THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

From the International Congress

The women led off at the Copenhagen International Congress, as they did at Stuttgart, by holding a two days' Congress before the big International got down to business.

The woman's congress was called together through the indefatigable energy of Clara Zetkin, of Stuttgart, who made the opening speech. Comrad Clara Zetkin is a most capable woman, being able to make speeches in one language after another, thus making herself indispensable as translator at the International Congress. She is the editor of Gleichheit, the Socialist woman's paper of Germany, and issues the reports of the international woman's movement, of which she is chairman.

Comrade Mrs. Mac presided over the woman's congress.

A resolution presented by Clara Zetkin condemned the action of the czar in his hostile attitude toward Finland, was roundly applauded by the women, and especially appreciated by the Finnish women present.

It was decided not to start an internation woman's paper, but to continue the use of Die Gleichheit, with an international number every three months or so. In this connection Comrade Kollentay, a brilliant and beautiful Russian woman, made a speech in which she urged the women of each country to devote themselves to the education of the working women of the class.

Late in the afternoon the question of suffrage was reached. From the Daily Call we take the following:

The discussion was opened by our zealous comrade, Luella Twelvet, who referred to the united suffragette petition recently presented to the English parliament, and said it would probably increase the power of the capitalist class. After women got the vote, they would have to be taught how to use it. Education would be needed.

In a letter published in the New York Times, Clara Zetkin said that the women would not vote on the same terms as men, but that this should not affect the voting power of working women, as it meant a property qualification.

The principal speakers included, besides Mrs. Zetkin, a woman known as the "Iron Goddess of Sweden," and Dr. Boll, of the Women's Journal of Sweden. The former spoke strongly on the utter folly of trusting government and working in the existing system.

The two main speakers were able to show that the American continental women possibly could be the last to break with the suffrage, with a charming personality, but she attempted a very difficult role.

Our grand comrade, Doris Montefiore, then spoke strongly opposing compromise, the curse of British Socialism.

The first day's conference adjourned at 6.30. In the evening a grand mass meeting for the women, organized by the Danish women, was held. Over 4,000 were present, and a Socialist alderwoman, Henrietta Crone, presided over the meeting.

Comrade LaMonte, in the Daily Call, gives the following regardings this meeting:

"There were fifteen ten-minute speeches by representatives from all the nations of the world. The speeches were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The speeches of the American, English, and French were greeted by the most hearty enthusiasm. Comrade Crone, of the American, whistled through the entire speech of the Dutch. The speeches were so popular that many of the women who were unable to speak in the Assembly, and yet wished to express their opinions, were able to do so through the medium of the Daily Call."}

ALEXANDRA KOLLENTAY, Russian Delegate

War on the White Slave Trade

This is a Book Designed to Awaken the Public to the Importance of Protecting the Innocent. Have You Read It?

If not, it is worth your time.

Send $1.50 today for a copy to The Progressive Woman Pub. Co.

Girard, Kan.

Paper at Stockholm, then spoke. She said two years ago the women of the world voted on the same terms as men, but this should not affect their voting power of working women, as it meant a property qualification.

The principal speakers included, besides Mrs. Zetkin, a woman known as the "Iron Goddess of Sweden," and Dr. Boll, of the Women's Journal of Sweden. The former spoke strongly on the utter folly of trusting government and working in the existing system.

The two main speakers were able to show that the American continental women possibly could be the last to break with the suffrage, with a charming personality, but she attempted a very difficult role.

Our grand comrade, Doris Montefiore, then spoke strongly opposing compromise, the curse of British Socialism.

The first day's conference adjourned at 6.30. In the evening a grand mass meeting for the women, organized by the Danish women, was held. Over 4,000 were present, and a Socialist alderwoman, Henrietta Crone, presided over the meeting.

Comrade LaMonte, in the Daily Call, gives the following regardings this meeting:

"There were fifteen ten-minute speeches by representatives from all the nations of the world. The speeches were received with the greatest enthusiasm. The speeches of the American, English, and French were greeted by the most hearty enthusiasm. Comrade Crone, of the American, whistled through the entire speech of the Dutch. The speeches were so popular that many of the women who were unable to speak in the Assembly, and yet wished to express their opinions, were able to do so through the medium of the Daily Call."
ANIELICA BALABANOFF
Russian Revolutionary, Now Living in Exile in Italy

with an English-speaking Japanese, whilst in the middle distance are hilly "Cornstalks" from "dead" tinder. And papa pride of white and dark skinned humanity.

There is a part of the face and figure of a Greek goddess.

But where am I? I want to know what the Congress did. I suppose. Well, if you want to know minutely your American delegation of international secretaries, Camille Husmanns, who, while giving you all the colors and sound and life—not the dry bones of the gestures of the delegates, of the Parlia-

ment, the Finnish poetess, the brave Misia Sillan-

paa, the brave, strong woman who has turned to parliament and who, and a woman, herself, has fought the servitude imposed by a great organization, and many other Finnish women have gone along those paths, with their steel-blue eyes and fair complexion.

Irara - Zelkin, who must surely be one of the most beloved of women, is an even more vigorous as ever—while Rosa Luxemburg, Lucienne through the group with the old, fearless look and smile. Then the diminutive Angelica Balabanoff and the dramatic Sorge of Sweden, whose well-known climson is seen at all Congresses, are both working hard in the movement of movements. The thing individual in the movement, and appears to possess the powers of an influence that is being held.

Do not think that the great Congress of 800 delegates, representing nearly ten million people, only confined itself to matters of life, that it "let itself go", and twice at that—one thing at a time. The whole Congress moved in final form, of the Road House, or Town Hall, one of the finest buildings of the movement. The delegates were entertained in royal fashion. I have been told that the hall which had been built, behold, such a collection of viands, which showed themselves as if they were a bar, others like a sneak, and others like nothing ordinary. The mountains, the sea, the earth, the heavens were all heaven.

Two of the finest voices in the Congress were those of Wagni and Chamizo, and an orchestra with the finest talent. The music and the excitement beguiled us in "The International" whilst the twinned voices of the masses, the cheer of the ear and in-structed us to the perfection of the revolutionary spirit.

A Letter From the Congress.

Dear Comrade Editor—I am sure the readers of the Progressive Woman will want to know something of the International congress and also of the woman's meeting.

On August 16th New York City abode the Lusitania. Six days of perfectly smooth sailing brought us safely to England.

Excepting for the time one had to take for eating and sleeping, I spent most of the time on the upper deck, watching the passengers and watching the ever changing ocean scenes. The Lusitania is a miniature world in itself. More than 800 men and women were necessary to run this wonderful boat. One of the most interesting was the great engines in the bottom of the ship. Climbing down some five or six stairways we at last reached bottom.

Here one is fairly lost in a mass of machinery—scores of people being shoveling coal into the immense furnaces. I said to one of the stokers "what do you think would happen if you fellows would go on strike while we were in mid-ocean?" He replied, "No, we couldn't go on strike out here."

Perhaps it is the feeling that giving his own life that keeps the stoker from striking on strike when in mid-ocean, but I am half inclined to give him credit for a sense of responsibility which the well-considered, for, easy- going, it would scarcely attribute to him. If only the world could be light and heat and beauty and know their power they could bring the world to their feet. The most tremendous task of the century is the awakening of the workers to a consciousness of the nature and importance of the world in the business of affairs. Only those who know the part they are playing in life's work are fit and capable of holding the place that rightly belongs to them. The working class will never gain the ascendency until it knows itself. This is the mission of the Socialist party; anything short of this is a farce and a fraud.

After a part of a day's travel by land we again embark for Danish shores. A goodly number of English comrades were aboard. Whatever misgivings I may have had concerning the North sea were all in vain for the journey was pleasanter and smooth as on the Atlantic ocean.

One of the pleasant features of the North sea voyage was the singing of the old Scotch songs by Comrades Keir Hardie and Bruce Collier of the women who were delegates to Anderson's splendid recital of Tom O'Shanter made him quite a favorite among the pas-
sengers. Lack of space forbids personal menion of many of other British comrades who were on board.

The Woman's congress was in session when I arrived. The evening meeting of the first day was in progress. Among the interesting speakers was Elizabeth Mac of Copen-
hagen, Dr. Angelica Balabouf of Italy, Charlotte Durand, a woman member who has cast her lot with the poor people, and who is also an enthusiastic suffragist.

Much excitement prevailed the second day of the Woman's congress over a clause in the Second Amendment which supported the bill for limited suffrage in Eng-

land with bad faith. It was not a question of whether we should work with the suffrage societies that stood for universal suffrage, but whether we would support the limited bill.

Time will prove whether or not our friends of the limited bill are seeking solely for the purpose of breaking down sex lines, or simply for the sake of making Progressives. On the one side we have those who claim there is only the class division, on the other side there are those who insist that there is a sex division, and may it not be possible that both divide wholly right nor wholly wrong. Life's problems will never be solved correctly except by the proper adjustment of each and every factor. The importance placed on one factor will not alone for the failure to give due credit to other factors.

While there were many things that might have been improved on at the first session of the International congress, altogether it was a good beginning in the direction of awakening the women of the world to the necessity of their political and economic freedom. One mark of progress was the passing of a resolution demanding that all children whether born in or out of the bounds of wedlock, receive equal treat-

ment at the hands of the state. If my mem-

ory serves me right, one of the first bills intro-
duced by a Socialist woman member of the Finnish diet was women making legal in the eyes of the law all the children of the state.

In a later letter I hope to give the readers of the Progressive Woman an account of the freedom of the women in the International congress, five of the Finnish delegates were Socialist members of the Diet.

When the resolution protesting against the Czar's abolishing the Finnish government was reached the women wholeheartedly aroused en masse and emphasized its approval of the denunciation in most emphatic terms.

I trust this will reach you for the October issue. I sail from Liverpool October 8th, and hope to be glad to get back to the states.

I am raising money to see the September P. W. to see just what you did with "Mr. Grundy" of Boston.

With best wishes to all the readers of The Progressive Woman, I am Yours for the Revolution,

LENORA LEWIS.
THE TRAFFIC IN GIRL SLAVES
THE MENACE TO THE MORALS AND HEALTH OF SOCIETY IN THE WHITE SLAVE TRAFFIC

Just at present, because of the development of the northwest and the building of numerous works there, that territory presents an inviting field for the white slave trade in all its branches. We are in receipt of a report to the police and licensor committee on the social evil in Tacoma, Wash., dated January 25, 1909. The horrors of prostitution as a business are well set forth in this document, from which this article is taken:

"The Globe hotel, fronting on Court A, is again filled with the lowest of negro and Japanese prostitutes.

The New Standard hotel, fronting on Fourteenth street, is again populated—ten times with imported French prostitutes, who occupy cribs about 6x8 feet, on the second and third floors of the building. There are about one hundred of these women and very few of them can speak English. They are the very lowest type of their class and have evidently not been long in the country, and none of them have been in Tacoma more than two weeks.

"The committee made a trip of investigation after the council meeting last Wednesday night and secured the information contained in this report. We are informed that the negro prostitutes were sent to Russia and established on the Japanese were sent for and given quarters with the negroes, and they were followed by the French women. It was stated to members of this committee by a resident of the district that the plan was to move slowly, and that if no opposition was met, the next move would be to reopen the subordinate cribs that exist in the basements of these two buildings. The buildings were constructed by the Tacoma vice syndicate, expressly for the purpose of carrying on the business of prostitution as a commercial enterprise, and are absolutely worthless for any other purpose but prostitution, as the rooms are about the size of a small bathroom—just large enough to hold a single bed and chair.

The City Receives a Toll.

"At the time of the beginning of the present city administration, the city was gratifyingly free from vice, having been closed up temporarily for the purpose of influencing the election, and at that time a similar attempt to the present movement was made to inaugurate a carnival of vice and lawlessness, and members of the police force were detaining the people who were associating with the Tacoma vice syndicate in organizing, conducting and extending its business, and some of the most notorious spotters of the underworld were appointed detectives to go on the job and aid the police force in this district. A member of this committee at that time saw three of the highest officials of the police department instructing the inmates of these buildings how they should be prepared to receive and quarter women and boys. The windows and doors were to be arranged, and in regard to sanitary arrangements, toilet facilities, etc.

"At that time the city of Tacoma was actually busy with that part of the devil's business by a city official receiving and requisitioning, in the name and on behalf of the city, $10 each month on the earnings of each white, brown and black slave owned by the Tacoma vice syndicate, and the sheriff of Pierce county at one time arrested thirty-five of these slaves who had their licenses in their possession.

Reasons for the Traffic.

"During the next five years there will be thousands of laboring men employed in the city and vicinity in the construction of new railroads, tunnels and other projects. These men, many of them, if not all, will be paid the $5 per month in the city and the money will go to the men's pockets. In the meantime, the negroes and Japanese will be paid the $5 per month in the city, and the money will go to the hands of the syndicate. At the end of the year the syndicate will have a profit of over $1,000—not a week, a month or a year, but a day, and during the next few years there will be at least five times as many men in the class who frequent such places in Tacoma, and there will be paid to the full capacity, as formerly, there would be a profit of at least $3,000 per day poured into the coffers of the Tacoma vice syndicate—every dollar of which would be taken from the channels of a legitimate business where it belongs.

The Infamous Crib System.

"When your committee visited these spots last Wednesday evening they were crowded with young men and boys, nineteen-tenths of whom were under twenty years of age. These young men and boys were inoculated with diseases that are ten times more dangerous to themselves and the society than smallpox. These young men and boys are also being initiated into French vices of which their fathers and grandfathers were formerly ashamed, and which are of so vile and infamous a character that they cannot even be mentioned.

"These crib houses are built in the shape of a hollow square. There are cribs around the four sides of the building, and the boys check between the cribs and against each side of the buildings, against the outside walls. There are other rows of cribs in the center of the building and a passage between them and the cribs against the outside walls. Dozens of boys came in at the front door, passed along to the side, down the side to the back of the building, to the front along that side of the building and thus to the doors of the cribs. Every one of these cribs was occupied by a more than half naked woman, who solicited the boys to come into their cribs. None of the boys would have thought of going to a regular house of prostitution, but that would not have been admitted, as the keepers of places of this character realize that they cannot afford to have boys around for business reasons. One of these crib houses will hold more than a hundred regular houses of prostitution.

How the Women Are Enslaved.

"When these buildings were in operation before each woman paid to the Tacoma vice syndicate $8 per month for the use of the crib, which was collected nightly; and $3 a month to the same syndicate for the use of a gas heater, and $11 each month to the city of Tacoma for a license, making a total of $51 per month. In this arrangement a lot has been changed, and that each woman now pays $25 to each night to the Tacoma vice syndicate, which amounts to $75 per month, as formerly, but no money was paid to the city, and we are unable to say who now gets the $10 which each woman formerly paid into the city treasury for her monthly license.

"Your committee interviewed thirty of these women on Saturday night, the 6th day of February, 1909, and found that twenty-nine of them had been in Tacoma only two or three days, having been brought to Tacoma from all parts of the northwest, and the other woman had been there but a day. This mother said she had a room on Lower C street, but she was visited by two detectives of the Tacoma police force and informed that if they wished to practice their profession in Tacoma they would have to pay the city $50 each night for the use of a crib, or else would have to leave town, as no one would be allowed to engage in this business anywhere in the city of Tacoma except the licensor. One woman stated that if she paid the $2.50 nightly for the privilege of living in the alley—between the cribs to see that the business was conducted in a business-like and orderly manner, and to see that the collectors got the $2.50 from each crib.

The women, especially, are in the same condition. In fact, that each of these women has to pay over to her owners $75 each month before she is allowed one cent for food, shelter or clothing. It is also well known that an amount of money is taken in by the small syndicate by the sale of liquor, but the women are not allowed any of this money, and the women are not allowed any of this money.

Belies the Rockefeller Report.

One might think that after the effort (?) of Congress to suppress the white slave traffic and after the report of the Rockefeller Commission that an organized traffic all this would be at an end and the vice syndicate to which illusion is so often made in this official document would be inoperative. But the following letter from Tacoma under date of July 30:

...
The Progressive Woman.

How Will You Vote?

Anna A. Maley

Of course, woman's suffrage is coming. My sisters, what will you do with the ballot when you have it?

Now, honor to the memory of your grand-mother! She gave very little attention to other things until the stomachs and backs of the family were comfortable. It's a pity she ever lost control of the work of feeding and clothing the people. But she did lose control.

The modern mill and factory took her task out of her capable and serviceable hands.

The family became the people; grand-mother retired from the kitchen and the profit chasing corporations undertook to cook and dispense the people's food.

Woe to us, then! For under the new dispensation we worked until the poison of weariness saturated our bodies; we worked where the air was charged with noxious vapors; we worked under the pressure of fatigue, and under compulsion, we cheated and poisoned our food in the making of it.

Says Comrade Eugene V. Debs in "Eating in the United States," (Magazine, September), "Before this hem has quit its twitting they jabbed a hollow needle into it and squirted in some of this fence-post preserve, and the next day noon it was on the market. Time is money nowadays, and money's what we're after, not something fit for folks to eat."

The people are hired by the corporations to get dinner in the great national kitchen. We spread on the board an abundance—food, clothing, shelter, and the like. They pay us fifty cents a piece for getting the dinner, but they charge us a dollar a plate for eating it. We buy not half of the dinner. We prepare a supper on the same terms—half of it we find ourselves and half the dinner and supper make up a breakfast. Then the kitchen door is closed, with us on the outside. Our services are not needed at breakfast time. No work. No wages. We must starve because the larder is too full.

What good are our good grandmas who have said to that?

Only the kitchen bosses sit down to the breakfast table. They can't eat all of the food. A good deal is left for dinner, so all over the country there is a two day hangover. And we must not expect fifty cents for our work because there are at least three men looking for every job.

We do not presume to sit at the table for this meal. We get a poor hand-out from the boss and his adoring little men and women.

We complain. The kitchen bosses tell us that there is over-production; that the supply of labor exceeds the demands for labor, that there is something wrong with our confidence, that there is something wrong with the people. Mr. Harriman is interfering with the movement of stocks in Wall street.

Let us pray—as well as we can with our shattered confidence—that on the shore where Mr. Harriman has departed, he is an indifferent director of the great Wall street.

Also they promise us a revision of the tariff—tariffs to boost still higher the price of what we buy. What have we to sell, the labor power in our bodies, is left without protection.

Our market is utterly demoralized—not only are there too many men looking for places to sell themselves, but by lengthening the working day, every man is hit in effect two men.

Now comes patent potato-padders and other "labor saving" machinery (the labor is saved but what of the laborer?) and the cooks are out of our kitchen by hundreds and thousands. Here in the city we see these wanderers—commonly called "blanket stiffs"—their only home a dirty blanket strapped upon their backs. Some of them are mere boys, others have care-seamed faces. I wonder if these latter dream of some tender child whose fingers work the lever in the kitchen from which they have been driven.

The cooks who must be fed from our national kitchen, with their families number five hundred million people. Hindu cooks and their families, two hundred and twenty-five million people. Japanese cooks, who in number run not far behind those of the United States.

These are all cheaper cooks than we are, which means that, while they produce as much as we do, they need not pay us better wages. They will get the job of the course, the cheapest cooks always get the jobs, other things being equal.

The employed starve because they are cheap. The unemployed starve because they refuse to be cheap. These latter think they can buck the game. But it seems that there is starvation ahead for a good many cooks, doesn't it?

The republicans and democrats say that there is no remedy for overproduction except to throw the cooks out of the kitchen. They say it is impossible to employ all of the workers all the time, yet anything less than employment for the workers means starvation for the workers.

The Socialists say that there is a remedy for overproduction—that overproduction is caused by mis-management of the kitchen—by the possession of a boss who insists that dinners shall be prepared only if there is profit for them.

We must get rid of the kitchen boss. Vote him out. Reduce him to the ranks. He has betrayed us. We have produced food. He has forced us to sell the food to him for wages of less than the cost of raising food from us and returned to us a very small part of the food. We quickly ate up our small share. He then made us starve during the weary time it took him to devour his large share.

He is a tape-worm—a parasite. Put him out. Let us cook dinners to eat—not to sell. Let us close the kitchen never while there are willing cooks in need of food. If we get food ahead let us eat it during a grand general strike. Let us see the gold stored up in the vault of the central bank fall upon and destroy any ambition among us a boss who collects toll on every morsel of bread that passes our lips.

So, sister, how will you vote—republican, democratic or Socialist? I think I'll vote Socialist—being myself a cook.

"The Economic Interpretation of History," by E. H. Carr. "The city is the center of the race and society from prehistoric to modern times. For giving an easy, quick and comprehensive view of our industrial and political institutions, the best pamphlet known. Price twenty-five cents.

"The Economic Interpretation of History," by E. H. Carr. "The city is the center of the race and society from prehistoric to modern times. For giving an easy, quick and comprehensive view of our industrial and political institutions, the best pamphlet known. Price twenty-five cents.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

HOW THEY PLANNED.

J. C. K.

It is heart-rending, Robert. It actually makes me ill when I think of it. For days at a time I am so morbid that I don't even know that the sun shines.

"What makes you ill, Margaret? I hadn't noticed anything; you look as bright—"

"Oh, I know. When you are here I—I always feel like that—" she answered with a laugh. "I feel it isn't such a difference some way. I have felt the difference so much that I have even looked in the glass the minute you left to see if it showed in my face. . . . We women are so foolish, Robert. And that is one of the things that makes it so much harder—to think that I am so much brighter when I am with you, and happier, and somehow better, that I am all this now, and if—if we were married—"

"Well?"

"Well, if we were married to think it would all pass away!"

"What all pass away?—Really, Margaret, I don't understand you."

"Well, all the brightness, and the joy—the keen sense of everything, that I somehow experience when I am with you now."

"But, being married, why should it pass away?"

"Why—why, I don't know why. But it does, with most everybody."

"But not with us, Margaret. It would never pass away with us."

"Oh—that's what they all say. At least so Belle says. She said when I spoke to her about how much more spiritualized, or vivd, or whatever you call it, things were when you were with me than when I am alone, or with others, she said it was just like that with her. She thought she was going straight to heaven. And she didn't. Sometimes she thinks it the other place. Poor Belle."

They were sitting on the stone steps of her porch, the moonlight sifted through the branches of the trees in little splotches upon them, and as she looked out into space with a sad tenderness in her eyes for "Belle," Robert thought it would be going to heaven for him, when he married. And Margaret to the ceremony would make them man and wife. He kissed the hand he held, and called her back to him. "We don't have to be like Belle. You see Belle is somehow incompe—"

"Now Robert, don't you go about Belle. She is half worn out with taking care of those children, with having to skimp to make ends meet, and with Jim's ever growing indifference. I can't have you saying a word against Belle. . . . I may be like her, sometime. That's what makes me so blue and morbid. Like her and Mrs. Putnam and Mrs. Johns and Mrs. Brown, and—"

"For heaven's sake, Margery, how could you say that?"

"Well, and how could they? Things may come around with us just as they have with them. You're no god you know. Only, of course, just to me. And the quick look and smile that came into her eyes made his heart beat faster.

"No, I'm not a god. But, Margarett, I'm a Socialist. Don't you know what that means? Don't you know what it means for a woman like you, with views like yours, to—love a Socialist?"

"I know what you mean Margaret. I see it all just in this instant. It is bad. . . . Well, I should say so. It is frightful, Mar- garet, the lives these men and women live together. . . . No, I wouldn't want such a life. . . . I couldn't stand it, any more than you could."

"Thank of what it would mean to me to marry you and after all this delight in your companionship, to find in a few years, perhaps months, that all the delight had vanished. That the clean, sweet nest we had built—it was only a sort of 'grin and bear it' existence; you slopping around in a faded kimono, towelled hair, and indifferent, or overcome with the care of infants, cooking, cleaning, sewing, and housekeeping again. She would never be a woman as the years of married life advance."

"I want to live a human life—and that isn't a human life. That isn't what I want. . . . It ain't what I'm going to have, either."

A grim look came into his face that chilled Margaret's blood a little. After a long silence he spoke again. "I'd rather never marry. I'd rather break both our hearts—I'd rather die, Margaret, than that."

Evidently he meant it, for the look in his face grew harder. The girl felt the blood creeping sluggishly through her veins, and waited with tense body for him to go on. She had opened the subject. It was for him to close it.

"I'm a workingman. I can't expect much under this system. We never can be rich. We've both got a little saved, and we can buy a house now. But, after all—?—Children and sickness, likely, and days off, and who knows what all? It's a serious proposition.

"Of course I'm only a plain man. I don't care for fine clothes and a house stuffed with charming knick-knacks. But I do want my books, and I do want cleanliness and tidiness, and I do want your companionship and your love, Margaret. . . . These things I must have. So I can't have your time all taken up with fussing about the house until you are worn to a frazzle, or fretting over the children every minute—I am almost jealous of the little kids already."

The suddenly appealing look he gave her broke the nerve tension and set her blood bounding again. She had never been so close before. She stooped over and kissed him. "You big baby," she laughed.

"Ah—that is better. I guess I needn't be jealous. . . . Love makes fools of us all, I reckon. . . . Well, I've got to have you, like you are now, as near as I can keep you. And my books. Everything else will be subordinate to these needs."

"That's the idea. Let's plan to subordinate everything else to these needs. . . . It's a good idea. I believe we can manage nicely on that basis.

"First, we'll get our house. Then we'll buy all the things we actually need—as good ones as we can. No extras, no knick-knacks, no rummadoles to wear yourself out, taking care of. . . . Do you understand?"

"Sure I do Robert, and that will be just what I like. We'll have a little house, with Krex grass rugs, they're cheap, and sanitary, and artistic, too. We can make our book cases and stain them a beautiful dark oak—and have a piano, too. And I don't see why we can't make nearly all of our furniture—tables, and chairs of odd and comfortable shapes, and with my piano and several really nice pictures I have, we can have the loveliest, coziest, little nest in town."

Oh, it will be infinitely better than buying a house at an exorbitantly rate, cheaply furnished at an instalment plan, only to be bothered every month by having to make the payments. You know Belle and Ams thought they would be so fine, and bought an expensive velvet rug, and a set of imitation mahogany furniture and other odds and ends under an instalment plan, and they were the longest time paying out, and now the rug is faded, and the furniture pretty well scratched, and every- thing in the house looks as cheap and miserable as poor Belle does."

"I've always thought about books, and music and flowers."

"And right there is where they lost out!" exclaimed Robert, with his old enthusiasm.

"Furnishing a house ain't all there is to running a house," he continued. "There's the work. I am going to minimize that for you, by putting in every possible convenience even if we have to cut down on one room. One room less means less company, But if we have got to sacrifice anything, we'll stuff which women are so proud to prepare anyway. Our friends will find our home too attractive to resist. But they will have to be the kind that will drop in 'o evenings, instead of making a lodging affair out of our place. . . . Then there's the matter of cooking. I don't like an attack of indigestion once, and learned that the best things to eat are the simplest, and the plainest. You can cut out your pastry and flummery."

"I wouldn't touch 'em, anyway. If I eat meat I like tough steak. I like raw fruits, I always want plenty of fresh milk, and butter, and some kind of brown bread. Whatever else there is or isn't, I don't care. I used to eat all the good highly spiced, soggy, greasy things that 'mother made,' and I was as lean and weak as a snake. On the diet I have just named I gained forty pounds, and haven't known a sick day. . . . So I would beg, Miss Margaret, on bended knee, that you do not try to inveigle me into eating again the messy stuff which women are so proud to prepare. I just why, I have never been able to comprehend.

"Don't you be afraid of that. We teach hygiene to the children in school, and care of the diet is one of the things I am especially strong on. . . . I think we will agree there, all right.

"And Robert, there is another thing. You know you objected to my teaching, after we were married. Now that you are simplifying housekeeping for me so, why should you longer object? It is one of the things that would keep me young. It would make me feel so much better to know that I too, were a producer, a contributor to the world's welfare. I could save money, and then when trouble came, we would be more able to face it."

"I didn't want you to teach school. . . . It didn't seem just the proper thing for a man to let his wife work. . . . and earn her living."

"Yes, see. It is simply the old idea of 'woman's sphere.' As a Socialist you should have gotten beyond that. You know that it's 'superfluous.'"

"I see. . . . I see. . . ."

"Well then, you ought to entertain that I am independent upon you. . . . May be it is a nice comfortable feeling for you, dear, but I don't like it. How would you like to sit down in a house where work had been reduced to a minimum, and feel that you were being sup-
Defend Our Cause

AGNES H. DOWNING

The Progressive Woman has been attacked. Its mail privileges have been threatened. Its very existence has been denounced.

Our own Little Progressive Woman, that has already done so much, and which promised so much more for the future, why has it been assailed?

For exposing the infamies of the white slave traffic, for showing injustice of some laws, and the wrong of some social customs. Capitalism causes the white slave traffic. Capitalist officials protect white slavery and profit by it.

It is not a pleasant subject, but it is not a theme one would choose to discuss, but it is a frightful condition.

The Progressive Woman exposes the white slave traffic for the purpose of arousing the public so that such a thing may never again take place.

When Harriet Beecher Stowe told of the lash of the slave driver, showed how mothers were sold from their little babies, told of how white babies born to slave mothers, and told of the infants with exposures and nothing to eat because she choose to write of the abnormal, or indelent, or obscene. She wrote of the conditions as they existed, and for the higher purpose of making a radical change.

But it is not exactly for exposing evil that this cry has been raised. The Ladies Home Journal has exposed the evils of white slavery and prostitution. This journal appeals to all to do people and advised them in their family to save and protect their own daughters; to provide chapels for them, and to permit no man, not free from venereal disease to marry them.

The Woman’s World exposed the white slave traffic. It appeals chiefly to middle class people, and advised them against their daughters, and to slow letting them go out alone to work.

Against those papers there was no cry of shutting the mails and forbidding their circulation; in fact, it was increased. Both papers exposed the conditions, but neither offered a remedy except, “save yourself who can.”

The case of the Progressive Woman it exposes the conditions. This is what the other papers have done, with so much there is no fault. But the Progressive Woman shows what causes such a state of affairs. The white slavery, the bad laws, the unjust laws, the laws against the capitalist society. The Progressive Woman offers a large social remedy, that would save all girls, and for doing so, they demand its life. If it were to temporize with evil conditions and patch up the system here and there, it could make its weakest point. It could make some children, and nothing would be said. But it must not offer to end the wrongs and the system which causes the wrongs.

Socialists everywhere, it is no use to say, “Wait till another country or the paper shall change.” Don’t wait. Don’t want nothing. Cease you.

The Kaiiser has made a speech against woman suffrage. His ideas on these two subjects are about equally antiquated.—Woman’s Journal.
ANENT "AMERICAN CITIZEN."

We are awfully sorry, but "American Citizen," of last month's fame, has not, to date, made us acquainted with his (or her) name and address.

We did all we could, within reason, to obtain this precious information. We were informed that "Full address of the writer will be affixed to future correspondence if your attitude demands it.

We were brought up in the old-fashioned idea that it is un-ashly to make demands of any sort upon an unknown correspondent. We simply did all we could, within the limits permitted by good breeding, to shoo away the shyness of our Boston friend, and secure a revelation of this much-desired cognomen.

 Truly, we would like to know it. As another correspondent says: "Such modesty blushing diffidence, such coy unkindness, such shy non-like silence, such blank self-suppression and self-erasure—is to the male mind tantalizingly engaging. She's an alluring girl!" (This writer thinks it is a woman, evidently.

However, if "American Citizen" refuses to reveal his name, we have been made conscious of the fact that he is representative of a type which is rapidly growing in numbers in this country, and that there is, because of this type, all the more need of The Progressive Woman.

From the scores of letters we have received on this subject, we are of the opinion that the majority of our readers are with us in this consciousness, and we hope that we will remain conspicuously with us through all the remainder of our march toward better things.

Remember, our next door neighbor may be an "American Citizen" in spirit. And so long as this is possible, just so long must we be up and doing.

THE HOME BROKEN UP.

The old saw, nauseating through time, that "Socialism will break up the home," has received another setback.

It is again proven that capitalism is breaking up the home. A commission has shown that the average family should have at least $500 a year to live on. The fact is discovered that most of the families in New York get less than $500 a year.

That is over $300 short. A bare living, minus $300 means actual want for these families. It means that they do not know the blessings of home life—for "home" implies comfort. It means that they simply exist.

Another thing: Twenty-five out of every hundred women in New York work out. This is a big per cent. It means that a good many homes are without the care of the women.

Perhaps there is a reversal of things, and the men take care of the homes.

Hardly that, especially for over half of these women—or 63 per cent—get only $6 a week and even less, for their work. They couldn't "support" a home-keeping man on that. They couldn't even hire another woman to run their homes for them while they are at work.

And they can't keep things up on the off hours, either. About half of them work ten and twelve hours a day. After that they are too tired to wash, iron, scrub, bake and sew for their families.

So for this great army of working women in New York, the situation is difficult. They don't know whether they will have a home to go home to.

So for this great army of working women in New York, the situation is difficult. They don't know whether they will have a home to go home to.

SOCIALISTS SUPPORT CAPITAL'S PUBLICATIONS.

Quite unwittingly, perhaps, but nevertheless surely, Socialism is aiding and abetting the most prop of the present system.

This fact is brought out in a letter by George Allan England, in which he tells how the Northwest Magazine accepted four articles from him, and one from his publisher. England also states that the magazine had published two of these, and after receiving liberal advertising through the Appeal, which called the readers' attention to the articles, asking them to buy copies of the magazine, etc., the magazine ceased publishing two others, did not pay for those published. When Mr. England pushed them for a reason they said the magazine had changed hands, that the new parties were not friendly to Socialism, and that they would not publish any more matter on the subject.

"The trick is an old one—to get help for a while and then kick out the helpers," says Mr. England.

For some years every time the capitalistic magazines have published socialist articles the Appeal has made it a point to call the attention of its 400,000 or more readers to the fact, suggesting that they buy copies of the publication, and subscribe for them. This, of course, meant money in the pockets of the magazine publishers.

And again they advertised articles on Socialism, or of a socialist nature. Just as the Appeal, in its honesty of purpose, and anxious to spread our principles abroad, enlisted its army in buying and subscribing. And almost as often did the magazines fall down on the proposition—the Appeal sending them their subscriptions, or discounted, before their time was up.

After a number of experiences of this kind we are forced to conclude that: Socialist articles, with the liberal advertising of the Appeal, have been a sort of car's puller to rake in subscriptions from the working class to the popular magazines. They have been sent, in the pockets of capitalist publishers.

Of publishers owned body and soul by their advertisers.

We have innocently believed that the magazines were catering to socialist sentiment. Rather should we have seen that they were catering to the workers' pocket-books. They can't live for our sentiment; for our purses they care a great deal.

And while they have been looking after our purses, our own publications have been crying out like beggars on the highways for support.

It is to blush for shame when we realize the situation.

What shall we do about it?

This: Already the best magazine writers in the land are either Socialists or strongly socialist; let us turn our dimes and dollars into the coffers of our own publications, that they may employ these same high-grade writers, and thus build up a series of periodicals that will form a "pulpit" for socialism in the interest of the new parties, that the latter will die for want of attention.

The capitalist press is probably the strongest bulwark of the present system. Will Socialists continue to support this press, or will they build a splendid one of their own?

Sometimes.

The sun will shine again, the fields will blossom, the prairie will be green, the waters will be clear, the lilies that stretch so bare, will bloom again with flowers fair.

Sometime when swords by right are shattered, And Womanhood with Honor revealed.
THE EXAMINER'S GLASS
LIDA PARCE

The extension of the franchise is not under any circumstances a thing apart from the program of Socialism or opposed to it. The franchise must become universal before Socialism can come about. The Socialist party throughout the world is working for every instalment of Socialism that it can get. It is not in favor of "limited Socialism." That is not what it calls it; but it is in favor of everything that will improve the condition of the working class or any section of it no matter how slight. So the woman suffragists of Great Britain are working for the largest amount of suffrage for women that they can get; believing that anything that helps any section of the disfranchised sex will help them all. For decades they have been agitating heroically, for years they have been holding meetings, parades, demonstrations of every conceivable sort, ladylike and militant, over five hundred of them have served jail sentences and have endured the torture, but hunger-strike. Thus they have made their cause a matter of patriotism and the urgent politics. All classes of women; working women, professional women, woman artists, college women, Socialist women, all kinds and conditions of women are in this struggle for the removal of the disabilities of sex.

On June 18 they held a parade and mass-meeting which was acknowledged to be the greatest demonstration that London has seen since the extension of man-suffrage in 1832. In Joint Committee, into which all parties joined, was introduced in Parliament for the enfranchisement of women. One of the terms of this bill was that women who paid rent, but not those who received rent, were to have the vote. The bill was introduced by a labor member. On July 12 it passed the first reading, by a vote of 209 yes to 190 noes; the labor men voting solidly against the bill.

The International Socialist Woman's Conference, just closed at Copenhagen, went on record as being in favor of universal suffrage. It called the installment of suffrage that the English women are working so heroically for, though it was in favor of working for installments of Socialism. The British movement is condemned because it does not provide for suffrage for all men and all women. The conference would have nothing less than universal adult suffrage. One is compelled to ask why it did not denounce every partial measure of Socialism and declare for nothing less than the complete revolution all at once.

The difficulty about manhood suffrage in England is that the men don't want it. There is no movement of any consequence there for the extension of the franchise to men. While the labor parties have had a considerable representation in Parliament for a number of years they have conducted no notable such a thing as limited suffrage for women would be unheard of, since all men—with few exceptions—are permitted to vote. A campaign for the extension of the suffrage to women has been going on for two decades, and it has had no demonstrable effect. No monster parades, introduced no bills for universal manhood suffrage. Hence the injustice and absurdity of declaring that the women shall not have any measure of suffrage until all men have the ballot. The women who have fought so heroically for the ballot shall not have it until the men, who do not want it apparently, receive it. Such is the declaration of this conference of Socialist women. Thus we have the amazing spectacle of the women of the S. P. which is pledged to the extension of the suffrage, placing itself on record in flat opposition to the united vote of the labor members of Parliament, and pulling chestnuts out of the fire for the opposition which is entirely capitalist.

No wonder the English delegates drew from the conference! We are glad we do not meet the women members of the N. E. C., Lena Morrow Lewis, among those who voted for this action.

The woman's conference also passed a resolution introduced by Luella Twinning to the effect that: "we urge Socialist women to organize women into the party and oppose all so-called Socialist organizations not affiliated with the Socialist party." But how can women who are women's women join a party that resists the suffrage but resolutely against it, whose members in large numbers repudiate it, and which refuses to use the same tactics toward suffrage that it does toward Socialism, namely, the work for it in installments where it is not possible to get the whole thing in a lump.

As a matter of practical fact, the Socialists and suffragists do work together, to the advantage of both. In proof of which we can point to the recent vote of the conference in the British Parliament in favor of the "promise bill," to the fact that a woman employed by the W. S. Association is campaigning in Arizona at the present moment in behalf of the demands of the Socialist party regarding the constitution of the new state. That the S. P. of Oklahoma solicited names for the petition for a state referendum on suffrage. That the Socialists and the suffragists were both factors in the success of the shirt waist strike in New York. The fact that the Socialist congress of 1910 de voted two whole sessions to a debate on the question of cooperation with the suffragists and it was only after the chairman of the woman's committee of resolutions did not oppose such co-operation that the report was adopted. In view of all this evidence, it would seem that all Socialist women could safely join the S. P. and would hasten to do so. In view of the action of the Woman's conference, the resolution passed in New York repudiating co-operation after co-operation had won the strike, and constant demonstrations of hostility to woman suffrage made by party members, there is no reason why women want to stand in opposition, be Socialists would be wary of the S. P. It will be impossible to organize many such women into the party so long as individuals and conferences maintain their anti-woman attitude, and their socializing organizations outside the party, which will stand unqualifiedly for woman suffrage and many party women will stand with them.

In Missouri a woman whose husband had divorced her, and married another woman. He killed her, and she died. Acting as the agent of the husband, the second wife tried to take away from her her two small children. Her household furniture and clothing had already been taken, as belonging to the husband. He had a perfect legal right to take them, and the children as well. It is not only the wage-earning women of Missouri but all the women who are outraged by the laws which authorize these crimes. Do we, as women, wish to see only the wage-earning women freed from these barbarous laws? If working women only vote in Missouri would they be able to change these laws? Scarcely. But in the four states where all the women vote, these laws have been repealed, and the working women get the benefit along with all the other women.

Women, divided against themselves, can not save any section of their sex alone. Women must rise or remain down together.

Some of Those for Whom We Should be Thankful.

HARRIET P. MOORE.

The agitator without whom the waters of civilization would become stagnant.
The Crank, without whom there would surely be nothing new under the sun.
The Peace-maker who rectifies trouble that he never caused.
The Musician who lifts us to mightier and lovelier realms.
The Great Writer who provides us with companionship we otherwise could not know.
The Artist who gives us insight.
The Poet who calms and soothes us.
The Teacher who imparts knowledge and inspiration.
The Orator who puts great truths into pleasing and lasting form.
The Idealist who gives us glimpses of the new heaven and the new earth which are to be.
The Organizer who moulds ineffective parts into an effective whole.
The Inventor who lessens our labors and increases our rewards.
The Toiler without whom all the rest could not be.

The militant suffrage league of England has formed an athletic society for the purpose of learning the art of fighting and wrestling and thus making their arrests in the future a serious matter with the policemen. As Mr. Gurd, a five-foot-ten-inch enganger, puts it: "The ladies under my charge are tired of dealing with policemen and with rude men who interrupt their meetings. They are tired of being heckled by a lack of brains-less men and arrested by a lack of legal puppets, as our police are. We are going to use force in earnest in the future. If some of those big brutes of policemen are injured it won't be our fault, for warning has now been given." And yet there are those who persist in the statement that women don't want the ballot.

The first issue of The Pacific Suffragist, a magazine devoted to the cause of equal suffrage, comes to us from Oakland. This Suffragist is semi-monthly, and is $1 a year. It is printed in large, clear type, and promises to be a bright, instructive journal. Address all mail to Fred W. Reed, Oakland, Calif.

Fifty girls in Sedalia, Mo., are going to own a factory of their own. After going on strike for better conditions in factory work, they made the foregoing decision. The money has been subscribed, it is said, by the various unions.
Progressive Woman Readers Speak

(In our September issue we published a letter from one in Boston, calling himself (or herself) "American Citizen", but failing to sign his name, which threatened all sorts of "criminal proceedings," and won a law against us for circulating undesirables literature, etc. We asked our readers to tell us what they thought about "American Citizen"'s threat, and following are some of the answers. We can't publish them all for want of space, but we think you will be glad to know that our readers are with us, and that we will go on together in the work of emancipating the human mind from superstition and ignorance.—Ed.)

Doing Just Right.

I wish to say that I think The Progressive Woman is doing just right in exposing the white slave traffic. I am glad to see that women and men in America could read the August number, Mrs. Annie Beman, Wash.

Brings Matter Before Local.

I see in the September number of The Progressive Woman you ask us what we think about your movement. I have been reading it with great interest and I want to say that you are doing a noble work, bringing matters of great importance before the public. I think it is high time that we all take action on it. I am sure they will vote yes. Dear Sir, I am a subscriber, and I believe that this运动 is doing away with the 'Boston Hypocrisy.' I have been reading a little of the past issues and I am sure they will be of great interest to me. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Mrs. E. McKey, secretary Sedan local (Kan.)

A "Solent Subscriber" Aroused.

I have been a silent subscriber to The P. W. for some time, and I must say I have been putting it mildly. The task of arousing the women of this country is not an easy one, but I am glad to see that you are doing so. I read the September number and I say words that would look in print. I don't know if the women could lead the world. I think we would lead it. I have heard of many women who have done this. I read the book "Cherish Your Head" by Josephine Conger-Kaneo, and so forth—Meta L. Stern, New York City.

From a Former Teacher.

I want to congratulate you on the character of your magazine. I have been a subscriber for some time and am glad to see that you are doing the right thing. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Prof. Theos. R. Will, Washington, D.C.

Publicity the Only Remedy.

Your last numbers were especially powerful. Every earnest thinking woman must admit this. You have opened the eyes of the public. I want to take this opportunity to thank you for your work. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss A. J. McElroy, Los Angeles, Calif.

Enters Protest.

I wish to enter my protest against such letters as the one written by "American Citizen." Who wrote that letter? I am sure that it was not written by an American citizen. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss A. J. McElroy, Los Angeles, Calif.

The Progressive Woman.

Time Women Cried Out.

Most women in the United States who have moral courage enough to speak out about the sex slave traffic are being silenced by interference. They are being told that they are "Boston Hypocrites." But I hope that they will continue to fight for their rights. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Mrs. Alice Voorhis, Chicago.

Cry Aloud.

My book says "Cry aloud and spare not," and I hope that you will continue to do so. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, H. D. Rider, Maryland.

White Slavery Worse Than Intemperance.

The white slave traffic is a worse evil than intemperance. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss H. M. Thomas, New York City.

Mission of P. W. Made Clear.

The great mission of our "Progressive Woman" has been to enlighten and arouse all who are interested in the plight of the woman slave in America. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, E. McKey, secretary Sedan local (Kan.).

Aiming for Perfection.

I see you are still aiming for perfection. The September number is excellent. I have been reading it and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss L. M. W. Crouch, New York City.

Rejoices in Our Work.

I rejoice in the work you are doing and I am glad to see that you are doing the right thing. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss H. M. Thomas, New York City.

Keep the Search Light Gleaming.

Dear Comrades Kaneo, Matkole, Paree and Others: I believe I am not only voicing my own sentiments, but also the sentiments of every reader of your paper when I say that words are powerless. I read the "American Citizen" and can't understand what he means. I think it is your duty to publish the truth. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss H. M. Thomas, New York City.

With You Heart and Soul.

You ask the readers of your paper to express their attitude as to the stand The Progressive Woman is taking, and I am glad to say that I am with you. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss H. M. Thomas, New York City.

The Nameless One.

I notice in the September number of The Progressive Woman that I am nameless, and I suppose, headless chump of Boston, Massachusetts. I have been reading the September number and I say words that would look in print. I hope you will continue to publish. Please insert this in your paper. If you can spare the time, Miss H. M. Thomas, New York City.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

We are sure that the Progressive Woman and I do not think words of the power that can express all of it. We are eagerly looking forward to the publication of the book "The American Citizen." It is such a grand and noble work, a work for the education and enlightenment of the American people, as a new play being launched upon the public stage. It is the finest thing we have ever seen, and we are not afraid to say that it will be a great and grand work, the effects of which will be far-reaching. We are not afraid to say that it will put all other work to shame, and we are not afraid of its success. We are not afraid to say that it will be a great and grand work, the effects of which will be far-reaching.

My Protest.

I come with my protest against the "American Citizen" in its present stage. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy.

Doing a Greater Work Than Hitherto Attempted.

Your editor in the September number and the previous letter the "American Citizen" is the greatest and most important of the various Socialist papers in the state of Massachusetts.

What are the new principles that are being taught by "The American Citizen" in its present stage? I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy. I protest against such statements as, "The American Citizen" issues a statement on certain points of policy.

Musical Romances.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Magdalene Passes.

WILLIAM FRANCIS BARNARD.

What one is this, that bears the brand of shame
Within her breast, and robs her of her name?

And in the mocking land, a place of rest?

What thine eyes have seen, and thine eyes pursue with withering hate.

Until her best hope is to die, nor meet a harder fate.

This is she, who hides her head in shambling.

Who waits, as in thy graves the dead, until the day to depart from the, and

Whose tasks make pitiful the dark, and dreadful

And leave her spirit stricken stark and crushed at morning light.

Beneath the black silk and lace her form is

And through the rouce upon her face see how her

Her lightsome laugh hides not her thought; her

And her flashing rings with jewels wrought, but

Has she no tears to weep for grief, no voice to
cry with woe.

No memories panged beyond belief for joys of

Has she no tortured dreams to smart, no anguish for her

Has she no bleeding heart, that you must
curse her now?

Is here no innocence o’erthrown, no wrecked sweet

No sense of love like heavy stone, to make her
doubt all good?

Are here no woman’s ruined charms, no dead and

Are here no harnessing arms, that should full babies to rest?

And what are you, who at her side, and deem yourself

Do you forget your, black false word, the righteous act, the

Your lust of power, the debtor’s tears, cold hug

And all the evil of your years, that clamors to the

Your horror is a veil to wear and cover o’er your deeds:

Your wrongs are pointing at you there, though none through them.

Your villeness would itself deny in furious hate:

Gaze at yourselves with inward eye, you whitened

Repent! Your vanity betrays, and wrenches

Your own lies, the truth to ways which shape a

But every man is a. sin: and if your hands be

Her heart is pure and more black within, and she shall

You ask not what these false lips learned the unscrupulous skill.

Nor reck of how shame’s black eclipse obscured

You think not where false thoughts like flowers

You know not of her girlhood’s hours: you do

dread not the解析 despise.

Say! But the truth cries for the light, and struggles to be heard:

The story of her life will burn out in burning word—

Yours is to work, which crushed that grace and gave it to despair, and

The mask of beauty on that face, your hands have painted there.

She was the temple of your lust, the altar of

The sacrifice of faith and trust you made with

She was the sum of pleasure’s weight, the wealth

Where love and beauty reign in death, and all

And will you loathe her work at last, and

And shall your pride blot out the past and hide

And will you brand upon her brow the deeds which she

Speak: will you dare to hate her now, who works and

Nay, no more scoff to see her sing, nor laugh

Upon her tears: you send your hate’s baneful drink, and

How down and give your heads for shame, and

For your acts alone.

Accept your- consequence, your blame: nor cast

A single stone.

Go ask forgiveness of her there; plead with her

To forget:

Take her soul, her killing care and all her

Wild regal beauty: ay, make her strong, and

Find her faith again.

Confess to her your wrong. Thus cleanse

your soul’s dark stain.
The women throughout the civilized world are becoming awakened to the world's need of the aid of the women in righting its wrongs. The women of the working class are entering upon their work with a definite object in view. Side by side with their brothers they are clashing hands the world around. They are rising as active fighters in the revolution that is now upon us.

You and I have enlisted. The question now is, "How can we best serve our dear cause?"

This question was discussed in the national convention of 1908. At this convention a woman's national committee was elected. The limited means at its disposal, this committee did a good work. It prepared special leaflets for women. It sent out a special woman's organizer, Comrade Anna A. Maley, who for over fifteen months, with the exception of two weeks, has been constantly in the field. She is doing excellent service for the woman's movement.

At the National Congress held last May, it was decided to employ a general correspondent for this committee. Comrade Mabel Hudson having resigned, the committee has elected me to fill this position. With your earnest assistance we are hopeful of a successful year's work.

I am sending out two leaflets, the "Report of the Woman's National Committee" at the recent convention, and the "Plan for Work in Socialist Local." The "Plan" has for its object three things:

1. The education of women to an understanding of Socialism.
2. The preparation of capable women for active service as organizers, writers and lecturers.
3. The early development of the child into an efficient, intelligent member of its own working class organization.

To accomplish this end, we must have a well-organized body of women. We now have a Woman's National Committee composed of seven women, which has elected one of its members as its general correspondent. We should have each state organized in a similar manner, with a Woman's State Committee, which elects one of its members as its state correspondent. A complete organization will require time and effort. To do this we must begin at once.

How Shall We Begin?

1. At the next meeting of your local read this communication before it. Urge upon them that they bring their wives, sisters, and sweethearts into the movement. Follow the directions in the "Plan for Work" and report to your Woman's Local Committee.
2. At your next state convention see that at least one woman from each congressional district be sent as a delegate. See that a Woman's State Committee be elected from the entire membership. This committee should then elect a state correspondent. Until this can be done, write to your state secretary, urging him to see that by some means—through appointment or election—a woman correspondent for your state be secured as soon as possible. At the present time, Iowa, alone, has done this.

NATIONAL ORGANIZATION.

REPORT BY ANNA MALEY, NATIONAL ORGANIZER.

No committee were formed. No committee was elected in North Dakota, where I made but few contacts. The Wisconsin State committee may refer to the following comrades in North Dakota, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon:

Idaho: Francie, Jim's Ave., 3709, No. 3rd Ave.; Rupert, Mrs. Martha Head; R. F. D. No. 2, Boise, Idaho; Mrs. Mary Martin; Mrs. Laura Motley; Mountain Home, Mrs. Gertrude Hilt; Nambo, Mrs. Ethel Pape; Boise, Mrs. Grace Warner; Emmett, Mrs. Jane M. Meyer; Payette, Mrs. Lulu Grovet; Weiser, Mrs. Elizabeth Warner; Box 464, Mrs. A. E. Anderson; La Grande, Mrs. Anna Hillman; Lovelock, Mrs. A. Stepp; Scottsbluff, Mrs. H. H. Smith; Lewistown, Mrs. E. A. Anderson; Denver, Mrs. J. B. Warren; Diamondville, Mrs. H. B. Ridge; Buhl, Mrs. John Ramsey; Eden, Mrs. Ella May Beach; Colorado: Telluride, Chris John; Longmont, Miss Belle Knapp; Windsor, Dr. Dr. Wilson; Denver, Mrs. A. H. Heaton, 1430 Monroe Ave.; W. Y., Denver, Mrs. C. P. Miller; Collins; Colorado Springs: A. G. Bernard, Gen. Del.; Culham, Mrs. Sara Smith; Cripple Creek, Mrs. Grace Charles, 16th Emmett; F. L. V. Collins; Mattie Mansfield; Twin Lakes, Mrs. Mary Low; Jena, Mrs. V. J. Johnson; T. K. Xelto; Telluride, Mrs. Philip Nett; Durango, Joe Myerson; Monrovia, Mrs. Estelle Tarkoff.

Have You Read "War—What For?"

By GEORGE K. KIRKPATRICK.

Here is what Eugene V. Debs says about it: "...I have the book, War—What For? in my hand, and its keen and trenchant passages stir me, thrill me...this wonderful book, this outpouring of your brain and heart, this marvelous plea to all that is human in man..."

The cutting, epigrammatic opening sentences, the pictures of the negotiations, comparisons, and vivid portrayals of your inspired pen, coupled with the burning appeals hot from your indignant soul, all combine to make this book of an epoch, an immortal achievement..."

Price, $1.20. Order from Progressive Woman.

AUNT SARY'S COMMENTS.

No, dearie the band didn't play La Marseillaise, when Teddy visited Seidelberg (Milwaukee).

Theodore said it was a bad thing that girls had to work for wages under modern conditions. I think so, but because modern conditions don't follow the book is not enough to live on when they do work. So what's the use?

But Theodore didn't demolish Socialism—we are getting discouraged. The waiting is tedious and nerve-tingling. The question now arise, will he ever carry out his threat? Not will he do it?

But ha! Hist! And likewise Ho! Ho! Mayhap the solution has been found at last. Socialists never turn their backs. Teddy is said to be fond of striking from the rear—It is only a suggestion. Also a warning. Socialists must never turn their backs!

The American Boy Scout movement is financed by such men as Jacob Astor and John K. Vanderbilt. But it is the sons of working men and women who will swear allegiance to this movement and spatter the earth with their blood and brains in the interest of these rich men. Aunt Sary rises to ask: How long, O Lord, how long?

Thirty thousand illegitimate babies is the official average record for Great Britain each year. The Society for the Prevention of cruelty to children has issued a pamphlet giving ghashly particulars of the manner in which these helpless little ones are killed off by baby farmers. Who says that capitalism isn't destroying the home, root and branch.

When Czolgosz killed President McKinley he gave us Roosevelt. Had the poor fellow only known—he surely would not have done it it.

Either the people who dread race suicide are wrong, or that part of the state's work which should provide school houses is that which is behind-hand. City schools everywhere are over-crowded, children being given only half time. New York has over 60,000 children who are deprived of their full right to education in such public schools as now are at hand. Commenting upon the situation the New York Call says:

"There is no other explanation for it. The appropriations are fairly good. The application of the appropriation is criminal, for the reason that it is not keeping with the intention. Before the children receive what is coming to them some eminent politicians step in and take their rake-off."

You fathers of children who vote see how you have dawdled over the heritage of tomorrow's men and women. The awakening consciousness of the young will some day confront you asking why?

Are you a member of the "Pour-A-Wook" club? I am not. But I'm going to join today.
FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

Some Time.

Do not wait to do it "some time."

Do it now.

You've got a far away "some time."

You'll allow.

Speak a gracious word of greeting
To whomever you are meeting.

And if something is fleeting, Do it now.

That good deed postponed till "some time"

Round it up, instead of "some time."

Do it now.

Every golden jeweled minute
Hilles the treasure in it;

With stiff strength he wins and win
While you may.

—Nixon Waterman.

Autumn.

The morns are meeker than they were,

The nuts are getting brown,

The berrys' cheek is plumper,

The rose is out of town;

The days are getting scarcer,

The field a scarlet gown;

I'll put a trinket on.

—Emily Dickinson.

A Little Talk.

When Josephine, the Progressive Woman, asked me if I could say something to the youngsters of her large family, I didn't hesitate very long. First, though I like people, it is children people I like best. We understand each other, for, like Peter Pan, some of us refuse to be "grown-up." Second, I like to talk, being a woman.

I've known children who like to talk too. Haven't some of you a small brother or sister who is asking questions and chattering constantly? That is the way he learns expression, learns too, of the big world in which he lives.

In the dim, far distant past, when people lived in tribes, the fathers hunted and fished and the mothers kept up the camp fires and cared for the babies and boys and girls. There were no books to read, so can't you imagine them talking, talking to each other and to the children as they put together their garments of skins with thorns from trees? Don't you suppose some one learned a better way of sewing and preparing food and told the rest of them? And the word was passed from mothers to children, on and on. Always there has been somebody thinking out a better way of doing things, and telling it to others. And always, alas, there are other somebodies who say "This way is good enough, it is too much trouble to change. My mother and father did things this way, and so it is good enough for me." Or else they'll say "You think you're smart to be trying something different. You'll get into some kind of trouble if you aren't careful. You'd better let well enough alone."

The tribesmen and tribeswomen had a habit of talking, but the most of them didn't like—or with the one who wanted to do things the better way. I think that is the reason the period of barbarism was such a long period—thousands and thousands of years. However, the thoughts of the people were the better way of doing things and one after another would try it and eventually it became the common way; then they'd erect some kind of a memorial to the person who proposed the better way and call him great.

So very strange it is that the world needs to repeat this experience over and over from the cave people, and tribesmen upon to now.

You'll allow.

You'll allow.

That good deed postponed till "some time;

Round it up, instead of "some time."

Do it now.

Every golden jeweled minute
Hilles the treasure in it;

With stiff strength he wins and win
While you may.

—Nixon Waterman.

A great deal of study will be required for future men and women to learn and to do the things of Socialism.

Almost every progressive magazine has a page for children and young people. We shall have to face about—partake of a revolu-tion—a complete change in the manner of living so that we may not do things of which we don't know what they are. Socialism promises the living, in order that people may have something of life besides toil. Every man, woman and child who realizes the meaning of Socialism, the good of the individual and the nation as a whole, is called up to take his stand against the reaction of industry, is expected to pass the word along, today "There's a better way, let's get in line to do it."

The Progressive Woman says I may see her children's letters. Please come on and tell us how much you care for this better way.

This is from your comrade and loving friend,

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

About the Boy Scouts.

When Sir Robert Baden-Powell advanced the Boy Scout movement, its purpose was to develop strong, upright men, rather than soldiers. Now certainly the world has not had an overproduction of "strong, upright men."

But today's needs are not those of yesterday. The workers of the world have been the warriors of the world, swayed by the thought, the generalship of those whom they believed should direct them. Beginning to think, the worker of the world finds he has no foundation for fighting his brother worker —his interest is identical. The big conquest of Nature's forces is before them, just as soon as they learn the lesson of pulling together toward a goal. Mollycoddles do not spring up through compulsion, but are to be done, and through doing it. Fiber, muscle, both mental and physical, are won through the conscientious struggle to attain a goal. That is why the movement toward Socialism is trying to get the attention of boys and girls. Socialism promises life's physical necessities, food, clothing and shelter, for a short day's work from the physically fit. It promises to take the little children from the grind of mills and factories and place them in schools where minds and bodies can develop to the fullest expression. It promises that good for one's self will not be gained by pushing and crowding and killing the weaker and less efficient. It promises that the physically fit will not need the overproduction of the less; that the less will have the less fit; and proves as much as it is humanly possible to prove the future by the present event, that this can be done. Its promises are fine and splendid enough to enlist all the Worker's boys and girls. By thinking Socialism and talking about Socialism and working for Socialism it must arrive and liberate humankind from its age-long struggle for animal needs.

Then man will emerge as the butterfly from the chrysalis. The Boy Scouts of Socialism, God bless 'em, may not have as much fun as Robert Baden-Powell's second; but there's lots of joy pulling together when you catch the idea. You sell papers, you circulate leaflets, you get subscriptions. And you read, oh, but you do read. And you listen to the speakers wherever you may—yes, you get a good deal and a lot of joy out of Socialism. Not much has changed—there's the same old idea.

"Workingmen of the world, unite; you've nothing to lose but your chains. You've a whole world to gain." Unite—that's the word. Don't crowd—keep on the way—be a world scholar. The world has ever had—where there are no shirkers and no drudges. Engeneq Debs once said "This day the curtain of the facture was drawn aside, and for a moment I caught a glimpse of the fine, sweet, beautiful human society that is to be." Look for it, too, you blessed Boy and Girl Scouts for Socialism.

A Girl as Good as a Boy.

When asked what "suffragette" meant, a London street gamin replied: "Why, don't you know, we suffer from it. But these here suffragettes are goin' to git it."

Elizabeth Cady Stanton used frequently to say that she learned early in life a girl was as good as a boy. Later on, when a full-grown woman, she saw this was not the common opinion and was amazed. But she knew boys and girls are boys.

During the time of the black slave agitation she went to England with her husband. She had her own opinion that buying and selling black men and women and children like cattle and wool was wrong. When there was to be a meeting to hear this question discussed she decided to go, but found she could not do so except by permission; which was given provided she would sit behind a man and that she was too old and young American of today, it was not respectable for a lady to appear in a public meeting place except church. This made Mrs. Stanton think there should be another agitation to have a woman's vote in any age home. She began talking publicly and privately when she returned. Other women began to think of it too. They said "If a girl is not as good as a boy, why not? The more the women are cleared of the blame of being inferior to them, that as they were capable of thinking, and doing half of the world's work they should regard themselves to be half the human race. Accepting this truth, they campaigned fiercely and strenuously. The bitter opposition called from a woman a second-rate race of rights. Boys.

It is when first aroused against injustice that most people fail in being calm and cool, although most of us know that violence does not bring lasting benefits. However, those of us who have experienced the situation of the young boy yesterday, so that we are surprised to hear any one be so rash as to intimate a girl is not as good as a boy. Gradually we are losing the idea that certain lines of conduct, not only certain lines of conduct, but certain lines of conduct, but certain lines of conduct do not extend to boys. We are gradually deciding that girls may have a very interesting and useful career. We are gradually coming to know the human race as one in its hopes, joys, sorrows—to see that together we rise.

Post card pictures of Appeal to Reason mall at "Frisco depot" and of Appeal building, both Sc.
Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker

BY THERESA MALKIEL

This is a new book, giving, as nothing else does, an insight into the lives of girls who work for a living. The writer, who was once a factory girl herself, was all through the thick of this struggle of the brave little strikers, and talks from facts. Indeed, she makes the facts peculiarly interesting, by having them recorded in diary form, by one of the supposed strikers.

DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS BOOK.

GIVE IT A BIG CIRCULATION. IT SHOWS WHAT WOMEN CAN DO, AND ARE DOING, IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.


Procedures of National Congress.

We are in receipt of the printed proceedings of the National Congress held at Chicago, Ill., May 1910.

This is a large volume, bound in red paper covers, neat in appearance and readable. Those who were not fortunate enough to get to this congress will know more about it after reading this volume than many who were in attendance. It is also valuable for reference purposes.

The price of this volume is fifty cents. The cost of getting it up was immense, and we are not only favoring ourselves, but are helping along the finances of the party, by buying a copy.

Order from Industrial Officer, Socialist Party, 180 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

A Lesson in Politics.

"Harry," said the young wife who was trying to become interested in current events, "why don't you read the women's club, what does the paper mean when it says the Social-Democrats have carried Milwaukeee?"

"Why, just what it says, it's plain enough." "But what are the Social-Democrats, Harry?"

"Why, they're—er—er—they're the party that carried Milwaukee."

"I should think you might be more specific. Harry, what is the Social-Democrat, and anything about politics. To be sure, I know what Democrats are. They're the people that want Bryan to be president. And I know what socialists are. We have them at our church every month, and they are awfully stupid. But I wouldn't go near them if they weren't a religious duty. But what are Social-Democrats? Does it mean that the democrats helped socialists and got people to vote for them by not charging anything for the ice cream and cake?"

Harry looked at her with the amazement of one who had received a new revelation of the wonderful accuracy of woman's intuitions.

"Yes, my dear," he said at last. "That's about right. Only there is a little more to it. These Social-Democrats promise to establish a kind of government in which ice cream and cake will be free to everybody who will eat them and only millionaires shall have to wash the dishes."—Buffalo Express.

Child Slaves.

In the market of Friedrichshafen, Germany, between Dresden and Breslau, boys of from 11 to 14 years of age, whose homes are in the outlying districts of Breslau and Dresden, are contracted out yearly for seven months, from April to October, from southern Bavaria, Wurttemburg and Baden. The terms of the trade, provided that the children, regardless of sex, may be utilized for laborious and stable and cleaning, nursing, children, feeding cat, cleaning rooms, however, whatever else the master may require them to do.

The most common point in the transaction for the children is the basin of the Geltower, which is called "pauke time," when the little ones, on the completion of their bondage, put their scanty belongings in a bundle and set out on foot for Friedrichshafen again, where they assemble at the headquarters of the Children's society, whence they are forwarded to their homes, probably to go through a similar process the following year.

Are you wearing a Progressive Woman sweater button?

W. S. U. OF CALIFORNIA HOLDS CONFERENCE.

The Woman's Socialist Union of California held its most interesting conference at San Francisco, on September the 14th and 15th. The Conference was called to order by the President, Miss Ethel Whitehead. Six meetings were held, with instructive and interesting programs at each. Among the speeches and addresses were the following subjects: Working Women; Boy Scout; The White Slave Traffic; Home and the World; Work of the Woman's Socialist Union; Political Freedom of Women; What My Election Will Mean to Women, by J. Stitt Wilson; Re-union of the W. S. U. to the Woman's Committees of the Party; How to Reach the Working Women; Ways and Means of Propaganda; Temperance; Suffrage; Direct Legislation; Union Label; Milwau-keee; Cause or Effect. Anna A. Maley, national organizer for the women, gave an address before the closing meeting. Officers for 1910-1912 are Miss Ethel Whitehead, 'Asadena, President; Mrs. Nora White impson, San Diego, Vice President; Mrs. Alice E. Bowman, Los Angeles, Recording Secretary; Mrs. Rosa J. L. Pollard, Corresponding Secretary; Mrs. Mary L. Garbutt, Los Angeles, Treasurer.

"Socialism and the Home" by May Walden, 20 cents.

"The Boytown Railroad" by Fred D. Warren (lil), twenty cents per hundred.

Back numbers of the Progressive Woman, bundles, 1 cent a copy.

Back numbers this paper 1 cent a copy.

Back numbers of The Progressive Woman from June—1 cent a bundle.

LIKE THE "BLACK HAND"

"What is this 'Socialism' you mentioned in your last letter?" wrote a relative of an Appeal employee recently. "Is it like the Black Hand we read about?" If it is I would advise you to let it alone."

These questions were actually asked an Appeal employee by a relative who lives in a large city on the middle states. The person who asked the questions has a college education, reads the papers and magazines, and is very well informed on the questions of the day. Yet so remote is socialist agitation from this woman's habitat that she had never heard a Socialist speech or read a Socialist article. In her city a few Socialists try to agitate from the street corners, but so weak are their efforts that no impression is made on the body of the people.

In most of the southern states this same ignorance as to the meaning of Socialism prevails. Tiers upon tiers of counties contain people who have never heard the word Socialism, and of those who know Debbs only as a Chicago anarchist. Of the lesser socialist luminaries they know nothing. Those who expect Socialism to carry the nation to the political map and see how ready this nation is for the change. Then get busier than ever.

Five and Fifty.

CHARLOTTE PENNIE GILMAN.

If fifty men did all the work that fifty women do.

And you said the price is..."

As being more valuable to the party. We are now planning to organize nationally. If the movement is to grow, we must do something to interest the young. It is understood that the European comrades depend to a great extent on the propaganda value of these organizations. Comrades interested are requested to communicate with Merle B. Haven, Secretary, 160 Washington St., Chicago.

They're Always Homeless.

Hardly any man ever enviously a bigamist after seeing the bigamist's wives.

"Diary of a Shirtwaist Maker," by Theresa Malkiel, twenty-five cents.

The Young People's Socialist League of Chicago sends the following: "Our organization in Chicago is going forward rapidly and with its work of education. We are now planning to organize nationally. If the movement is to grow, we must do something to interest the young. It is understood that the European colleagues depend to a great extent on the propaganda value of these organizations." Comrades interested are requested to communicate with Merle B. Haven, Secretary, 160 Washington St., Chicago.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.
FOUR A WEEK FOR FOUR WEEKS.

Do you remember the issue that Comr.ade Kirkpatrick, author of "War—What For?" suggested a Progressive Woman campaign of five subs a week for eight weeks (and want to say right here that Comrade Kirkpatrick is doing a lot better than that) by 2000 readers.

Well, think of what such a campaign would mean.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED THOUSAND SUBS IN EIGHT WEEKS.

I guess we would have the little old Appeal scared to death. (I think it regards The P. W. as its only formidable competitor right now.) Perhaps we had better not do that. Perhaps we had better begin easy, and so deaden the shock.

Let's begin with FOUR SUBS A WEEK FOR FOUR WEEKS. That means only an outlay of 4 from you—which is easily got ten back when you sell your cards. So you are out nothing at all—and The P. W. will be in over 30,000 new subs.

And a little push, and a good will, will make any woman—or man—in most any environment, can accomplish this much.

Or, to make it easy as breathing for you, we will send you 16 sub cards, to be paid for when sold, if you state that you want to join the FOUR-A-WEEK-FOR-FOUR-WEEKS CLUB, and we will sell the cards within that length of time.

When the cards are sold, you will receive a small pin, or badge, with the words "I am a Progressive Woman Hustler. Are You?" printed on it. This pin goes to no one except those who join the Four-a-Week-for-Four-Weeks club.

Out of our 20,000 or more readers, I believe there are 2,000 (or more) who are earnest enough to want to join this club.

Four a week for four weeks, from 2,000 workers, means a jump of 30,000 in one month.

We can do it. A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull ALL TOGETHER—and the job is landed.

Do you want that hustler pin? Do you want a great woman's paper? Do you want your self-respect raised 100 per cent?

Then join the FOUR-A-WEEK-FOR-FOUR-WEEKS CLUB. Send the money for the cards if you can; if not, we will let you have them, to be paid for within the month.

We are printing a lot of letters from readers who don't want us to stop The P. W. just because one peculiar "American Citizen" made a fuss about it. But this is not all that "American Citizen" accomplished, by his unsigned letter. The subscription girl says she has never put on so many subs any month since she has been with us as she has this month.

That is good, isn't it? Now let us all get busy with this Four a Week proposition, and then, watch the fur fly.

You can't escape responsibility by ignoring the matter of educating your children. You don't want to. You think too much of them—besides you owe them an education. If you have one yourself you know why; if you haven't you know why a good deal better—we value most the things we haven't got: health, education.

You can render no greater service to your children, yourself, or the world than to see to it that the world is made better by your having lived. You can't render a better service than by sending into the world educated men and women—your boys and girls.

We are teaching over nineteen, nearly twenty, thousand pupils: old men and women, men and women, young men and women and children, all by correspondence.

Over two hundred courses. You may want to brush up on some subject; mark it: we'll send full particulars, also bulletin of the most important educational movement of the day. But going back to your children: give us an idea of what they are most interested in; we'll suggest studies that under our masters will enable them to realize their ambition; our faculty is known all over the world.

We pay tuition.

Catalogue free upon receipt of marked coupon. Now.