb.

The boy wouldn't give her so much as a glance. "The girls who are silent," they said, "do not talk, and we don't like to talk to girls who don't want to talk."

While as for the others who dammed and had it all their own way.

They are rude, and shall therefore have nothing at all.

Then some girls grew angry, and scarcely polite, and proved most immoderately eager to fight for their rights and something else to eat.

But, after all, they didn't want to eat.

"The girls who are strong," they said, "can fight for themselves and something else to eat."

Instead of lamenting the faults of the rest.

And then one fine morning, perhaps, we shall wake up and find that we are all right after all.

The Common Cause.
"VIRIBUS UNITIS"

HEBE

The old Latin proverb, "viribus unitis" (by combined strength), the German proverb, "Einigkeit macht stark" (union is strength), our own national motto, "united we stand, divided we fall," and many similar proverbs and saying in other languages, all express in so many different ways one truth, that power and success are attained by co-operation.

It was one of the first of all great truths to be grasped and applied by the human mind. It must have been learned at the very dawn of human life upon the earth, when those few remote ages preceding all historical records, when our remote ancestors were living in caves and clothing themselves with raw animal hides, and used sharpened stones for weapons and tools. For even the remotest traces of mankind's earliest development show man to be a social creature. No here have human beings ever lived singly, even if every new achievement of the human mind, every step in the infinite line of progress, from the discovery of fire in an recorded prehistoric time to the discovery of the north pole in our own day, was the result of combined experience and united effort. Without co-operation, civilization would be impossible.

But during the history of mankind the essential principle of co-operation was developed by only one-half of the human race. Only the male half was enabled to live in the spirit of "viribus unitis." Only the men enjoyed the companionship of the hunt and the battle, and the comradeship of work. Woman's position, since the dawn of civilization, was that of an isolated individual, with no special interest or activity except that of the little child which depended upon her, and freely extended, to the shelter which she offered to the child, the home. To this rural bonds in the form of marriage, bondage, custom, religion and law were added. When the woman was no longer able to control her own life, when she no longer had the ability to control the lives of the people with whom she lived, she was no longer able to control the lives of her offspring. She was no longer able to control the lives of her children.

Secondly, it has made woman herself a subordinate, reactionless, blind to her own individuality, to the broader life which claims her and needs her today. But in spite of this individual women are beginning to fly and soar to heights that only a generation ago seemed quite unattainable to them. The door of the cage has been thrown open and the long caged bird is successfully testing its wings. The wonderful development of industry has called woman forth to do her part in the world's work which she had never done before; to create and to produce by hand and by brain in grand social co-operation with her fellow woman and with her fellow man. Her sphere has become wider, her opportunities unlimited possibilities for self-development and social service.

The change in woman's position is still new, barely a century old; but the influence of this change has wrought what is a tremendous one. The weak, dependent, submissive creature, with her coquettish little wiles and her cunning strategies, is passing from existence. In her place enters the new woman, strong, independent and self-reliant, loyal and honest, and this new woman is recognizing the value and importance of co-operation with an acuteness and keenness of mind that is astounding her brother. When in the early days of the woman's movement the first women's clubs began to form, little, local study clubs and social clubs, literary clubs for the purpose of reading Shakespeare and Browning over the fireside and perhaps could not dream of the important part these women's clubs were destined to play in the social and political life of the nation. Today all these American women's clubs are joined in a strong national federation embracing over 800,000 women, and far from contenting themselves with self-culture in literature and art, these 800,000 women are both by their own endeavors and by the influence brought to bear upon state and municipal administration, cleaning up our city streets, planting trees, establishing playgrounds, improving schools, establishing juvenile courts, and reforming legislation in behalf of women and children.

On this form of co-operation rests the woman's club which gives expression chiefly to the woman of leisure, another, still more important form of co-operation, has grown up among wage earning women; this is the union movement.

A still greater form of co-operation among women, greater both in scope and in importance, is the woman's suffrage movement of today. This movement has today grown to a national and international one, until it embraces a world wide army of earnest women, irresistibly marching to victory. But greatest of all, grandest because it includes all the others in the splendid struggle for the physical, mental and moral uplifting of the entire human race, is the co-operation of the men and women in the International Socialist. To the Socialists, the Socialist movement is the only political movement in the world that fully recognizes and supports woman's demand for equal social, economic and political rights. It is the only political movement in the world that strives to bring about a state of society in which women will enjoy complete economic independence. It is the only political movement in the world that seeks to establish a superior form of civilization in which no child shall be born into want and poverty, but the fruits of human labor shall be for all.

To the thinking, progressive woman Socialism should appeal in many ways. It should appeal to her womanhood, to her motherhood, to her self-respect and to her sympathies, to her striving for freedom and to her desire for a richer, fuller life. Socialism has much to offer the thinking, progressive woman, and it has a right to expect her earnest co-operation.

The Socialist movement is pervaded by the spirit of "viribus unitis" that joins all its adherents, irrespective of sex, race or nation, in universal comradeship. The women of the Socialist movement who are fully imbued with this spirit so new to womankind at large and who eagerly join hands with their oppressed brothers and sisters of all lands to usher in the co-operative commonwealth, are the mothers indeed, mother in body and spirit, of a coming generation which shall at last be truly civilized.

The placing of women on the Socialist ticket out in Los Angeles promises much for the future progress in that city. Progress is being made only along lines of women's movement, but in social development from every standpoint. When the "hand that rocks the cradle" gets a real show at helping to rule the world, it will be a better world and a cozier world and a livelier world than it is today. So here's to the women candidates wherever they be, and whenever they come!

Miss Gina Krog, of Christina, has been nominated by the radical party for a deputy in the parliamentary elections now pending in Norway.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

By CHARLES LINCOLN PRIPER.

Fitting, patterning, Little Two Shoes! Pitter and patter no longer confuse;
Little Two Shoes is now ever at rest.
Pitter and patter no longer confuse;
Little Two Shoes more grave and quiet follows
Following the lead of Little Two Rinko.

A LETTER.

To the Editor of The Progressive Woman:

Dear Madam—By mere chance, as would seem, the July issue of your journal fell into my hands. I looked it over and it interested me for the first time. I became much interested in it. This interest blossomed into enthusiasm, and I feel that I must congratulate the world on having such a journal devoted to so good a cause. But good as it is, it must express by special indorsement, the article written by Theresa Makkie, said issue, page 5. It touches the core the whole woman question. It has also seemed to me that the woman who had been dedicated to my sex (male, and the sisters were to remain pass while the political and social message were applied to her person. It has me feel that there is hope, and that what would keep good time so long as she pushed the hands forward mechanically in the world, not so long as she were to fill up the horn of blessing to pour on generation after generation. I have her article over several times; and every time it has presented a new phase to mind, just as a new turn of a kaleidoscope presents to the eye a new aspect of the pieces may or may be. —W. P. Root, Medina, Ohio.

Dear Comrade—Here is a grown-up who wants a picture of Comrade Deb and the children. Will certainly distribute the pers if you send them. I consider the c'ren's number one of the best, if not best, number of the F. W. yet publish. All wearists strikers win out 18% of the vote and Nutol? They certainly do look a bill happy, happy lot of youngsters—a hun halo about "Gene"—the only kind of he wants, I fancy.—Yours in comradeship (Mrs.) Bertha M. Burns, Vancouver, B.

Thirty thousand shirtwaist girls, mostly girls, have been on strike in New York City. The labor leader said the week before that "We'd rather starve quick than stand slow," is their slogan. This is the most significant stand taken by any trade union since the Chicago Stockyards. And it put a precedent on what is to come. It is a fact that women, once they set their minds to achievement, are more revolutionary than men, who are often afraid to get away from precedent, even in the radicals, they will not ignore the laws set down by long-dead city or national fathers, step over them, break the laws, anything to go straight to the matter, if it is sufficiently urgent. May the laws be changed in the smaller shops are already back on work on their own terms.

Mrs. Nanette B. Paul, of Washington, D. C., has written a text book on parliametary law.


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SEX AND "CONTRACTUAL MORAILITY"
LIDA PARCE

In his book on "Sex and Society," Professor Thomas has reached the conclusion that women are lacking in "contractual morality." He says that woman, with the help of time and John Stuart Mill, has done nobly; experience has come, more than could be expected, in fact. She is gradually freeing herself from the bondage in which she has held her and is outgrowing her slavery toward her own body, but one thing she lacks—"contractual morality." Mr. Thomas does not positively say that men are gifted with this noble quality, but the sanguine reader is allowed to infer that they are.

Professor Thomas has dealt even generously with woman in his book, but in this matter of "contractual morality" he has introduced an almost poignant question, and then left it in a state of growing expense. Perhaps I shall be able to say some things that will have a bearing on that question.

"Contractual morality" probably means a sense of the obligations incurred in acts and situations that are of a bargaining character, and honesty in keeping those obligations. Of course, and understanding of relations of any kind must come through experience. Contractual experience is not limited to the signing of contracts, but conduct in the minor affairs of a give-and-take nature will tend to be decided by the definite rule laid down for the larger affairs.

Woman has never, until the last generation or so, been allowed to enter into contracts, if we except the contract of marriage; and in this her male relations were really the contracting parties and she was simply the "done by." Contract history overflows with evidence that since until recent years, been in no way regarded as anything but a piece of property in process of transfer, in the marriage contract.

But when the woman entered into this contract, she, alone, was held to strict accountability for keeping the terms of it. Not a very good training for contractual morality, nor a very good proof of such morality on the part of men.

A contract between persons is an agreement into which they both enter freely, and in which there are reciprocal benefits received. If it is a social contract, they both swear that they have read the terms of the contract, and that they understand them. If it can be proven that either party to it was forced to enter into it, or entered into it ignorantly, or if the contract does not name the value delivered and the consideration received, that contract is not valid.

Did anybody ever read the terms of a marriage contract before signing it? Does anybody know what they are? Occasionally, relatively a case comes along where the game away. Thus the terms of the marriage contract are disclosed from time to time. The terms of it vary between different people, but in general, the man becomes the owner of the woman's body, and he can make her work for him, without any limit whatever, excepting that of her endurance without pay. If she works for somebody else he can collect her wages. And he becomes the sole guardian of her children, in all the states but nine. Her property passes into his control either completely or in some lesser measure. If he dies, he and his heirs have much greater rights to her property than she and her heirs have to his property if he dies. He can choose the place where they shall live, and the law gives him all these advantages by implication of this marriage contract. But what value does the wife receive in return for all these penalties and obligations? There is a theory that she receives "support" and "protection." But the law does not allow a man to defend even himself, unless his life is seriously threatened. Much less does it allow him to defend his wife. The state has taken the matter of defense into its own hands, and this is "support," the law does not guarantee it in any way whatever.

The marriage contract, then, is a contract the terms of which are not known by either of the contracting parties, and a contract by the terms of which one party incurs heavy penalties and obligations without receiving any stated compensation whatever in return. Can you see now why the terms of that contract are kept so dark? No self-respecting person, man or woman, would sign such a contract, if he had to squarely face the terms of it beforehand.

It is an insult to the honesty of the man as well as to the dignity of the woman. I don't know just what a skin-game is, but I suspect this fraudulent contract would answer the description of one.

Now this skin-game is not a game played by every man upon the woman he marries. It is a fraud perpetrated by the state upon its women. And it is a means, the very strongest means that is used, to keep women in subjection.

The theory is that the state takes a hand in a marriage for the good of both parties, and to make fathers support their children. The means certainly seem strangely unadaptable to the end. The father can collect the wages of the children, but support is not provided whereby the father can be made to feed and clothe his children. And a bogus contract like this seems poorly fitted to secure the moral well-being of society. Then what is the reason this fraud is perpetrated? Supposing the women of any state should go before the legislature of that state with a petition asking that the terms of the marriage contract should be printed on the marriage certificate, what would the law do? It would interfere with profits all along the line.

If the institution of marriage is threatening to go to pieces, and many people think it is, the marriage contract is doubly to be credited with a good measure of responsibility for that fact. Professor Thomas would have a hard time proving that women fall behind men in "contractual morality" long as this imposture is practiced by the law, based upon its women.

Those who believe that women ought to be free human beings can find no better point at which to attack her servile condition than this contemptible and shabby fraud of the marriage contract. In the impositions of both sex-morality and "contractual morality" a visible and honest marriage contract is necessary.

Read the pamphlet, Socialism and the Home, by May Walden. Price fifty cents. (Doesn't it make you think?"

Young George had wandered down to a silvery stream where some childhood fancies were splashing about in great glee. Eager to join the fun he stripped off and plunged in. An elderly party arriving in time to see him for the first time made him go in bathing along with the girls. Feeling an extreme disgrace George put up his lip and whimpered: "I didn't know they was girls. They didn't have their dresses on!"

**Woman's Socialist Union of San Francisco.**

Sunday, Nov. 21st, the speaker of the evening at Local San Francisco was Miss Ethel Whitehead, president of the Woman's Socialist Union of the state of California. Miss Whitehead's speech was primarily the relation of the Woman Question to the Socialist Movement. The topic was treated in a very interesting manner, showing that although class struggle there had always existed an additional struggle for sex, and that only through economic freedom could emancipation be attained. Socialism, therefore, promised even more for woman than man.

The meeting was well attended, and a lively discussion followed. There were a number of subscriptions taken for the Progressive Woman, besides other literature sold.

Miss Whitehead is doing good work in her efforts to interest the women, and an increasing interest will bring its fruit in the extension of our organization. We are glad to have so good a paper as The Progressive Woman to help in awakening women to the vital importance to them of the Socialist movement of the world.—Yours in comradeship, Villa D. Reynolds, Corresponding Secretary Wm. Morris Club.

Did you see the magazine combination offer on another page? Read it.

Did the ads.

"Socialism and the Home," by May Walden. Is the thing for you to read if you are interested in this question. Send your address.

**Remember your leaflet campaign.**

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**Diaz the Dictator**

BY CHARLES LINCOLN PHIFER

124 PAGES \- 50 CENTS

Every citizen of the United States who loves liberty and who wishes to understand the situation entirely should read the book, DIAZ THE DICTADOR. This work tells not only of the Diaz dictatorship, but the persecution of all the people, the suppression of speech and press, the sufferings of the people, the persecution of the noble, but also of the condition of all nations. Diaz and his clique are held up to the world as a specimens for the rest of the world to emulate. It records the contest for Mexican independence; the persecution of the negroes; the suppression of speech and press; the suppression of all industry. It is a grim record of the most destructive of all revolutions. It is not a story form, yet it is full of historical facts, and according to "well-informed conceptions," from 1850 to the present time, with Taft's visit to Diaz and the fight on Zuni.

Single copy, prepaid $0.40
Fifteen copies $0.00

VC. L. PHIFER, Girard, Kansas
**The Soul of Athena**

**LUELLA R. KREHBIEL**

"My good LeMoyné, a favored time! Something more refreshing than masticha and pilaff. A card, announcing the man who has been the friend of your youth and musician for my father, Berg. I believe the valet of an American sculptor whose Athenian studio is located on the Stadion not far from the Place de la Constitution. Harold Van Berg," replied the artist. "Yes, it is true, but I have a feeling not more than a Capitan sunset or a Wagnerian strain. Bring him right up to the studio."

"A fine fellow must be this Van Berg," mentally ejaculated the valet, as he descended the stairs. "LeMoyné would not be invited to the studio. LeMoyné is a man, sensitive to the superlative degree, and declares that the atmosphere of men who are yet unjust and unbalanced tends to exhaust his power. Well do I know that I have spent more time in an effort to make a real man of myself than in attending the wants of LeMoyné since I've been looking to him financially."

A statue of Spinoza was the first object that met Van Berg's gaze as he entered the studio.

"How splendid!" he exclaimed as he halted before it. "Spinoza! one of the first who declared that there is matter, mind and force in every atom of the universe, that the creative spirit is everywhere at work evolving higher forms of life, and for that reason, we should revere every existing atom. If this theory of universal reverence was taught and practiced it would be a wonderful and harmonious condition of life. Had men strangled for their brothers as they have strangled against them, man's history would be without a shame or a strain."

"Divine was the conception, Spinoza, even though it was not canonized." The greeting between the life-long friends was most cordial; lingering clasp of the hands and a glint of moisture in the eyes.

"How you are working, LeMoyné!" exclaimed Van Berg. "Tyroenne admitted me to your studio in Paris, and I thought you must be doing most of your 'work' there, but I see you are doing more of it here."

"What a co-incident! As I entered your studio today I found you just as I did when I entered it three years ago—meditating seriously while you leaned an arm against an Athena. By the way, I found one of your Athenas in the loggia of our mutual friend in Rome and I believed that you could never excel that work; but you have done it here. This marble face thrills me as no face of the flesh ever did."

"Still single, my friend? Upon my faith I believe you are in love with the soul of your Athena. And I can understand your sentiment. When the great Phidias chiseled his Athena for the Parthenon he gave to the world the finest sculptured face of woman it has ever held. He chiseled a face that bespoke all the mastering powers the Grecians attributed to their goddess. It may yet require centuries of evolution to produce the strong, fully rounded woman who fulfills the prophecy of this face, but whatever has been conceived can be produced. I believe that men and women will possess powers as great as those of the mythic gods and goddesses long before the acme of human evolution has been reached. Man's progress in practical science today substantiates this statement."

"At least the shoulders and ample waist of the goddess bespeak her splendid physical powers. The well-rounded neck rises from the shoulders like a column to support the well-set head. Her face expresses beauty, and refinement, a high degree of intellect, wisdom and power of thought. The mouth is proudly set, the countenance full of reserve and the entire posture is dignified almost to the point of austerity. A majestic being like this is not one to be familiarly approached. Her face does not possess the sensuous or estatic expression of the madonnas; but let us have fewer men and have them greater. Let us have a few, but let them be not merely the equals, but far above the common run of people, but will mother that people by fitting the world for them. But, my friend, we shall have to live our time among women instead of goddesses."

"Yes," replied LeMoyné. "We love the ideal, but we must not forget that it sometimes causes us to suffer."

"I realize the source of your power, my friend," said Van Berg. "You have chiselled under a prophetic assurance of its ultimate fulfillment and your marble face surpasses the marvel of the great master."

"But I thought several years ago that you had met a young woman in New York City who interested you, and was expecting to hear the notice of your nuptials at any time."

"That is true," replied LeMoyné. "She was beautiful, cultured, and had a fine intellect for details. She possessed for me that indefinable charm or magnetic attraction upon which marriage, if not commercial, is generally based today. But her greater understanding and sympathy, the masterful, creative forces of her womanhood, and all that goes to make a woman ceases to be a fetish and where there is nothing but magnetic attraction alone it soon becomes exhausted and unhappiness follows. Love, without profound respect, cannot live. Where marriage is a mere fashion and not inspired, it becomes a blighting influence."

"Could we require too much of human nature at its present stage of evolution?" inquired Van Berg.

"We are all limited today in ways multitudinous, but there is no reason why all should not hold to high ideals of life and be willing to sacrifice and struggle for them," said LeMoyné.

"There are women today," said Van Berg, "who are giving much of their lives to the support of meaning principles."

"There are many women who have experienced or come in close contact with life in its various aspects, and who are fighting for a greater social recognition of truth and justice, but had their lives been more fortunate they would be as much more fortunate, indifferent. Many of our laboring masses are justly crying for a better distribution of wealth. We are robbing men of life that would cease their protests if they should some day chance to wake up to an inheritance."

"Our American woman, who last night banqueted a number of Grecian, Roman and Venetian grandees, gave her earlier life to the propagation of vital social principles, but she was incidentally taken up by a millionaire and has given her entire time since to the pursuit of mere social conquest and notoriety. In need of women's most serious consideration, it deeply mars one's ideals of womanhood to know so many women who take millions that have been unjustly exacted through class and social crusades which, in spirit, are as cruel and meaningless as a Napoleonic campaign and who are as degenerate in the waste of their extravagances as a Nero. Principles seem to be that a woman with so much money must not contend for their practical finale. Van Berg, I long for the woman who strives after all selflessness is left behind. Fate is sometimes hard, but I've held to an ideal long to go back. Could I love? Am I 'would give a love so great that to wound love would be to wound my life," said LeMoyné with such feeling that Van Berg was deeply touched. He approached his chisel and said: 'Here, where there is nowhere a man who has greater reason to respect himself than you have, and I would gladly give years of my own life to see you meet the woman who could win your repose and contentment. Your woman has been suppressed through all the centuries and her powers stifled, but she is awakening and her development means the fulfillment of the material, intellectual and social ideals of the age."

The two friends spent the remainder of the day, criticising the artists' latest works and talking over the events of the years that had elapsed since they were last together.

"We shall dine in the garden tonight, see 'The Victory of Leon-ideas' at the theater and spend the intervening time in the grounds of the industrial exposition, which will give you an opportunity to enjoy our splendid atmosphere. The out-door dining and open-roofed theaters are so characteristically Greek that they serve as a link between modern and classical times," said LeMoyné.

"Berg fixed the view from these grounds—one of the most entrancing he had ever beheld—a scene that at once deeply impressed him with the departed glory and present beauty of Athens. A broad flight of marble steps led down to a lower level where we find the remains of a Roman gymnasium. Not far away are the imposing columns of the great temple of Zeus, towering, gigantic, raging a battle against the deathless onslaught of years. Raising our splendid atmosphere. The columns of the Olympian we view the shimmering sea beyond the Attic plain, and still on, we behold Aegina floating in the purple haze.

To the left is the world-famed Mt. Hydmetus, whose transfiguration under the sunset glow is the most poetic and transporting scene on earth. But the conversation between two young men, the influence of Van Berg and LeMoyné became so animated that their attention was drawn to it.

"Exasperating! the term is wholly inadequate!" exclaimed one of them. "It's a crime that women with so much money should get so many of these new-fangled..."
es into her mind. I had thought that it combined fortunes would free me from financial consideration for a life-time, but she seems to be disposed to spend her money in assisting the lives of many instead of making it irresponsible for me, or dinting social distinction for herself. She herded three of the finest houses in merica, but some of her less fortunate latives occupy them. She subsidizes the duals, establishes schools and more than I, she openly advocates such a scientific jalishment of society that all of its memrs should be equally secure in all of the duties opportunities of life. She declared the best would be crude without the opptunities that money brings. She was for the first prize of a musical school Paris, but withdrew and allowed the son to fall upon a young woman less fortunate financially than herself. She insists and chisels and is always in nesly absorbed that I do not believe that he has ever attained her in the companionship of two sexes. Last night I as taking her out to a reception held for instructors and students in the Americ in school of classics. Our car ran into one group of a hundred, the light and song, the disconcerted instead of ting on with me. It is utterly imposible and I am naturally irriated to loose much over a few nonsensical ideas.

"Ideas?" inquired the young man's companion, "your ideas are so nonsensical to outweigh all else in the scales of hu an consideration? In good faith, I must insist that it would require a heavy weight to balance your egoism. May I ask you what your opinion is?"

As if lost in a dream LeMoine sat, moodless, unconscious of his friend or surroundings. At length he turned partially toward Van Berg and said vaguely, "I would like to know her name."

"Well," responded the dis工会apd young man, "her name is Athena Manahan. Her father is an admirer of Greek art and worked with Schliemann all through his memorable excavations."


Finally, he roused from his reverie and there one aspect of his mind came back to him, all his former records in versatility and consiness. It seemed that at last he had even space in his thoughts for a ray of hope and he was drawing strength therefrom. Time passed rapidly, for Van Berg in the sty that had at last thrown off its yoke of reign power and is now reviving so rapidly that it promises to become again the world's center of art and learning.

"My friend," inquired LeMoine one day as he walked down the deserted streets of Lymettus, "would I impose upon you by inviting you to attend a meeting of our nelson club at Baron Sina's tonight? I could gladly spend the time with you else there. I am sure that you would both of you two should the Athena has been placed in his gallery."

"I shall greatly appreciate the privilege of visiting his gallery and reviewing your works there," responded Van Berg.

As soon as the program would permit his absence LeMoine withdrew from the noting thought the gallery. As he hurriedly turned about a group of statues, he stumbled with full force upon a young woman who was sitting on the use of one of them. She sat in full view of his Athena and was evidently studying it.

After LeMoine had made the due apologies and explained his visit to the gallery at Baron Sina's, he added his name, and expressed her deepest gratitude for the privilege of meeting the creator of the noted Athena.

LeMoine quickly noted her fine presence, grace of mannerism and striking intrellictuality of features.

"I came here," she remarked, "to gaze upon the face of your Athena and harmonize myself with only my soul as could those features in flesh."

A light came into her face, such as he had never seen in a woman's face before. Her voice and the sentiment of her words thrilled every atom of her being.

"I have studied the face, form and posture of Athena since childhood," she continued, "and have been strengthened both physically and mentally by coming into rapport with the powers attributed to the goddess. Ah, Monsieur LeMoine," she exclaimed, "her imputed powers, approaching supremacy, were but an intuitive heritage of the centuries, a mystic premonition of the divine. The transmitted powers of a awakened womanhood, a conscious motherhood, will become universally masterful. Man's history is but the history of his instinct for making the ideal real and the victories of science and of ethics are today more fully than ever compensating his efforts. But why am I speaking thus to you? You have felt this power, this prophecy, this inspiration or you could not have chiseled that face!" and turned to LeMoine with an attitude and an expression which said that, in him she expected to find all and, that to him, she gave her confidence in his power to make the tension that he had never known before. Here was a woman who pleased him externally in every sense, whose magnetism filled him with ecstasy, but was--Oh God!--was this the mate of his soul, the full completement of his being? Could she be--ah, he had waited long--could she be--Athena Manahan? Was there another woman in Southern Europe, anywhere, who possessed the same beauty she felt his fate dependent upon the one chance out of thousands. His face grew pallid, his knees weakened and he sank into a seat. Alarmed, the young woman inquired what was the matter, and he clapsed her hand as if he would crush the bones of her fingers. "Will you tell me--your name?" and then he clapped his hands to his ears as if her words might prove a fatal blow.

"My name is--Athena Manahan," she replied.

As he sat, wiping the perspiration from his face, explaining to Athena the story of his experience.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "how the contemplation of a strong and noble soul has evolved and harmonized our own and made effective for the triumph of right, of piety, of justice. Some day truth will abolish all error and discord and bring us peace."

Van Berg wiped the tears of joy from his eyes and promised to return to Athena for a certain date.

The Woman's League, advertised elsewhere, will help you to build a beautiful club house that can be used by your society and your local for many things. As you help them you can help push the Progressive Woman, too, by joining the League.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

Chairmen of women's committees shall report last report have been appointed as follows: Elorado, Ill. -- Mrs. J. H. Goss, Collinsville, Ill. -- WM. Houston, O'Fallon, Ill. -- Mrs. M. Holder, Glen Carbon, Ill. -- Joash Critchley, Troy, Ill. -- Mrs. Chas. Burgess, Granite, Ill. -- J. J. Keon, Staunton, Ill. -- Herman Rahm, White Hall, Ill. -- T. K. Young, Quincy, Ill. -- Mollie C. Landwehr, 526 S. 5th street, Monson, Ill. -- Mrs. John Higgins, 718 S. 3d street.

Rock Island, Ill. has a membership of 18 in W. N. P. L. Mrs. Nellie Seiglinsworten, 1133 10th avenue, is active both in the league and the party. Streator, Ill. -- Mrs. Sara Benson, 607 Tyler street.

Kewanee, Ill. -- Mrs. Wm. Aldrich, 416 W. 5th street.

Rockford, Ill. -- Mrs. I. Billington, 1130 Green Mount street.

Joliet, Ill. -- Mrs. Bertha Winkler, R. F. D. No. 1.

Graettinger, Iowa -- Mrs. Fred Spiers, Mrs. H. G. Harrison.

Rochester, Iowa -- Mrs. Mahel Sprout, Mr. C. E. Choban.
WOMEN IN THE LOS ANGELES CAMPAIGN

AGNES H. DOWNING

It was much to our surprise that we received the nomination at the primaries in November. While old party candidates were telling that they were friendly to women, etc., that they were in favor of giving women the ballot, the Socialists just nominated women. It was a propaganda for equal suffrage worth the friendly promises of years.

When we were nominated our local was in debt; two resignations (caused by changes of residence) from the city central committee further disabled us; besides, air was not yet clear from recent local strife. Yet during the campaign the workers worked with loyalty, spirit and persistence. We candidates interviewed papers, secured press notices, prepared our material for publication and attended public meetings wherever we could get a hearing. Everywhere we stated clearly that we stood for Socialism and at the same time gave a definite, tangible recital of what we would do if elected; we gave us possibility to our plans by showing what the Socialists had already done when in action.

Our workers distributed in all 71,000 pieces of literature. Besides we got in the city daily and two local action papers, The Citizen and the Union Label Bulletin, supported us most cordially. Unquestionably much has been done to break down prejudice against the word Socialism, for while we carried the word on everything, our vote averaged more than one-third of the average vote of the successful capitalist candidate, Mrs. Bowman, a little in the lead, receiving 8790. And this, though our opponents had the popular "good government" ticket that carried the city, and had a campaign fund of $25,000; we had $200.

On election, though the day was wet, a large crowd was there, tunes were carried, and the vote was 5132 to 4065 in favor of the Socialist ticket. Women as workers, a group of loyal comrades even came from Pasadena and gave their good aid.

Women and precinct workers were, of course, an important factor. Of course, they felt their responsibility; they realized their dignity as the vanguard of a vast movement; they knew that women in politics would for the time at least, be judged by what they did. So thoroughly correct was every woman, manifest, was in itself a power.

And the young Socialist party with all its untried hope, might well point with pride to its precinct workers. They were all volunteers, many of them, mothers with growing daughters, and sons as hostages; though fewer in number they made a fine score to the irresponsible hirelings that represented the old parties. It goes without saying, the future is ours.

The Candidates.

Agnes H. Downing is a native of Minnesota and was educated at the state university. For ten years she taught in the public schools, studied law and was the first woman admitted to practice in that state by taking the bar examination. She came to Los Angeles Mrs. Downing has been admitted to the bar of California. She has always taken a vital interest in the public schools; at present she is president of the Parent-Teacher Association of the East Vernon school.

Mrs. Downing is an advocate of economy in public affairs and believes in the best economy to provide ample facilities for the best development of every child.

Sallie E. Bowman was born in Schuykill Haven, Pa., of whose high school she was a graduata and afterward was a teacher for seven years in the schools of the same state.

Having been a resident of Washington, D.C., a number of states of both North and South, Mrs. Bowman has been able to study the school question in all its phases. As mother of four children of the Los Angeles schools, knows the educational requirements of the children of Los Angeles. Mrs. Bowman firmly believes that society will be best served when the child's education is broad enough to enable him to choose his vocation in life by inclination and not by circumstances.

Mary E. Garbutt was born in New Jersey, but grew up and was educated in Jacksonville, Ill. She is a graduate of a college in her home town, and was valedictorian of her class.

She has had wide experience as a teacher in the public schools of Illinois, Denver and Los Angeles. Was at one time vice principal, at another principal of one of our city schools. She received her appointment as teacher in the Los Angeles schools in October, 1907, and was the educational recommendation of the county superintendent of schools, who recognized her excellent work in the school room, in an adjoining district.

Mrs. Garbutt always kept in touch with the best educational thought and methods, but utterly refused in her work to be simply an imitator.

She believes if a city needs to retrain, the last place for retraining should be the public schools.

Mrs. Mary E. Jones has been a resident of Los Angeles for fifteen years. Having been reared and educated for the profession of teaching, Mrs. Jones has been deeply interested in the great problems of public education for many years.

The fact that thousands of children in Los Angeles are denied school privileges has especially aroused her sympathy, as she lives among the working people of our city.

Mrs. Jones is a strong champion of the principle that women as the mothers of the race should have a voice in the management of the schools.

Equality of Opportunity Must Be Inherited.

C. F. DIGHT, M. D.
University of Minnesota.

In his book on "Poverty," Robert Hunt tells us that the United States there are probably ten million children who are underfed, badly clothed and poorly housed and that, too, in fairly prosperous times. This means two million families—allowing an average of five persons to a family—whose parents with their offspring are in a condition of real poverty. At times they must feel sharply their physical discomfort frequently they are humiliated when in contrast between their situation and the abundance of others rises up before them; constantly they realize that they live on the lower plane of social existence, and that, in education, culture, travel, the better clair of plays and music, wealth and independence are not for them to share.

It goes without saying that these people

Special Christmas Offer

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The most practical and widely known writing instrument on the market. A style shown on left is inlaid with beautiful hard gold bands.

Postpaid to any address, only $2.00; by insured mail 5 cents extra.

Send this card, No. 508, with 40 cents in stamps, and we will send you by express a fine Lauglin Fountain Pen, style and shape as you specify, only $2.00.

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Every pen guaranteed for 30 days. If not in perfect working order return it and we will refund your money. No single order accepted.

In every Lauglin Fountain Pen you will find a trap which makes it impossible to throw ink in the wrong place. This trap is worth $1.00.

Cornelius Lauglin, Proprietor.

We also make a fine line of Society Emblem mountings. Adv. and we will send you free.

In the name of your dealer, or mail direct to the Lauglin Pen Co., for the Lauglin Pen, and in exchange for this card, we will send you free of charge one of our fine Lauglin pen holders—address

Lauglin Mfg. Co.

Detroit, Mich.
would prefer to enjoy better life conditions than those of their parents. Especially would the poor parents have the lot of their children a better one than theirs has been.

This leads directly to the question why it is that one in every eight persons is so poor that the Progressives call him a 'wage-slave.' Poverty is a cause, not a result. Why have we poverty? What is its proximate cause? But why are they in poverty? Because our industrial system needs it and plunges people into it.

Our industrial system is based on profit-making. Its policy is, never to let a person earn his way unless the employer, if he be a private one, can make profits from the labor of the worker.

The profit-making system takes from our 30,000,000 of wage-earners about four-fifths of the output value of their toil.

This legal robbery of the workers keeps hem poor, for the remaining one-fourth of the value of their labor which they get a pay is a bare subsistence wage with most wage earners; and so long as this system exists the progeny of the poor will be born into poverty. Poverty is their inheritance, not out of it not one per cent can rise.

Every person obediently assents to the act that this law operates in the organic world—like produces like. We see it acting true in every blade of grass, in every flower and vine of the earth, and we see it acting over the soil of the earth, in every flower, in every bee, in every bird, in every bone in every body.

We see that this law of like producing like, everything in reproduction would be in confusion; nothing would be certain; his hen’s egg would be as likely hatch a house or an elephant as it would a chicken; his domestic cat might rear a brood of wild blue-birds; the acorn grow into a pimply tree or develop into a horse and you might safely claim man’s origin in the monkey.

But this law of like producing like exists, and men’s eggs always hatch chickens, if anything; cats produce kittens, acorns oaks and monkeys not men—at least directly. And thus it must always continue to be so. This is a law of biology, containing within itself, and its existence is absolutely indispensable. Heredity, it is, that makes man, and prevents him from being some other animal. It makes evolution possible by transmitting an essential characteristic.

Now notice the almost incredible exactness of the working of this law. If you put from a willow tree only a small twig, and plant it or throw it carelessly into the earth, and there be water and earth sufficient, it will grow into a tree essentially like the one from which it came.

If you pluck from the begonia a single single leaf or even a part of a leaf and plant it, it will grow into a perfect plant essentially like that from which it came. Now the begonia had no root, no bark nor branches such as the plant had, yet there was something in it or about it which made it grow into a plant like unto its progenitor; showing that there is in every producing like is so surely acting, that even a little fraction of the like will produce its original like.

This law acts also, and with almost equal certainty, in the industrial world, for to every person there comes an industrial as well as an organic or bodily inheritance. Poverty breeds poverty and wealth breeds wealth.

An illustration will make clear what we mean by industrial inheritance. A child is born to parents who are millionaires. It is reared amid all the luxury that wealth can bring. As the boy grows up nothing makes it necessary for him to get his living as a wage-earner in mill, shop or mine. He was not born into conditions which made that necessary. He inherited wealth, and perhaps launches into some large, entrepise and exploits the masses. These conditions and opportunities were his industrial inheritance.

Another child is born into a family of the slums, or to some poor but honest and hard-working parents elsewhere. This child has to begin toiling at an early age to help support the family. It is deprived of all the good things enjoyed by the child of the millionaire. The poor child had an industrial inheritance which almost certainly doomed it to lifelong wage slavery and exploitation.

To talk of equality of opportunity under an industrial system that breeds such extreme conditions of inequality and fixes them at birth, is profound absurdity. Only by inheritance of it can equality of opportunity be secured to all.

Our industrial system which breeds inequality will not right itself. It directly perpetuates poverty and wage slavery on one hand, and on the other wealth and mastery.

The children of the poor inherit poverty and its numerous handicaps with almost the same regularity as they inherit the physical form which belongs to man.

You parents who would have it otherwise; you who wish for your children a better lot than yours has been if you are poor, you who would have all children enjoy the first and greatest of all human rights—the right to be well born, with equal opportunity for all—can only have this by changing the laws which now regulate industrial inheritance.

The laws of organic or bodily inheritance—heredity proper—you cannot change; they are God-made, and wise and good, the laws of industrial inheritance are man-made and can be changed and should be. Socialism points out the changes that should be made and how to make them.

If we will but provide industrial conditions, such as are good to have inherited, then through heredity—industrial and organic—these good conditions will be transmitted, and the human race will soon abolish poverty, establish equality of opportunity, and rapidly advance in every way desirable far beyond anything to which it has yet attained.

Little Sister of the Poor

Have you read "A Little Sister of the Poor"? This is what Selma Jokela, Malcolm, Minn., says about it: "If you have never read the book, "A Little Sister of the Poor," that I wish I could translate it into Finnish, when I am through with the other work, the book I am helping to write. It is one of the best propaganda books in that there and as it is written by a woman it is more eagerly read by women. Please let me hear from you as soon as it is possible for you to do so." "Little Sister" is a twenty-five-cent book, but through January we will give it to you for fifteen cents, or eight copies for one dollar.

The P. W. has a few books for sale—a few really essential ones. Later we hope to add more to our list. But in the meantime we hope you will call liberally for these.

We are living in a wonderful age—an age in which women are coming into a consciousness of themselves.

You can help this paper by remitting for the sub cards you received the other day.

A New Year Suggestion

WE have made special arrangements with the following magazines, by which we can offer them in combination with this paper at a remarkably low price as New Year Gifts. Each magazine may be sent to separate addresses.

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<th>SPECIAL PRICE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
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<td>$3.00</td>
<td>$1.90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>$2.80</td>
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WHY--DOCTORS, LAWYERS, BANKERS, MINISTERS AND PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN READ CURRENT LITERATURE

1. It is up to date with the world’s activities;
2. It interprets current events interestingly;
3. Depicts persons in the foreground brilliantly;
4. Is a guide to the best recent Literature, Art, Science and Drama.
5. Gives in its many illustrations a moving picture show of the world.
6. Is a magazine of unsurpassed timeliness.
FOR THE CHILDREN

THE SNOW HOUSE.

Dialogue.

Three Boys. Enter two boys.

First Boy—See here! You just leave the snow alone over this side of the yard. I am building a snow house. Don't you see it? And I want all this snow, so you leave it alone.

Second Boy—Who says I must leave it alone? I am going to build a house, too, and I have as good a right to the snow as you have to.

First Boy—If you touch this snow I'll fight you.

Second Boy—Come on, then! I'm not afraid of you. I'll show you that I have as good a right here as you have. (Both prepare to fight. Enter third boy.)

Third Boy—I say! What's the matter? (Comes between the other two boys) What are you fighting about?

First Boy—I started to build a snow house and he's taking my snow away.

Second Boy—It isn't your snow. You don't own this school yard.

Third Boy—I say, fellows! Don't make fools of yourselves. Let's look into this. I see how it is. You have been practicing in getting snow and that's how you come to fighting. Don't you remember what teacher told us the other day, that competition leads to fighting? I'll tell you what let's do. Let's try co-operation. (Turns to first boy. You couldn't build a very big house all by yourself. (Turns to second boy. And neither could you. Now let's all pitch in together and build a rousing big snow house, and tonight we'll pour some water over it so that it will freeze good and solid, and then tomorrow we'll go inside and play we are Indians. What do you say? That will be better than fighting.

First Boy—All right! Come on. Let's get along with our fellows.

Second Boy—Hooray for the co-operative wigwam.

(All three go off together.)

(The boys should wear caps, mittens and mufflers, and carry shovels.)—R. C. Cole in Socialist Songs and Dialogues.

MOTHER LOVE.

You are just little folks. Maybe a little boy or a little girl, or both. And because you are little folks, your mother takes good care of you, washing you, dressing and feeding you, putting you to bed at night, helping you off to school in the morning, and planning for you all the time. It would be hard to live without mother, wouldn't it? If you think about it for a moment, you will see just how hard it would be to get along without her. If you did not have her to love you when you are blue, to hold you in her lap when you are tired, to fix you warm, pretty clothes, and cook nice meals when you are hungry—if you did not have her to do all this, it would be awful, wouldn't it?

If you think every day about how much mother does for you, you will feel more and more deeply her usefulness to you. And then, if you will ask yourself what it is that makes mother do all this for you, you will decide that it is "mother-love" that makes her do it. "Mother-love," then, is a very fine force, isn't it, a force that can make one take such good care of little folks who can't give much in return?

And if "mother-love" can do so much for you right in the home, don't you think it could do something for the rest of the home? Because you know you can't stay at home all the time. You have to go up town, and to school, and when you are big you have to go to many places outside of the home. And you often find ugly sidewalks and dirty streets, and often there are men lounging around the corners and sitting on the pavement, and if you are a little boy you sometimes hear dirty words and swearing. At school sometimes your building is old and rickety, the teachers are cross, the desks too small or old, and there are many things that might be made better. You feel when you are on the street and in the school, the absence of "mother-love." It isn't a bit like home, is it?

You didn't think that "mother-love" could only come from the home. You didn't think that it could come from the school——no, not on a school yard. Did you? Well, it can. And that is just what all the women and men are working for, who want the ballot for women. They want women to bring their "mother-love" into public affairs, and through the ballot make the town and the city more like the home—cleaner and sweeter, and safer to live in. They want the women to come out and say to the careless men: "Here is the street to be swept clean; you must build better sidewalks for our children to walk on; you must build good and safe school houses, and employ only kind, intelligent teachers; you must make beautiful parks where our children can play; you must tear down the gambling places and build up decent amusement places—beautiful theaters and lecture halls. You must do this because our children have the right to a clean home and to be ruled by the same women who have the right to vote."

I hope you will think about this a long, long time, and sometimes when you are big, you will want to help get the vote for your mother and your sisters, so they can bring their beautiful "mother-love" into public life, and make the world as good a place to live in as the home is.

"FRAIDY-CAT."

Isn't this a beau-ti-ful title for an article? Well, maybe you don't think it is. But I will tell you how I came to use it. I heard the Office Girl the other day singing something like this:

Fraidy-cat! Fraidy-cat! You aren't afraid to do that.

You're a Fraidy-cat.

At first I thought it was a funny little song. Then I got to thinking about how many "Fraidy-cats" there are in the world. And even among Socialists there are "Fraidy-cats." A great many Socialists won't talk about their Socialism to people because they are afraid to. "I'm afraid they will be shocked," they say, "I'm afraid they will think I'm an anarchist," or, "They will think I am queer," or, "They afraid they won't understand." And a lot more don't distribute literature or take subscriptions to a paper, or join the local, just because they're "Fraidy-cats."

Now I hope you are not a 'Fraidy-cat. And I hope you will speak up for Socialism, if you believe it is right, whenever you get a chance, and I hope you will distribute literature and sell sub cards, and do every thing you can, if you believe in Socialism. If you don't believe in it, then don't say anything to help it along. But whatever you are, stand up for your belief, and don't be a 'Fraidy-cat.

"When you read of "great men" in your histories, if you think about them you will find that they never were "Fraidy-cats," but stood up for their principles, even when everybody else opposed them. After while the stupid people came to see that they were right, and then they wrote them up in history, and came to look upon them as very great men. Well, the fact is, they were just simply courageous men, and we need more of them."

Now if all our little Socialist readers would stand up boldly like these great men—like Karl Marx, for instance, and Engels and Le Salle, and if they never do act like "Fraidy-cats," I think we may have Socialism when they are grown.

SOCIALIST TOTS.

Adelene heard her father holding a politi-
cal conversation with a friend about
Roosevelt and some of his actions. Finally she heard her father say, "Well, Roosevelt is a very nice fellow, but his mother! Why don't you ask her face she asked, "Why did papa call Roose
velt such a cute name?"

Frances crawled up close to her mam one night and asked what she would do when she got married and went away from her. Her mama said, "Oh, don't talk that way. You just stick to your mother when you're old enough." Frances talked awhile after she patted her mama's face and said "Well, don't worry about it mama, mayb
you will be dead by that time."

Frances and Adelene are both staud
Socialists, but Roger, their brother, is a little slow in getting the doctrine. One night when he accused his mother of not being just what he thought she should be accordi
the teachings of Socialism he was at once reminded by the girls. "You are a Socialist, you don't know.

You have no right to talk until you know what Socialism is."

At one of the Socialist camp meetings in Texas last fall Lena Mowr Leigh overheard the following between two youngsters: "What's your papa's politics?" the first little boy asked.

"I don't know," replied the second.

"Well, then, I guess he must be a dem
ocrat because all little boys whose papa's are Socialists know about their papa's politics, but little boys whose papa's are democrats never know anything about politics."

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LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN.

In our children's edition of last month, we offered a prize to any child who could send us a story or poem about their family. We received many interesting entries, but none as good as the following submission from a 12-year-old boy. His story is about his family life and how they cope with difficult situations.

Dear Editor:

I would like to share a story about my family. We live in a small town, and my parents work long hours to make ends meet. My younger sister, who is only 6 years old, is very sick and needs expensive medical treatment. My parents are struggling to pay for her treatments, but they will do anything to keep her healthy.

Every day, my parents wake up early to go to work and come home late at night. They sacrifice their time and energy to provide for our family. Sometimes, we have to go without food for a few days to save money for my sister's treatments.

Despite the challenges, we are a happy family. We support each other through thick and thin. And even though we have to face difficult situations, we are grateful for what we have.

Sincerely,

John Doe

12-year-old boy

P.S. I hope you will publish my story in your next issue.

--

Editorial: We would like to commend John for his remarkable story. His perspective on family, perseverance, and love is truly inspiring. We will publish his story in our next issue and encourage our readers to support John and his family.

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

18

PRIMEarl

PRIMEarl has met with reception phenomenal in the history of breakfast foods. It has only been out ten days as this is written, yet in that short time it has been ordered and used by more than 200 families here in Girard. Comrade Wayland, through his own influence in the Appeal tells us that it is the first breakfast food we have ever had in the house which all the family enjoyed.

When Wayland tells us that, you pretty near know this food makes good.

PRIMEarl is a special offer of Sorrows of Cupid and the Little Red Riding Hood of the Children's Christmas article. An awakening article, "An Awakening," is very beautiful in its style and fine for a leader. The Christmas article, "Christmas," is also a good article, and will be glad to receive the picture which we shall frame for our subscribers.

Lillian Laura Lanier (per Pearl Allie).

Comrade Wayland, Bakers, Girard, Kan.

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Comrade Wayland, Bakers, Girard, Kan.
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE?

It is the most powerful organization of women (with men as honorary members) in the United States. It is an Association whose membership of tens of thousands is made up of refined and intelligent women in every station of life—from the poorest in the most remote and isolated community to the wealthiest and most influential women in the largest cities. All are so closely affiliated and so strongly adhere to their fundamental principles “Co-operation” that wonderful benefits have been secured for their members and are added to each day.

Why It Can Do This.

Because the American Woman’s League is organized on sound business principles and is absolutely self-supporting.

Because of their strict adherence to the central idea “Co-operation.”

Membership--Free of Charge.

There are no initiation fees or dues.

Every woman who has been elected as a member, will be required to perform a certain service, that will be both pleasant and dignified—that can be done during spare time, requiring but a few hours a few days.

Once a member you are a member for life.

The duties are such that anyone who can perform them.

The benefits such that no one can afford to be without them.

You will be both pleased and surprised when you have read the booklet which will be sent you FREE FILL out coupon below and mail at once.

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St. and No.

Please send me free, without any obligation on my part, the booklet, "American Woman’s League Its Plan and Purpose."