THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

KATE RICHARDS O'HAIRE—CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS.

Every reader of The Progressive Woman knows "Kate." She has lectured all over the east and through the middle west, and has written a little book that has had an immense circulation. She is coming to us in a new phase, however, and the following is the announcement from the Kansas City Post tells all about it:

"Kansas City, Mo., Nov. 3—Miss Kate Richards O'Hair, successful author and social reformer, will be the candidate for congress from the Second district of Kansas. A notable, unique, campaign is ahead."

Mrs. O'Hair, assured a unanimous nomination from the Democratic state executive, is now launching her state campaign. She will stump the district, making appearances in every city and town, and will give a larger contest to the Second district race with a whirlwind tour in December.

"The lady from Kansas." Could old Joe Cannon slip into words through thatagerous plug of his? The lady from Kansas will address the house. If she ever does, she will attract them as they have not been attracted many years.

"The lady from Kansas." It depends on the chivalry of the men of the Second Kansas district. Nor must she fail to attract the women of the district to the cause. Mrs. O'Hair has already had a career which would make a good novel.

What kind of a woman is this Socialist candidate? She is a mother of four little children, she makes all her own clothes, she owns and operates a newspaper, she has a reputation for independence, a reputation for fearless, fearless usually ascribed to men. The late Mark Hanna was known to say that "By God, a woman who could be had had better be got." Mrs. O'Hair will ride a bronco as well as she can make biscuits. She can shoot a rifle as straight as a pocket revolver at the lecture platform. Born on a Kansas ranch in Ottawa county, she became a school teacher in a poor schoolhouse. From being teacher she became pupil, and in Nebraska she was a trial lawyer. She is comparatively obscure William Jennings Bryan, is not, but Mrs. O'Hair has more brains than he.

From being teacher Mrs. O'Hair can appeal to the labor vote as a union "man." A number of years ago, she was a one year member of the union while working in the office of a small factory in Kansas City. And, in the course of theregistration period she gained admission on a teacher's certificate, which is another species of the intiative of the International Association of Machinists deciding that a woman could be a "union man."

From a Florence Crittenton worker in Kansas City she is a Social Democrat. For the past two years she has been a Socialist. She went to Girard, Kan., to become a Socialist missionary through the economic question. She taught there. Through a school romance she became not only a wife, but also the mother of four little children.

P. O. Haire.

In Hairy home are four healthy little Socialists; Dick, aged 6; Kathleen, aged 3, and twin girls, aged 2.

If Mrs. O'Hair goes to Washington she will take a little child with her. But Mrs. O'Hair will help in making known Washington as "the city of the hundred thousand." She is the congresswoman from the Second Kansas district.

Mrs. O'Hair is a domestic life home and children with every fiber of my being." Mrs. O'Hair said, when she admitted that she was to become a non-advertised candidate. "Nothing is of less interest to me than political politics and public speaking has lost its novelty. I am going on a trip with a feeling of depression. But there is the call of Socialism. The home is becoming archaic, Socialism is needed to restore the home. I agreed to go to Washington because I believed the voters will become Socialists. I agree to give up a little, nothing that I think is important to be able to save the average woman's life should be lost. But nothing.

In Mrs. O'Hair is a suffragette? Only incidentally. Primarily she is a social democrat. O'Hair does not expect to make a part in her wife's campaign. But he will vote for her to Wash-

Mrs. Spring, who recently celebrated her 90th birthday, said at celebration: "I stood beside my grandfather when the steamboat started. The fireman was on a seat on the top, said to him: 'The day will never come. Arnold, when the distance betweentwelve and twenty miles is but four hours.' What would Webster say to-day? Arnold would not have been in less than twentyniner, the first matches, and the awed in Russia that Arnold knew. The way Arnold worked and looked upon them as some invention from the iron furnaces has always been blocked by ignorance and super-

The political conditions in Russia, the two mighty enemies—czar government and capitalism—against which the Russian proletarian must struggle, makes it doubly hard to bring forward the proletarian women movement. They are standing all the time against the difficulties, once come to life, this movement will, and must, give good results, even in Russia. Working hand in hand with their men comrades for their own emancipation and the emancipation of the working class, the Russian women at the same time help their foreign comrades and sisters to deliver themselves from the chains of capital-

The Voices of Women.

By ADA CRUOGH HAIGHT.

"The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink together, dwarfed or exalted; bound or free."

There are voices that call from the mountain. And voices that cry from the plain: "We all must rise or all must fall."

At the prayer of the desert for rain; the sob and dust and scratch the midnight. And wake with the earliest dawn—The voices of the women. With hope and with happiness gone. They are crushed by the arm of oppression, and cursed by the weight of the years. They are young and yet old, old; their eyes are dim with tears. They stretch up to the sky for light. For the clasp of a little, soft hand; and the cry of the infant. Breaks forth from all over the land.

"Oh, give us our children, our children!” This is how the song begins. Oh, give us the homes you have ravaged and sold into the city. Oh, let us come forth from the shadow and dwindle. We have a right to life, we have the power to honor."

The dear name of mother and wife. And out from the heart of the nation, comes a army of strong, earnest women of all ages. They say, "We are coming, our sisters, to break our chains."

No more shall the bandaged affections of the women's heart be strong. No more shall the black night of terror Throw over the future its blight. For what is the Gospel but peace And justice shall gird us with might, And women, when freed from their bondage Shall lift from their slave-chains their lovers. And all the world shall sing the song that was sung by the first to sing.
The Traffic in Girl Slaves
JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

It is probably no exaggeration to say that if men can be devised of stripping the PROFITS from its traffic (Girl slavery) traffic will cease.—Senate Document 190.

In many cases it appears as if the police made lies ineffective, to substantiate the traffickers in the trade, or at least to compel them to pay the protection money. She (the traffic slave) must deny her importation, must lie regarding her residence, her ad-

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN

The average life of the prostitute is five years, out of which three-fourths of them are snared and trapped eight and sold.—Mrs. Charlotte Edholm, "Advocate." In the last issue of The Progressive Woman we gave concrete examples of young girls who had been decoyed, stolen, and seduced into lives of shame worse than death. If there are any who still persist in believing that such a thing as white slavery is a myth, and that women lead lives of prostitution because they are in-erent, then they can only be deluded. There could not be so many going about as there are, if these facts were not true.

In the White Slave's Chances for Escape.

"But there are thousands of girls in this life who could run away from it, and don't;" number of persons have said to me, since reading the July installment of these articles.

"Isn't that the best sign that they are there to stay, like it, and don't want to be elsewhere?"

A great many white slaves do run away. A great many young girls who become entangled in the life in other ways, quit it, and go to work. There is a work that is not as often, perhaps always, will tell their customers that they are there by preference. The reason for this is very evident, and will be brought out in what follows. The "prostitute" for the purpose of making money, it is not likely that many of the girls who are in it are going to fall down on the game. They know they are doing something, and are not doing what the bosses require of them. The house of prostitution must be a house of mirth, not a house of mourning. And there is a grim force behind the scene, that sees to it that it is a house of mirth, at least, outwardly.

The greatest force, however, that holds women girls in this life is in the beginning of such a life. I once witnessed the case of five little girls between nine and twelve years of age, in the juvenile court of Chicago, who had been decoyed and sold into the life. The judge, when he came to decide, looked at their faces and thought: "What is it? What are they thinking?"

Elizabeth Goodnow, believing that the prosperity of any woman is like other women, with the soul and desires of other women, became interested in knowing why she led her life of shame, and in order to solve the problem to her own satisfaction, took up her residence for a time in the red light district of New York city, and became friends with the girls of the street. She tells the following story of a girl, which illustrates very well the power of the girl's mind and the way in which she is held, and which may shed some light upon the minds of those who think they are in the life principally because they prefer it:

"She was only a girl—a girl that should be in school at first year of college, studying a little, flirting more, and living in general the happy-go-lucky life of the well-warded-for American girl. Yet she paid her fine with a laugh and left the night court with her head held high. It was all direct to me, as she must pour out her woes and say what she thought of the "fly cop" without danger of that same officer hearing all about it; and more, it is tiring and exciting to be run in even if it is a weekly occurrence, and she wanted a place to rest and be onet before starting again on the still hunt.

"Her pretty sullen mouth was drawn into

hard straight lines, and her eyes, that were generally full of fun and good humor, were bitter and desperate. She slouched down into her chair, hardly noticing the hot tea and bread I handed her. But, finally, as I knew she would, she broke loose.

"They got no right, I tell you; it ain't on the square. Here, I've had to give up my nice, hot work, and now I can't go home till I get it again. "Ten dollars I loiterin'." Of course I was loiterin'. Of course I was lookin' for a man in the street. Aint that my business? I done it quietly. He smiled at me first. I don't never speak to them till I see it in their eyes they want me. I don't have to—not yet. But that fly cop just wants to be funny, and show that he cau do business.

"After a while of brooding, she put down her cup and saucer and said:

"'Gee, I ain't good company tonight Miss Smith, but I'm all in, and I'm sore when I think of that ten to be made all over again.'

"She picked up the crumbs carefully from her lap and rose to go. I put her quietly in the chair and said, "Molly. Tell me why you have ten dollars to-night. Where does your money go, dear, tell me all about it?"

"She sat quietly for a while, then folding her hands behind her head, leaned back in the big easy chair and told me why she could not go to what she called home without money.

"Of course, you know, Miss Smith, where all my money goes. Do you think that, if I had the money I make, I would dress like this? Look at my hat—four dollars; my suit—fourteen dollars at Siegel's; my shoes—two ninety-eight; and my underclothes as dead common. I ain't got a hundred dollars' worth of clothes or noth-

in' else in the world. Yet, I make two or three hundred a month, sometimes more. No, I don't booze, not with my money. If I want to buy me a drink, why, I let him, 'cause no matter what you say, a little booze does make things easier; and I don't go to theaters nor nuthin'. Every cent goes to Fred.

"He don't wear no two ninety-eight shoes, nor he. Nor does his clothes come from Sixth avenue. And he boozes, even buys champagne for his lady friends—and it's all my money—that I tramp up and down the street for—that I run the chance of gettin' my face beat in, when I take a drunken man to my room. And when I earn it dollar by dollar, man by man, what do I get for it?"

"'Do you remember the other night when I came to you and asked you to take me in. I was so, so, so sick and, well, I couldn't go on the street 'cause my face was so swoll from cryin' that no man in his senses would want me?"

"Well, I went home that night about two Tele. Business was bad, and I was tired and wet and unhealthy. The door was locked, and I had a hard time wakin' Fred up. When he finally heard me he said: 'How much you got?'

"'Twelve dollars.'"

"'He said: 'Throw it over the transom.' I said, and then he said: 'Tain't enough, you get out and hustle,' and he wouldn't let me in.

"'I just couldn't hustle any more that
night, and I sat on the stairs and cried un-
til he got tired and hollered to me, "I've had enough of that. Now, you get!"

"But, Molly, do you have to give it to him?"

"Of course I have to give it to him. Do you suppose I give up my dough for fun? I tried everything at first, tried nigg-
ning on him, but he found it out, and then there was hell to pay, so I gave in."

"Why don't you leave him, dear, go away from him? He can't hurt you, and if you followed you the police will protect you.

"That's the thing. The murderer is the other guy. He got away. I'm in a pitting manner, as if she realized the
weakened condition of my intellect, but still liked me; then, in a bored voice and stretching her arms above her painted face in
such a tired, weary way, that went to my heart, said:

"The police! Well, I won't say what I'd like to, as you don't like cussin.' Leave him! Leave him! Aint I left him? Aint we all
left our man at first? And don't we have to come back? Don't you worry, 'cause he don't. He knows as long as I can make a
dollar and don't get sick, he will be able to live off me, and then when I'm up against no new orders at all,"

"How will he get a new one, Molly?"

"Search me. Perhaps he is putting a little aside each month to buy a fresh girl when she comes over, or he will get some girl out of the small country girl like me, and promises all kinds of things to her, and
finally lands her in a joint where he has a
stand in, and after that he owns her un-
less she has friends who will help her, and he makes her live to fire to him before he wastes any time with her.

"He don't want no girl who has any friends."

"Well, good-bye. I'm off. I do feel better to get that off my chest. No, I can't stay, this is over for me tonight."

"What a pity, dear!"

White Slaves Lead the Hardest Kind of Lives.

For those who are simple enough to be-
lieve that white slaves stay with their
employer simply for the pleasure there is in
it, I want to give them a glimpse behind the scenes.

Two years ago in Denver, Colo., one Billy Wheeler, a pander, or procu-
ress of girls was arrested in the city courts. Speaking editorially of the affair the Rocky Moun-
tain News said:

"It is doubtful if the average citizen com-
prehends the full meaning of the condi-
tion as shown to me in the illegal court
mony. The average man, or even a man whose morals are considerably below the
average must make a distinct effort to
sense the infamy of the calling of the men who are a group of men who are nothing less than slave holders. These slaves are not black but white; not men but women. Many of them have been literally kidnapped into slavery. All of them are compelled by the masts, the ma-
quareens, to hold their bodies at the dis-
posal of all comers who will pay, not the
dwoman's, but the mac's price. Jack May-
nard, one of these reptiles has a cash reg-
ister in his place, and collects the fees
from his customers as they come in. The
women get nothing but their keep. They
are literally as well as morally and
spirually degraded, and deadly to health that few endure it five years.

"It is the business of the macqueerens to hold these women in slavery. The News submits that no language can exaggerate the
grossness even of such a calling. The
offense of the macquearen is so foul that
the law never thought to provide a
penalty for it; and vagrancy is the worst
crime that can be charged against these cowpens. And yet they have been plying their trade in Denver under
police protection for years, and today nearly
300 macquearen are listed and registered at
police headquarters."

"Why do not the
women rebel? Why do not they appeal
to the law of the land? For many
reasons. In the first place, very few of them have any knowledge of either the laws or
the language of the land; and the account
of these laws which they get from their
masters is not calculated to encourage an
appeal. In the second place, suppose a
woman in one of those cribs decides to
strike out on her own and put up a

appeal? To the officer on the beat, of course,
and he would turn her over to her master, the
mac, who would probably proceed to
beat her half to death. Why not? He is
killing her by inches, anyway; why should he not kill her in one blow? He does not hesitate, his slaves know that he
will not hesitate, and so—they endure.
What else is left them to do?"

This editorial from the Rocky Mountain
News contains with the remarks of Molly in the story just told, regarding the
police, and the chances of a girl to get
away, to need any comment. One came
from New York, the other from Denver. A
like conclusion holds wherever the white
slave is found.

Jean Turner Zimmerman, president of the
Chicaco Rescue Mission and White Cross
society, was the first to bring the girl
into the public view. The story of the
abduction incident, which is but one of thousands which might be used to illustrate the misery undergone by white slaves:

"One evening some time ago I was look-
ing up at the San Francisco street
red light district, and visited and
inspected, looking for immigrant girls held
illegally, a certain house of the lower class
in that neighborhood. While there I
noticed a white woman lying very ill in the last stages of pneumonia, and in a semi-
conscious condition. And to my horror,
upon inquiry, I learned that in the rush
hours of business this helpless, painracked young girl, was an all comer, holding an accredited check."

"It is because they have never taken the
trouble to inquire into the real lives of
their unfortunate sisters, that many well-
meaning women are cruel enough to say: "It is good for these young women are ever forced into a life of shame, or into a prison camp while there."

"There never was slavery more certain, more deadly, more fraught with menace
to a society, than this slavery of our women.

Mothers and fathers of the working class
how do you know that your little girl is
safe from this frightful scourge? If you
had some sort of evidence against her,
you would never feel quite at peace until
you had driven this thing out of your land. A pretty blonde girl, innocent of face and
as fair as any of your daughters, was brought before the court for running away
from home with a pander. The young fel-
low had searched her out in her home, in
a country town, made love to her, prom-
ised to marry her later on, and had brought her to Chicago evidently to put her on the
to the street to make money for him. Mean-
while, he was gambling on the races, an
and the judge had told her he never would marry her: sh
quietly, but stubbornly refused to believe
the judge. Her mother, a woman about
thirty-seven, and closely resembled by the
judge, said she was a woman of the street, and
her head and refused to give the man up. She
sentenced to the reform school; the
mother hid her face in her handkerchief
and the little group marched sadly out o
the court room.

Often when I see the daughters of pov-
erty in our country towns, trying to extra-
A little happiness from their meagre exis-
tences the vision of the little white slave
who thought she was safe at last in the
fullness of life, comes back to me. And I
wonder how long it was before she found
herself an inmate of one of Chicago's dens of vice, subject to all the horrors that ex-
lit there. And I wonder where the other
little girl came from, who was stolen to take
her place. For the average life of the pro-
titute is but five years, and the great army
must be made up often from new material
gathered from fresh fields.

(The To Be Continued.)

THE ROCKEFELLER VERDICT.

ANNE H. DOWING.

A classical example of how capitalist offi-
cials deal with the white slave trade is
found in the recent investigations in New
York.

White slavery had been made an issue in
the municipal campaign. The usually slum-
bering conscience of the people was, for the
time, stung by the charges. Especially strong and important because of wide cir-

nosis and the new campaign, coming through the Mc-
Clure's Magazine. That this evil was flag-
rant, its victims many and that the offend-
ers, far from being punished, were immune
from punishment and under special protec-
tion from officials.

For the time the upper world, the good
Christian world, was brought face to face
with the under world. And it saw, instead of
vile women, captive girls. Young girls.

Something must be done by the commu-
ity that had unconsciously permitted such
outrages.

Out of this was also an outcry from the poli-
ticians—not so much that the infamy ceased
as that "the fair name of the great city be
not tarnished," or that at least, the tarnish
be concealed.

From this the evidence against the slavery
and to restore the "fair name" of the city,
are special grand jury was called. John D.
Rockefeller, Jr., was made foreman. This
had two advantages, the well known name
would advertise the findings and the house
financial responsibility would assure in advance that the findings would be “sane.”

The jury, through its agents, followed him to Seattle, Alaska, to Portland, and through to New York where he set up his place of business; here he agents found brokers in the business who bought and sold slave girls. They sustained stockade where girls were held captured from the streets and shipped to any part of the country. To clinch the point that these agents actually bought four girls, mere children, who knew not with whom they were and of whom kept for their toys. A Lithuanian girl was bought for seven years old. Others were found unhinged and some prosecutions followed.

But the jury brought in a final report that there was no incorporated organization for this work, and that there was no organized traffic in women for immoral purposes.” But the jury did find, and so ported “that trafficking in the bodies of women does exist and is carried on by individuals; and that these persons are known to certain other individuals, and are more or less normally associated.”

There is a fine distinction there. No organized traffic, yet a traffic by individual organizations, yet an interurban business with girls, who are he prisoners awaiting shipment. ’No organized traffic” yet procurers who entice, brokers who sell, and keepers who buy for their own activities.

Is it of matter who brings the trade takes when it is found dealing in human lives? Will the loss of the little girls be less if it is known that their despilers are in the habit of the formally associated, and similarly a “no organized traffic?”

Nor is it denied that the jury believed many of the reports of the slave trade exaggerated, or that some of the girls slaves consent to their own imprisonment. The trial was only under age and even if they were not, liberty is a right, and the constitution an inalienable right. But the constitution has been used against the rights of working men so often that late the jury may have forgotten that it could ever be invoked to maintain the rights of the poor.

Small wonder that the better part even of the capitalist press call this jury report inconsistent, contradictory and unsatisfactory.”

The organs rejoice. “This exonerates,” they say, “not alone New York, but all large cities.” Yet the jury did not say a word to disregard the charge of official protection. It is very easy, too.

To the politicians of New York the report was a balm. The Tammany judges and Tammany organs praised exultantly that the jury found that one of the vice trade, but only associated individuals.

Many good people expected something better from the devoted bible student who was the jury’s foreman; but it is well to remember that Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. is part of the system. And as his father before him has succeeded in gaining the whole world and saving his own soul, so this son has succeeded in proving the white slave trade, and still saving New York.

Hope, the new Socialist comic monthly, grows better with each issue. It is the Puck of Socialist publications. It will make men and women laugh—and think. Send in your subscription, and then order some extra copies for your friends. Price ten cents a year. Published monthly at 510 West Madison street, Chicago.

The Work of Madam Curie

Madam Curie, the most wonderful woman in the world, has, since her husband’s death discovered so many things of importance that nobody any longer doubts as to her participation with her husband in the discovery of radium. The following from one of the Sunday dailies gives us an interesting account of this remarkable work:

That marvelous woman, Mme. Curie, is still making discoveries which are placing the world in an astonishment that is becoming everyday greater. Mme. Curie, with her husband, discovered radium. Without any doubt to all of us, the discovery of this element is the most important event in the history of the world. We are all convinced that the idea of this discovery is the result of Mme. Curie’s researches, and that her husband was only a patient laboratory assistant.

But since his death she has made many new discoveries, which are remarkable than those which the two had made together.

If Mme. Curie had lived a century ago she would have had thousands of people have been more destructive of the laws of physics than an amount of radium. She resorted to the orthodox views of his time. She had only the idea that radium was the complete processes of creation. She has discovered the disintegration of the atom.

And the name of Marie Sklodowska. She and her family were the first to find that the Russian government had invested in the fields of physics. Her laboratory was a laboratory, and instead of going to play with test tubes, retorts and crockets.

The farm was rented, the furnishings and living and carried on her studies on an income of less than five dollars a month. She lived in a small room at the center of the city, and was not afraid of her competitors had every possible advantage, and yet she was not afraid of them.

At twenty she met Pierre Curie, a French professor of physics. They were both in the same field, and they were pursuing exactly the same line of scientific research. They got married, and it was probably the perfectly harmonious marriage. They lived in a small house with three rooms, which was the center of Paris, and they were living in poverty.

It was a haunt of the literary world, and the two of them dressed so plainly that the ruffians of the neighborhood, who had always thought that they were professors, were impressed by the modesty of Mme. Curie, and forth every day between their house and the laboratory for six months.

They kept only one servant, and Mme. Curie’s only entertainments were the study and her own money. She was a student of life and the study of the laws of nature, and she was the first to announce her views to the world.

This ideal union was cruelly shattered one day when Professor Lazare Laplace, who was the same man who discovered the law of attraction, and who is supposed to have been the first to discover the law of gravity, was killed by a carriage.

The shock was terrible, but Madame Curie did not give up her work. She continued it with the same energy until she was elected a professor of physics. She has continued to work, and the world has recognized her services.

My Creed

CHARLES MACKAY, Ed.\r

My creed is only to be kind. And simply true and good. My creed is to love my fellow man. The world in brotherhood. And I believe something divine in us is true. How can you tell a man he is blind? He cannot see. How can you tell a man he is deaf? He cannot hear. Each spot is holy that we tread. And where one lifts his eyes, Andstand, beneath or overhead. There ish Paradise. I find the wise are only unknown. And simple there is true. And there is brotherhood. And the fool is often on the throne. And in the school the poor. The rich and luxury and ignorance of man is provante. But I believe, still, in mankind. And all that’s true and good. My creed is only to be kind. The world in brotherhood.

Miss Jane Addams is soon to leave her remit travels, which have worn her out. "My Years at Hull House." This is a story prouct of all the pioneer work which has been done in society, and many points of value are brought out for the student of sociology and Socialism.

Are you working together and working or are you protesting and resting? Do you expect to get Socialism? Remember, he that tills his own plot, and though the stones fall, finally builds his house.

Tell the woman who works hard all day long, that there is a word of cheer for her in the Progressive Woman.

Don’t fail to advertise your leaflets in your local.
Ghosts
THeresa MALKIEL

Of all the numerous dramas written by Ibsen, "Ghosts" is the one that should be read by every man and every woman. In no other play does Ibsen give us such a direct and clear picture of the dark, hidden skeletons existing in our modern family life.

His great master mind did not only comprehend the terrible corruption and degeneracy that is greatly undermining our society, but, looking back into the bygone years, he recognized amidst the thick vapors of the surrounding atmosphere the ghosts of those who have passed away before us.

In the case of Mrs. Alving he tells us ably how she was pursued by the ghost of her dead husband, pointing out to us that the harm the latter had wrought to his wife was not eradicated by his death. In reading this drama we can't help realizing the truth of the assertion that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.

In this like in many other of his works Ibsen draws for us the picture of one single woman. We read the contents carefully we are bound to recognize the fact that the suffering, hidden humiliation and sorrow experienced by Mrs. Alving are the lot of thousands of women.

There is nothing less than the one and beautiful and innocent girl is married to a man much older than herself—a man who had tasted all that was exciting and forbidden in decent society. The unfortunate wife realized from the first month of their married life that she had made a grave mistake in marrying him—she found out that her husband was too much given over to his former pleasures to curtail them for the sake of the young bride. The awakening was terrible and after a year of torture and humiliation the woman flung herself to him at the insistence of her priest.

Upon her return she bore and suffered in silence for almost two decades. Ten years after his death, when she was about to dedicate an orphanage to his memory, she went to him at the insistence of her priest.

Mrs. Alving—Have you forgotten how infinitely miserable I was in that first year?

The Priest—What right have we human beings for happiness? Our duties are so great that we can hardly ever do what we ought to do.

Mrs. Alving—You know well what sort of a life Alving was then leading—what excess he was guilty of.

The Priest—But a wife is not to be his husband's judge. It was your duty to bear with humility the cross which a Higher Power had, for your own good, laid upon you. Yes, you must have borne it. It was only proper that you, who realize that you had been wrong, should lead you back to the path of duty and home to your lawful husband.

Mrs. Alving—Yes, Pastor, it was certainly your work! And now I will tell you the truth—after nineteen years of marriage my husband died as much a profligate—as he was before you married us.

The Priest—Your words make me dizzy—all your married life—the seeming union of all these years was nothing more than a hidden abyss.

Mrs. Alving—Nothing more. My whole life has been one ceaseless struggle. After my son's birth I had to struggle twice as hard, fighting for life and death, so that nobody should ever suspect me of being the daughter of the man I had married. I had borne a great deal in this house—I had my little son to bear it for. But when he was only in his seventh year he was beginning to observe and ask questions as children do. I thought that the child must be poisoned by merely breathing the air in this polluted home.

How many thousand of unfortunate beings like Mrs. Alving are chained to a life of misery? And for no other reason, than this grave mistake of sense of duty. They are the victims of old superstition and conventional morality which makes a chattel of the woman from the moment she takes the nuptial vow.

The priest looks up, his face grave and his voice firm. It is to be deplored greatly that these victims are too much made of flesh and blood, too broken to bear the trials of those who love to bear them. The priest sees the servant's face, his eyes now with a look of bitterness. The priest sees the servant, his mind let loose to the wild involutions of his inbred nature, his soul at the mercy of the priest's strength, his body under the brand of the priest's authority. The priest is going to give the servant a look of execration.

The priest makes an effort to convince her that she at least is not to blame for anything, that her own marriage was performed in accordance with law and order.

"That law," said the priest, "can't be wrong!" exclaimed the unfortunate woman. "I often think it is what does all the mischief in the world. I ought never to have concealed the facts of Alving's life—but I was such a coward! When I heard Regina and Oswald in the hall it was as though I saw ghosts before me. But I almost think we are all ghosts. It is not only what we inherit in our fathers and mothers that "walks" within us. It is all sorts of devil's ideas and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They're still there and we can't get rid of them." Mrs. Alving finally realizes the sin and folly of it all—but much too late to be of any benefit.

Ibsen closes the curtain by leaving the unhappy woman speechless, despairing, and weepless, and the priest's serenity, with—her hope, her very life. The young man had become incurably insane—the result of the father's profligate life before the child's birth.

No further exposition is necessary to express our deepest sympathy to the unhappy woman's lot. And the horror of it is that she is only one of many sufferers who are doomed to similar, and at times even worse sorrows. It is only occasional, when a work like this is appeared and seen, that the average person can have a glimpse of the amount of trouble that woman-kind bears, because of narrow traditions and economic necessity.

Ibsen never gives his readers a solution to the problems he is discussing. He simply places grave responsibility on the shoulders of the male and leaves them to draw their own morals. His mission in life was that of a bugler. He wanted to awaken the people from their long slumber, give them a glimpse of life as he saw it and then let them work out their own salvation.

It is perhaps a safe way, and yet it is terrible to think how many millions will have to suffer and perish if we should leave them to work out their salvation in the only way at least place men and women on an equal basis independent of each other and of want in every one and of want in every day of their life. The July number of the Little Socialist Magazine ought to be placed into the hands of every boy and girl in the country, to offset the patent philistine view that so many of our good women lead a life of shame and legal prostitution—it is a sacrifice for the sake of the children they have brought into life.

But these unfortunate women should not fail to consider the fact that it is not their blood alone that flows in the veins of the children—the traits of the father are more market in the sons than those of the mother.

Mrs. Alving went back to her husband in order to save his soul. She came back, but she had borne and sorely her sorrow in silence for the sake of her babe, never fully realizing her terrible mistake during the years of her endurance. Only when she sees the servant's eyes, her love to the man, the servant maid, his illimitive halter of marriage, she understands for the first time the full tragedy by her own action and the first word to escape her throat is--"Ghosts." She goes away with her love to the man.

May the July number of the Little Socialist Magazine be placed into the hands of every boy and every girl in the country, to offset the patent philistine view that so many of our good women lead a life of shame and legal prostitution—it is a sacrifice for the sake of the children they have brought into life.
Summer in the Country

JOSEPH E. COHEN

Nature is showing green. The trees are all out of blossom; the harvests are ripening. The woods are gay with the song of birds that begins in a chorus at sunrise.

The sun is blazing fiercely and the sweat is pouring from the tiller of the soil. You can see the broad trimmed sun bonnets and straw hats bobbing in and out behind a horse or stack of hay. Down near the creek the kine are munching lazily. There is the sign of rain in the sky.

The country is the place for summer. The change from the country to the city is so abrupt, so sudden, that the workers of the city are almost completely estranged from the love of nature. Even great horde of immigrants, with centuries of pastoral and agricultural life behind them, come to a commercial country and, almost without exception, fall into the ways of the factory and tenement. Of a Sunday in summer they seek the public parks. When they are not too tired, on warm nights, they doze on the benches or squat on the ground of the public squares and play games. Or, perhaps, they lounge around the wharf and watch the excursion boats come and go.

But more often you find them strewed along the front stoop or folding their youngest sons on the ice-escapes.

Now, the country is not so far from the city. It is really at its elbow. But the barrier between the two has been made so sharp, that one is to the other quite an uninteresting country. In the factory, the milk and greens of his daily meal seem to come from far beyond, from some sol, in a valley hidden by mountains from some strange, different kind of people.

And it is the presence of the country that the city brings no reminiscent touch, even though it be melancholic, to the woman who sits before the loom or the man whose hand is guiding a deeping plow.

So that sometimes the thought comes that if only the millions of working people in the city, who are doing little else than groping among the weeds of existence, could be swung out of their febrile atmosphere long enough to fill their lungs with the air and sunshine of the country, they would return to the bench and battery determined that the present social scheme of things cannot be continued and solace found in the daily belongings from the country to the city bring no reminiscent touch, even though it be melancholic, to the woman who sits before the loom or the man whose hand is guiding a deeping plow.

In honor of Fred Warren.

KING KELLEY

I know the price of Liberty,
Yet I fail to understand,
For the upward cry of mothers,
Speaks through the sky.

And the burden of that strain—
"Oh, to a better time,
We shall be in the next Excalibur;
You are one for the upward climb."

Hear the cry of the age—
"Oh, for the race to be free."
Coming down through the hearts of mothers.
I take up the weapons for thee.

With the pen I will charge the bold legions
Of might with a pen can rear their Reid;
And with Truth for a shield I will scatter,
Army of nameless glory, anon.

And Love shall bloom all untrammeled,
By human serpents' limbs.

Cathedral shall be answered,
By the birth of a better time.

Little Sister of the Poor and Sorrow
Of Cupid, both twenty-five cents.
Send today for Mills of Mammon,
And let your neighbor read it. Price $1.
Sub cards for The P. W., four for $1.
Are you helping in the literature campaign?
Is your neighbor reading the P. W.?
Four P. W. sub cards for $1.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT SOCIALISM.

MEMO.

If the city can own the water works, the gas plants, the street railways, why can't the people own the city, and all the fullness thereof?

Socialism will grant suffrage to women, free schools, nurseries, play grounds and recreation to children, and full product of their toil to women who are producing for the common good.

Socialism means the ownership by the people of the mills, mines, factories, railroads, telegraphs, telephone lines, and all of the great industries and monopolies. If you think it is impossible for the people to own what they create and build and manage, remember that the highways were privately owned; when there were no public schools, libraries or parks.

There is hardly a railroad in this country that is not paid for by six times over, by the government, and yet we must pay exorbitant prices to the "owners" of these roads, in order to ride over them. The same is true of most of the great industries. The working man is chasing his pay with his teeth, and he is starving for the labor of which he is the producer.

You say don't believe in Socialism because Socialism means "dividing up." It's only a reason? Then you ought to stop believing in capitalism. Capitalism believes in dividing up, too. The difference between Socialism and capitalism is that Socialism would have the products of labor divided fairly among those who earn it, while capitalism takes it nearly all away from those who earn it, and divides it in big lumps among those who do not earn it. Truly the dividing up of Capitalism is the kind the people need very much just now.

OUR LEAFLETS

(Don't forget your leaflet campaign.)

A WORD TO WORKING WOMEN, by Agnes Downing; ELIZABETH BENTLEY WHITE, SUPRA-
GISTS, by Theresa Makielski. Any of the following may be sent at 10c per copy. FRANCES WILLARD ON SOCIALISM, 10c per 100. $1.00 per 1000.

WOMAN: COMRADE AND EQUAL, by Eugene V. Debs. This article from the November Progress-
Week Woman has been done into leaflet form for wider circulation. Prof. C. F. Dight, of the Uni-
versity of Minnesota, will "will rank, I think, with the gems of Robert Ingersoll." 25c per 100. $1.00 per 1000.

WHY YOU SHOULD BE A SOCIALIST is a new leaflet by Theresa Makielski, written for the masses of working women to explain the advantages of belonging to the movement in our movement. Price, 25c per 100; $1.00 per 1000.

THE CRIMES OF CAPITALISM is a new leaflet which shows the failure of capitalism and the advantages of Socialism. Price, 10c per 100; $1.00 per 1000.

THE FOURTH OF JULY IN AMERICA, by Josephine Conger-Kaneko, shows what a travesty our so-called "sacred" motherhood is to 10c per 100.

"THE MAN AND THE WOMAN," by Helen Farnsworth, an argument between working women to try and understand each other through a study of the sexes in order to improve their own position. Price. 100 for 25c, or $1.50 for 1000.

THE YOUNG WOMAN'S PLEA FOR SOCIALISM is written to call the attention of Socialists to their attitude toward the woman question. 25c per 100.

"THE MAN AND THE WOMAN," by Helen Farnsworth, shows how real homes can be made, with the improvements and culture that will be possible under a sane system of government. 25c per 100.
The Progressive Woman

Speaking of physical strength, it has been remarked that woman is inferior to man because of physical inferiority. We would infer, then, owing to the recent Nevada victory, that Jack Johnson’s name leads all the rest in the matter of human superiority.

July the Fourth, last, was a sad day in some few out-of-the-way places. Just what it was in Reno, Nevada, where Jack Johnson, an enormous negro beat the face of Jim Jeffries, a white man of some strength, into a pulp, the papers haven’t yet announced.

“The great game of war is all up,” cries the New York American in commenting upon the aeroplanes, and other flying machines that are skitting through the air with wonderful frequency these days. It is said that the cost of the two Dreadnoughts we are to build would buy 10,000 aeroplanes. With one aeroplane a good airline pilot could dart into the sky, hover an instant over one of these expensive Dreadnoughts, and drop a bit of explosive that would rend it to bits. When such things occur, war becomes too costly even for an expensive age like ours, and must be passed up. Truly, science and invention are wonderful aids to human civilization.

If the home is the cornerstone of the nation, this country has some mightier rotten material in its cornerstone. No wonder our foundation is growing wobbly. One of the first undertakings of the Socialist nation would be the perfection of the home, and the home life. In Milwaukee, now, the Socialist administration of that city is working on a plan for municipal homes for working people. This plan includes a system of parkways, the conservation of the river front for use and in the sanitary interests of the public, as well as for beautifying reasons, the introduction of the zone system in vogue in the best European cities, and above all the creation of municipally-owned homes. Whole thousands of acres on the west side of the city are being laid out by engineers for these “homes of the people.”

The French Government—composed of men—has introduced into parliament a series of measures designed to stimulate the birth rate. Bachelors will be required to remain in the army until they are twenty-five, or to employ twenty-five or over, must marry or lose their jobs, and extra salaries and pensions will be allowed those who have more than three children. It will be noticed that these measures take a different line in this measure. But we suspect that French women, and our own as well, will not become very enthusiastic over babies, so long as the cost of living soars skyward, and little ones die by the thousands from smallpox and other diseases. Let the mothers become partners in the world’s wealth, and the question of population will take care of itself.

POWER OF ORGANIZATION.

To those who are impatient over our lack of discipline and solidarity, the following from Germany is refreshing: “Germany is laughing over a funny story invented by a Munich humorist, a grim and significant story in its way,” writes Hamilton Davis in the Boston Transcript.

“Kaiser Wilhelm,” runs the tale, “reviewed his well-drilled legions on Tampelhof Field, and ordered them to their own quarters, but at night all their order of social order and public peace. As he finished this delegation a sudden black procession drifted down an adjacent road. It was uniformed in blue, moved forward with more than martial discipline; and a large formation, deployed and in serried masses as adored as ever.

His Majesty’s soldier eyes fixed the magnifying glasses of an drifting host.”

Your Majesty’s faithful Socialists,” said an aide de camp, “are on their way to a different demonstration.” This splendid organization is shown not alone in military drills, but in every phase of work or propaganda the social democrats of Germany undertake. Let us learn to do likewise.

Our September issue will be a special suffrage number. Remember, there are still some women up in Oklahoma, in which suffrage bills are pending. If you want to help along the campaign in those states, turn to the special suffrage issue of The P. W. in these. You who live in other sections can have bundles sent to Washington and Oklahoma, and we will send them out at special rates. Let us hear from you. This issue will be 2c a copy, $2 per 100, $15 per 1,000.

In the Woman’s Journal of July 16th, Jessie Ashley, treasurer of the N. A. W. S. B. A., sends out a call to all friends to subscribe for the journals of the National American Woman Suffrage Association to be used as funds with which to help on the cause of woman suffrage, and their national organization, the National Woman’s Party. Miss Ashley says: “We must have money, and cannot run the risk of being under our system of capitalist rule, we can do nothing for the cause without money.” We would be the last person in the world to call any one a Socialist who was not one; but the writer of this plea is either a Socialist, or she is very recklessly stealing from our vocabulary when she speaks of "capitalism". Truly, straw shows which way the wind blows.

When we glance into the windows of a millliner shop and see a slender maiden sewing posies on a broad brimmed hat we regard it as a very harmonious and proper sight. A nicely dressed woman is a very pretty sight, and the milliner woman, doing “woman’s” work. And we also regard the “creation” when finished as a reflection of the frivolous mind of women. But all things change; in one of the large New York milliners and women iron moulders, bronco-busters and so on. The following from the St. Louis Post gives a glimpse of the advent of the man milliner:

The woman milliners have little they have to do with choosing their own headgear they would like to see men doing as much of the expense on the part of would-be fashions making.

Tuesday a Post woman reporter attended a session of the Millinery Traversing Men’s National Convention and noted that the men had a color on their own hat and that the "national color card" mentioned in their convention paper as adopted at the milliner’s recent convention, which disposed of the whole matter.

"Be it resolved, that the sale of sailor’s colors to a certain dress code and that we use out united efforts to reduce to a minimum this evil.

All men will be allowed to go into the men’s hat business and tell men they couldn’t possibly have a part of a Foul Weather hat if we would soon hear what they thought of such tyranny.

Send 5c for leaflets on California laws relating to women, to Committee on Literature, Palo Alto, Calif.

New Books for Sale

The Progress Woman has received a number of new books, in which we feel our readers will take special interest, and for whose convenience we make a price list. Any of these may be obtained by remitting to The Progress Woman, 50 Columbus Ave.


A Manual on the Management of Premnancy, the care of mother and child after labor and the care of mother and child after labor and feeding up to the third year of the child’s life. Letters of A Pervian to His Daughters, by F. A. Ruff, M. D., Price 5c. These letters give information in a clear manner for the in the U. S. 40c in foreign countries. women who have caused unusual suffering and even death to count: let.

The Market For Souls, by Elizabeth Goodman. Price $1.25. This book is published in the interest of the social evil investigation. It contains a number of stories attacks on modern marriage and separate tragedies of those who live upon the way.

Robert Blatchford, The Sketch of a Personal. ally, Australia. By Robert Blatchford, the editor of the London Socialist paper. The "Clarion" author of this book. "The English Socialist" is not only a leading English Socialist, but one of the best books ever written on the subject. This personal sketch of him will come with more pictures than a photographic hand is a given, but with photo illustrations.

The Biology of Sex, by Gideon Dietrich. Price 50c. This is a study of the sex problem according to the latest discoveries in biology and evolution. A refreshing change, to say the least, for those who are not daunted by the stumbling onto the reasons for the variations in sex." It is an interesting book, illustrative of the way to be read to each other and society.

Socialist Primer, by Nicholas Kien, is what you want for your boy and girl. 10c.

The P. W. 50c a year. Clubs of four or more. 25c.

Send your sub today for The Progressive Woman.
The Marriage Contract

LIDA PARCE

(Continued from last issue.)

The startling statement is also made with authority that there is more venereal infection among married women than among their degenerated sisters will refute. —From "Letters of a Physician to a Daughter.

It is plain that it is not only white slaves at ought to be rescued from their terrors, but that women have to be rescued from sexual degradation and disease, well in the marriage relation as outside it. In some respects, the married woman is shown less consideration than the mistress. For the prostitute, we have hospitals, nurses who have regular medical attention, and she is not the mother of children.

Hereas, many married women are exposed constantly to disease, and they have no escape from it. Medical attention usually follows, if at all, only after the disease has developed considerable progress, and in her suffering and debilitated state she must give birth to children who inherit the disease which she has contracted from the outside world.

It is said by physicians that in the last decade the quality of the children that are born has visibly deteriorated, from venereal infection. And scientists have learned that menstruation and the use of the diaphragm, that have not been regarded as venereal diseases at all, are really due to syphilitic poison in the blood.

We have secured "morality," if you will; but jealousy, we have for too sake of argument. At the same time we have become physically disposed and degenerate, under the present marriage laws. And the most moral class, class that respects the degradation, disease and death, and that results in the degeneracy of the race? I do not, then, how shall we go about it to effect a change? What part of the old laws shall we keep, and what shall be the terms of a new marriage contract?

What do we consider to be the important and valuable things about the marriage relation? Is it that men shall get the "whip hand" of women and their children? Who is to be the partner for her work, directly from the state, and he shall send her money as she thinks fit and proper. Marriage would then cease to be an economic arrangement altogether. Then it would be a purely social and ideal relation. Think of it! How glorious!

As matters stand now, imagine the case of John and Mary. John receives wages that he can just barely live on, and has no better prospect for the future. Mary works also, doing the best she can, believing that some day she will marry and then she won't have to work. John perhaps gives up all thought of marriage and goes in for chance, irregular sex adventures with a levity and frivolity that are brutalizing. Or he and Mary meet and fall in love. They marry and Mary expects him to support her,
Our Women Delegates to the International

Singularly free from personal ambition or pleasure in the glare of footlights, she might have remained a Jennie Higgins to the end of time, had not the imprisonment of the Western Federation of Miners' officials brought the occasion for far-reaching service. Even then, other conditions took her East, but filled as she was with horror at the fate which would meet those men if aid was not forthcoming, she quickly found herself in the thick of the fight. The work she did is well known. The Federation officials, finding her services so valuable, insisted that she work for them directly. Through her efforts an enormous amount was raised to fight the battle. It was through her also, largely, that the phenomenal May Day Protest meetings were held in 1906—demonstrations most effective in informing the public that,

May Wood Simons.

Have you ever asked yourself who have entered into the modern opportunities for women most fully? I have, and my thought always turns to our Comrade May.

She has enjoyed the best the schools could give her. Having done the work not only for a first degree, but for a doctor of philosophy at Chicago University. That she has kept in the scholarly habit was proven last year by the remarkable feat of winning the Harrison prize for an essay in economics over many competitors and judged by the heads of the department of economics in five great western universities.

But many women have done admirable work in scholarship. Mrs Simons has been able to use hers steadily in practical service in the greatest cause of the age. She has worked for Socialism as teacher, lecturer or writer constantly, for the past twelve years or more. At present and since the establishment of the Daily Socialist she has been associate editor of that paper. Her husband, A. M. Simons is editor-in-chief. Already her activities and influence are world-wide and after this summer her place in the international movement will be still more pronounced and effective.

But no woman, or normal man, for that matter, is content with world service alone. Fortunately indeed, is one for whom home life and life work are inextricably blended. It is interesting to note that the woman who seems to me to have reaped the fullest harvest from the new ideals and possibilities of our time both in public and private life happens also to be the most devoted mother of my acquaintance.

The genuine good of old standards never be lost in gaining the genuine good of new freedom and opportunity. It is a satisfaction to have this demonstrated in the self-effaced beautiful little woman who will help to represent American Socialists in the greatest organization the world has known.

Mila Tupper Maynard.

Luella Twining.

Comrade Luella Twining was barely old enough to join the party when she and her mother became standbys in the Denver local. For nearly two years she studied under my husband and I and later worked hard in other forms of training.

In preparation for what? She did not know then. She only knew the movement needed the best that was in each one and she worked as faithfully as if her life depended upon her knowledge and her ability to express her thought.

"If Moyer and Haywood die, Twenty million working men Will know the reason why."

Comrade Luella's later work has been less dramatic but no less important. In the Mexican Refugee work, the Warren case and in the Philadelphia strike, she has given invaluable service. Wherever the fight of the workers is thickest, wherever the cause of freedom can best be served there you will find this ardent worker for one common cause.

Mila Tupper Maynard.

Lena Morrow Lewis.

During my acquaintance with Lena Morrow Lewis, I have learned a few personal things about her. That she is the daughter of a minister—of a whole line of ministers, I believe, that she began her public life in the sort of work that women can do in the church organization; that she developed early into a talented worker, taking the platform for the national movement; that from that she evolved into the suffrage movement, and became one of the national speakers of that organization; that she was sent into the unions to speak on suffrage for women, and thus became interested in the industrial phase of modern society. Gradually, feeling her way step by step, she came into our ranks, a full-fledged Socialist.

Some where, prior to all this, Comrade Lewis had a good college education. This is, good, as college education go. I believe she doesn't much on that today.

What she does bank on, is the knowledge gained through long and close contact with the people, the working classes the producing and dispossessed folk, and the scientific Socialism literature of the age. For Lena Morrow Lewis knows the life of the miner and lumberman of the western coast; she knows the shrewed existence of the southern "cracker" and the pinched poverty of the eastern mill hand.

From actual life to book life is not an easy transition for some people, and many never at empt to correlate the two. But Comrade Lewis keeps, at hand always her books on biology, on sociology, on political science, on Socialism, and she constantly applies what she finds in them, to common every day life of the lumberman, the miner, the slave, the mill hand, the millionaire.

And also to the woman in her relation to man and society, and to man's relation to woman and to society. For Comrade Lewis believes that men and women are the most important factors in the universe, and that the study of men and women, in their various social relations is absolutely essential to human progress.

Whatever Lena Morrow Lewis does, is done with a conscientious thoroughness which is bound to spell success for any man or woman. She is one of the best sellers of literature in the Socialist movement, because she has made a study of the work. She is one of the most convincing and polished of our speakers because she has sought carefully for the right thought and the right words with which to express it. She serves well on the national executive committee—and she is the first woman to serve in that capacity—because she has at her finger's ends knowledge of the party affairs sufficient to render her a good servant of that capacity. She is a national organizer because she is painstaking, efficient and careful as to details and results.

In short, Lena Morrow Lewis is a worker. She has hammered herself into shape for competent service in the Socialist movement, and she is giving it. The comrades in thirty out of forty-four states who voted for her as one of the eight delegates to represent them at the International Congress believed in her efficiency—and they will not be disappointed.

A Comrade.

What are you doing to push the Woman?
THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE MOVEMENT AND POLITICAL PARTIES

A Reply by Abigail Scott Dunway, President of the Oregon State Equal Suffrage Association to Theresa Malkiel in June Progressive Woman.

ABIGAIL SCOTT DUNWAY

Again I am favored with copies of The Progressive Woman, and again, as is my usual habit, on the hour of its monthly arrival, have perused the last in its well filled pages, advertisements and all.

To my good friend, Theresa Malkiel, whose articles and articles inspired this friendly controversy, proving that women have learned the art of differenting from one another in a kindly spirit in regard to methods, though agreeing as to fundamental principles, I wish to present some facts to clear from her vigorous mind a few misconceptions of aims and objects of the equal rights movement in the Pacific northwest, under which she is evidently laboring.

We all know that "the man voter of today is still (in large measure) far from being economically independent. We also know that every woman ought to be "completely free from the necessity of seeking man's support," except as a right, and that, under no other conditions can we hope for the ideal relation between husband and wife."

But my friend is entirely mistaken in her belief that "suffragists forget that woman has a double task of liberation," etc., etc., etc. She is in error as to our methods to secure success; since long experience has taught us that we can only secure liberation for women by taking, or attempting to take one step at a time, and we cannot take this step except by and through the votes of a majority of men. The women of Washington received their enfranchisement in the year 1883 by legislative enactment. That was in the state's territorial state, and the movement had been carried forward through thirteen years under my personal leadership.

The W. C. T. U. was at that time a crowning glory in the Pacific northwest, be winning, as it thought, to both the double task of liberation and all other matters of interest to women.

And thus the women of Washington, Oregon, and Washington, Oregon and elsewhere, to defeat our hard laid plans for obtaining the freedom we seek, not from men, but for ourselves and them.

We are not seeking a "woman-made world," such a world would be worse than the world as it is now; for women have not had men's experience at a world power and never ought to have. Women in Oregon, have been, and are, in the main, with their men. But we do protest, as a result of long experience, against the mistakes of women who imagine that they can ever gain economic freedom through a political party, by methods that alarm the capitalist, and the voter and cause them to beat us back with the implements of the monopoly they hold, every time we make a legal plea for equal rights which we have no ballots to enforce.

Conclusion, please allow me to say that Oregon women, in seeking to secure tax paying suffrage as a step toward full equality of rights before the laws are tempting thereby to get one foot on solid ground, having secured the power to extract the other foot, and not "the foot," as your types had it. We have learned that the majority of our women are small tax payers, all of whom are snuffagrists, who will not do it full suffrage unless they get the power. Our women opponents are a few wealthy leagutes, who see with alarm that our success in entering the domain of the monopolists of mammon will not only be a blow to all the things that have proved the forerunner of equal rights for all the people which will surely follow.

I cannot close without another tribute to the rightly named Progressive Woman, its editor, publisher and contributors are worthy forerunners of a good time yet to be. But I know we'll never make a practical beginning with the voters till tomorrow if we wait till any one political party can get strong enough to bestow it upon us, through a majority vote. Hence, these friendly warnings. A famous recipe for racial fiddling begins with "first catch your hare."

THE FUTURE DISHWASHER.

There is hardly a woman in the world who likes to wash the dishes after she has served them, and if she has a family. All boxes will bear the number of apartment and will fit the dumbwaiter. Polite employes, in uniform, will call for the dishes after each meal, send them down the dumbwaiter, wash and return them in five minutes. An interesting feature of this plan is that the company agrees to pay for all breakage. The employes are paid a bonus of $0.2 a week if they do not break or lose a dish and are docked if they do, unfortunately, with men invading woman's former field of activity, spinning and weaving, where our grandmothers spun and wove, making our dresses and our clothes, furnishing bread to our families, doing our laundry, sweeping and our houses, washing our clothes and a dozen other things, where, I am forced to ask, will gentle woman spend her energies in the future? Forced out of her aegon sphere through inventions and the pressure of industrial conditions, what is to become of her?

It would be interesting to have this question answered by the persons who contend that women have no place in public life, and especially in politics. This new dishwasher alone takes two hours and a half from the woman's work day. And when all women can have their dishes washed by machinery think what an immense amount of time, all told, will go to waste, unless it can be utilized in other ways. And the question is: In what way shall it be used?

A MEER MAN.

A Little Sister of the Poor.

By Joseiphine Conger-Kaneko, is a story founded upon the actual experiences of thousands of working girls in our great cities, who are the centers of the modern slavery, and are in no way exaggerated. This is the great value of the story. It is written in the form of a romance, and is refined, pathetic and beautiful. The author would assist in arousing interest in the White Slave Traffic, and should be in the hands of every reader who raises the question. For a limited time, two copies for 25c (coin). Send to The P. W. Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

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THE WOMAN AT THE HEAD OF THE NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION

LEANORA PEASE

It is a far cry from August 3, 1853, the State Teachers' Convention, with Susan B. Anthony and the protest of women and the protests of her male colleagues, to speak in public as a woman, for women; and Boston, 1910, the National Educational convention, the women teachers elevating one another to positions of importance and prestige—there is a parallel of latitude. While "the ring" which had all along controlled the elections was handing Mrs. Young the sop of second vice president, bitterly fighting her for first place, the women teachers were not doing as the first lady; they turned their backs on the election, off to the seaside resorts, letting the men attend to dividing the honors among themselves. They were there voting, sweeping the floor of the convention for their choice by a vote of nearly two to one; they were amazing precedents as only women know how to do; they were coming into their own.

When Mrs. Young was elected a year ago to the superintendency of the Chicago schools, the first time a position of such importance had been held by a woman, the pride and satisfaction of women was not confined to the teaching force, nor to the women of Chicago, but was shared by the women of the nation. Verily, sex-solidarity is one of the great facts of the day. The teachers of the city demonstrated their indorsement of an able woman as their superintendent at a notable reception given in Mrs. Young's honor the third of June, when the out-pouring of the teachers overflowed in an unprecedented attendance at any social function ever held in the city. It is possible that the large and admirable organization of grade teachers in Chicago, known as the "Women's Alliance," which has aroused the civic and public spirit and has calculatedly increased the mental breadth and radical thought of thousands of teachers, has had much to do with the appreciative reception of the sturdily able woman at the head of the city's educational affairs, and of the struggle and triumph of the women in placing that woman in the foremost position in a recent tenure in the educational association.

The Red Flag.

Tune: Maryland, My Maryland.

The people's flag is deepest red. It thronged the battle field.
And ere their limbs grew stiff and cold Their heart's blood mixed with its every fold.

Chorus.

Then raise the scalaried standard high! Within its shade we'll live and die, Though cowards blain and traitors sater. We'll keep the Red flag flying here.

Look round, the Frenchman loves its blaze; The sailor prays for its grace; In Moscow's vaults its hymns are sung; Chili's walls are surging throng—Chorus.

It waved above our land against When all ahead seemed dark, as night: Men deemed many a deed and vow— We must not change its color now—Chorus.

It well recalls the triumphs past; It gives the hope of peace at last, The banner of the right of Man human right and human pain—Chorus.

It suits today the word and base Their task is not yet full and place To crimes before the rich, man's sown The circle of a revolution—Chorus.

With beads uncovered sweet, we all To bear it onward till we fail. The deuce dark, or yellow grim This song shall be its stern am—Chorus.

Sorrows of Cupid,

By Kate Richards O'Hare, has had an immense series of life experiences in the poorer districts of great eastern cities, which show why marriage is decreasing, and why it is so often a failure. This is a great, common story. A limited number of copies at 15c each.


"Section 1. Be It Enacted by the People of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly: That no female shall be employed in any mechanical establishment or factory or laundry in this state, more than ten hours during any one day, and the hours of work may be so arranged as to permit the employment of the female at any time so that they shall not work more than ten hours during the twenty-four hours of any day."

"Sec. 2. Any employer who shall require any female to work in any of the places mentioned in Section One of this act, more than the number of hours provided for in this act, during any day of twenty-four hours, or who shall fail, neglect or refuse to arrange the work of females in his employ that they shall not work more than the number of hours provided for in this act, during any one day, or who shall permit or suffer any overseer, supervisor or other agent of any such employer to violate any of the provisions of this act, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction thereof shall be fined for each offense in a sum not less than $25 or more than $100."

"Sec. 3. The State Department of Factory Inspection shall be charged with the duty of enforcing the provisions of this act, and prosecuting all violations thereof."

"Sec. 4. All acts and parts of acts in conflict herewith are hereby repealed."—Apted May 16, 1909; in force July 1, 1909 (Laws of 1909, p. 212.)

Miss Felicia Keiver, of Paterson, N. J., was elected a delegate to the state committee by Local Pasaic county, at its recent annual meeting. Conrade Keiver is the first woman elected to that committee.

Don't forget to take at least four subs to The Progressive Woman this month.

A Little Sister of the Poor, two copies, twenty-five cents.
WHAT are you going to do about the education of your son and daughter? Where will they study this fall?

Their education is the most important business to which you can give your attention. Time spent in investigating the matter is well spent, because so much depends on the right start; you can’t afford to make a mistake.

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FOR THE CHILDREN

Mother Goose Revised.

Little Jack Horner sat in the corner.
Eating some cake and pie;
This he did with the air of a financier.
Tom emptied his pockets and took a good eyeful.
Bill looked the collection over with a critical eye, and said:
"That will buy four tickets."

After considerable haggling the trade was made.

By this time rumors of the new railroad project had spread throughout the village and boys of all sizes and descriptions appeared and found work. Bill was soon doing the usual sort of articles. His exchequer disclosed the fact that he was getting wealthy. Soon he became weary of pushing the car and decided to hire a couple of boys to do the propelling act. This he did, and soon the improved train was a thing of beauty and clip. Bill found this much more to his liking, and he made as much "money" as before.

A few days Bill had every marble, every pin, every ball and ball-bat in town, besides a miscellaneous assortment of kittens, dogs, cats, etc. But, notwithstanding he distributed his favors in the way of labor to the different boys, there was a fall in business. Bill couldn't understand it. The boys were there and wanted to ride, the train was ready to start, and there were plenty of willing hands to do the pushing. Finally he hit upon the plan of reducing the prices. This facilitated business a little, but after a short spurt the business fell off again.

"I've heard dad talk about panics; maybe we ain't havin' one. Still, I've got plenty."

Bill, who was a shrewd financier, set about to relieve the distress. Bill had noticed that the "legal tender" which he paid to the boys to push the car flowed back into his hands rapidly and easily. Now, I'll just have these boys do a lot of things for me, and get some more money in circulation, then my business will be good again.

So, accordingly, Bill made it known that he wanted laborers to build a depot. The applications for places were numerous. He selected his gang, and then made it known that he would buy boxes, boards, nails, etc. Soon the back yard of Bill's parents was a scene of activity of the most graphic kind. Bill's boards and fence palings were surreptitiously hooked and brought to the scene and exchanged by the boys for the articles they had given for tickets on Bill's railroad.

It was a busy scene, and activity in every department was stimulated. The railroad resumed operations on a larger scale, and the depot was rapidly nearing completion. The work was finished, and the miniature town had plenty of funds and the railroad still run lively. In a few days, however, the railroad business dropped off and came to a standstill. Bill then had an invention, and found that he had accumulated a large amount of wealth, besides having his buildings up and paid for.

"Must be another panic," he soliloquized, as, with hands deep in his pockets, he gazed out through the transparent and anxious-looking faces of the boys without. "I guess I'll have to do something to stimulate business again."

His fertile brain conceived numerous ways of giving employment to the boys. Bill's house was cleaned and the fences and trees white washed, the garden was weeded, for all of which he paid liberally, knowing full well the "money" would come back. Business was good for a while but was followed by
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

upon the car. He tendered the conductor some of the collateral that was good on his road, but that functionary refused it disdainfully.

"Dat don't go on this line. If dat's all you've got, you'll have to get off an' walk.

Second International Conference of Socialist Women.

The representatives of the organized Socialist Women of different countries, having given their assent, the undersigned convokes by their order,

The Second International Conference of Socialist Women in Copenhagen on the 26th and 27th of August next. The sittings will be held in the Arbejdernes Forsamlingsbygning, Jagtvej 60 and be opened Friday, August 26th at 9 o'clock in the morning.

The provisional agenda of the conference is:
1. Opening
2. Measures for securing more regular relations between the organized Socialist women of all countries.
3. Practical work in favor of universal woman suffrage through adult suffrage.
4. Social protection and provision for motherhood and infants.

All the organized Socialist women—without difference of the group or party they belong to—as well as all the societies and unions of women workers, recognizing the fact of class war, are earnestly asked to send their delegates—women or men—to this conference.

The organizations of each country are autocratic to decide the rules of sending delegates to the conference. The number of delegates is not restricted for any organization. The Socialist women in the various countries are kindly asked to forward proposals to the undersigned in order that those proposals may be translated and communicated to the national correspondents in time. The names of the delegates and the reports on the state and work of organizations Socialist women are concerned in, must be sent not later than the 1st of August. The reports are to be published in the three languages of the conference—German, English and French. If received in time, they will be distributed before the opening of the conference.

The women comrades of all countries are heartily requested to do their best that many delegates will attend the conference, so that the second international gathering of Socialist women will successfully continue the theoretical and practical work taken up successfully in a strong community of the Socialist ideal by the First International Conference of Socialist Women at Stuttgart, Fraternally yours,

CLARA ZETKIN.

International Secretary of the Socialist Women, Wilhelmshohe, Post Degerloch bei Stuttgart, Germany.

The Mills of Mammon.

By James B. Brower, is a white slave story that will make your hair stand on end. Not only that, the curse of the capitalist system in its every department, is shown up in such a manner as to sicken and disgust the most enthusiastic supporter of the present order. Get a copy of this book for your library, and lend it to all your neighbors and friends—they will read it Price $1. The P. W., Pub. Co., Girard, Kan.

Get your secretary to order sub-cards for The Progressive Woman and start some readers in your vicinity.

Socialism and the Home, by May Walden, 20 copies for 60c. Don't hold your P. W. sub cards. Turn them into nubs.

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What Women Can Do.

J. C. K.

It is so often asked "What can women do in the Socialist movement?" It actually has become a burning question; it is what more people are asking it; more and more men, and more and more women want seriously to know what women can do in the Socialist movement.

And, after all, it is such a simple question. What do women do any where? What do they do in the home, in the church, in the club, in the sewing circle, in the towns and cities and nations?

We daily talk, surely they talk. And so far even men haven't found anything much better than just talking, in the Socialist movement. It takes a lot of talking, in fact; it is a place where talk is at a premium: it is guilt edged stock, in our party. I have often sold the founder of the greatest Socialist paper in the world standing on the street corner of his home town, talking to beat the band. Talking as if his life depended on it—just to simple country bumpkins, on the street corners. Talking Socialism, of course. Women can talk about Socialism. In the kitchens, in the parlors, over the back fence, in the clubs, when they go shopping—when is it that a woman can't talk? And women in the Socialist movement can use this great natural gift to wonderful advantage. Let them try it.

After talking comes the distribution of literature. People want to know what it is you are talking about so much. This is a good chance to give them something to read. Women can use the quantity of Socialist literature that comes into the home in a way that will make it do double service. And if that is not enough, order more, and carry it around to the homes of the people. Any man may take a piece of literature from a woman, and no woman will say her nay. This process repeated over and over, is bound to make the recipients think, and if they don't read at once, they will. Continual pressure will make them read in spite of themselves. Every Socialist local should have a corps of women organized for the express purpose of distributing literature to men on the streets and in the homes. The street cars are good places for this most valuable work. A bunch of papers or leaflets distributed on the street car, are sure to be read.

Then there is the financial end of the situation. Every Socialist local needs a group of women in it to raise money for the good of the cause. Men aren't any good at raising money. They know how to go down in their own jeans and hand out a dollar or two, if the cause is pressing urgent; but they don't know how to raise a lot in nickles and dimes and quarters, small amounts that aren't felt by the individuals, and yet which are sufficient to meet all the bills, and make possible new ones, and somehow have a little left over for the Socialist egg. Then, the women can do, and are doing every day of their lives, everywhere except in the Socialist movement. Why not do it here? The need is urgent enough.

Another thing is teaching. Think of the women teachers in capitalist society. The mothers in the home, school teachers, Sunday school teachers—in every avenue of child life, the woman is the teacher. We need women to teach Socialism in our movement. Every Socialist local needs at least one woman who will take a class of children once a week and teach them in easy terms the principles of our philosophy. It is something that ought to be done. Men haven't time for it. They aren't as fit for it as are women. Surely women can be teachers in the Socialist movement.

And as for our social life—we haven't any in the Socialist movement, where there are no women interested. Social life is necessary to any organization. Women make it possible. We need women to give entertainments, socials, dances, suppers, children's parties, and a score of other diversions that constantly fill life in human society.

What can women do in the Socialist movement? Rather ask what can't they do? Some folks have the idea that every woman who comes into our movement should be a great speaker, and shine as such at our local meetings. Nay, vari, let her rather be a good talker, and shine as much among her neighbors. Also, they think she must be a great stenographer, knowing all the things from the foundation of the world. It is not necessary. She may know the evils that exist today, their cause and cure, and this will fit her for a good Socialist. If she wants to go into history and biology, why, let her. It will help her, but if she hasn't time, she can be a good, influential Socialist anyway. The same holds true of men. Workingmen haven't time to become scholars. If they had they wouldn't need Socialism.

So to the men and the women I would say, go after the women for your organization. You need them. They need you. Talk to them, try to interest them in literature, papers, and leaflets, and pamphlets that appeal to them, and they can understand. Then when you get them, regard them as a precious adjunct, and hold them by giving them some simple things that they wouldn't stick unless you keep them busy; and once they are started they will keep themselves busy. And keep you busy, too. And goodness knows, you are not overly active by yourself. Women can do? Many very, very necessary things. Go after them and see.

From Our Readers.

The last issue is great—Lena Morrow Lewis, enroute.

There are good words for The Progressive Woman everywhere.—Anna A. Maley, enroute.

Your magazine gets right close to the heart of all women comrades—Fred Stone, Arkansas City, Kan.

I enjoy your paper so much I want some of my neighbors to do the same.—Mrs. T. H. McDonald, Los Angeles, Cal.

Your articles in The P. W. are splendid, and you are doing noble work.—Harry P. Morse, Los Angeles, Cal.

May your efforts never end until woman is politically, socially and sexually free.—W. E. N. Wright, Colorado.

The Progressive Woman is such a splendid magazine that I do not wish to miss a single number.—Inez Alexander, Missouri.

Send last issue of The P. W. to me here. Can't get along without the little paper on earth.—Matilda Hodges, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

We held a little afternoon social in a quiet way and the ten-cent collection amounted to $1.50, which I enclose for a bundle of the July number with the white slave exposure. We hope to better it next month. This was only a beginning.—Aggie Downings, Los Angeles, Cal.

Find money order for five subs. I expect to send in more as soon as I am better quantified. If you do I will contribute to this wonderful woman's magazine.—Mrs. Ralph Sassaman, New Jersey.

Enclosed find money order for $2, which send to the sub cards as I enclosed list. I think The Progressive Woman is the best paper ever published (Would like to except the Appeal, but can't, honestly). I felt like shouting when I read the "Marriage Contract" in the Ji issue.—Mrs. Kate Stiles, Ohio.

The Progressive Woman, the best journal of its kind published, ought to receive the support of each and every woman, as well as every broad-minded man. Its purpose to educate, must be financially strengthened. This little torpedo must accomplish its work, which will not be destructive, but constructive. Please add twenty new subscribers, all from Washington, D. C., to your list. Wish I could send you 1,000. Yours for the better education of humanity.—Julia M. Brog, Washington, D. C.

We Eat at Home.

We eat at home; we do not care for what unhealthy custom we eat at home; but we eat at home. And proudly our dyspepsia bear.

Straight from our furred forefather's lair, at the instant of birth we were put in a circle

And still unmodified by progress high

We eat at home.

In wasteful ignorance we buy, and spend it, and eat it—

What though a tenfold cost we bear,

The doctor's lie: "You must have meat!"—Still without ever asking why.

We eat at home.

The (Fore)runner

Maynard had been naughty, and his fat side, a hammer by the singer in the story, used to run into his room to ask God to forgive him for being the boy.

Three-year-old Harold was present, but seen no notice of the events was young. So, was the turn, however, before many days to receive all his stories in his past, while here is "Oh, don't say papa," he said, "I would not go upstairs and pray."

Stevie and Robbie were cousins, and, although you had a sound of each other on the table, did not always eat together. One day Robbie's mother entered the room where the little ones were playing, and immediately appealed to her son. "Mama, is Mr. Weldon that you need in your pamphlet," said Stevie to tell your faults for?" asked Bob as mother in astonishment. "So that I can eat his," was the unexpected reply.

There was a circus in town, and Roy great wished to go and see the feats of all the gir animal's, but his father objected, on the grounds that he ought to be doing little things. "But you always say I do a good boy," so "Papa, what do you mean by is done, besides, papa," I add. "I think that lighting up, 'hadn't I better see, so I'm enought to enjoy it?"

Donald, aged five, from the city, wasriat at the museum in the daytime; time wanted to help and was a great pill. He sae "I don't know what the matter. He sobbed, "I pull my new's steins and I spanked me with a tall."

Socialist women's clubs and committees associated to the Socialist party. They will need literature with which to carry on the public discussion. The Progressive Woman and our leaflets. They can find anything better for their purposes.

Little George, three years old, was brought to her mother's side, and said, "This is the last time to sentence by sentence. He looked up where it was. "This is the last time to sentence by sentence. He looked up where it was. "This is the last time to sentence by sentence. He looked up where it was. "This is the last time to sentence by sentence. He looked up where it was. "This is the last time to sentence by sentence. He looked up where it was. "This is the last time to sentence by sentence. He looked up where it was.

Socialism and The Home is a pamphlet by Mr. Brog, of which every Socialist will want a copy of this booklet for $1.

Two copies of Ben Hunston's "Fight for Life," one of the very best propaganda books.