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ROSE PASTOR STOKES: SOCIALIST WRITER AND SPEAKER

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50c. A YEAR
Three Women

EDNA PORTER

God made her a woman, let her pass as such.
I see before me a woman. She is seated on a step—it may be a backdoor or a church—it doesn't matter. A cold, blinding rain is falling. She doesn't seem to know—she doesn't seem to care. All she ever had was her dreams. How she pulls her hair and rubs her hands over her face now, and she:

She is dirty, filthy, ragged and torn and covered with vermin. Her toes may be seen through her time-worn shoes. Her skirts, so wet, cling to her withered form—she staggered, torn, very torn, and you can see her naked back.

Her hair is so white and it hangs over her eyes; it is wet with the falling rain. Every now and then a cold, strong wind lifts up a lock, then back down on her—she's eel-like, as she's been down on her—she's young.

She is drunk, oh, so drunk! Some men pass by—they laugh.

"Why do you laugh?"

They don't know. Chills run down their spine as they scream and run away. Why? They don't know. Grown-up, some on foot, and some in carriages, all go by. It is the law—how we loathe the miserable! Only the dogs linger.

Shes hands are busy with an occasional scratch, or a dig, and sometimes she lifts them to cover her face; years ago she may have moaned aloud with curses of hatred, but now she is dumb. It is too late for her. She is on her hands and knees, her hands slip away from her face and I see her eyes—oh, God! Have you seen them? When once you have looked into her face you can never forget!

She's a bag—a bag—a bag—that distorted, suffering face tells its tale.

The poor are demoralized through poverty and she is a parasite on humanity. Again I see a woman. She is reclining on a divan; there is a maid to dress her hair; there is a maid to do her nails, hand and foot; there is a maid to adjust her gown: Maids, maids, maids, they are flying all over the place.

The place is a palace; it is a fairyland. Oh, how beautiful it is! Everything seems to float into everything else—an endless chain of splendor.

And the woman, is she beautiful? She will be when they have finished with her. Oh, they are artists at their trade, these little hand-maids. This creature will look like a Fairy Queen—I used to see her in my fireplace long ago. Oh! Oh! Oh! There she comes, the Fairy Queen. She has long hair with jewels on the ends and a crown is on her head made of the most beautiful, sparkling gems. They came out of the heart of the world! Oh, goody, goody, I clap my hands—I can see her better now. She is clothed in gold. Now she floats out of the castle. She is going to meet the dark prince. I know he's waiting in the woods for her.

How glad I am to have seen her. Oh, she's turning back, she has forgotten something; perhaps it is the half heart which is the key to the secret passage—it must be that. She's calling someone, why it's only one of the maids.

I don't think she likes them very well—she is calling "Marie, Marie, where is my Babe, my Babe, my precious Babe?"

Ah, now I shall see the little princess—Marie will bring her—will she look like the Fairy Queen, her mother? Why, no, she doesn't, oh, it's a dog!

"A curly-haired, perfumed, white, poodle with her feet like a little feet."

"Is her collar, Marie, how could you forget that? Bring me his new one, the one of pearl and sapphires, his birthstones. Yes, his muddy's darlcing, and muddy loves 'im so much, she says. Does 'o love 'im muddy? Kiss 'o muddy. Of course im does—muddy will put his collar on herself; Marie may go back.

"Bright! Put the fire out. I will see no more of my beautiful Fairy Queen."

The rich are vitiated through luxury and she is a parasite on humanity.

And now I see a real woman. The woman who understands and knows the causes of effects.

She will reach out with a helping hand to the poverty-stricken and the idle rich and will show the way to true labor, love and life.

She is awake, active, enthusiastic and intelligent. But she is here!

"The age of woman around the world and we hear the battle cry of revolt. She is in every field of life. The old home work has come into the factory and she has followed.

The desire to come into her own is upon her—her voice will be heard above the din. She will no longer be subjected to man and the question of sex slavery is being solved.

She sees child labor and its wrongs—the mother knows and she wishes to be heard from this point.

She is in universities and professions, science and art, on the platform and stage.

She wants a vote, for she knows that no "sex or class will ever make laws fully in the interest of a sex or class not repre- sented in the law-making."

This woman knows the miseries and the hopes of life. She understands the conditions and the women in the present day industries. She has reached the "scientific stage." She has studied industrial economics and has been her co-operation. She reads philosophical Socialism. When she does take hold of the real issues of life we will awake and realize that 'twere better so.

A healthy, loving mother, standing shoulder to shoulder with man, carrying on the work of the world, doing her part with a willing heart and hand on their walk through the avenue of life, down the road of understanding.

The culminating product of the ages: The Progressive Woman.

We cannot all be great statesmen, but we: can all be the makers of a new world. And if our children were brought up as citizens of a democracy, taught by example as well as precept, taught by an occasional father as well as by an instant mother, they would not be so easily imposed upon as is the public is today.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

Giving the ballot to women does not alter human nature. It does not modify the earth, nor the state, nor the way. The thing that modifies human society and that is easily modified in children. This is in the human women. If we do not like the people on the earth, it is up to us to make better people. We are the mothers of men and we are makers of the earth. It is requisite that we should be citizens of the world they live in.—Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

When will we have a new heaven and a new earth? When she's a little villain's heart has awakened to a social consciousness.

Just how much DO you care for The Progressive Woman, anyway? We would like to know.

"The minute you buy from our advertisers, the better they like to know."
Hedda Gabler

Theresa Malkiel

Hedda Gabler is the most misunderstood, most criticised product of Ibsen's pen. The question, what had inspired the great genius of the nineteenth century to create that cold, heartless, capricious and seemingly unnatural type, has been asked frequently by those who have read the tragedy of the incomprehensible woman's life, or have seen it personified on the stage.

It must be remembered, however, that Ibsen's works are all symbolic. That in his great love for the people the humanitarian artist endeavored to give the world an exact photograph of the decay of modern society, and thus warn it of the impending disaster.

The sex problem concerned him greatly. In the general world-wide female unrest he foresaw clearly the woman's awakening, as well as the danger of opposing her long slumbering, but now fast rising, forces.

In little vivacious Nora he gave the world a bird's eye view of womanhood first opening its eyes to the degradation of being coddled, humored and treated like a toy for personal gratification, considered a nonentity where human rights are concerned, but dealt with severely at the first error, the first trespass on forbidden grounds.

From Ellida's lips we hear the cry of womanhood against the hopelessness and helplessness of its one-sided position in society, where it has no other choice, but a passive submission to the will and desire of a possible provider; a heart-rending protest against the monstrosity of the nuptial vow—"Until death, for better or for worse do I promise to be thy wedded wife."

Hedda is womanhood cast adrift. The portion of womanhood that has long left the anchored mooring place, but does not know where to seek a new, more suitable, place to drop anchor once more. Like a ship without a rudder it goes hither and thither, without any definite aim, without really knowing what it seeks.

Hedda is a true type of the middle class and ultra rich girl of the present era. Her mother before had already stepped across the threshold of the old, narrow traditions and proudly rears her child in a different mold from the one she herself was reared in.

In early childhood the girl discards the quiet, modest and prime existence of bygone days and will with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth gives herself up to physical training, to outdoor exercise. She becomes an expert horse woman, a fine tennis player, a good shot, a brilliant dancer. The healthy, well developed body craves daily for new impressions, for greater activity, while mere out and indoor sport loses the attraction of novelty.

She longs for a change and commences to seek out new experiences, new opportunities, new accumulated energy, which is not forthcoming so readily. She matures meanwhile and feels that—speaking in the words of Hedda: "I have positively damped myself, tired my dear [husband]. My hour has come to an end."

But when the hour comes she must, in spite of the different environment that she was reared in, submit to the fate of her grandmother. In her search of a path for a life-long task she comes soon to realize that the only way open to her is—marriage; that is, if some one is good enough to ask her. For she was not trained to meet life's problems and could not battle with adverse circumstances.

Naturally enough, she becomes eager to accept any offer of a life-long maintenance. "Oh, no—I would not say it, or think it either," she utters, when the harsh fact startles her in the eyes. And, in order to quiet her own conscience, she tries to find a center of gravity where the abhorrence and yet necessary deed could find at least a slight excuse.

"So you see it was our mutual enthusiasm for Secretary Folke's villa that first constituted a bond of sympathy between Tesman and myself. From that came our engagement, our marriage, our wedding journey and all the rest of it. . . ."

"And you didn't really care a rap about it all the while?"

"No, goodness knows, I didn't! And now I am bored, I am bored, I tell you. . . ."

Tesman is a simple-minded, good-hearted child, with special abilities for certain studies, while Hedda, on the contrary, is a person of strong character, above average intelligence, quick perception and a strong desire to live, while she lives. Nevertheless, according to the ethical standard of modern society, she loses her identity immediately after signing the marriage contract and becomes Mrs. Tesman, nobody else but the wife of Jorgen Tesman, to be guided and protected by him until death. What wonder, that when the reality of her position dawns upon her, she concludes: "It is this which makes life so pitiable, so utterly ludicrous!"

At this juncture, on the day of her return from the wedding journey, the coming tragedy takes root. She finds herself suddenly in her grandmother's place, without the least desire or fitness to fulfill the latter's mission.

"I have no desire for anything of that sort; I only want to be left alone!" she exclaims, when Brack consoles her with the prospect of a new future responsibility which may fill the void in her life. Once within the walls of her new home she realizes that she is trapped and caged in a life-long prison, with no other prospect in view but to bore herself to death.

We meet with Hedda Gabler not only in Ibsen's book, or on the stage, but every day of our life. She figures in the divorce courts, in the insane asylums, on the suicide lists and at times in the death cells of our prisons. And yet—in spite of these facts, she is not a natural criminal, but the product of unnatural conditions, the child of the existing regime, and is more to be pitied than blamed.

She is still young, beautiful, full of vigor and desire to partake of that life for which she was striving all along, but failed inevitably to reach. Her surplus energy seeks an outlet, and more often, like the blind feeling their way, she takes a wrong step which brings in time her own destruction.

Ibsen's master-mind saw far ahead of his time and understood that, if society persists in offering upon its altar of mistakes morality the youth, energy, flesh and blood of our womanhood, it will soon reach a point of chaos and utter ruin. He created Hedda in order to demonstrate his views that womanhood, torn away from its old traditions and not given a chance to legitimate驾驭, including intelligence, will break in time all the barriers of its artificial sphere, hastening heedlessly, perhaps its own destruction, but surely the downfall of modern society.

Today, many reports of marriage failures have reached the point where they have become a matter of great uneasiness to the government, the church and all other pillars of society. Brought face to face with the grave problem of the multiply, daily increasing divorces, these upholders of present-day morality to not conceal any longer their unspeakable horror regarding the future of the family. Theodore Roosevelt, the great advocate of race propagation, appointed a special commission to investigate the cause and number of divorces in the United States. It took the commission over long years to accomplish its task, but it seems to be the only one so far who has benefited by this task. For, besides informing us that at present the rate of divorces amounts to one in every five marriages, it tells us nothing new.

Its statement that the majority of divorces are due to desertion loses its effect when we come to think that, out of the two main causes which constitute a ground for divorce, people will always prefer to give desertion that of adultery.

But granted that desertion does constitute the main cause of our numerous divorces, the question arises—wherefore this wholesale desertion? It is impossible to explain the women of the different states have consented to desert their homes, or vice versa, though the commission tells us that the women deserters are in the majority. (We must be bear in mind that the poor do
not figure much in the divorce courts, for they do not possess the required cash.)

Here Hedda serves once more as a mirror of the passing show. When asked by her former friend Lovborg whether she considers it an insult to her love for Tesman to be addressed in the singular, she replies with a sarcastic smile on her lips: "Love, did you say? What an idea!" She scoffs the very thought of having any love for her husband.

At the same time the real motive of her marriage to Tesman, the luxurious life she had hoped to lead, has proved only a myth. She dropped once more into that genteel poverty from which she had expected to run away. In rage she blames him and not herself for the heedless deed. The more so that her only plausible excuse for it, their mutual enthusiasm for Secretary Folk's villa, has disappeared as spontaneously as it had come upon her.

The thought of being forever and a day in the company of one and the same person, for whom she has no sympathy or feeling appalls her. She broods over her girlhood days when she was free to choose her male companions of whose friendship she says: "As I look back upon it all I think there was really something beautifully fascinating in that free and frank comradeship of ours. It was the only opportunity to have a peep into a world which a young girl is forbidden to know anything about."

It is to this desire to have a peep into the outside world, to the longing for a frank comradeship and, last but not least, to the union for mercenary reasons and not for love, that we can trace the beginning of most marital difficulties. It is not the lenient divorce laws which, as our clergy state, cause all the numerous divorces, but the lack of sentiment, equality and friendship between the uniting parties. To the unnatural code of false morality that persists in maintaining a woman's sphere one must attribute this wholesome family disruption.

Hedda had free access to the general sphere of life, if she had been taught the means of guiding her own destiny and had some definite aim in life, she would have, to all probabilities, never married Tesman, thus saving herself from destruction and society from the loss of two human lives. Her fate is the more pitiable for, though she realized fully the horror of her position, she had nothing to turn to. This part of womanhood, which Hedda personified in herself, is drifting about without a mission in life, without knowing what it is really seeking. And in the heat of a distracted mind, bowed down under the weight of stored-up energy this unhappily mated part of humanity tries to find an outlet for its powers—on the state, in clandestine love affairs, in the destruction of somebody else's happiness, and so forth. All in the hope that "then life would perhaps be livable after all."

The genius of Schumann was introduced into this country through his wife, Clara Schumann. The beautiful playing of his works. Prior to that time little was known of the great composer.

It was not until the fourth century after Christ that the actual history of music as a separate art began.

P. W. sub cards, four for $1.

Knowledge is power. Read up on the woman question, if you want to win out.
LONDON’S ACHIEVEMENTS

ELS A. U N T E R M A N N

Every economic period of the world’s history has its class literature, that of the exploiters and of the exploited, which, as one person, his godfathers ascendancy his priest other, is merged into another, when the pattern of the victorious economic factor, only to be again separated as new divisions spring from the ascendant class. In literature, then, the older, it appears, Hegel’s “negation of the negation.”

For instance, in the days of the old Roman empire, before it became Christianized, the proletariat preached and wrote of Christianity as a class doctrine, as a plea for the enslaved masses, while the patricians fought it tooth and nail as a movement that endangered their power. But as the patricians became stronger and more successfully stifled the outbursts of the robbed workers, they gradually absorbed the teachings of Christianity and perverted them from outpourings for the freeing of humanity into a religious dogma that held the plebeians in check.

Now it is the teachings of Socialism that have the most vital hold upon the thought of the time. At this stage of the game it is easy to see how the reactionary is slowly being changed into revolutionary literature. Writers who fight against and deny one phase of Socialist thought must accept and struggle for other phases.

Take as an example the criminologist Labriola. Although he writes numerous volumes containing a startling array of facts proving that criminals are not responsible for their crimes, but that the state is the malefactor, still he is an opponent of Socialism. Other scientists in their special line also prove the assertions of Socialists, but in other lines they are generally not so progressive.

One of the foremost writers of revolution literature is Jack London. His works contain the flower of Socialist philosophical and economic thought. He invariably combines fiction with science. In “The Call of the Wild” he has admirably described the return to the conditions of ancestors may cause a relapse into the old state of development.

“Before Adam” is another evidence of London’s genius for uniting the instructive with the entertaining. No where could one find a work that states more plainly facts about the life of primitive man shortly after he passed the ape stage. And yet it is written in such a winning and interesting style that even those who are in the least dislike for studious or instructive matter cannot resist the temptation to read it.

Many persons, among them some of the acknowledged judges of literature in America, say that “The Sea Wol” is overdrawn. That a man should regard human life as incomparably worse than the leading character of this story does, that a man should desire to outdo his blood brother, is incomprehensible, but the admirable traits that capitalism (which they hold) has created in the man they condemn, never dreaming what their cause may be. The splendid qualities he displays are lost sight of, his thirst for knowledge which not even a capitalist society could crush in him, they overlook entirely. Perhaps the dandified, evaporated, little professors who pass the verdict of “overdrawn” upon this book have never done more than use polite swear words behind the backs of the men whom capitalism has placed in a position where they might rob them of their bread and butter. And as to their knowledge of the sea; well, perhaps they have paced along the sands with the salt breeze in their nostrils and composed in a landman’s ecstasy something about a “sailor’s lolling life on the wonderful emerald sea.”

If there are Socialists who have difficulty in imagining how conditions may develop in the future they should read “The Iron Heel.” Commencing with affairs as they exist in society today the author has pictured most clearly how things might easily shape themselves in the future. An autocracy, such as is portrayed in this volume, is even now in the making. The favored unions that are mentioned are also coming into existence.

The part of the story that appealed to me especially was that describing the manner in which the revolutionaries as again and again escaped from the servants of the autocracy. Instead of using false beards and other stage fittings to disguise themselves they perfected themselves to such an extent in the art of transformation that at a moment’s notice they could alter the expression, the gait, the voice, and thus become unrecognizable. They were such adept in his sort of acting that each could impersonate several individuals.

For those who like to inquire into the why and wherefore of human actions “Martin Eden” is the book. Here London presents to the public in a relative manner truths that Dietzgen and Spencer applied to the universe in general. Everything is united, they say. The portrayal of Martin’s behavior when he first discovered Spencer (he attempted to find the connection between all objects that came in his way, from diamond rings to tobacco) is characteristic of persons just becoming conscious of the unity of existence.

The fact that everything is right if you examine it from the right standpoint is also set forth. Although he portrays characters of all descriptions, whose thoughts are as widely different as their natures, he is able to give such a lucid representation of the emotions and action of his men and women that, as you read of each one, his individual path seems to be the right one; but when you peruse the other and read of someone else, then this person’s standpoint seems to be correct.

All good writers work for this effect. But not all have succeeded in retaining it as well as London. Perhaps, too, it is more noticeable in “Martin Eden” because in it there are pictured side by side human lives as different as it is possible for any two to be.

Often Ruth is thought narrow and weak because she could not follow Martin in his intellectual progress. But readers who hold such an opinion of her have missed a splendid thought achieved by Socialist philosophy, which the author has woven all through the book, namely, that men are not the directors of their own actions. They have no free will. In the direction that the conditions of their existence drive them they go; what appears to be their choice is the result of the conditions of their life, the relation of people, whether on the one or the other side of the Iron Heel.

London plays the role of interpreter of modern Socialist thought and applies it to living beings. For those who have no time or inclination to go deeply into the problems of the day he paints in a manner that will appeal to the chapters of life that confront them daily, whose meaning they may have failed to grasp before.

No writer strives more energetically to throw off the mystic and unreal; he writes many unusual stories, but he always forceful presents reasons for mysteries; he does not wish a person to conclude one of his books in a maze that nothing less than cold water will clear away; his aim is rather to open the book of life for himself with a brighter understanding of some facts.

If more scribes held this end in view we might all be happier. There are already too many question marks buzzing in our minds. What we want is something to decrease their number.

The more sex conscious the masses of women become, the sooner will they be ready to work for both political and economic emancipation.

To any one sending 10c for five of this issue will be sent a large picture of Deb and the Girard children, printed on fine tinted paper, ready for framing.

Josephine Daskam Bacon, the well-known writer, evidently thinks that the right to vote is without the woman’s economic interests, for she is reported as saying that no woman who is earning $5,000 a year in a shift factory should be allowed to vote. Mrs. Bacon, it is true that the woman, like the man, in the past has suffered, but it is the women’s ballot. There are suffragists however among men whose salaries reach $5,000 and more than Mrs. Ella Frager Young, as superintendent of the University of Chicago schools, receives a salary of $10,000, Julia Marlowe and Ellen Terry famous actresses, and Mrs Thomas, president of Bryn Mawr College, no doubt receive even higher salaries, and they are all ardent suffragists.
How Girls Can Strike

BY WILLIAM MAILLY

"A whole lot has been published about what the rich women have done in this shirtswaist strike," said a woman friend, "but I haven't seen very much about what the girls themselves have done. Why isn't something said about them?" I was a little astonished.

I had been going the rounds of the halls where the shop meetings of the strikers were held, collecting the proceedings from the Special Strike Edition of the Call. It was a dull, wet day, the East Side streets were slippery and dirty with a nasty mush consisting of a week-old snow mixed with the regular refuse that the rich metropolis is too poor to teach promptly from its working class districts. One did not walk through such streets; one slid, splashed and floundered and felt lucky to be able to do that without falling. And the cold rain soaked one through to the skin in short order.

I was leaving Astoria hall on East Fourth street when Gottlieb, the chairman of the State, accosted me. He was accompanied by a tall, long-legged girl, who, clad in shabby, her clothes were shabby, her shoes were torn and sodden, and her face and hands blue with cold.

"Mr. Mailly," said Gottlieb, "look at this girl. I want to talk to you about her. She is one of the girls I have in our hall. It's the worst case I've heard of. This is a girl who has sixteen years—she has no father or mother living; she has no relatives or friends; she has only been in this country a few months; she can hardly talk English.

"Listen, Mr. Mailly," Gottlieb was getting more excited as he went on. "This girl has been starving for days. She is hungry—she must have something—and we can't give her to go. Also she cannot pay the rent of the room she lives in—she must get out if she cannot pay. We can't do it or suffer.

"And listen. Think of it. This girl, she got from a man a five-dollar bill for one copy of the Call in the Cafe Monopole on Second avenue today and she brought it in to me. I gave Gottlieb two dollars from what I had collected and I saw him hand it over to the girl, who, shivering and anxious-looking, had been watching and listening as Gottlieb told her story. And she said she now had enough to eat all day, hungry and not with a cent, and we needn't have known she got that five dollars. Think of it! And she says she won't rob—she doesn't care what happens to her. But oh, Mr. Mailly, we must help her. You must give her something now. I have brought her to show you."

It was not my function to give out money to the strikers; it was only for me to collect it, but I gave Gottlieb two dollars from what I had collected and I saw him hand it over to the girl, who, shivering and anxious-looking, had been watching and listening as Gottlieb told her story. And she said she now had enough to eat all day, hungry and not with a cent, and we needn't have known she got that five dollars. Think of it! And she says she won't rob—that's all right, but I couldn't take it.

"Here," I said, when she had joined me. "Take this and go and get something at once; don't wait for the benefit.

She drew herself up proudly. "Thank you," she said; but I couldn't take it.

"Here, don't be foolish, child, take it," I coax.

"It is kind of you," she said, but I wouldn't take it. I'm going to ask for benefits.

She went back into the office. Next day Miss Schneiderman told me they had given Bertha five dollars—the first since she had come out sixteen weeks before with the Triangle Waist company girls.

"There were forty-three of us in night court last night," said the policeman pinched me. It's black and blue, so it is. The judge just said "$10," but he didn't say anything to the policeman, of course.

"Tell me, now, I did hate to see that money paid over to that court, when I thought of our girls who ought to be getting benefits instead. Yesterday I made up my mind I'd never let the union pay any more. It's fine for me, and my family. I'm going to do my best for the others."

"Lister, Mr. Mailly. What for do we sell papers?"

"Why, for the strike benefit fund, of course."

"For the strike benefit fund, is it? But what becomes of it, eh?"

"It is given out in benefits to strikers, Bertha, you know that."

"I know nothing. Listen, she got excited suddenly and grasped my arm: her voice rose involuntarily. There are girls who think they are fighting for their diet, but they get nothing—I know it. Why do they get nothing?"

"They get all the union can give them, I said. Then something in the girl's face struck me hard.

"Tell me, Bertha," I asked, "what about yourself? You have nothing—you, too, are hungry."

Her eyes dropped and she hung her head. "I have nothing to eat today," she faltered, like a frightened child.

"And you have been selling papers in that rain and swung all day with nothing to eat. Good heavens! You must get something to eat tonight. But haven't you asked for benefits?"

"No, I am ashamed," she confessed.

"Ashamed? Why be ashamed? It is perfectly honorable.

"But there are others who need benefits, too," she sobbed."

I argued with her to ask for benefits.

"Do it at once. And explain to Miss Schneiderman. She understands. She will help you."

"She turned away and a moment after I started for home. When I got outside thought of something. I stepped back into the office and, catching Bertha's eye I signaled her to come outside into the hall.

"Here," I said, when she had joined me. "Take this and go and get something at once; don't wait for the benefit."

She drew herself up proudly. "Thank you," she said; but I couldn't take it.

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"There were forty-three of us in night court last night," she said. "and it cost the union over $400 to pay their fines. It was a shame."

"Yes, I was fined," I talked to the judge and Mr. Taylor, our lawyer, helped me out, but it did no good. I showed that the policeman couldn't have heard me calling 'Seals' even if I did and I offered to show my arm where it is marked where the streetcar passed by.
Walt Whitman, Socialist

JOHN EDWIN SNYDER

When Lincoln said to Seward, on seeing Whitman pass, "There goes a man! it was no idle speech. There only have been a few men in the world, the rest followers,�� Mode men, imitations of the real." Whitman personified the universe. Through all the slums and stenches, and the outcasts and forces that have had power, he has pressed forward. Whitman is the new man.

The unthinking world called him egotist, individualist and vulgarian. The poets, authors, orators and thousands of his lovers hailed him as interpreter, lover and companion. Giving the true life all the race in singing himself, he stood to understand. "I celebrate myself," was taken to mean that he was bragging on his own greatness. However, in the next line, "and what I assume you shall assume, for as well of the glory of power as of the patience of the earth - longer than you," he gave a hint of his real intention of singing the race through him. I am of the old and young, of the foolish as the wise, as the child as the parent, a child as well as a man.

He claimed that his thoughts were the thoughts of all men, all ages and all lands. "Perhaps you are one of those who show your heads as much as mine, they are nothing, or next nothing.

Whitman never asked the world to accept him. I exist as I am—that is enough:

If no other word but this I say, I sit content. And if each and all be aware I sit content. If you hear me, and by far the largest to me. And that is my being.

Realizing the mental attitude of the race on the question of sex, he sang the woman the same as the man, always including the man as the woman. If he ever gave first place to any one act above another, it was that of procreation. "The greatest thing of the world is to be the mother of men." All birth, the budding of plant life and human life, the birth of thought and institution of democracy, was to him pure and divine. He rated all things high, but the birth of babies he rated higher.

If the arts, the libraries, the collections and the practices handed along in manuscript—will we rate them so high? Will we rate our rash and business high? I have no objection to rate them as high as the highest, but a child born of a woman and man, I rate beyond all rate.

Whitman was one of the best poets that have appeared. He was a poet, and he was a patriot.

Some might think that Whitman lost sight of the need of the social and political freedom for women, but he sang of this as well as he sang of the union.

The great city stands where women walk in public processions, in the streets, the same as men, where they enter public sawdust and take places as the same men.

Being a man complete, he had no fear of being surpassed when the women came. If given equal powers, the women's world's affairs with man. By giving himself up freely to all to love, he grew to be, the man, confident of his own power.

If he could not have perceived the universe or written one of the poems if I had not freely given myself to comradeship and "politically" sincerely, for ever! Always the continent of democracy.

The best expression of life had its place in his songs, and he proved them to be excessive, overwhelming goodness. No hate, nor "better than thou" feeling, arose in him at the sight of the unfortunate and weak. When he stopped by the city dead house to drop a tear for the unclaimed prostitute, the full orbited maturity of his soul appeared. He saw but a wrecked human house. A fear, fearful wreck, tene ment of a soul.

Fair, fearful wreck, tenement of a soul! Itself a soul, unclaimed, avoided house! Take one breath of this unclaimed soul. Take one tear, dropped aside as I do, For all those of you who have house of love.

He believed in the equality of the races, in the equality of the sexes.

Thoughts of equality—as it had me to give to others the same chances and rights as myself! As if it were not indispensable to my own right, that others possess the same!

The wife—and she is not one jot less than the husband: the daughter—and she is just as good as the son: the mother—and she is just as good as the father.

Be not ashamed, woman, your privilege envelopes the rest, and is the exit of the rest! You are the lookers on, the gate of the gates of the soul. I have longed for some one who would celebrate labor and the laborer. And even after having read Whitman for a number of years, I still felt the need for some one to come and sing the song of labor. And then I discovered Whitman's "Carol of Occupation," in which he sang the song that I longed for.

O, you robust sacred! I cannot tell you how I love America. America is for contained in men and women like you.

Every word to him was a song when it named an occupation. The blacksmith symbolized a shop, sparks, in fact, that all children see when they pause by the "Village Smith's" door. He just put down the word and suddenly it dawned upon us that here is the song of labor. Even the word has come to life again as a poem, as it was when born into expression.

Maxim Gorky, the Russian novelist, is supporting a school for the education of socialist propagandists on the beautiful island of Capri.

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Josephine Conger-Kaneko

Editor and Publisher.

BEN HANFORD DEAD.

As we go to press comes the sad news of the passing out of our beloved comrade, Ben Hanford. Although this is a release to a body long racked with pain, it is a great loss to our movement, for Comrade Hanford was always alert in spite of his physical weakness. His last words, written when he knew the hour of death was upon him, are characteristic of the spirit of the man: I would that the memory of the broken heart should be written in the working class, and through them for all mankind."

Comrade Hanford would not ask that we shed tears for his death; but for a reason he is beloved of the working class, and to all who knew him.

The splendid Russian woman, Katherine Breshkovskaya, and the novelist, Nicholas Tschaikovsky, charged with being revolutionists, will be placed on trial in St. Petersburg in February. In 1905 the editor of The Moscow Woman wrote: "Madame Breshkovskaya is in the house of the Asylum for the Society for Women's Emancipation, and showed especial interest in the immense circulation of the Appeal to Reason. She had not dreamed there was anything like it in the world, she said. She spent her every hour in audiences in Chicago, addressing them in her native language and in the Polish. She has spent many years in Siberian exile, has suffered imprisonment, and, indeed, both she and Tschaikovsky have been imprisoned in their lives for the cause of humanity. May they be given an open and fair trial.

An article, "The Beast and the Jungle," by Judge Ben Lindsey in Everybody's Magazine, disclosing some of the political rottenness in Denver, has brought a $50,000 damage suit upon the writer. It is a dangerous thing to tell the truth these days, and a very paying one to 11 inches.

WOMAN'S DAY.

The last national convention of the Socialist party set aside the last Sunday in February as Woman's Day. So far, the special days have been celebrated in a number of places, and this year there will be more and larger celebrations. In order to meet the demand for literature for these demonstrations, the Progressive Woman has planned a special Suffrage number, which will contain interesting and instructive articles on this important question from the Socialist standpoint. The New York comrades have already ordered all the copies of the suffrage edition. How many do you want? Send your orders in early, so that we may know how large an edition to get out. In order to reach every point by the 29th, it will be necessary to go to press ten days earlier than usual. This will double up our work, but all we ask is that you make liberal use of the Suffrage issue in your demonstrations.

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Ida M. Tarbell's History of the American Woman running serially in the American Magazine is intensely interesting. The average reader will be surprised to learn that in the United States the number of women voting was increased until..."


Your Character, Elizabeth Towne, Price 75c. Address the author, Holyoke, Mass.

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THE EXAMINER’S GLASS.

One of the signs of the coming social revolution is the new purpose which the drama is being made to serve. It has taken us a long time to get enough of tragedy for theater sake. Even now the majority are not averse to it.

Rome used to have her real tragedies for amusement. She tore up living men and animals in the arena, to glut her hate for blood and horror. People were so habituated to blood and horror that the sight of it was pleasant to them. We no longer rend people in the name of amusement; but we still enjoy the imitation of suffering. Our minds find it difficult to get away from the horrors of past ages, so deep set is the habit in the race mind. We still like to see villains do their dark deeds, because we are habituated to dark deeds. And then we justify ourselves by killing off the villain. Not in real life, but in the best possible imitation of it. Broken hearts and runaway lives are still right in our line; though we are beginning to see the latter in that line. The stock is not being replenished.

The play that succeeds best now is one that comes relief from our own experience, not merely as an analysis of human nature, but as an analysis of social conditions, not past conditions, but present ones. And no drama for a considerable time has made a first-rate hit as a hit that has dealt with the social question, usually in its sex phase, and dealt with it in a serious and sympathetic spirit.

The real tragedy for amusement was barbarism. The imitation of tragedy for amusement is a vestige of barbarism. The play that analyses social conditions for the purpose of shedding light, of explaining causes of suffering, of suggesting a solution for the harbingers of real civilization. It shows them learning to turn our faces from the past and its horrors to the future and its light.

A splendid expression of sex-class solidarity is now taking place in New York, where the shirtwaist makers are on strike, and a number of wealthy women are making it easier for them to win that strike. By hiring halls for public demonstrations for them and advertising the meetings, and by being on hand day and night to bail them out when arrested the wealthy women have enabled the girls to hold out until many of the bosses have been forced to concede to their demands.

Meantime, girls doing picket duty have been arrested, clubbed and bullied quite impartially by the “natural protectors” of women.

The girls have been sent to the workhouse in large numbers for doing picket duty, and Judge Cornell explained that the ground that the wealthy women have been bailing them out. Note the close reasoning and the judicial attitude involved: “The reason I sent so many strikers to the workhouse was due to the custom of the wealthy women paying the fines and offering bonds for the girls. Society women who have hysterically taken up sides with the strikers are to blame for the prolongation of the strike. I say so most emphatically...they have made a most unhappy error in supporting the strikers. Apparently they have ignored the manufacturer’s side.”

Another judge, Justice Olmstead, reproaches the strikers bitterly for being on strike against God and nature. “This last is fairly exquisite.”

Readers, please take notice that these two judges are not members of the “weaker” and “emotional” sex.

A bill has passed the lower house of congress making it a crime punishable with ten years imprisonment and a fine of $5,000 to purchase a ticket for transporting a white slave from one state to another. How about the law books? Is it a law? Or will the watchdogs of the railroad be on hand to defend their sacred liberty to sell such tickets? Doubtless a large and lucrative business would be destroyed, the amount of the individual would be assailed and dividends diminished. The bill will probably not pass.

The English suffragettes are working for just one thing now: The elimination of the word “woman” from the English language. When Mrs. Pankhurst spoke in Orchestra hall, Chicago, she stated that the suffragettes regarded this as only a first step in suffrage reform and other social movements. And they have decided on another step ahead, first, because they believed there was a better chance of making progress that way. And history told them that this was the way progress is made: one step at a time. Mrs. Pankhurst said that when the laws they have adopted for the different reason.

The American suffragettes, on the other hand, have decided to put their all into the battle for woman suffrage unless the women could in some way make it practically necessary for him to do so. They believed they had at last found a man who had enough respect for them to tell them the truth. Their practical sense told them that what he said was so. And they proposed to act upon his advice at once. One had only to hear Mrs. Jackson speak to feel assured that they had made very good progress toward that end. And no one who has had any experience or has been an intelligent observer of politics will question that the statements of the suffragettes are the exact truth. Men are not passing any kind of reform legislation until they are forced beyond any power of resistance to do so; and they are not passing woman suffrage bills for the love of loyalty!

Mrs. Philip Snowden, the star speaker at the Auditory, confessed that she believed woman suffrage to be a long way off in England. Although they have received many promises and much encouragement from the government, they have reason to suppose it represents any intention on their part to do anything. She said she believed blood would have to be shed in England before there would be woman suffrage. Thoroughly with Mrs. Snowden could not indorse the methods of the suffragettes, she said she must do them the justice to say that they had made the woman suffrage issue a live one in England; a thing it never was before.

Wherever the Socialist program has had a measure of success, wherever it has practically improved the condition of the working class, this has been accompanied by co-operating with other forces with which they have had some principle of action in common. Coalescence on one point does not mean an abandonment of principles; but it does mean a chance of making some advance on that one point.

The Socialist party now sees the necessity of supporting the labor movement, even if they disagree with them on every other principle; though it does not sacrifice its principles in doing so. But there is in the labor unions an extreme feeling of the sentiment toward the Socialist party, engendered by the conduct of the Socialists in the past. This feeling has now to be in some way overcome or lived down before there can be any united action between the labor unions and the Socialists. Socialism movement is so backward in America. It would be an unfortunate thing to create new antagonism between the Socialist party and other organizations; and it would seem as if there is special reason to avoid such a course at this time; when the party is having to examine itself so closely to discover its reasons for failure to advance.

The National American Woman Suffrage Association does not understand the class struggle. It is like the labor unions in that. It doesn’t know yet that it is working a class movement, but it is. At least nine-tenths of its membership get their support through the labor unions, and it was decided a few years ago to take up some other reforms outside of woman suffrage, notably, that of child labor. It has only to follow up that question a little way when it will fall in line with the class struggle system, and involve itself in a class struggle, whether it will or no. But it has got to learn this by experience—like the labor unions.

It seems we nearly all have to learn by experience, and in the long run that is probably the best way. When you have learned a thing by experience you know its implications. You don’t go around trying to tear something down on one hand while you hold it up with the other.

Every time a Socialist talks about “fallen women” he helps to preserve and cherish a very key of capitalism. A “fallen woman” is only a word in which a woman’s sole value is a sexual one. When a woman has won her way to economic independence in the class struggle she will know that the man who talks about “fallen women” is holding a joke on her. Sexual difference and all the erotic mania that goes with it has been swept away, a standard of ethics will be established between the sexes, in which women will hold a place of class struggleability.” She will be respected because she will be in a position to command respect. And original respect; not one derived from her relations with a man. Such a standard will be based on a genuine subordination upon the present makeshift. Our present “fallen woman” system is simply a confession of failure. It has no place in the Socialist philosophy.

The fact that a woman has a rich master does not make her any less a slave, either economically. This is a orthodox view in divorce cases where wives of rich men are asked to bring their love letters into court.

It is literally true that while men are long since living in a democracy, women continue to claim a participation in the government without the consent of the governed is tyranny. Whether the tyrant is one man upon the throne or the entire class population, is only a difference of degree, not of kind.—Meta Stern.

If you have any P.W. sub cards on hand, get them into circulation.
The Passing Show

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

The Progressive Woman.

All the world's a stage.
And all the men and women merely players...They have their exits and their entrances.
And one man in his time plays many parts.

Once while in Chicago I bought a ticket to a Ben Hur matinee. I started early, on the way stopped at the Board of Trade. As I sat in thegalleryfairlywatching the men in the pits bidding on grain, I thought I had never seen anything more intensely exciting. Every few minutes it looked as if pandemonium had broken loose. Gray-haired men, middle-aged men, young men, all with tenseness, eager faces, some in which the lines of tension had left their mark, and who in every sense of the word "looked the part" of the habitual gambler, were there. Screaming at times, fairly wanting to gesticulate wildly—it was truly the outward expression of a life of chance, of hazard, of battle, in which the victory was to the shrewd, the unfair, and in which the defeated were crushed, often irrevocably, to earth.

I watched and watched for a solid hour this strange playing, this tense, feverish performance, this supremely realistic act. And when I left it my head reeled with the excitement of it, and I carried its inhuman noises with me through the roaring streets, and into the depths of the great, quiet, almost sacreligious quiet, theater.

I had been told that Ben Hur was an exciting play, with its touches of human passion, its chariot race, and its spectacular ending. And I settled myself for another hour of sensations.

But they never came. Ben Hur and the proud Roman, Iris and the Jewish maiden, the burning of the ship with the slaves chained to the galleys, Hur's narrow escape from drowning, the chariot races, the lepers, the miraculous healing by the Christ, and the gorgeous setting of it—all these passed before me with no more effect than the play of little children in a summer garden.

And all because I had just witnessed the greater play of human passions in the pits at the Chicago Board of Trade.

And so it is with all life. "Every play is the thing it is." But the more I believe is play is never so great, never so vital, as the play on the real stage of life, done by real actors.

And when was the world more of a show tent than it is today? Indeed it is become a veritable hippodrome—where so many "rings" that we are forever hearing of necks this way and that, in the fear of missing a single "attraction" in any of them. And the fine thing is, that it has become a theater of progress. And the plays lead on to the future. There is the contest, to be sure, between the progressive and the reactionary actors. And the plays themselves are the contest between progress and reaction. But the progressives are coming to the front with such vigor and rapidity that the judges are already foretelling the final and complete revolution of the entire stage.

In New York City is being enacted one of the most intensely interesting of dramas that society has known for ages. Interesting because of its uniqueness. It is a woman's strike. Or rather a girl's strike—a little girl's, since there are so many very young girls engaged in it—against unjust working conditions. The strikers are shirt-waist makers. Always they had labored under conditions not only hard, not only poor in pay, but in many instances revolting, positively dehumanizing. Conditions that produced the street or the woman, the lifeless tenant of the morgue. Forty thousand little shirt-waist makers were originally engaged in this drama. Several thousand of them have returned to work on their own terms. The others are striking; and as the story of the strike is told, the strike goes on. There are many exciting incidents. There are arrests for picking the factories. There are fines and bullying by the police. There are the night court investigations. There is the court.
and, as they did not reach quite across the room, she filled the gap with the other furniture, and sat on it to keep it firm. The temperature stood at several degrees of frost. The prison authorities put a hose through the window and played upon her with ice cold water for some time, until she began to gasp for breath, and they became frightened. They then took the door off its hinges, hurried her to the infirmary, wrapped her in hot blankets and tried to undo the results of their assault.

This bit of by-play, if witnessed on the mimic stage would drive the audience into frantic protest against the villains who dared to perpetrate it. Yet, "truth is stranger than fiction" in more ways than one, and the real play of the suffragettes may yet come to blood-shed before the stupid public realizes the determination of the women to win.

Some startling announcements are made for the real American theater of the future. The Suffrage Movement is one of them; the War on the White Slave Traffic is another; but greatest of all, and including all, is the development of the Class Struggle, or the Movement of the Working Class Toward Industrial Freedom.

"The play's the thing!" But the march of society toward the goal of a true civilization is the play that is worth while! On! on with the play!

FERN KREHBIEL

FERN KREHBIEL.

(Fruth Maycliffe)

Fern Krebfill was incidentally taken to the theater one evening by her parents when she was but little over five years of age. They expected her to spend the greater part of the time in sleep, but instead she sat upright the entire evening, scarcely taking her eyes from the play. Othello, as interpreted by Thomas Keene and his company.

As her father took her up in his arms she declared she would become an actress, and she has not deserted the childish resolve for a day in her life. Before she was twelve years of age she knew the story of every Shakespearian play and at fourteen had finished the practical part of a course in elocution and made several decided "hits" in literary entertainments. She has a very sympathetic voice, and plays with great sense of touch. She appreciates art and literature and has great imaginative or creative powers.

At sixteen she entered the dramatic school, and in six months finished a two-year's course. She won first place in stock work and was able to manipulate every part from fifth woman to leading woman. Soon after she went to New York and was successful in a vanderville sketch written by Clyde Fitch that he immediately wrote a part for her in "Girls." This brought her national fame, and at twenty years of age she was a leading woman on Broadway.

Ruth Maycliffe—to use her stage name—feels deeply the principles of human rights, is an actress because of her deep and highly sensitive nature, and is anxious to see everything done that will tend to elevate and popularize the stage, as she realizes its great power as an educational factor. She is with the advanced school that believes in naturalness on the stage instead of acting and mere stage effects. She is a Socialist, and the daughter of Luella Krehe-

bin, former organizer for Kansas, now active in the New York movement. For this information, write at once "League," and it will be sent you free.

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Do you read The New York Sunday Call? If not, the editor of The Progressive Woman wants to say right here that you can do without some of your capitalist magazines far better than you can without the Call. This is the reason: The Call comes once a week; it is first class in literary quality—containing stories, traditions, essays, etc., by the best writers—and is first class in matter—by the best writers—a year. We have made special arrangements by which we can offer you the Sunday Call and the Progressive Woman both one year for $2. The regular price for the Call alone is $2, and for The P. W. is 50c. You are making ten on this deal. Send your order today to us.

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Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to be free of all those troubles? Can you imagine living without coughing, drudging, straining, or too frequent passage of urine? The forehead and the back of the head ache; the chest and palate are oppressed; the joints and muscles ache; the legs are weak. A bottle of Quack medicine helps for a little while, but brings on worse trouble. I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 9173 W. 67th street, Chicago, Ill., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe contains only pure medicinal remedies and is harmless, cheap and pain-relieving power.

This recipe will quickly show the power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

Picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard Children.

Last month we offered the picture of Comrade Debs and the Girard children, printed on smooth tinted paper, ready for framing, to any children who would do us the kindness to tell us ten cents for five copies of The P. W. So many responses were received that we have decided to continue this offer. So, send along ten cents for five copies of this number, and you will receive one of these fine pictures, never published anywhere but in The P. W.

This paper stands for your interests. It is up to you to see that it succeeds.

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INTERNATIONAL NOTES.
META L. STERN

Woman Suffrage in Norway.

Women voted for members of parliament in Norway for the first time at the parliamentary elections held there last October.

National suffrage was granted to the women of Norway in 1915, but the bill having been passed by the "storting" by a vote of 70 to 51. This bill did not call for universal woman suffrage, but made the right to the ballot subject to a property qualification. Self-supporting women, residing in cities, must pay taxes on an income of at least 400 crowns (about 122 dollars), and those residing in rural communities must pay taxes on an income of at least 300 crowns to be enabled to vote. In the case of married women, the husband must have paid his taxes at least two weeks before election to enable his wife to vote. Failure to pay taxes disfranchises the wife, but not the husband. Strikingly undemocratic, as this limited suffrage with its unjust property qualifications appears to us, it is a noteworthy fact that the Socialist members of the "storting" refused to support the bill without one dissenting voice, and that the Socialist and liberal parties voted against it. This only goes to show that conditions differ not only from country to country, but we cannot abide by hard and fast rules in regard to our tactics, and that limited woman suffrage, though wrong in principles may be temporarily acceptable in practice. That it has taught our comrades is justified in taking the half loaf instead of waiting another decade for the whole loaf, having been amply proved by results. The enfranchised women have greatly swelled the forces of our progressive parties, and the Socialists have added thirty thousand women voters to their ranks, while the conservative and reactionary parties are the losers. This, by the way, is a splendid lesson of the suffrage question; it is the only party which will profit by woman suffrage is the Socialist party.

An immediate result of the election is a concerted effort on the part of all the progressive elements to abolish the property qualifications and to introduce universal woman suffrage. The radical party has made universal woman suffrage a chief plank in its platform, and the Socialists naturally support the movement on principle, and are actively engaged in a campaign in its behalf. A new suffrage bill has been introduced, and the newly elected "storting" is soon to take up the question of votes for all women.

International Socialist Bureaus.

At the first international conference of Socialist women held in Stuttgart, Germany, during the summer of 1907, it was decided that the "Gleichheit," the official organ of our German woman comrades, should be made an international bureau of Socialist women. Active women comrades from all over the world report the progress of their movements at regular intervals to the "Gleichheit," and the international department of this newspaper has thereby become a source of informa-

tion and mutual encouragement to Socialist women generally. To spread this information and encouraging spirit among the English speaking comrades, a second International and American conference of Socialist women was held in London two years ago, conducted by delegates from the Fabian society, the Social Democratic Federation, the Adult Suffrage society and the Socialist Teachers' club. This organization publishes its reports on the front page of "Justice," but has also made "The Progressive Woman" its official organ. Comrade Clara Zetkin, editor of the "Gleichheit," is at the head of the original international bureau. Recently Dr. Montefiore conducts the London bureau. At a conference of Socialist women held in Brooklyn during October last, it was decided to conduct a similar department of international notes in "The Progressive Woman." A conference of Socialist women was held in Vienna on Sunday, November 28th. In that part of Austria in which the capital is situated our comrades have not been as successful in organizing the women as in some other parts of Austria. At a conference held in the preceding year only ten women were present from the province, and it was reported that in many quarters where Socialist men were active and successful, the women were being unreasonably by the police. There are the high prices which make a meeting impossible, and the women are not acquainted with the rules of the class struggle, a fight between the weakest of employers against power employers. Yet color is lent by the sympathetic assistance of rich women. At this conference several resolutions were passed protesting against the women's strike. The struggle of women for rights which have seen fit to deny them as women. Mrs. Belmont and Miss Milholland, both members of the millionaire class, have been at rest in their efforts to assist the striking girls. Miss Milholland, a Vassar girl and a Socialist, recognizes the class struggle in the strike. It takes on two phases to her—class and sex. Miss Anne Morgan does not voice her public protest, others, with her assistance, became frightened at the class phase, as interpreted by the Socialists and withdrew her support. Whether the play ends in favor of the strikers, the women, or against them, it is highly educational in nature and has taught these girls workers something of the class lines in modern society, and the ever growing struggle of Local New York, and with the ardent support of the entire party organization, it is expected that a large and enthusiastic meeting of Socialist supporters of woman suffrage will be held there on Sunday afternoon, February 27th.

Three members of the national woman's committee, who have been in London and near New York, have sent out the following letter to party locals and to the party press:

"Comrades: The national woman's committee of the International executive committee, has set aside the 27th of February, the last Sunday of the month, as Woman's Day. The Socialist party is pledged to work for equal suffrage and improve the status of industrial unrest among the working women it is of special importance to point out to the latter our true relationship to them. Let us then make Woman's Day a rousing national success! Let the Socialists make it an occasion to point out to the working woman their viewpoint of her rights. We must embrace this opportunity not only as a means of agitating for vote for women, but also as a fit time to awaken the class-consciousness of our toiling sisters. The formation of the women's movement for Socialism. Comrades, the day is near and it behoves us to urge you to proceed at once with the arrangements for meetings and celebrations which you are going to hold on that occasion."

"Fraternally yours, for the national women's committee."

DR. ANTOINETTE KONIKOW.
META L. STERN.
THERESA MALKIEL.

It is to be hoped that this conference every where will heed this appeal, and will strive to make our national demonstration as successful and effective as it merits to be made.

REPORT OF SOCIALIST WOMEN'S BUREAU (BRITISH).

From November, 1907, to November, 1908.

A rising out of the congress of Socialist women at Stuttgart in June, 1907, at which conference an International Socialist Women's bureau was founded by Clara Zetkin, it was decided to meet in London to consider the lines on which a Socialist women's bureau (British) should be formed. Mrs. Hendin of the women's committee, S. D. P., convened the meeting, and it was decided that the immediate object of the bureau should be "the establishment of regular communication between the organized Socialist women of all countries."

It was agreed that the bureau should consist of two delegates from the Fabian society, two from the Social-Democratic party, two from the Clarion scouts, two from the women's committee, S. D. P., two from the Adult Suffrage society and two from the "Teachers' Socialist society. Mrs. Hendin was appointed honorary secretary and Mrs. D. B. Montefiore reporter to the bureau.

The bureau undertook to be agents in England for the sale of the "Socialist Woman," an American publication appearing once a month.

On April 20, 1908, a public meeting was held at Chandos hall, at which Miss Murby (Fabian) gave a paper on "The Common Sense of the Woman Question." This paper has since been published by the Fabian society.

It was decided at a meeting of the bureau on April 20, 1908, that a series of papers on the Responsibilities of the State toward Its Children should be read on different occasions. The first was read on November 30, 1908. Miss Murby read the first paper of the series on "The Endowment of Motherhood." On October 28, 1908, Mrs. Townsend (Fabrician) read the second paper, on "Nursery Schools" or "Ecoles Maternelles," and in October, 1909, Miss Hicks (S. D. P.) read the final paper of the series, on the "State feeding, Clothing and Medical Attendance of School Children." Mrs. Townsend's paper is already before you. The bureau hopes that the other two papers will be published shortly, so as to make the series complete and put before the public a valuable collection of facts in relation to the responsibility of the state toward its children in various countries.

On the occasion of the meeting of the bureau on April 5, 1909, the following reso-
Start a Dressmaking Business at Home

Earn $15 to $50 a Week

Are you dissatisfied with your present position?
Are you dependent upon the generosity of others in supplying your daily needs?
Are you able to dress as well and as becomingly as your women friends?
Are you in a position to give your children the education you would like them to have?

If you are earning less than $10 a week, a few month's study—in your own home—and during your spare moments, will enable you to double your salary, by fitting you for this best paying and most highly respected position open to women.

Learn By Mail—Free of Charge

Your teachers will be the foremost instructors in America. Everything necessary for you to know concerning the most modern Dressmaking methods is taught in this course. No patterns, charts or mechanical devices are needed.

The last lesson teaches you the business end of Dressmaking, advising you what is necessary to know in building up a large, high-class trade.

The course is so practical and so fitted to your requirements that you can earn money almost from the start. All instruction is individual. Failure is impossible.

When once you learn how easy it is for you to secure this instruction without charge, you will be both pleased and surprised.

To be entitled to this and the other courses of the People's University you must become a member of The American Woman's League. The membership is open to any person willing to give in exchange a few hours of their spare time at a pleasant and dignified service.

For full information, write at once for Book, "The American Woman's League," and it will be sent you free.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN'S LEAGUE
7249 Delmar Boulevard, University City, St. Louis, Missouri

A Great Combination

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. Each magazine may be sent to separate addresses.

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WHY--

DOCTORS, LAWYERS, BANKERS, MINISTERS AND PROMINENT BUSINESS MEN AND WOMEN READ CURRENT LITERATURE

Tear off and mail to THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Girard, Kansas

PUBLICATIONS SUBSCRIBER ADDRESS

There are hundreds of Socialists in every large town and city, who are not reading The P. W. Why not go after their subscriptions?

We have widened and lengthened our columns, thus making the present size of The P. W. equal to 20 pages of the old style.

on was passed by those present, and
warded to Paris: "This meeting of the
national Socialist Women's bureau
lish) sends fraternal greetings to the
men postoffice employes in Paris who
stopped courage and determination
and stand boldly for their men com-
tes through the recent strike; and con-
tulates their women comrades on the
cess of the strike."

In April, 1919, a meeting of welcome
offered by the bureau to comrade Clara
in Chandsor hall, on the occasion of
visit to England in order to help for-
the cause of universal suffrage. The
men's committee of the S. D. S. ap-
piled in this welcome. In June, 1908, Mrs.
metamoroc and Mrs. Murray attended as
aternal delegates "the conference of the
women's Suffrage Alliance." Our com-
plete S. D. S. campaign bureau had been
supplied with most interesting and
ful information from the women So-
list in the various countries of Europe,
the earlier meetings of the bureau these
ports were sent by Mrs. Montefiore, the
porter, but latterly as they have most
them been published in the Woman Cir-
column of "Justice," where they obtain
ider publicity, it has not been thought
essential to record them at this time
then the bureau was first convened the
men of the I. L. P. and the Woman's
bor league were asked to send delegates,
it they did not see their way to doing so.
ance the "Socialist Wolf" was adopted
as the organ of the bureau it has changed
its title to "The Progressive Woman," a
stage which the bureau much regrets.

Resolutions are now being prepared by
the bureau for the agenda of the Interna-
tional Socialist congress in Copenhagen in
one, 1919.

On behalf of the bureau.

CLARA S. HENDIN, Hon. Sec'y
DORA B. MONTEFIORI, Reporter.

One of the notable occurrences of the airl
ing at New York in recent months was
the resolution made by Mrs. Oliver H. P. Bel-
ny, who has taken over the control of the bureau
entlpment, who has made a great deal of interest
the strike, went to the police court between
ight and dawn to become bail for some of the
working girls, who were arrested for "production"
and, waiting there for six hours, she saw
ights like one of which she had never dreamed!
all her life. She left her bail bond before the

During the six hours spent in that police court
law enough to convince me and all who were
me that the smallest doubt of the glori
necessary for woman's suffrage—for the direct
ference of women over Judaism, Jury and police-
woman, every woman in or out of it.

In every city in the state, and in every city
in the country, there are women who have
no rights which men or woman recognition.

Arbitrary power cannot be obtained
through the inwomans. They do not find it
possible to give space to experiences affecting
strata of society to which the majority of
women are subject. They are in doubt that our police courts are a disgrace to
this city. It is the duty of the women to take
up this burden, as well as it is the duty of the
men, to help women to share such responsibili-
ity. The women of this country have become
men, in all public matters and money-getting
affairs, and they have been permitted to act accordingly that will, sooner or later, become
unbearable. The entire social structure is wrong
from the foundation."

Leiter Burtland has signed the national suf-
frage petition. Mr. Burttland tells us that he does not believe that the seed of justice
will ever be the fruit of disaster.

We use Prime and like it.

In sending blanks for remittances, send one
stamp. Coins or money order is always
acceptable, however.
FOR THE CHILDREN

IF I WAS A MAN.
If I was a man a great big man
Like some big men know,
I would not brag about myself
And treat the women so.
I would not smoke the vile cigar
Or chew the filthy程度．
Or guzzle booze while there are shots
For little ones to see.
I would not loaf upon the street
And places less polite.
And not be a lecherous brute.
At home alone at night.
If I was a man, a great big man
I would not brag about my vote
And use it as you do.
You vote a hero for yourself,
A mansion for the drome.
The choicest meats for rich men’s wives
And “liver” for your own.
The “Bible,” some say, is their guide.
To it their faith is pinned.
But where it comes to getting votes
The “Bottle’s” got it skinned.
If I was a man, a great man,
I think you’d profit by it.
I’d do better or I would quit
And let the women do it.
—Pearl Thompson, Webb City, Mo.

NOT “FRAIDY CATS.”
I should think by the number of letters we are receiving from Socialist “lots” that there are not many “Fraidy Cats” among them. They speak right up and tell why they are Socialists, and they order papers to distribute among their friends. Now this is fine, because when these little folks grow up, they will make the best Socialists in the world. Also I notice that the greatest number of letters comes from the south, and our little folks of the north and east are not they, too, good Socialists? Let us hear from them.

SHORT STORIES.
Some of our little folks refer in their letters to the southern cotton mills, the cotton fields, the tobacco plantations, and the little workers in them. Now we would like to have them send us short stories or sketches about these places. Tell how the children who work in them live; what kind of homes they have; how long they walk; of what the work consists; what games they play, and so on. We want our readers to know just how these little toilers live, so that they will be all the more eager to abolish capitalism, and bring about Socialism, which will give the children a good schooling, good homes, the best clothes, and all the pleasures they need for their welfare. To the boy or girl sending the best short story we will give a Politician Primer, and for the second best photos of Debs and Warren, and third best a picture of Debs and the Girard children.

The five-year-old son of Comrade Creel of the Appeal staff sat comfortably rocking himself in a chair. “Here, dear, come and wheel baby,” called his mother.

“Well, mama,” replied five-year-old, “I’m a capitalist. I’ll sit here and watch you wheel baby.”

Tait has given recognition to the presence of the white slave trade, and does not accuse the Socialists of promoting it; he must know that his supporters are responsible for its existence.—The World’s Referee.

WHY LITTLE FOLKS SHOULD BE SOCIALISTS.
LENA MORROW LEWIS
I am sure the little boys and girls who are Socialists are very glad the editor of The Progressive Woman has decided to publish a department for them. This is a very wise thing to do, for really the Socialist cause belongs to the children. It is a movement of the future and the little folks of today will be the citizens of tomorrow.

Now that we are pretty well settled into the holiday spirit, I want to talk over some things with you. The big folks told you when you were very little that an old, white-haired, fat man with long whiskers came down the chimney the night before Christmas and left some presents. That if you would stay awake to watch him he would not come. Well, when you grew older one day somebody told you that story about the funny, strange old man called Santa Claus was not true, that the big folks just made it up so as to fool the little folks. When you found this was really so, it just seemed as if your heart would break. You felt so badly and so cheap—humiliated in the big folks knew what to do. But after while when you found out you had to give up your belief in Santa Claus another idea came into your mind. Now that there was no longer any real Santa Claus you found that if people had any presents given them other folks had to give them. So by the time the next Christmas got around you began to think what you could do to make people feel good over the holidays. As you found that while it was hard to give up the old Santa Claus, you learned it was a greater joy to do Santa Claus’ work than to just think he was doing it all himself.

But I say, young folks, don’t you ever want to tell anybody something about the big folks that is very much like this story of Santa Claus. Did you ever go to a Fourth of July celebration where they had speaking and you knew no one was going to speak? No? Now, just between you and me, do you think men and women who have to work for somebody else to get enough to keep themselves alive are very free? And do you think men that have no joy and cannot find any work and have never had a chance to learn how to do useful and skilled work can be free? Do you think men that have to work all day in a coal mine and little girls that work every day in a cotton mill for ten or twelve hours have very much freedom? This story the big folks believe about the people in the United States being free is just like the Santa Claus story you used to believe. IT ISN’T SO. Now when big folks wake up and find out they have been believing something that is not so—they feel bad just like little folks do. But after a while they find out that instead of being free, the cause if they have no real freedom now, that does not prevent them from going to work, and doing all they can to be free people. Freedom consists in the opportunity and right to live and enjoy life, and the Socialists are working to show people how they can be free. You see it was the capitalist that made up that story about all people being free. But when the workers find out they have been fooled, they will just get in and work as hard as they can to be really free. There are so many big folks that don’t take so bad; they think this Socialism and all the more reason why you little folks should do all you can for the cause.

Besides, anyway—the big folks will die some of these days, and if the little Socialists and girls of today work hard perhaps by the time they are grown there will be more Socialists than any other class of people in the world.

SOCIALIST TOTS.
Last Sunday at the Universalist church in Comanche, Texas, the young lady teacher of the little boys’ class was talking about the beautiful life of Jesus and how hard it is to follow in his footsteps. A little boy 8 years old said, “I can tell when we can.” When?” asked the teacher. “When Socialism gets in power,” answered the boy.

Little Virgil Thompson’s papa is a Socialist and he is always talking about Socialist agitators. One day Virgil was lying on the floor, when he asked his little sister Bessie to get him something to eat, and Bessie at once said: “That is the way I have you to tell me, too!” to which Virgil replied, “You are an agitator.”

The Los Angeles lyceum for children uses Moyers’ songs. One day a little girl of the lyceum heard her mother discussing with a friend the probability of establishing Socialism in the near future, and on the evening of this little story the mother turned to her little tot piped in with: “Never mind, mother, we’ll win it in our day.”

Two little tots, daughters of a staunch Socialist, were present one day when a Socialist was at home, and a visitor was visiting. One of the little girls said something that to the youthful sense of propriety of the other was very shocking. After the visitor left Laura said: “Mamma, Ethel talked ugly today.” “She’s replied,” replied her mother, “and company was here.” “Yes,” continued the little girl, “just think, she said it before a Socialist.”

Little Herbert Engels, six years old, of Kansas City, Mo., is an ardent Socialist, believes that people ought to read Socialist literature, and he is interested in a Socialist head on every door step. Recently in conversing with a 15-year-old boy on the subject he said: “Socialism is what makes people good. It gives them proper living, teaches them not to steal, not to cheat, or kill people when they are boys and grown up men, and to rob people’s houses or pocketbooks. Socialism is getting away above capitalism. When I was five I got interested in a Socialist head at school. I heard Debs at Convention hall and saw him down on the Red Special. I heard Arthur Morrow Lewis and Lena Morrow Lewis, and many others. That’s how I learned Socialism. I like Debs and Arthur Morrow Lewis.”

Does your neighbor take The Progressive Woman? Have you heard them to take it?
Letters from the Children

Dear Editor—Mama takes the P. W. and she and I don't. I like to make up stories and have pictures of my own. I'm going to cut the pictures of my pictures out and make them into a story book. I hope you will like the pictures.

Dear Editor—I gave the pictures to the Paper Woman and she said she would give me the paper and I will hand them to my friends—also the pictures. I made some pictures for my school friends.

Dear Editor—I like the children's edition fine, the "Struggle for Existence" best of all. I like the new edition fine and the old edition fine. I think I want to live and see the people free and the poor little children have nice, happy lives.

Dear Editor—I am going to the store to buy some little things to make up pictures and to have pictures to show to my friends. I want to see the world and I want to see the ocean and I want to see the mountains.

Dear Friend—My uncle Frank got your paper. He wasn't and he gave it to my mother, who then gave it to me. I have some nice stories in it. I read them all and I put them in my columns. I made a picture with a fine little paper, too. I read all the stories and it couldn't find the best story. Are you a Socialist?

Dear Dear,—I am writing to you because I think you are a Socialist. I believe in Socialism because I think Socialism is the best way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place.

Dear Dear,—I am writing to you because I think you are a Socialist. I believe in Socialism because I think Socialism is the best way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place.

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Dear Friend—Yes, I am a Socialist because I believe in the Socialists. I believe in Socialism because I think Socialism is the best way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place.

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Dear Editor—Dear P. W. and I am writing to you because I think you are a Socialist. I believe in Socialism because I think Socialism is the best way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place. I think Socialism is the only way to make the world a better place.

Books for Home Reading for Sale by Us

Woman and the Social Problem, May Wood Simons, 5 cents.

Socialism for the Home, May Wood Simons, 5 cents.

Little Sister of the Poor, Josephine Conger, 10 cents.

Outlines of the Economic Interpretation of History, Lida D. Thomas, 5 cents.

Sorrows of Cupid, Kate Richards O'Hare, (paper) 25 cents.

Sorrows of Cupid, Kate Richards O'Hare, (cloth) 50 cents.

The Socialists' Prime, Nicholas Kroll, 15 cents.

Socialism, by Charles H. Kerr, 10 cents.

Socialism, by Horace W. Moyer, 25 cents.

The Changing Order, Triggs (cloth), 75 cents.

The Life of a Laborer, by Frederick Douglass, 75 cents.

FICTION AT REDUCED PRICES.

The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair, (paper) 25 cents.

The Jungle, by Upton Sinclair, (cloth) 50 cents.

The Last Things We Did, Steere, 75 cents.

The Last Things We Did, Steere, 75 cents.

People in a Pleasant Land, (cloth) 75 cents.

People in a Pleasant Land, (paper) 50 cents.

Redeemers of the South, Raymond, (cloth) 50 cents.

Rebel of the South, Raymond, (paper) 75 cents.

The Remission Angel, Brehonits, (cloth) 50 cents.

The Remission Angel, Brehonits, (paper) 75 cents.

The Scarlet Shadow, Hart, (cloth) 75 cents.

A Captain of Industry, Sinclair, (cloth) 50 cents.
How to "Boycott" the Meat Trust

Such is the cry from every congested center where the little retailer is struggling for existence against the inevitable fate of extermination. So if you are a member of the "Boycott Meat" club, we have the very article you want for the time being in place of meat, our new Cereal Food Primel, of which you were told in our January ad.

It Cuts Down the Cost of Living to Bed Rock.

You can now live as cheaply as the Chink or the Jap with his rice! Then our cooking oil knocks out the hog. A gallon of lard now stands you $1.50 even if given full weight. We will give you a better shortening and for $10 worth of lard. This is the best value for $10 you can get from any provision dealer in the United States today:

- 5 gal. cooking oil (lard for same service would cost) $9.50
- 1 case Cereoblend, coffee and cereal blend, revival price 2.80
- 1 case Nutrelte, cereal food drink 3.00
- 1 case 24-18-oz. pkgs Primel, cereal food 2.40

ALL FOR A TEN DOLLAR BILL (you pay the freight)

Then remember some of the other prices below, and make up still larger order to come in same shipment:

- 5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 1 1.50
- 5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 2 1.30
- 5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 3 1.00
- 5 lbs. coffee, Girard No. 4, mighty fine 1.10 (Retailers will not charge you less than 5 to 6 cents a pound more for poorer blends.)
- Finest Japan tea, only 43 cents; Ceylon or Young Hyson, 39 cents; choice Gunpowder, 37 cents; English breakfast, 33 and 39 cents; Imperial, 36 cents.

Big sample of either tea, coffee, Nutrelte, Cereoblend or Primel mailed for 10 cents to pay postage, and get copy of our monthly Message and price list thereafter.

More $10 orders from January ad, in this paper than ever announced one of our announcements in any paper. And below is how a lot of them write us:

**THE BEST I EVER TRIED.**

Your letter, a hand, a heart, to separate cover sample of Primel, the best cereal food I ever tried—

*Thos. Fouchow, Missouri.*

**ORDERS TWO CASES.**

Received your sample of Primel and am very well pleased with it, as an ordering two cases with other goods. Enclosed $10.00.—Louis J. Stelke, Idaho.

**TRYING TO CONVERT THE GROCER.**

We tried Primel—I like it very much. Please send no. 3, for which send me one case Primel as soon as you can—Adam Raubert, Kansas City.

**THE ONLY ONE I EVER CARED FOR.**

I received the samples some time ago and the sample of Primel, and I think they are splendid. This cereal food is the only one I ever cared for.—R. Howard, Missouri.

**THE COMMON VERDICT.**

I received the package of Primel, gave it a trial, and found it excellent. When I am ordering again will add Primel to my order.—Yours truly, B. Howard, Texas.

**SHIP ONE HUNDRED POUNDS AT ONCE.**

We are pleased to say that the Primel you sent in our order of Dec 11th is just fine. Please ship us once one hundred pounds—M. D. Alexander, The Cooperative Mercantile Co., Birmingham, Ala.

**GOOD-BYE, COFFEE.**

I have tried your Nutrelte, it is all right. No more coffee. The cooking oil is all right too. Will have some of my neighbors try it and will do all I can for E. F. Wisconsin.

**BEST WE EVER TRIED.**

Enclosed find money order for another ten gallons cooking oil for a new customer. We found it excellent. Your sample of breakfast food was good: the best we have ever tried.—E. H. Washington.

**JUST WHAT I HAVE BEEN WANTING.**

We received the sample of Primel and liked it just as well as our own. Why don’t you put it into the stores to sell? It’s just what I have been looking for a long time.—Mrs. B. A. Meélton, Kansas.

**THE BEST EVER—BY THE WHOLE FAMILY.**

I received your sample of Primel, and will say that it is the best breakfast food I ever found that whole family like to eat. I think you have a win in Primel, a real cereal food. I certainly wish it great success. Will send you an order as soon as I can.—Your success, Joe Hopewell, Wisconsin.

**GOOD FOR INVALIDS, TOO.**

Sample of Primel came to hand b. & w. in November, we all ordered our share of testing and now, all with one accord, the food in Primel, and also our code of samples of Primel in our home, and not one complaint of having had drowsy effects. We believe that if prescribed at least twelve a day in case of infantile paralysis, it will be found an excellent sanative, direct; that it will be a dandy "care-all" for stomach trouble, and especially so for a person who has been in the habit of eating postum or gruels, and who has never tried your samples of "feast food," and a "super food," too, that will fit a most needed place in the line of cereal products.—S. T. Radis, California.

About thirty days ago we loaded up a long-range advertising campaign with a thousand eyes, and sent to 200 sample packets of Primel (our new cereal food) for solid shots, and fired them at many people all over these United States. This shot cost us over $50, but it produced startling results.

For the last three weeks we have been bombarding with orders for Primel at it got 417 orders in ten days, averaging that and one-half cases per day, and the grocer here ordered 36 cases to supply their customers.

We want this work done in every town If you care to undertake it, write us, as we will send instructions and terms. Year time, your family should be using it give us a call, we will have the enthusiasm and know how to talk it.


**Women Who Support Their Husbands.**

Accurate statistics show us that in the city of New York there are 25,000 women who, by their own labor, support their husbands and families.

Various are the causes which compel these poor women to take in the family that part which by law and custom has been assigned to the husband; the impossibility for the man to find work, and the relative facility with which the woman finds something to do; the sickness of the husband; and, finally, the vagrancy to which many men give themselves.

"We know," say these women that the 25,000 women who provide for the household needs have not the right to vote, for they are not considered suited to this important function of modern civil life, while the husbands, who, for one reason or another, are not able to procure the necessary of life for themselves and their families, have the right to choose the leg

*WONDER EYES.*

**CHARLES LINCOLN PIPER.**

Little White and Blue Arm-bands run on into a pony bed. There they stand and smiled, Nodding left and right, All in all a perfect pair—Red and White and Blue.

Let the dear woman who thinks she has nothing to do with "public affairs" put her eyes over the following table of price and if she concludes that the making these prices does not concern her, then she give it up. She is a hopeless case:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Item</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Eggs, per dozen</td>
<td>$4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jonathan apples, per peck</td>
<td>$1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Winsome pears, per dozen</td>
<td>$2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soda crackers</td>
<td>$3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cream cheese, per quart</td>
<td>$1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter, pound</td>
<td>$0.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Flour, 1-2 sacks</td>
<td>$5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lard, pound</td>
<td>$9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neckbones, pound</td>
<td>$5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Almonds, pound</td>
<td>$5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spaghetti, pound</td>
<td>$4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soup, heaped and 1/2</td>
<td>$0.65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chickens, pound</td>
<td>$2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Frankfurts, pound</td>
<td>$1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Children, pound**

**Some very excellent articles for this issue came in too late for publication. All notices for publication should be in no later than the 20th of the month.**