FROM ELLIS ISLAND TO COUNTY JAIL.

J. C. K.

They come over in the steerage. There they are herded like cattle and treated like brutes. Their passage money pays the ship, but they get the dregs, the wormy food, the inconveniences and inhumanity. The first and second-class passengers receive all the good things, though they pay, compared with the actual cost of service, even less than the immigrants pay for transportation. In other words, we are not for the immigrants from the transportation, the others could not get the splendid service they do, at the prices they pay. That is why it is said that the immigrant "pays the ship." When he arrives with his family at Ellis Island he is still treated more like an animal than a human being, and is tagged and caged about like so much stock, until disposed of.

And after he is disposed of? Are all things right with him then? What are his chances in the land of wealth and of promise along with the "better classes"? Is he given as good as they get—or does he still pay the ship?

In ninety-nine and nine-tenths cases out of a hundred, he remains the hoard, the mass. He is overworked at poor wages; he is fed on slops and adulterated and wormy foods; he is clad in shoddy clothing at an enormous price to the manufacturer, he lives in filthy holes at a high rent. He is, indeed, just what he was on board ship—the exploited, the proft-maker for the concern; for the United States government allows the men who own it. He still pays the ship.

But not without some cost and trouble on the part of the ship management—this time, the Ship of State. His low wages, his filthy food, his ugly, crowded home, are not conducive to graduation within him the highest powers of moral judgment, and he not infrequently follows the line of least resistance—and breaks a law. Then the wise law-makers retaliate by shutting him up, at the expense of the rest of his kind—and a few others. The few others have objected to carrying even this much of him on their hands, to the extent that they are forcing institutions where he must work out his own criminal expense—and a neat little profit for the state beside. In this way he is sure of carrying the whole burden, not only of himself, and his kind, but of the rest of society as well.

Down in the county jail here in Girard some women of the erstwhile immigrant class are carefully seated away for the crime of selling liquor in a "dry" state. I was told that during a recent coal strike in this county a good many wives of miners reported to this method of putting pennies in their purses, and incidently keeping the state free of trouble. I listened to an interesting story and I went over to look at the women. They had all been let out but two. One of these was busy at work upstairs—helping to pay the ship, I suppose. The other one told me all about it.

She was forty years old, her husband had been dead for a long time, her 17-year-old daughter had been out of work, and, "as the other women were doing it, I thought I would try my hand," she said. "We didn't have any money, and I had to make some payments on our store, and other things, and I thought I'd just sell it long enough to get a little ahead. They told me I'd get caught the first thing. I sold for a few days, but I got scared and intended to quit after Saturday night. But Saturday night they caught me. I had just $3, and I reckon that is all gone now. Yes, I reckon my folks are worryin' about me. My mother is 60 years old and sick, and I guess it's the first time I ever got into any trouble and I bet it will be the last time. But I've always had such a hard time, and I just thought if I could get a little ahead until the girls or my husband can get something to do, it would help some." Contemplatively during our conversation she sighed heavily, and said she 'was worriedfully.'

She expects to have to pay a fine at the end of her term, and as she hasn't the wherewithal to pay it, she fears they will keep her indefinitely. They won't. It costs money to feed her even the friet potatoes, bucket of coffee and two slices of bread her mate brought down before I left. They will turn her out to more starvation and more temptation. She says more liquor she sells the more valuable she is to the powers that be, under present conditions.

In the meantime, I am told that the county officials are "making a lot of money out of all these arrests." All of which perhaps is merely an illusion, and not applicable to the case in hand, except that somebody is paying the ship here, too.

From Ellis Island—and almost as often, from our own farms and towns and cities—to the county jail, the penitentiary and the gallows is a hard, weary road, sometimes short, sometimes long; and it is traveled by the workingman and the workingwoman, the underpaid, the down-trodden, the timid, the exploited, in the vast majority of cases.

Very truly can we say, workingmen and women in the world unite, you have nothing to lose but your chains; you have everything else to gain.

HAVE YOU READ "WAR—WHAT FOR?"

BY GEORGE B. KIRKPATRICK

Here is what Engene 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 and soul, this marvelous plea to all that is human, that is holy, that is true ... "

"The cutting, oggrammatic opening sentences, the pictures, illustrations, comparisons, and vivid portrayals of your inspired pen, coupled with the burning appeals hot from your in- dividual heart and brain, combine to make this the book of an epoch, an immortal achievement. ..."

Price, $1.20. Order from Progressive Woman.

There are enormous physical deterioration as well as of the children and young persons as of the women, whom machinery subjects to the exploitation of capital. There is a tremendous mortality, during the first few years of their lives, of the children; as shown by an official medical inquiry, the high death rate among the emigrant infants, the high death rate of the mothers away from their homes, and to the girl or my husband can get something to do, it would help some." Contemplatively during our conversation she sighed heavily, and said she 'was worriedfully.'

UNCLE REUBEN ON THE WOMAN QUESTION.

J. C. K.

IN my day win

min wuz all satis-

fied. They kept still. They kept their place as wuz a stayin' and a learon' uv us men.

Today they ain't no winmin satis-

fied. 'Every gol-

darned one uv em is a furrin' thang about somethin'. They simply kaint keep still. And as fer learnin' uv us men—ye might as well expect a man to sit down meek like, and learn uv a woman, as fer the modern winmin to listen to the wisdom uv us monarch's uv the race.

Uv coarse, they kaint nothin' else come uv it, but the bustin' up uv the home. For how can a home be a home, when the winmin won't stay to to do work of it? Look at all of these females makin' a rush fer the factory, an' dry-goods store, an' cot-

ton mills. The anshunt Marathon wuzn't in it along side of them. They 're goin' by the millions, and pitty soon it'll be trillions uv 'em, an' quadrillions, an' bimeby we'll have to in-

vent some more illions, jest to measure the stacks of winmen as air leavin' their happy homes fer outside amusements, such as the before mentioned.

The trouble of it all is—What air we XEN a-goin' to do? We wuz be perfectly hel-

luss. We kaint cook. It strains our scanty pashuns to the limit already jest to build the kitchen fires. An' I'll be gol-darned of we're a-goin' to soil out our manly hands by contact with common dish water. Not yer Uncle Reuben, by Heck!

Then there's the childurn. What man ever knew how to carry a squallin' kid? Down at the side up, er up-side down—it's all the same fer him when the measly bit's a howlin' for pure devilmint. It's too hard on his delicate nerves. Only a woman can decipher this enigma of infant's moods. It's her sper. An' I'm willin' to admit, ef the worst comes to the worst, I'm willing to use the law that'll keep her in her sper—ef I have to use a club. God never give us men superior physical powers fer nothin'. I reckon he knowed what was a-comin'.

No siree, none uv yore "woman's suffer-

gage" fer mine. My old woman died long be-

fore this here melee about sufferin' win-

min come up—an' I'll bet she's mighty ding-

vy uv it. She'd a knowed better 'n she opened her mouth, enny way. An' es fer Sovin' a authur's levin' man from the North Pole to the tole, you could get jine in a solid familax an' fight this monster-

friend of woman's emancipashun. Soshulis is woman's best friend, therefore it must be man's worst enemy. Any man that wants to rule the roost can see that with one ball uv a bad eye.

I'm a stand pitter, when it comes to law an' order, an' the enforcement uv the good old way. I'm fer shovin' the whole blamed broad uv females back to the house an' fer that reason I'm agin sufferin' at all. Soshulis an' all the rest of the blame things that's agin the personal interests of man, and is discorrrintin' to his sense of dignity.

All them's that with me hold up yore hand— All that ain't, please keep still—you might make too much noise.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

THE SWEATING SYSTEM.

MARY L. GEFFS
Special Investigator for the Bureau of Labor Statistics of Ohio, 1893

The Origin of Title.

It is not definitely known what gave the system its title, but it is safe to hazard a guess that it was the sheer aptness of the word "sweating" to describe the condition. For many of the shops and tenements where the work is carried on are veritable bake ovens. They are often in attics, on the third floor. Sometimes the summer sun beats down unmercifully upon the roof but a few feet above the coal oil burners on the floor, and it is curious how little effect is produced. Together with the steam and the heat of irons on the press, it is not an unusual thing to find a worker standing before the blast and not even a sigh escaping her. The effect of the heat is to render anything less than sweating impossible. It may, therefore, be to the everlasting of the command of the sweat of the face shall be the food of the body, that this title is due; but it might as well equal the fitness express the orthodox idea of the abode of the lost, for, in all the range of woman employing industries, not only are there fewer hot, but fewer still so hard, so unremitting, so slavish, nor whose laborious effects are so wide-spread and far-reaching as that known by the title of "The Sweating System."

What It Is and How It Operates.

This system is that by which garments are cut in the big factories and given out to be made into the smaller homes of the republic. The work is paid for by the piece or by weekly wages based on the piece, and prices are reckoned according to the work done. That is, as near as possible to the work, the lowest point at which the work done is made to equal or exceed the cost of the materials is a most important factor in the success or failure of the contractor, but there are so many other things that are just as important, if not more so, that it is impossible for the cotton gin to be fully paid for in every day in order that the workers may eke out a bare existence.

The Good That Is Claimed For It.

The good that is claimed for this system is that it enables women and children, out of their labor, to earn a living at home while at the same time caring for the helpless ones in their charge. Also, that it enables poor men to enter the business world, and, with very little capital to begin with, to build up a comfortable fortune.

Both claims are true; but at what cost?

Two typical cases, actually visited, will illustrate:

How the Good Points Appear When Investigated.

First, let us go to the home of the mother of a family. It is in one of the big tenement houses of Cincinnati, a class of human life which abounds in all big cities of the state. It is on the third floor and is, therefore, a degree better in point of heat than the attic above. It consists of two small rooms. The room where the sewing is done is kitchen, sewing room and bed room for part or all of the day. A large window opens out onto a narrow porch beyond which is the high wall of another building; and it is shaded by another porch belonging to the floor above. There is but a narrow slit of light by which to work, and ventilation is practically non-existent. The other hole in the wall, by courtesy called a room, is almost wholly dark, its one window opening on to a dingy courtyard where the sun penetrates only at noonday.

The family consists of a crippled husband, wife and three small children. The wife makes the living for the family, and here we will find the "good" features of the system claim as their own in full. She has two grown children and sick husband and still earns a living for her family. What a boon to her must be the sweating system. But let us inquire how she gets on. Listen; she's telling us.

As she makes luster coats at eighteen cents each. She gets the work ready cut from the contractor and returns the garments finished. She bears the expense of transporting the work both ways; that is, she would bear the expense of transporting as well as herself, but she can't. She makes the trip herself to and from the factory, carrying theheavy bundle both ways. The loss of time alone is no small item, often equaling the price of a coat or more.

The business of the contractor is so systematized that each worker has a certain place in the week on which to bring back finished garments and take out new work. Necessarily a great many have the same day; so when our woman comes in to work, she is the first to get a chance to work, her turn. She may wait half an hour; she may wait half a day. She may grow restless thinking of helpless ones at home or the precious moments waiting; but it matters not; she would not be received on any other day than the one allotted, so there is nothing to do but wait.

At last her turn arrives; her work passes under the eye of the inspector, and she waits with bated breath and many forebodings while for each fault goes a cross. Whether her faults or not faults are found often depends more upon the humor of the inspector than upon the condition of the work. Inspectors may be weary of the system, by coming into daily contact with those for whom they need cultivate no respect, or, they may be over zealous to please their employers; but be the cause what it may, the fact remains that about ninety-nine out of every hundred are crabled and undervalue and never seem so happy. But in the end there are still doubtless sometimes, but even when these faults are no more than the tacking of a button hole or the better sewing on of a button, jobs that would take but a moment's time, the worker is ordered to work another whole week. But there is no appeal; the inspector is an absolute autocrat in his real, and she dare not quarrel with him for fear of losing her work altogether.

Two coasts per day are as many as she can hope to make, and this for thirty-six cents per day. All the barest necessities must be cut out. The children know not the taste of sugar. The crippled husband indulges in no hope of medical assistance other than the experimentation of charities. It is a never ending task for nothing except that work will not fall off. Life has no sunbeams; it has only the grayness of want, despair and suffering. And so the benedictive features of the system fade away amidst a world of tears only to be accompanied by some of the saddest tragedies in the lives of lowly toilers.

How the Sub-Contractor Gets Rich.

Come, next, to a shop in Cleveland where the other claim, that a poor man may enter business and get rich, is verified.

This shop is conducted by a man who, according to his statement, began a few years ago with barely enough saved from his earnings to pay a month's rent and a shop; now he has a neat and constantly growing bank account and looks forward with confidence to the time when he will become a manufacturer. He is a sub-contractor; an employing agent. In relation to the big manufacturer from whom he gets his work he is a small fry, and from his employer he makes the same demands as all the rest; that is, he is paid for work done and pays his men. The same day he pays his man, he sells his work to the big man. Some day he will buy up a stock of goods, cut the garments in his own shop and be an employer only; a manufacturer; a captain of industry; then the whole profit will be his, and his road to fortune will be straight. He is in business for what there is in it, and lays no hypocritical claims to philanthropical motives. He might call in other men to help him, but they might share the profits, but that would not be good business. He applies strict business principles to the enterprise; he plays the game according to the rules; and the result is that his ship is filled with girls who must make a living.

Ostensibly he pays weekly wages, but the sum paid, which seldom reaches above $2.50, is based upon the following calculation: The class of work on which he is engaged is of a sort for which a garment selling at $30.00 pays him sixty cents each. A girl, to be worth $2.50 per week to him, must make at least two coats per day, $1.20. In two days she has virtually earned all she is to get for the whole week, and the other four days are absolutely clear profit to her employer. Or, in other words, for the opportunity of earning $2.50 for herself she must pay $4.70 to the man who gives her the opportunity. (i. e., two coats per day, $1.20, six days in the week, $7.20; $2.50 due her in the week, leaves $4.70 to the employer.) She would not receive $2.50 if she produced less than $7.40 in profits to her employer. So after all her weekly wage is only seeming; she really gets, leaving off fractions, twenty cents for each coat she makes, while her employer gets forty cents for allowing her to make it.

Yes, the claim is absolutely well founded that a shrewd and energetic business man may enter the business and soon get rich.

An incident that actually occurred a few days prior to the visit of the investigator to this particular shop will show under what high pressure a $2.50 a week girl girl, tasked with the production of two coats per day, must work:

The sewing machines were run by foot power; the hours of labor were from 7 a. m. to 6 p. m. with half an hour at noon for lunch; the stove, covered with hot irons used, was kept going at full blast all day; it was in mid-summer and the air was hot; the factory was a dead heat. There was no ventilation; the weather was intensely hot. The "boss" noticed one of the girls lagging and called out to her above the din of the machinery.

"Go ahead there; what are you stopping for? You can turn your legs go faster; faster, faster, and faster yet!"

The girl heard and went "faster," and the next moment lay in a dead faint on the Continued on page 11
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

WHILE CHICAGO SLEEPS

THE TRUE STORY OF ONE WHITE SLAVE, TOLD BY ONE ACQUAINTED WITH ALL ITS HIDEOUS DETAILS

EVA OSLER NICHOLS

"I Accuse"...Zola.

Here is an account of a tragedy which offers the widest field of speculation to the psychologist, the sociologist, the criminologist and the philosopher.

The New World.

Agnes Barrette kept a little box-like lace store, yet she was not wearing a black individual, but she had a good strong politeness, which once enabled her to land in New York with thirty-five trunks, which had not been open for custom inspection.

To a young immigrant girl, Ella Gingles, Agnes Barrette appeared as an angel when she first gave her work. Ella had won all the prizes at contests of expert lace makers in the Orangeman's district of Ireland, but she had had many disheartening failures in her quest of a market for her laces in America. For the first time since landing she was very happy while doing the work she loved in the store of Miss Barrette, who was always praising and caressing her. The lace store was handsomer than most of those handsome dresses and also by their rich acquaintances, gentlemen who took them out in cabs to exclusive cafes.

Sometimes these men would come in the store and request laces from the Irish fields, with sun-tinted hair waving enticingly over her dainty work, with greedy eyes.

Then the two women would tell the young lace-maker of a life of ease, luxury and pleasures she might enjoy by living with some nice gentleman. But the farmer's daughter was still more familiar with the Westminster Confession of Faith than with the ways of vice, "I am not ready to get married yet," she objected with a loving glance at the grapevine collar she was finishing. "Poor! We don't mean that," laughed her tempters, "Each one would only want you to live with him a little while."

The insulted girl shrank from such offers. In the post-holiday season, when she was only given an occasional piece of work to do at home, she avoided her employer as much as possible.

Enntrapped.

Then one evening Agnes Barrette, or Madam Barrette, as she was sometimes called, and Mrs. Kenyon made a raid on the room of Ella Gingles, ostensibly searching for missing stock. They gathered up all of Miss Gingles's laces, her watch, beads and some of her other belongings, placing them all in a parcel. When Ella protested against this robbery the two women conciliated her by inviting her to go with them to Madam Barrette's apartment where the ownership of some disputed articles would be decided.

So the two women took the apartment on the second floor of the Wellington Hotel, which was then supposed to be a respectable house. The door was locked and the two women proceeded to forcibly undress the entrapped emigrant. One of the women had mask appeared, and a hideous orgy, with many unprintable details, took place. The man handed Madam Barrette a roll of bills for capturing the white slave. When he had gone the victim of his lust begged Madam to restore the stolen goods but the procurers replied that she would return them the next evening, if Ella would come again to her room.

It was nearly midnight when the enslaved girl was permitted to go home, her hair disheveled, bleeding and suffering. As her captors had taken all her money from her wristband she was obliged to walk to her room, a distance of nearly three miles, in the rain.

The next day Ella, who was so ill that she remained in bed, was obliged to depend upon her landlady's charity for food. Partly through shame, and partly because her enquirer had threatened to kill her, she told nobody about the outrage, but as soon as she was well enough to do so, she reported the robbery at the police station. Madam Barrette was sent for and she restored most of Ella's laces but kept the other articles.

The friendless girl determined to sue for them, but she was informed that everything being served with a warrant charging her with the theft of lace from Madam Barrette. Every day she was more deeply immersed in a web of Barrette laces. So Ella was taken, at eleven o'clock at night, to one of the highest police stations in the United States. The next day the captain, having good reason to suspect an intrigue, obtained bail for the persecuted girl, engaged an attorney, P. H. O'Donnell to defend her, then took her to his own home and provided her with a much needed meal.

The little lace maker knew that the charge against her would be dropped and that the procurers would restore her money, watch and the strand of beads which her dear mother had given her, if she would consent to be Madam Barrettes slave. But with the swindles of the Ulsterman race she refused, and she spent the days awaiting the trial in anguished weeping over the attack by the masked man.

The Bath of Tragedy.

There was a Miss Arnold at the Wellington Hotel who had long owed Ella Gingles some money for lace making; one evening she decided to call and try to collect it. She walked up to the fifth floor, avoiding the elevator because she dreaded meeting Madam Barrette. The guard on the door it was opened by a strange man who informed her that Miss Arnold was in the bathroom, brushing her clothes. The young girl, having been admitted into the room, walked toward the bathroom and the man, slipping up behind her, threw a handkerchief over her face, saturated with something cold, yet burning. Then she knew no more.

Miss Arnold had moved from the hotel; Madam Barrette now occupied her room.

When the wretched girl came to, she found that she had been stripped of all her clothing, and that she was alone with the man, who silenced her when she screamed, with threats of torture. Suddenly, as the procurers returned from a midnight carousal accompanied by a strange woman. There was some haggling between Madam Barrette and her patron over the value of the "chicken" as they called their victim, and it ended by the Madam receiving fifty dollars. Then they put a night gown upon the white slave and took her outside to a general hotel bathroom.

There a bottle of liquor was opened and they drank freely, forcing the helpless girl to drink some of its contents mixed with laudanum. Then they gagged and bound her, and between drinks they stabbed her again and again.

When this orgy was ended Madam Barrette withdrew from the scene with the other women hands! Marvellous as it may seem the public swallowed the dose. It was assured that this Irish emigrant of eighteen did all of this and then accused Agnes Barrette in order to escape the penalty of stealing, for which she was indicted under arrest.

Now one would suppose that the Barretts would drop the charge against the injured girl so as to avoid further publicity; but they did nothing of the kind. Why?

A common device of pandurers is to obtain a young girl's release from prison by paying her fine and then taking her into their toils. This custom suggests a theory of the procedure of the gilded click. Agnes' escaped "chicken", if recapitulated, would be a greater asset than ever, on account of the general interest now taken in her. Charitable folks would contribute as soon as she recovered from her injuries; the white-slavers could only detain the fugitive victim in the city by keeping her under arrest. Intoxicated with their power over the public.
Next door to me live three young ladies. One plays the piano beautifully; one plays the flute well; and one keeps house excellently. Two of them are young, pretty and attractive. One of them, who has a forlorn, dejected look pitiful to behold. Guess, now, which one is the housekeeper? There I knew it. Why do you laugh? Really, now, when you come to analyze it, is it not strange? I hear one young woman say with some asperity, "I don't see why you should answer, 'why the forlorn, dejected one of course!' All housekeepers are not forlorn, and dejected."

And you may know from that defense of her sister that she belongs to one of the two classes: Either she has not been in the housekeeping realm very long, or else she belongs there by nature. In either case, her answer is justifiable. Age and experience always excuse such a reply. The experience of the housekeeper on the ground that it knows not what it says. And people in their own realms have a right to defend it against all comers, and all apparently unreasonably as well. For all housekeepers are not forlorn, and dejected, in various stages in the course of her evolution. First comes the "queen on the throne" period, which does not last very long. She does not know of many queens who work for their boards and clothes, and make their own clothes, and go without. By the end of the first year the "throne" is tottering to its fall.

Then comes the second stage of her development. About the time she begins to say to herself, while doing her morning work, "I'm not the ideal but rather one graciously comes along with the "cheer-up" fix-it-up philosophy which consists, as some have well said, in "believing what ain't so." Things are what they are not, and not what we wish they were. Black is white. Blue is bright pink. All is gold that does not glitter. These and other so-called soothing aphorisms help quite a bit for a time.

Then, perhaps, she is persuaded to attend a woman's meeting, and listen to an able address by Mrs. Katheryn Nye Standsstill, on the "Dignity of Labor." The speaker's hands show that she never did mort-ask and "put-up" fruit. She ran her whole life, but she is certainly good at talking about the dignity of it, and her impressive words have a most desirable effect upon our tired housekeeper. She serves to straighten up her round shoulders, and thrust in her abdomen for—a or b, and

Again when she feels her spirits flagging a little, comes the talk on duty from her mother and her mother-in-law and the Rev. Josiah Never Wakeup, who can always be depended upon to do his duty by preaching duty to others—especially to women. The "duty" prop is a strong and lasting one with a conscientious woman. She will go as far for duty's sake as she will for love's sake; and the husbands and parents never forget to remind her of it, if they have the heart.

Old Mrs. Soundsleep offers her word of "motherly" advice also. She has had ten children, four of which are dead. She can tell you how to make ginger-bead, cut out shirtwaists and "put-up" fruit. She can suggest anywhere from one to six remedies of questionable value if one of the children happen to be ill. And she never tires of talking about the proper sphere of a woman—a wife and mother, and "if she ain't she ought to be"—being the "home," by which she means the house in which she happens to be at the present moment. She thinks that while we are stopping in another city from the one in which we live, and return to our own we say we are going home; nor that when we are in England we say we are going home whenever we visit London. She is a very circumscribed affair, commensurable with her brains. Yet she thinks she has served and is still serving her country well, and she is too poor creature—as an object lesson. We are like kindergarten children, and we need many many ideas that would otherwise be too abstract for us. Mrs. Soundsleep and her kind make more "suffragettes" and "new women" than all the speakers and advocates combined.

Finally comes the nursing, questioning period in the life of our housekeeper; and then some of the household duties are apt to suffer. The dinner which has hit her with undivided attention, sometimes gets so hot that it burns. She asks "why don't I work this way for my board and clothes. Even a wage earner who gets barely a living is considered independent, while I work anywhere from eight to sixteen hours a day, never have a cent that I can call my own, and am considered dependent.

"Am I not told sometimes that I have not earned as much as a postage stamp? And don't men talk about supporting their wives?" Why, why, why, should this be so?" she cries.

Sometimes she is satisfied with the will of God. Sometimes she goes back to the "cheer-up" philosophy, and willfully, steadfastly, stupidly stultifies and stupifies herself. She need not do that. Sometimes she says, "never mind, this bellicious woman, not contented in her "sphere", and she prays to become a better woman which means a more submissive one. She does not stop to think that she is the one who destroys the man, who destroys the home, less the preacher, or the old women of the last generation.

Sometimes she says, "never mind, this is a funny world anyway"—by which she means that it is anything but "funny. And sometimes she says, "I will find out about this. Something is wrong, I will know what it is." And she reads Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's "Women and Economics" and "The Woman," and socialistic literature, and learns that she must be independent economically before she can ever be free.

The Ruler of the Universe has always made it uncomfortable for slaves, so that they will change their condition, and he always will. It is a law. So says the woman, at last, that when her work becomes a vocation, instead of an unpaid occupation, she will be treated with some respect and dignity.

"And how does that help us now?" say the housekeepers. It is not a well-paid, dignified position now, and will not be in our time, and we don't believe in reincarnation. It must be admitted the reincarnation idea is not very comforting. We are not especially interested in what we will do, say in the year 1910. We will let 1910 care take of itself, but we would like to help along in the way we think it should go in the year 1910. Well we are a part of the race. Even the old fashioned, out-of-date anti-suffragist will admit that. We must move along as fast as evolution takes us, and no faster. And we can do it in a helpful and hand occasionally—not, not occasionally, but all the time. And if you want comfort, think of your housekeeping sister of the future who will work short hours for good pay, and will carry with dignified assurance. My work is necessary: hence it should be well paid. It is hard; hence the hours should be short."

And will all the women be housekeepers then—or the great majority of them? No. All the men now are caterers, or merchants, or lawyers, or electricians, or civil engineers, or artists, or authors, or composers, or bricklayers or plasterers, or hod-carriers, or gardeners, or garbage collectors, or street-cleers, or section hands, or firemen, and so on down the long line. Our line will be just as long and just as varied. And under the regime then in operation, we will find out what we are good for, and then do it. In other words, we will have a chance. The girls from their earliest years, learn what their natural gifts are, and capacities are and develop them.

Commencement exercises then will mean that we are ready to help the others—certainly that we know a little of chemistry, a little of algebra, and a very little of several other text-books. When that time arrives it will not be necessary to talk of the "dignity of labor," because it will be a fact. It will not need to go along with a philosophy to make it appear respectable. It will be respectable. It will be service in the true sense—proficient, able service by which we shall minister to our own needs, that of the community; and by means of which life will become a joy. Toil, drudgery, is not a joy, and all the old-time religions, or all the "new thought" cannot make it so, and ought not to make it, and we are not fitted into the "sphere" in which we are fitted by nature — there is nothing more engrossing. When women are enfranchised we will install a more sensible, orderly system of industry. We have not been good managing housekeepers so long for nothing.

So take heart, sisters, those of you who are discontented. There's a good time coming. Some of you will not be housekeepers in the future because that is not our natural work. And those of you who are satisfied with your present work, and which we are fitted into—the niche for which you were intended—will be paid for your work, and appreciated, as you are not now.

And if this good time comes not in your day, say, "To the future in the distance give thyself."

Lesson Outline In the Economic Interpretation of History, by Lida Parce, 25e.

Have you read "War—What For?" A comrade whose letter I have just opened, says it is the greatest book of the century. Price, $1.50.

Don't buy land—buy Nitol. See ad. elsewhere. Nitol, the great Nitol breakfast. "Read about them in ad." Don't overlook the New Girard Mfg. Co.'s ad. In this issue.

A boy, reading the line: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones." Marvells at his adult bearer by this surprising rendition: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who all on thorns."

Selected.
Women and the Loan Association

DORA FOSTER

Did you ever have any dealing with a loan association? No? Then if you are a working man or woman, be thankful that you have had sufficient employment to keep out of the clutches of the loan sharks.

A loan association is formed primarily for the purpose of making loans upon the furniture of those unfortunate who are compelled, generally speaking, by dire necessity to resort to this method of obtaining food for themselves or family. The loan association is allowed by law (in the state of New York) to charge 2 per cent per month, 24 per cent per annum, think of it! For every $100 loaned they collect $24, payable monthly. How long before the interest paid will amount to more than the original loan which remains unpaid?

In addition the borrower must pay $1 application fee for examination of property and $1 for drawing and filing necessary papers. If for any reason a loan is not made, these two dollars are retained by the association. The first months interest is deducted out of the original loan, so that if one borrows $50 he only gets $47, and continues to pay interest on $50.

And the questions one must answer: Name, husband's or wife's residence, present, and for the past five years, relatives and their addresses, your business, what you earn, does all the property belong to you, any incumbrances on it, is it insured, will you assign insurance to us, how much do you owe? etc. To those people who so greatly fear that the introduction of some other form of industrial conditions will so far overturn society as to "break up the home," I respectively submit the above questions and ask how much further will present conditions extend and leave a home to be broken up? Think of the feelings of a good wife and mother when an agent of a loan association invades her home to examine her furniture to ascertain if it is worth a loan! In this, as in many other things, when hardships must be endured or disgrace falls, it falls most heavily upon the woman. During the last panic I had occasion to observe the unfortunate who patronized a loan association. Nine-tenths of them were women. I have seen them sitting in the outer office waiting for a refusal of resignation or discharge written upon every countenance, little children clinging to their skirts, or babies asleep in their arms, unconscious of a calamity about to befall them. Sometimes they were left in an old carriage in the hallway and the family came back for them after the wife negotiated the loan. Too much of a moral coward was he to do the dirty work, it fell upon the wife and mother. He signed the necessary papers and he took the money after she had given him the key. Sometimes drunk, too, leaving the wife and children as they were before, plus the loan.

I once heard a man more courageous than the others, telling the manager to come and get the furniture. I looked at him and saw a tall, strong, manly man. No signs of dissipation on his face, nothing to indicate that he had wasted his earnings. He said: "I have been out of regular employment so many months, I have exhausted my credit, I have secured a loan on my insurance policy and this one on my furniture. I can no longer pay the interest; my family is in need—we give it all up." Oh! the pathos of a strong man helpless, and the mother and wife in the miserable place called home.

What must her feeling be? Is it a wonder that so many mothers lose their reason and destroy their children and themselves?

The monthly interest is paid usually by the mother, and quite often by little children tip-toeing silently in, feeling instinctively that all is not right, and apparently hoping not to be seen. What an education, what training for the young boy or girl. Would you like it for your own child? No! Then do something to lift another's child and mother out of these conditions. The only remedy is permanent employment for the man of the family at wages sufficiently large to enable him to maintain the family and with a workday short enough for the parents to have leisure to properly train and educate the children. This can only be done when the drones and idlers at both ends of the social system are made to do their share of the work—only under the best form of co-operative industry—which is Socialism.

Pensions for Mothers

Elizabeth Thomas in Social Democratic Herald

She was just a pale little woman dressed in cheap mourning. She carried a pale little baby and two pale little children clung to her. And he said that she was not the only one, that the same affliction was met with everywhere.

"Is this the place where the mothers get pensions?" she asked timidly.

The fat lawyer scowled, because he saw by her clothes that not very much money could be got from her. But he shared her experience that some profit can be made even from poor widows. So he took the cigar from his mouth and asked shortly, "Was your husband a soldier?"

"No," said the small woman. "Oh no! He was just a brakeman, killed in a railway smashup."

"Then why do you want a pension?" said the lawyer sternly.

"Because I haven't any coal, and Joey and Kitty need shoes and warm clothes, and I can't get them enough to eat, and the baby is always sick."

"And last night, when I was coming home from the house where I do washing, there was a man talking on the street corner. And he said it was ridiculous to give pensions to soldiers and not to mothers. And he said that the mother's noble work was to bring human beings into the world, and the soldier's noble work was to be useful. And he said that every mother risked her life more than all the soldiers in our Cuban war, who were not in any great danger from the poor, scared Spaniards. And the only rich her husband ran was from the condemned beef which the government and the meat trust fed to them."

"And he said, the most precious wealth of any country is its children. That when we defend them from disease and early death, we are defending our nation a great deal more than when we sail away with rifles and bayonets to kill a few Filipinos or Spaniards who never came within a hundred miles of our country."

"Then he said that since the work of the mothers looked after the care for our young citizens, they deserve to be rewarded by the government. And that every mother, especially every widow mother, ought to draw a pension that would enable her to feed, cloth and house her little ones properly."

"So I thought I'd come to you and see if you could do anything about it. I need a pension so bad. Oh, you don't know how hard it is to hear the children cry and have no bread to give them!"

The lawyer stared in amazement. "Do you think we live under a Socialist government?" he yelled at her. "That man on the street corner was a Socialist! That is the sort of people who destroy the foundations of society! I would just like to put them all behind the bars! Pension you? I guess not! Don't you know that society is maintained by the survival of the fittest? If you can't live on your own resources, that proves that you and your children are not fit to survive. Pensions for mothers, indeed! Socialist rot!"

He leaned back and laughed until his red face was two shades redder. And when he went out to lunch on turkey and oysters and cocktails, he told the story to a reporter who met him in the street on a hunt for humorous anecdotes. And the reporter wrote it up in a delightfully comical way, making so much fun of the Socialists that everybody laughed next morning when they read theResumption of said of the man newspaper.

But the pale little woman did not laugh as she dragged her little brood back to her fireless lodging.

And little Joey said, "Mother, I'm cold."

And little Kitty said, "Muver, I'm hungry!"

And the pale baby wailed with a dying child's low, long, pitiful wailing.

Eugene V. Debs—An Introduction

Comrade Walter Hutt, author and journalist, well-known and well-beloved, has issued a booklet entitled "Eugene V. Debs: An Introduction," it being a tribute from a master-mind who thoroughly appreciates the largeness of another.

Walter Hutt is the warm personal friend of the man he "introduces," and his genius of expression has been allowed its full brilliant scintillation. Strangers to Debs will, upon meeting him, immediately recognize all that Comrade Hutt has said of the man.

The "mute, inglorious, proletaire hand of pen and tongue, for none may it be more greatful than for Walter Hutt when he expresses for it something of what 'Gene Debs, Big Brother, is to it and to the world."

WANTED TO FIND A GOOD HOME IN A FRUIT-FARM FAMILY FOR A BOY AND GIRL AGED 9 AND 6. FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS JOHN T. JOHNSON, ODEON, IND.

The woman who works in your factory, shop, or mill, will read this copy of The P. W. if you will hand it to her.

Order from our advertisers. Mention The P. W.
The Workers in American History  
ELSA UNTERMANN

The time is here when the unlimited praise of the "fathers of our country" and the vivid heroism of the Fourth of July and our "glorious" constitution, are met by the workers with indifference, laughter or doubt. In these days when stand-pat republican sophistry fails to disclose the landed prosperity of the Taft whom, by interfering with working men, were assailed by hired thugs and shot down by armed soldiers—when they are even forcibly driven to work by hirings with pistols—certain "inalienable rights of man" which they were told the constitution guarantied, turn out to be grave doubts as to the virtues and high-mindedness of those who went before.

A pamphlet, recently issued, "The Workers in American History," portrays in clear-cut and passionate language the hardships always borne to the boasted liberty the Revolution is supposed to have wrenched mankind. Beginning with the causes and the shocking extent of white slavery in the Colonies, the author lays bare the inhuman treatment accorded the indentured servants and redemp tioners. We will let him speak for himself.

"The only difference between these white slaves, sold in American ports, and the blacks was that the slavery of the whites was limited and the blacks were slaves for life. The white slaves were sold in all the colonies, though New England's supply was smaller than the middle and southern colonies. It may be said with truth that both white and black slaves formed the basis of the landed aristocracy of the colonies before and after the Revolution. Yet this fact is suppressed by most historians in order that a few historic figures, who witnessed the auction of white laborers without protest, and whom all traffic, might be glorified. It was a modified form of chattel slavery and admirably adapted to the purposes of the classes which confiscated the land or inherited it from those who did. With the resources of life in their hands and whites and blacks held in servitude the ruling classes had all the advantages that the masters of any age might wish."

Further down the author quotes from Goethe's "Redeemers and Indentured Servants in New Brunswick,"

"The class of indentured servants was not recruited from immigrants alone. The courts of this period (1682) and for many years after, frequently sentenced freemen to be sold into servitude, for a period of years, in order to liquidate fines and other debts; orphaned children were brought to the court to be adjudged; there being on one occasion, in the Chester county court, in 1697, thirty-three whose term of service were fixed at forty years."

To return to the author's own words: "The fact that white servitude was not as general in New England as in the colonies to the south, does not necessarily mean that "free labor" was allowed to reap the reward of high wages that usually comes of a scarce-  

The Puritan aristocracy met this scarcity by fixing wages by law. As early as 1633 Massachusetts Bay colony adopted a law providing that every bricklayer, mason, bricklayers, tile, joiners, wheelwrights, mowers, and other workmen were not to receive more than two shillings per day each paying his own board, or if hired, they might receive the four-pence pence per day. . . . An employer who paid more than the legal rates, as he would be tempted using a brisk demand for labor, or the workman who accepted wages higher than the legal rate, were both subject to the penalties for violating of his contract. Let us see if these regulations might provoke the workers to refuse to work at all the "virtues" of their craft and industry were encouraged by providing that there should be no idleness, and the workman who indulged in this peculiar privilege of the aristocracy was subjected to a penalty by law.

"There is abundant evidence to show that the life of the indentured servants was hard and cruel. After the Revolution those applying to them recalls the bloody legislation against the poor in the old world. The fact that today glowing accounts are sent by ship agents and capitalist firms to European countries advertising alleged opportunities for the tenant farmers and the country sweaters are merely following the example of the Puritan slavers of two centuries ago.

"The laws directed against disobedience and misdemeanors of white slaves were rigidly enforced. For the least punishment were generally offenses against property—the God of capitalist civilization. In Virginia, in 1610, pilloring on the part of lauders, laundresses, bakers, cooks, and dressers of fish is punished with whipping and imprisonment; for polluting flour and meal given out for baking purposes, offend are their ears sliced off; for the second offense a year imprisonment and for the third offense, three years."

"It may not be amiss here to state that many more women entered the Revolution profited from this system of servile white labor. For example, George Washington, in 1774, wrote a ship captain expressing his desire for a supply of servants to place on his Ohio land. The terms were that he should supply you forth at his expense, where they are unable to transport themselves, into the Potomac river, and from hence to the Ohio; to have them, in the first case, engaged to me under indenture, in the second, by some other contract equivalent to the terms of indenture, on the terms hereafter mentioned. The terms suggested are that the slaves jointly bind themselves to reimburse Washington for any losses he might sustain by deaths or accidents."

This all refers to the period immediately preceding the Revolution; but the author gives proof that similar abuses existed for many years after the separation from England had taken place. According to Goethe's "Redeemers and Indentured Servants in New Brunswick," the New England was bound as late as 1841, more than fifty years after the adoption of the Declaration of Independence.

Most interesting and rather dispagrating to the "fathers of our country" is the evidence given in the pamphlet, of the detestable unhinging manner in which these estimable gentlemen play a double role—were both Dr. Tickn and Mr. Hyde. In the "Federalist" Madison and Hamilton indulged in ringing phrases anent self government by the masses, etc., but at the Constitutional Convention only a single man made a plea for popular suffrage, and that man was Benjamin Franklin, according to Madison's "Journal of the Constitutional Convention," expresses himself as follows:

"Let one branch of the legislature hold their places for life, or at least during good behavior. Let the executive also be for life."

Workers, you who are aware of the perjury of the present ruling class, I urge you to acquaint yourselves at the first opportunity with the bloody foundation—the lives of your brothers and sisters, the stilled childhood and abused bodies of their little ones—upon which rests the oligarchy which today swears you and drains your strength to the last drop.

Women, you who are by law deprived of control over your own children, who are compelled to accept for the same labor less wages than your male counterparts, who have no voice in the government that taxes you, judges you, punishes you, familiarize yourselves with the events that subjected you to the old English Common law, a relic of the barbarous middle ages. Knowledge of the manner in which your predecessors were bullied, beaten, defrauded and defeated in their struggles to secure the "inalienable rights of man" will remove from your mind the last vestige of the hope you may accord the despisers of two centuries ago and will guide you over dangerous pitfalls in your struggle.

Musical Romances

A book of four romances by Aimee Wood of New York. Amuee Wood's Quoclnt temperament, a skilled pianist and in love with the soul of music. The style is elevated, out of the ordinary, and her author is well known.

The book is in paper, 142 pages. Price, 50c. I have a limited number which I will sell at only 25c, as long as they last. Fine gift. Send today. C. J. Barton, Sta. E, Kansas City, Mo.

A little over half the employees in cotton mills throughout the country are men, about 38 per cent of whom come into competition with women. 43.3 per cent of the northern employees are women and only 5.2 per cent children under sixteen years, as against 27 per cent women in the south and 20 per cent one fifth of all employees—children.

The legal working age for children in the south is 12 years. For children in the north in cotton industries, is 14 years.

Humanity.

It's the saddest that's in the best of us. Make your own mind as to what that means. No. It's the good in the darkest of our souls. Redemn and save the good in you. It's the middle of good and badness. It's the tangle of tears and gladness, It's the lunacy linked with sanity. That make and mock humankind. Arthur Stringer.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

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Editor and Publisher—Josephine Conger-Kane

THE WOMAN WHO WORKS.

I doubt if there is a reader of The Progressive Woman who is not a "woman who works." Maybe she is not what is known as a wage earner, but if she stays at home and cooks the meal, and cares for the baby, and dresses the children for school and darns her husband's socks and washes the clothes and irons them, and does the family sewing and a few other incidental things that come up through the course of the day, I am inclined to the opinion that she works, even though she does not receive a salary. There may be those who differ on this proposition, but my personal opinion was always that the home woman worked and it gives no sign of change.

Every issue of The Progressive Woman, then, is for the woman who works; but in this number we are trying to emphasize this feature of a trifles more than usual. The article "Wage Earning System" was a fair resume of the work of women in unorganized industries—and the great majority of women workers, we must remember, are unorganized. The Trials of Homestead and the Home Worker speaks of patience—and impatient—women who know all about the trials therein mentioned. The article on "Loan Associations" will also appeal to many city readers who know what it means. "For Sale or For Rent" by one of our young men comrades gives a glimpse of the seamy side of our industrial society, where women are forced to make a living at the cost of every personal happiness. "While Chicago Sleeps" gives in its shocking detail the process through which many of our self-supporting girls are put, before they can be forced to earn their living in this unfortunate way. "The Workers in American History" tells how the workers, both men and women, were enslaved with the very invention of our nation, and so on, through article and poem and paragraph.

And now the question is: What is all this about? What is it all for? And the answer is: It is about the abnormal and unnecessary conditions under which men and women live and work, and it is for the purpose of arousing our readers against these conditions; for the purpose of telling them that they can change them, and make them over, so that all the workers

and all men and women can live under a more rational, more humane system. Just as important as the talk of the new system, but MANY of us CAN, and I hope our readers will hand this copy of The Progressive Woman to every working woman he or she knows, and ask them to read this article of hers and pass it on, and through, this educational work of the individual we reach the mass, and finally the goal is ours.

The Tacoma Times is conducting a campaign of publicity against Tacoma's dives. The October issue of the Progressive Woman gave an account of the white slave traffic in Tacoma. It is frightful, and should be broken up, if possible. We are learning more and more, and more, however, that these naves of vice and crime are never really broken up—the best that is done with them is to drive them from place to place to take root and fester in new quarters. So long as the profit system makes these people assets to the money getter, they will live and flourish.

PECULIAR "JUSTICE."

The state treasury of Minnesota is so full that no state taxes need be levied this year, says an exchange. Inquiry into this happy state of affairs reveals that the cost of the people's protection is full at the expense of the wives and children of prisoners. For the state employs its convicts so profitably at making binder twine, that even the truant is frozen out in cold weather. In Minneapolis, I am made to understand, each prisoner employed in the twine works, and with the opening of a proposed farm implement plant the net profit to the state will run up to $300,000 a year.

Meantime, the wives of these prisoners are breaking their backs over wash boards, trying to hold their families together; boys and girls of these prisoners so profitably employed by the state, are running good chances of following in their fathers footsteps.

In Chicago I heard of a prisoner who had been sent to the Bridewell for stealing a pair of shoes for his little daughter. He had been a decent workman, but times had gone hard with him, and he took things through sheer desperation. He was sent to jail—and there he got the iron of fate, taught to make shoes; and he did make shoes, but for the benefit of the city of Chicago. Meanwhile his family starved and went without shoes.

It is a peculiar way of meting "justice" to the indigent. If a man has broken the laws of a state, his family, at least should not be punished by having their support taken from them. If a prisoner must pay his way while in jail, the surplus that he makes should be returned upon him outside. This is the only just way.

But who ever thinks of justice in connection with the women and children of the working class?

SALVATION FOR WOMEN—THROUGH INDUSTRY.

Prof. Simon von der Aa, of Holland, attended the International Prison Congress in this country, when asked what they do with their women prisoners in Holland, said "We prevent them." In all Holland, he said, there were less than 200 women in prison, and three of them were probably innocent, and for want of inmates. In accounting for this scarcity in women criminals, Prof. Aa gives two leading reasons—the movement of organized societies for the uplift of womanhood generally, and the fact that "women are al

owed to work, and support themselves honorably, instead of being starved into doing it dishonestly." He says further "but I would not say that that is the only reason; the whole crux of it. It is rather another glorious result of allowing woman to work. Before that she was perhaps unfit to vote. But the broadening influence of work not only has the result of making her refrain from active lawbreaking, but also gives her a positive impulse to assisting in wise lawmaking."

It is the contention of Socialists that women should have the ballot because of the great numbers who are engaged in industrial pursuits. It is a claim based upon practical measure, rather than upon a sentimental basis. When Prof. Aa speaks of the "broadening influence of work," in connection with the suffrage, he is supporting our claim. He might also have added that the working woman needs the ballot, as a protection, even as the working man does. The "broadening influence" comes from her knowledge of this need. Socialists also recognize that capitalism has been a boon to woman in that it has taken her out of the narrow home sphere, and placed her in the social and productive work of the world. But capitalism has its limitations in regard to woman, as it has in every other social relation. It gives her but a partial industrial and economic freedom. All women who need work cannot find it; all of those who do work do not get sufficient to sustain themselves in decency. Whatever may be the case in Holland, we have among our working girls in this country large numbers of law breakers, from the fact that though they are willing to work, they receive such a small wage that they are driven into seeking other channels of revenue. This is what Socialism will prevent. It will continue the possibility of the broadening influence of industrial participaton, but it will eliminate the necessity of "eeking out" a living wage, by illegal methods.


Societies seeking to combat prostitution in Russia have garnered large support from all parts of the country regarding this evil. Appalling figures bring to light wide spread immorality in the kingdom of the czar. In St. Petersburg, a city of 1,000,000 there are 50,000 prostitutes. Investigation in factory districts disclose the fact that thousands of working girls are forced to lives of shame, through insufficient pay for honest labor. "Prostitution in Russia has its roots in the helpless condition of the women of Russia," said one of the liberals in speaking on this subject. What is true of Russia is also true of the United States, and every other civilized country. This is the proposition that all honest people should face sooner or later. Poverty is the cause. Remove poverty, and the effect is gone. Will the voting majority be brave enough to face this issue?

Hand this copy of The P. W. to your neighbor, copy these articles, and she will read it from cover to cover.

The president of the University of Arkansas said in a recent speech: "I had rather Arkansas University would produce one modest Christian woman than 1,000 suffragists." Let's all move to Arkansas!
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

THE EXAMINER'S GLASS
LIDA PARCE

In ancient Greece, where the laws made a married woman a slave, and where the He- ariya or free women became noted for their culture and intellectual charm, marriage be- came unpopular and many women became He- ariya for the purpose of gaining their freedom. In Rome, a few centuries later, it was women of the upper classes who wailed over their marriage. Christian women from enrolling themselves on the list of prostitutes, so greatly did they value their freedom, which vanished when they married.

Today, a woman can earn a living in industry, business or professional life, and thus maintain her freedom. No wonder that the numbers of those women increase who prefer freedom without marriage to slavery with marriage.

The time is past for the average woman to get her living out of wifehood and motherhood. Not long ago the wife and children were valuable for their industry. Their labor contributed greatly to the fortune of the husband and family. Children no longer have a commercial value to the average man. A man comes to realize he does not receive sufficient wages to support a large family in comfortable ease. It is a woman who has passed. Not long ago, of course, the mother was of great service to society. Indeed, she was a woman of good fortune to the husband and the source of profit to him, is an unrelieved burden. A woman's mother- hood was formerly a reason why she should be protected, but now it is no longer needed. Women are not being paid for their service. The labor of women is no longer regarded as a charge against society. It seems as if women will have to learn to separate work from love. Our grandmothers worked long hours, they worked with the whole intelligence and devotion that they were capable of, and that is the labor they had to do. They had to learn again to apply as much energy and in- telligence to our work in the new relations that society has opened to us as our grandmothers exercised in the old domestic rela- tions. Then we shall succeed as well as they, and to us success will spell freedom, not slavery.

In bringing children into the world woman performs a valuable service for the state. It is surely as great a service as "fighting for one's country." The state needs all the time. If women were to cease bearing children the state would cease to exist. A woman can live a fairly happy life without children, a man an entirely happy one. Then why should a man burdened with the care of children and woman be burdened with the care of children? It is not a choice between the two sexes. It is a matter of choice between the sexes. Then why should a woman bear a burden of motherhood without reward. The state pays its soldiers, why should it not pay its mothers?

When nature first invented the male ani- mal, his only occupation in life and reason for being was competition for the female. The brute is competitive in his nature from the "foundations of the world." The business of the female was first to support herself, and then to reproduce her kind and care for her young. Mother and child formed the first social group. The woman -- the group was not formed by depending upon her for the supply of his needs. The mother responds by meeting the needs. Stimulation and response, action and reaction; that is the social process. It is the "natural" process. In this process society carries on all its operations. It will always be the process of the female. Competition is the distinctive process of the male. Women have learned to look out for themselves, more or less, in a competitive world.

Men have been obliged to adopt something of the social process. But still the woman-child plays social games, the man-child plays competitive games, each expressing in infancy his elemental nature. The economic reason, from the standpoint of a Socialist, why woman should be paid for her "rightful" labor is not only that she is disinterested in managing and keeping down wages of men, but it is because she is social and non-com- petitive in their elemental tendencies. And it is the social commonwealth which we are trying to create.

The Woman's Trade Union League of Chi- cago is establishing a loan bank where its members are not pay money without interest in time of need. They are trying to help each other, not to make money out of each other.

The Boro School. But with no money to buy food, and military leaders, for the sole and only purpose of giving them physical stamina and discipline. The girls are only to be mothers, so they don't need any of this physical development. But they are to receive training in nursing with the same safety and the Boro School, so that they will know how to eat up and patch up the pieces after the boys have got shot to finders in the pursuit of their perfectly peaceable oc- cupations. Women would do well to begin to take the place of the boys in many ways. We can have a share in any benefits that are available, so that there will be fewer pieces to pick up, and so that they can quit their traditional occupation of picking up the pieces and begin to live a little.

The readers of The Glass will remember that I wrote the "Victim of the Vampire" in the September issue of The Progressive Woman asking for assistance for her in paying her way into the American Woman's League through their subscription agency. I am very sorry to say that only a few replies came in. The following letter recently re- ceived will show the need of this woman for immediate financial help:

"Dear Friend: Why don't you write? I'm too worried and troubled to live. I can't en- dure this any longer. Today my husband shook me, shook me, kicked and kicked me, dragged me over the floor, out of doors across the porch, cursing and kicking me. I can't stand any more. He's terrible. Something has got to be done quick. I have got to get out of here before December, or die, or go mad. With but no money what can I do? I'm wild, frantic, desperate! . . . .

I wrote to the county seat, to— a lawyer, and asked him to take my case, telling him I had no money and did not know when I could pay him. He gave me liberty so that I make it, but said I had to come down first. But I can't get out of here—I must have money to get clothes before I can start . . . .

You will remember that this woman lives on a claim," in a tumbled-down log cabin, in a mining town near Garnett, Kansas. She is an unfortunate victim of capitalism, and of man- made laws, and is in need of immediate finan- cial aid. We cannot wait until we have So- cialism to relieve all the unfortunate who come to us. Only this year have we been able to this exercise at 1514 West Garfield Boulevard, Chi- cago (I have recently changed my address from Drexel ave.) or to the editor of The Progressive, Woman, will be forwarded at once to this woman.

Books for Socialists and Students.


The class struggle between those who live by working and those who live by owning, is as written history. But history has from the beginning been the history of the winning class and it is a task of utmost difficulty to reconstruct real history in the way of ancient times. This task has been attempted by C. Osbourne Ward, 010 of whom is a very real and wonderful manner by C. Osbourne Ward. Ancient Society; or Researches in the Lines of Class Struggle and Related Studies. By Lewis H. Morgan. Cloth, 390 pages, $3.00.

The first edition of this great work was pub- lished in 1877. It has been recognized by the government of the United States as the only authority on the subject of which it treats, and in the first edition of this work men in the utmost value to So- cialists, since it proves that the system of pri- vate property, based on the right of chattel or wage slavery, is not eternal but comparatively new.


The New Class is the book that has furnished food of deep and deep satisfaction. It is the first work that has ever been printed since it saves me the labor of my own study, for it contains all that I have written and expression, and is published by doing it lucidly and fervently for me.

—Mark Twain.


Only one who unites in himself the qualities of the intellectual and the emotional, is able to understand the sex relation. "Love's" function is to help bridge the gap between men and women. To understand women and women to understand men is a part of the problem of sex love. But the problems which changed economic conditions have in- creased the difficulty of the problem. We need all the help we can get in the way of relating the relations of men and women to each other.


Mr. Roppard bases his entire work on the theory of historical materialism and illustrates it with facts and figures from modern and modern sources. According to the Louisville Courier-Journal it is "at once a history and a criticism."

The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and Commodities, by Karl Marx and Fred- erick Engels, who next to Marx is the greatest of Socialist writers in the world. The Morgan family's "Leaves from the Life of the Family," by George and the Engels family's "Family, Private Property and Commodities" are two of the most important works in the political economy and sociology. They are two of the most important works in the political economy and sociology. The Morgan family's "Leaves from the Life of the Family," by George and the Engels family's "Family, Private Property and Commodities" are two of the most important works in the political economy and sociology.


Socialism for Students is a book that should be widely known. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. The socialistic movement in this country is derived. The socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. The socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is derived. It shows the sources from which the socialistic movement in this country is deriv...
Notes From the Woman's Department—National Headquarters

Iowa, Illinois, Washington, and Arkansas have secured a Woman's State Correspondent. Oklahoma, at its last convention, elected a Woman's State Committee. State Secretary Braustatter has sent us a copy of a letter in which he calls upon the women of our state to organize and work for the advancement of women. We have also sent to all our National correspondents a letter from the National Committee asking them to help in the work. We understand that the entire plan has been successful and that the women are very much interested in it. We hope very soon to receive reports from all our National correspondents and to publish them in our next issue.

An encouraging letter has been received from Comrade Garbutt of California. She says: 'We have a state paper and are pleased to be able to use it in printing any material that you may recommend. Please send us copies of your Plan for Work, also samples of literature for women.'

On January 5, Comrade Garbutt, of Palo Alto, California, sends in for several thousand leaflets for campaign distribution among the women.

Comrade Anna F. Deby, our National Woman's Organizer, has been doing excellent work for the woman's movement during the last eighteen months.

The men organizers, also, are dropping in line. Comrade Work reports successful organization of several chapters and a good sale of Progressive Woman sub cards.

The National Committee is preparing for steady, systematic work in the future and has decided to have a monthly distribution of picked literature, and the preparation of printed programs to be given monthly. For further information address Caroline A. Lowe, General Res. Office, 180 Washington St., Chicago.

National Organization.

Dear Comrade Kaneko—The enclosed letters will give you some idea of the national organization work among women. If you wish to publish them in your paper, I hope you will let us know. We are very much interested in knowing the plans and method of procedure. The Woman, I am sure, is our very best friend and we think it very important that we maintain a good relationship with her. We have just received from the Woman of Canada a copy of their journal, the Western Front, and we are very much pleased with it.

Caroline A. Lowe, Correspondent's National Office.

Dear Comrade Lowe—In reply to your kind letter in regard to Mrs. Ellen Fogel, would say it is in hand of the organizer, A. G. Cherry, who will write to you.

Jewish War Veterans of North America, Chicago.

Joseph Warmack, General Secretary for Sunday, October 9th, and the organizer will engage Mrs. Mose for Sunday, October 23rd. We hope that a large number of women will be present at these meetings. As the winter months approach, we are all conscious of the need for a greater effort to win the hearts and minds of the people.

We are very much interested in the success of The Progressive Woman and are getting what information we can from our National Committee. The Progressive Woman and for the Woman's National, State and local leaders and receive advice from you at any time.

Your comrade, Mary Portrait.

Nancy H. Smith.

Dear Comrade Lowe—Yours of Sept. 26th received with thanks. We started our Socialist School Sunday evening, October 2nd, with thirty-two children present. We will be very glad of any advice you may have as to how to work in the local and a woman's committee. We have such a committee which meets every other week, ourWoman's Committee, on the 5th. Our object is to create funds for the local.

Edward Armstrong and get them to join the party.

The central branch has the most women members. Two years ago we started "Modern Socialism," by which we mean a socialistic interpretation of our daily lives and our relations with the world. We have just started in with this year's work, and have had a very successful meeting. The meeting was held in Shoemaker's hall, No. 10 E. St., for the benefit of the members of the local committee. We made suggestions in the "Plan for Work in Socialism," at our last meeting, that we will discuss in our next meeting. The plan is quite advanced, and we hope to have a large attendance at the next meeting.

There seems to be great enthusiasm all around the city for the establishment of a woman's club for lieutenant governor of New York, said, organization of a national bureau, and asked us to do so.

Our secretary is Kate Chappell, treasurer, Mary A. Hammons, and Mary E. Mose, and the local committee. Our secretary is Kate Chappell, treasurer, Mary A. Hammons, and Mary E. Mose, and the local committee.

Annie's Woman's Work.

(The following letter and answer will be interesting to our readers because of the nature of the question. It is for the purpose of encouraging women to work among the working class. The woman in the question is Miss Annie. Miss Annie is the state secretary of the National Organization, and Comrade Work is a member of the National Committee.

What they have to say on woman's work is of interest to all of us.)

Caroline A. Lowe, Chicago, III.: Dear Comrade Work: I have received your letters and circulated them among the women. I am very glad to have them in our hands. I thought that the women were in the Socialist movement. The question was brought up at one of the meetings, and many of the women present said they had heard of the movement, but had no idea of its aims. I am glad that your organization is working on this important question.

I have studied the pamphlets you have sent with much interest. I think that the women are interested in the movement, and that they will be interested in our work. I hope that we may be able to have a large number of women interested in the movement.

I am glad to see that you are working on this important question. I hope that we may be able to have a large number of women interested in the movement.


Chicago Woman Active.

From the large attendance and splendid interest and enthusiasm shown at monthly meeting held in our office, Wednesday evening, October 12th, at 180 Washington street, much can be expected from the work of the Chicago Woman's Committee this coming winter.

The Chicago Woman's Committee holds its monthly meeting on the last Sunday of the month. The women of the of the Progressive Young People's Society are invited to attend. The society has been very active in the discussion and preparation of light refreshments, is most cordially invited to attend.

Our reports show that the work of the Chicago Woman's Committee is being carried on very successfully. The committee is made up of the ablest women in the city, and they are very much interested in the work of the society.

Through them women are being brought into the branches and the strength of the women's movement is increased. The committee is very much interested in the work of the society, and is ready to co-operate with it in any way possible.
Diary of a Shirtsleeve 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.


FOR SALE AND FOR RENT.

GEORGE S. COHEN

It is not my wont to parade along a city's main street, but recently I was compelled to make a round of the department stores and the aforesaid main street. It happened to be around the time of day when both the stores and the streets contained mostly women.

I was surprised at the number that had "For Sale" and "For Rent" written on them, in various ways. Some had it painted on their faces, others had it fitted to their bodies. Some on their ankles and feet, some their head and hair, others their mouths and teeth. No matter what other part of their bodies they used they invariably also used their faces.

Paint, powder, clothes, jewelry, hats, "rats", heels, stockings were all made to advertise the fact that they were "For Sale" or "For Rent".

Some were behind the counters, others walked the floors and streets, some made a pretext at buying while others did spend money to increase their "charms".

Most of them were willing to sell themselves for life for their board and lodgings, some wanted to rent themselves for as long a period as possible, while others wanted to rent themselves as often as possible. In other words some wanted to be bought, others "kept women" and others prostitutes.

When I looked at them, no matter how low they appeared to me I didn't blame any of them. To me they were the victims of circumstances. They had been hurled into a world where everything is sold and they found that their "charms" were commodities upon the market.

If they were not clean mentally and physically it was not because they didn't want to be, but because it didn't pay to be.

When I viewed them all it occurred to me that hardly one was living a real life, every one was making believe. Although on the surface they were clean, to me they all looked filthy because I couldn't see their true skins or their natural forms. I couldn't see their real selves. I also knew they were "fixed up" mentally just as they were physically.

I was wishing they could get a good washing, the kind of a washing that would remove the paint and as maker and pads and other trimming and would leave them clean. A washing that would leave them clean in body and mind. Clean and free. Free to live their own lives. Free to dress for comfort. Free to be themselves. Free to be human beings. Free to cultivate the mind for its own sake. Free to be real human beings, not dependent on any one for their food, clothing and enjoyment.

So I was wishing that these women needed and needed badly. That not men needed it any the less. We all need that washing. We all need to be clean and free.

Read our ads. and see if you can't order something from the advertiser.

The Sweating System

Continued from page 3.

Spread of Disease Under the Sweating System.

The sweating system is a constant menace to the health of the people, and is, without doubt, responsible for the spread of many diseases, chief among which is tuberculosis. Particularly in this true of work done under tenement conditions. Why?

Because in most cases where women take work into their homes it is because either they themselves are too far spent with disease to stand the heavy tasking that would be put upon them in the shops, or some member of their family is too sick to be left alone. The contractor who gives out the work asks no questions as to the health or sanitation of the place into which it is to go, and the workers could hardly be expected to volunteer information that might possibly rob them of their only chance to ward off starvation. Hence, it is no unusual occurrence for unfinished garments to lay for days and nights on the foot of a bed occupied by a tubercular patient. Children pass through scarlet fever, whooping cough, diphtheria and even small pox in the same room and the same bed with garments that are to go out and enter, unfumigated, into the arteries of trade. Nor is this all. Away back of this, disease may be traced. The cloth used in the grade of clothing usually made up under the sweating system is made in large part from what is known as "shoddy." The material for this is gathered promiscuously by the rag pickers in the streets and consists largely of odds and ends of old clothing, bedding, mattresses, bandages from old sores, etc., nothing selected, so dirty, so diseased laden but can be utilized. This conglomerate mass is hauled to the factory and dumped into a flaying machine and the dry dirt beaten out of it, or into it, as the case may be. Then it is passed into another machine that picks it into pieces so small that not one fiber is left attached to another. Then it is carded, spun, dyed, woven into cloth and sent out to the dealer, thence to the manufacturer who cuts it into garments and passes it on to the sub-contractor who, as already shown, sends it back to the disease ridden tenement house for its final inoculation. And nowhere, from start to finish, is there a process of purification.

And disease spreads, and the sleeping health authorities wonder why.

For home work among the cotton mills of the north the average income is 48 cents a day, or $125 per year; in the south it is 34 cents a day, and $125 a year.

The December number of The Progressive Woman will be a children's number, and will be a good one.

Send 10¢ for a picture ofComrade Debs and The General Socialists and five copies The P. W.
Debs Wants You

to know what he has to say in his latest proclamation, “Out to the Revolution!” It is a greeting, a message, and a call to action. It is a backward hail to every sister-comrade who has 
heard him during his present or preceding tour. You must be sure to read what he says! This moving call is printed in 
greater propaganda literature ever was printed. Two words in the book are by Comrades Ryan Wake and 
Edward Scholl. The striking cover design also is by Scholl, and 
now in three colors. In addition there is a brilli 
ant portrayal of Debs by Walter Hurt that gives intu 
itious revelations of his character. Countless other things have never before told, there is a full exposition of his religious beliefs, 
on which no one as yet failed to get this new Debs Book—it is IMPORTANT. Price, 50 
cents; two for 25 cents.

PROGRESS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Box 308, Williamsburg, Ohio

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

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While Chicago Sleeps

Continued from page 4

While Chicago Sleeps

Continued from page 4

police and press, they believed they could extend it to the courts. Ella Gingles would be sentenced to the Bridewell for larceny, and, when the affair was nearly forgotten, one of the nabobs, posing as a philanthropist, would obtain a pardon for her. Then she would be whisked into a cab and never seen again outside of the police-protected levy, the red light district of Chicago.

They may have had other motives, but anyhow Ella was again placed in a prison cell in spite of her bond. Shortly after 
wards, Cecelia Kenyon was found dead un 
der suspicious circumstances, the dailies pro 
nouncing the affair “mysterious.” With the usual inconsistency of the capitalist press they stated that the dead woman had threatened to betray the secrets of the Gingles affair, thus admitting that Ella’s story was not a fabrication. No arrests were made and the putative murder was not inv 
vestigated.

A Forensic Farce.

The Gingles case was one of the most re 

With the comrade below the line, the world was hers to love and save. “You see,” she said, “I have no children of my own, but I must make conditions bet 
ter for all children.”

This is indeed the problem for Socialist women, to make better society for the children who will be the citizens of tomorrow. It is of small use that we know that Social 
ism is the remedy; we do not spread the word and convince others. It is not enough 
that we read the P. W. We must widen its circulation and put it in other hands!

It is said that recently Upton Sinclair answered an objection (in the argument which appeared in the Outlook) in sending his ar 
ticle to Dr. Lyman Abbott, the editor of the Outlook, Sinclair said, “If you refuse to publish this in the Outlook, I shall have it published in the Appeal to Reason.” Dr. Abbott feared the 450,000 circulation of the little Appeal.

What we have done for the Appeal we can do for The Progressive Woman. We must make it a power that will be feared, a weapon fighting for justice against women and children. We all see the need of this We see the special burdens which they have to bear, and the measure of our sincerity is not what we think or wish, but what we are ready to do. It will mean work; it will mean a little money; it will mean great fatigues 
ues, but the Socialist women of this country are going to do it. It must be done. The comrades quoted above are typical. There are thousands who see the importance and the far reaching effect this has on the community. The only question

is who will be the first?

And when the busy mothers, the over 
worked girls, the lonely women of today shall have done their greatest work; when they shall have made their greatest sacrifices; when their passion and their labor for hu 
manship shall have done its work, and a bet

ter system prevails—they when walk along the shaded ways of life and receive the grate 
itude of a happier generation, the best thing that will be said of them will be "They worked for The Progressive Woman."

While Chicago Sleeps

Continued from page 4

police and press, they believed they could extend it to the courts. Ella Gingles would be sentenced to the Bridewell for larceny, and, when the affair was nearly forgotten, one of the nabobs, posing as a philanthropist, would obtain a pardon for her. Then she would be whisked into a cab and never seen again outside of the police-protected levy, the red light district of Chicago.

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vestigated.

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The Gingles case was one of the most re 
markable ever heard in an American court. It reads like a page of Medieval history, like the trial of Rebecca in “Ivanhoe,” this proceeding in which $38,000—some say $100,000—of the people’s money was spent in the effort to convict a guiltless tortured child of stealing a few dollars worth of lace, and her own lace at that. It was made by her, a pattern unknown in this country.

The white robed figure on the witness stand was eyed by hundreds of men and women who told the story of her debauchery. She was even compelled to give all the details of the two orgies, again and again, her cheeks flushing with maidenly shame and tears in her innocent blue eyes. Another wretched object sat, pallid and writhing, in the seat of the prosecuting witness. Agnes Barrette saw her mask of receptability torn off by baby hands and her appalling depravity exposed while she sat the target of all eyes.

What an anomalous situation! The lime 
light suddenly flashed upon the horrors of the underworld in an American metropolis, the medium being the pure lips of a foreign 
rustic maiden of eighteen! Though she was subjected to the most grilling cross-examina 
tion, even the Barrettised papers admitted that the “Gingle girl,” as they contemptuously called her, never once contradicted herself, astounding her most skeptical “woman’s con 
ning.” She was treated so brutally by the 
prosecuting attorney, Benedict Short, that the spectators often restrained themselves with difficulty. He would hurl questions at her in savagery as if maddened by his failure to shake this fortress of truth, and frantic over his impending defeat.

Rigorous though his fruitless cross exami 
nation of the defendant was, he would pre 
tend to come from across examining the state witnesses, but his “I object,” which rang out a hundred times during each ses 
sion. Never was an attorney so handicapped by a judge’s “objection sustained” as P. H. O’Donnell.

A witness named Hale took the stand for the state and Mr. O’Donnell’s young died 
whispered to him, “that is the woman who tied me.” The jist of her examination was as follows:

"Where were you the night of February 16th?" (referring to the bath room affair) "I went to the theater with Miss Barrette. I can prove it by showing the coupons. Then I went to her room and spent the night with her and we did not arrive at the hotel until nearly one o’clock."

"Where were you in the meantime, after the theater closed?" "We were at Greenbaum’s flat on Twenty 
second street."

"What did you do there?" "I don’t know." "What happened after you and Miss Barrette arrived at the Wellington Hotel?" "I don’t know." "Did you go to bed at once?" "I don’t know." "Where did you go when you arrived?" "I don’t know." "What did this mean if it was not a thinly veiled confession of guilt made by a repent 
tant woman? Yet the papers, with cunning 
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mes were summoned who testified that the injured girl was unconscious when and that she was not cut, only scratched. The coroner's medical exam revealed the scars upon Ella's fair arms and certified that the wounds had been received.

Stupendous efforts were made, through some witnesses, to deine the defendant's character, but they all fell flat. Nearly all took the stand in behalf of the lace maker really aided the lace maker, for they all badly coached, telling contradictory stories.

Miss Gingles' case was strengthened during the trial - she was again out on bail - by a masonic scene which took place in an Irish Masonic church. Ella was called up to pulpit, besides the Rev. R. Keene Ryan, d in a voice choking with emotion he denounced the prosecution as part of a conspiracy to sell her into a life of misery, using rancorous epithets in the English language. Women wept and prayed, men grasped the fugitive slave by the hand and gave them her defense, virtually purchasing her freedom.

VI - Not Guilty.

In spite of her one-sided trial Ella Gingles was acquitted and bedlam broke loose in a demonstration of joy in the court room, r all who had heard her story believed it. The conspirators regarded the verdict with relief, for public opinion was tak a dangerous turn. Then the young woman, whom the city of Chicago had so relentlessly persecuted for eight months, became honored, petted, loaded with gifts and fed. The escaped white slave wanted to remain in this country and bring her foes before the bar of justice in order that her own name might be cleared. But the Aunt Oorangawen, with otherwise unfair intentions, sent their little countrywoman back to sea under a new escort. But chariot is a miserable substitute for justice.

The July grand jury tried to indict Agnes Barret, but States Attorney Wayman was a faithful henchman, and intruding in the room the uninitiated one was not permitted the in- tervention. Thus the carnival of crime, initiated by the masked man, ended, and Wayman as the last actor.

Arthur Barrage Farwell, president of the sw and Order league, and many other citizens made strenuous efforts to get the arrest warrant for the Barret clause. But the opposition was too strong. It was aided by the Wellington hotel owners, whose interests were involved, by corrupted police with the city hall and court officials and purveyors, all so conciliated that exposure on one would result in the unliking of the entire conspiratorial chain.

The story of Ella Gingles, beginning with her escape from her childhood home, and ending with the last lie that was written about her as she sailed away from America, would form a large and interesting book, a story of daring, deep with plot and subplot, which with dramatic action and thrilling incident, heartrending in its pathos.

Her story shows us that white slavery is not only protected by the police, but it is shielded by the press and may even form an alliance with the courts. It seems to be so closely connected with blackmail that the little sufferer, bound and bleeding upon the afternoon floor is fairly typical of womanhood under the present order.

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SACRED MOTHERHOOD.

You may have noticed in the passing a sad news story concerning a baby girl born in a New York city alley. The mother, who had no food in many days, dropped fainting, and while she was thus mercifully numbed by nature the child was born. It is an item the Advocate thinks news not fit to print. It is hideous and immoral.

But not for the woman. She did the best she could. She tried to increase the species. She carried the infant and struggled along as best she could. But society, not nature, was against her. Nature is never immoral. It is simply inexorable. At the proper time the child was born. But society decreed it should not be born in the proper place or in the proper surroundings. As a result the mother died, murdered by society. The child yet lives. But society will probably find a way to murder it. The woman was a criminal, from society's standpoint. Her husband was out of work and had deserted her. She had never stolen, nor was she known to the police. If she had been she would have been taken in and cared for in a gross brutal sort of way. But evidently she was merely a good, natural woman, simply as far as her understanding of "our complicated social system" is concerned and absolutely heroic in trying to bear her natural burden. She did not know where to go or where to turn, and her child was born in an alley and fortunately she did not live to suffer all the penalties of her crime.

The people may preach and moralizers may moralize about sacred duties of motherhood. But the fact remains that it is penalized. Here is a woman driven to starvation and death by it. The fault was not due her but to society. What she was many mothers may be, and what happened to her may happen to many others in various forms.-The Advocate, Evansville, Ind.

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

YOU'D be pretty safe in judging of what a man can do by what he has done; past performance; record. This determines his place in the world.

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THE MISSOURI SOCIALIST CONVENTION adopted a resolution calling upon the Socialists of Mis- souri to "set upon a date for a general demonstra- tion in behalf of woman suffrage in all localities throughout the state." The platform declares for "woman to have the same political and civil rights as men have."

At the Chicago Federation of Labor's recent election, Elisabeth Mairson, of the Teachers' Union, received more votes than any other person for a member of the Finance Committee: Margaret Haley, of the Teachers' Federation. More votes than any other person for the Legis- lative Committee, and Mrs. Raymond Robin, were voted for an other candidate for the Executive Board. Anna Willard was chosen on the convention of the Illinois Federation of Labor.

From the Neepawa (Manitoba) Register.

WANTED, AT ONCE—Two fluent and well-educated persons, male or female, to answer the questions of a little girl of three and a boy of four; each to take four hours a day and rest the parents of said children. Apply at the Reg- ister office.

The Progressive Woman is the only paper my husband reads. Do you need a dandy new typewriter? Read this typewriter ad in this issue.
FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

Laughing Jimmy.

The gayest chap in all the town,
My name is Jimmy Brown;
His face is smiling every day;
The world is his great joke.
That even in his sleep he'll smile—
For he is happy all the while.

Why, do you think that even then
That can make him crawl or darkly frown?
We have no repetition of that—
He says that laughter keeps him strong—
Makes him swift to play and run.
So, smiling, goes he on his way.
He be at work or at his play,
The whole town is the all the town.
Good-natured, laughing Jimmy Brown!—Selected.

All Day.

All day, all day the butterflies
Across the tidy room,
All day, all day the maddens sigh,
Adown the busy room.
All day, all day theachines
And belted pulleys play;
All day, all day the same old streets,
Drills, all day.

All day, all day the foreman's eyes
Sweep over the hum-drum place.
All day, all day a grim expression lies
Upon his changeless face.
All day, all day a thousand feet
Tread through the weary way;
All day, all day, all day,
Alas! it was a laborer's day.

All day, all day the best souls yearn
For freedom from the toll
All day, all day the pulleys turn,
Blessing the lost and all.
All day, all day the toilers' fate
Is a burden heavy.
All day, all day the endless gait
All day, all day.

—New York Sun.

THE WHY OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

Everywhere is there need of training in order that people may work together—Well, I guess ya.

In the boys' base ball nine, each lad has his place and must do his part. The girls' basket ball team is also put under discipline for team play as well as individual play. In a chorus, each voice is heard; in a concert, all voices are heard. And, that the practice as a whole will be better executed. We have had a public school system in our land which for years has been so very common that even the most recent parts of the country have its schools. The story of public schools is that boys and girls may be trained to be better men and women, better citizens of the republic. And it helps, up to the place where they begin to "work for a living;" then behold, a lack of the knowledge of team work. Instead of working together, each one in his place, unfair means, condemned in school study and in school play is used to undermine the other fellows.

The system we call capitalism in its early days said, "every fellow for himself and the devil get the hindmost." The lame or halt or discouraged in the race were getting his livings sometimes does yet assist the devil to "get the hindmost," by clouding his mind with intoxicating drinks or drugs, taken to "make him feel better." As the every fellow for himself race became more widely contested, the more efficient—more far sighted—began to see it was not a true method in the long run. They said, "We'll get a better living for ourselves and families if we pull together." As for industry, when a man began to develop his business interests to his sons. No doubt these sons saw that a business, compact, established, would be better to divide it into several parts, or even to sell it and take each his share of the money. So we get a firm—partnership, though partners are not necessarily blood kin. Next "partnership" is the firm of two or more companies. Companies, large and strong, began to buy out smaller concerns, sometimes where the smaller company was doing a business profitable enough for a good living and so to sell the large company would lay deliberate plans to wreck it.

Our present Standard Oil Rockefeller founded his immense fortune on such business methods. Then "companies" became "trusts"—each trust controlling some necessity of life, the oil trust, the coffee trust, the steel trust, the rubber trust, etc. The trust finally became a game of getting money instead of "giving a living"—a game intensely interesting to the players to win or lose, and to others for its dealings with human nature. The trust has learned team play. This constant combination brought so much more than a good living that it brought on the disease of money-getting. It brought so much to the wiscasses at the head of combination that they keep its business busy trying to keep their keeps well invested. And needs and luxuries have been provided for, still it rolls in. The mad scramble to spend is over them. It is money madness. When it has reached the insane stage we have it turned into channels of expression. The rich lickers who have been heedlessly laboring to "get a living" have at the same time created these vast fortunes for others. The managing heads decide how much profit they want then decide on what will be given out in wages; it will be given out by the worker will take, depend on that. Craft-unions have protected only in a degree.

The trust presents a lesson in team-play in America—played by exploiters. The cooperative societies of the old world better illustrate the nature of such team play collectively. Socialism wishes to embrace all societies, all crafts in a harmonious whole.

The human body is often used to typify society under Socialism. Each system in the body is complete; the nervous system, the muscular system, the system of blood circulation, the digestive system, each for its function is perfect. When all work together under the intelligent direction of the man whose functions they are.

Humanity is the man's social production and distribution for the support of life is his function. He cannot have these functions harmoniously till he learns to pull with all the rest for credit of the "team."

Blanche and Harry, aged five and six, respectively, were very fond of maple sugar. Blanche had an inquisitive turn of mind and asked an older brother how it was made. The older brother explained very clearly if he boiled maple leaves and the sugar made from the sap. The explanation was not convincing to Blanche, so she asked her teacher if he believed the sugar made from the sap. Harry replied, "Why, of course; you tap maple trees in the spring, then unplug the tree, then you tap an oak tree and get sap."—The Littles.

What is the difference between (1) a gardener (2) a billiard player (3) a gentleman (4) a senator? Answer: The first minds his pots, the second minds his pockets, the third minds his pots and q's, the fourth minds his kows and pees.

THE LITTLE SOCIALIST MAGAZINE—The only magazine in the land published for Socialist children. Order it in your home. Send 25c for one year's subscription to 15 Spruce street, New York, N. Y.

ROSEY, seven years old, was asked, "What makes your hair so curly? He of the sober mind, whispered his ear as he answered, "Oh I don't know, unless it's because I scratch my head so much."

We have been in the city a short time. Our 7-year-old boy, through curiosity, spends a good portion of his spare time at Fireman's Headquarters a short distance away. Recently, while he was there the fire boys were discussing church organizations. Finally one of them asked the boys, "Which of you is a Catholic?"

"No," was the prompt reply, "they're Socialists."

Verdon, aged six, and Velda, aged four, after hearing their father say that "Seidelberg was a new one" were playing along the edge of the pond and saw a frog jump into the water, the first frog they had seen. Velda said, "I know this is when a frog is pretty toad?" But Verdon, who had misunderstood his father, said, "You little goose, that wasn't a toad; that's one of them new 'iddle bugs."

The history class was reciting and the teacher asked the class who discovered America. Up went Willie's hand, who, by the way was a Socialist.

Teacher: Who was it Walter?
Willie: Eugene V. Debs.
Teacher: Why, what are you talking about?
Willie: Well, I don't know anything about it, but papa told mamma that Debs was the first man in America.

"Diary of a Shirt Waist Striker" is just the thing for your working sister. 25c a copy.

Children's Number for December.

The next issue of The Progressive Woman will be the December number, and will be devoted entirely to children, and about children's workers. It will contain a beautiful book, printed in large type, with pictures and a cloth binding. Whoever gets it will surely be proud of it. For the next best we will give a copy of Nicholas Klop's "Socialist Primer," which is a nice little book from a red paper cover, with easy lessons in Socialism and lots of pictures. The third premium will be a bunch of colored post cards of Girard scenery, including one of the Appeal building, and of the Appeal mail at the Frisco depot.

Now let the little folks send in their contributions. Little stories from life giving real experiences of the working class children will be the best. Let us make this Childrens Number one of the greatest ever published.

Teacher—Now, Willie, which would you rather have—opera or baseball?
Willie—one-third. Mamma?
Mamma—You are getting next. And why so?
Willie—Cause if you cut it into sixths I lose more of the juice.—Exchange.

What prominent Socialists say on Suffrage leaders, 100 percent men.

All the sente were taken when a newly desired young Jimmy Brown entered the car. The tall youth rose with a polite bow and said, "I hate to deprive you, sir," she said, as she took it.

"Don't mention it, m'lady," replied the young Chesterfield; "it's no depravity."—Exchange.

Picture of Debs and Girard children, aged with this copy of the Littles. For 10c.
THE REAL SERVANT MIND.
E. V.
In one of the Bernard Shaw plays, a servant girl sees the fawning, cringing bearing of one of the upper men-servants, and to herself, he tells her: "You have only the soul of a servant." This servant is one who can be had in money. He is a different being from the person who renders a human service reen preserved to himself. This last exemplifies a saying, "Bread cast upon the waters, shall return after many days." For no under the reign of capitalism there is much human virtue to appreciate and make be nothing a mutual service. The servant soul shall be alleviated, and this is the string on the "bread" he casts forth. He a fish for something for himself. It is e the co-operative commonwealth would need to train in order to bring him from the serv-estram of money-worship, to the enjoyment of free manhood. Money is a "false god" worshiped alike by i rich and poor. Because they have not, they poor grant power to the wealthy; because they have not, they bow the neck of serv- en, and because they are allowed to do so by the might of a given wealth of men, their power to which they are not justly en- While the mutual attitude of the majority be to be loaded heavily and often, are you see there will always be the malic-ious temptation on the part of the exploiters to "pile it on"? To begin now as boys and girls and know he right value of money—under the present system, it was meant to be only a medium in the exchange of service. We may not need it at all who we know how to work together for the good of all.

The three-year-old son of a Methodist minister was with his mother at a gathering of ladies. At the table there was given a new cookie. He little it in short order, and asked for another. The house said: "I'll give you another if you will sing for us." "Can't do it," was his reply, "but I know something I can say." That will do all right, the ladies answered, expect you to hear 'Twinkle, Twinkle, little star,' or some other nursery classic.

But the little fellow drew himself up in real Sunday-school fashion and said his piece:

God save the Queen.

The lady gave him the cookie and the whole company were so very cheerful about it. Harper's Magazine.

We are going to have some very substantial prizes to offer the members of the Four-Four club as soon as we get well organized. Join today, by ordering 16 sub cards to be sold within the month.

Do you use safety pins? Read our safety pin list—then order. Samples will be sent free.

"Diary of a Shrift Waist; Sterlizer," 25c.

THE STERNS VISIBLE TYPETRWER

Embodies every vital convenience here-fore known in the use of writing machines, together with many important features exclusively its own.

It is the only Visible Typewriter practical for billing.

It is two machines in one.

It uses a two-color ribbon.

It sells for $100 cash, and is worth it.

If you want a first-class, up-to-date, easy running, long-wearing machine, BUY A STERNS Order from us.

THE POLITICIANS.
H. EMELINE WILLIAMS.

Ida.—Oh Ada, I am so glad to see you this morning. I am candidate for Mr. Smith for the legislature, and several have already promised me they would vote for him.

Ada.—Is that so. I thought last week you were getting votes for Mr. Brown, the Republican candidate. Have you decided that the democratic platform comes nearer to the standing for the principles you want?

I da.—Platform? What's that? There was a dandy one for us to dance on at the picnic at Anaconda last night. It was for principle our principal in school. The other day some we should be ashamed to get such low marks as the rhetoric class received last month, but I don't care, I am spending my time in politics, and its just fine.

I da.—But I am wondering why you have changed, when last week you were working for the republicans; and now you are working for the democrats?

Ada.—Well, you must know I will tell you. As to republicans or democrats, what's the difference? But, last night, Mr. Smith's son, Edward, gave me the nicest box of chocolates, much larger than Sam Brown gave me the last week, and I told him I would get all the votes for his father. I could be besides, he is a nice man, any one will say that. But you are so particular.

I da.—So it is a box of chocolates. is it? Neither a box of chocolates nor a "nice man" has ever done anything for the working class. But I am working for a party, one that stands for, and represents the working class, one that in all respects puts on a uniform with us, one that does good cheer, and that the mines and shops shall be made safe and sanitary. Only the other day I went to a funeral, a man had died of tuberculosis, as nearly every one working in the mines is sure to do sooner or later, because of the bad air. This man had left his wife and some half dozen or so small children, and when it came time to put the lid on the coffin the children all screamed, "Oh, no!" I would say it was the most distressing scene I ever witnessed, if I had not seen so many similar ones. I wanted to say to those children—and all the other part, it is this capitalist system that is to blame for this, and is doing it right along to thousands of other little boys' and girls' papers. Let us study these matters and then we will not be asking people to vote for the father of the young man who gives us the largest box of candy.

Ada.—Why, Ida Knowles, how you talk. I never heard anything like that. I did not know there was anything like that. But what do little girls do with these things? I never heard of it.

I da.—It is the Socialist party, and if you will come to my house this evening you will hear more about it. The Young People's Socialists meet here every Thursday, and I will be glad to have you come.

Ada.—I will come. Somehow that box of candy doesn't seem half so nice as it did.

An Injunctive Australian machine washes clothes by means of suction caused by steam and vacuum, much improved at recent exhibitions in Melbourne. It is said that these clothes come white, but save rough handling and the resulting damage to clothes will be paid for before or after they are sold.

CapSheaf, The Safety Pin Without a Coil

Since the first safety pins were invented many improvements have made them still safer for the user. The safety of the fabric pinned was considered—so the "CapSheaf" was made a safety pin without the coil spring which catches and tears the clothing. Send postcard to 101 Franklin St., New York, City, for free samples. Use "CapSheaf" once and you will always use it.

THE "FOUR-FOR-FOUR" CLUB.

We haven's got quite 2000 members yet in the Four-for-Four-Week-for-Fours Club, but a lot of folks are joining, and more are coming in every day. If you haven't already joined we are still waiting for you. This is the idea. We want 2000 boosters for the Woman, 2000 who will send in four sub cards for four weeks, or six-teen for the month. You can get your six-teen cards all at one time, and pay for them when you order them, or after they are all sold; or, you may order four a week, and pay for them before or after selling them. When you have done this, you receive a small button or pin with the words: "I am a Progressive Woman Hustler, Are You?" on it.

We want to help push the P. W. This is one of the ways. You can easily get rid of sixteen cards in a month. Try it. Here is the way one woman is going to do it: I shall attend the New York State Woman Suffrage Convention at Niagara Falls, next week, send me the sixteen cards. I will try to have them all mailed back to you from the Falls—Elma Sherwin." Everybody can't go to Niagara Falls, but here is an- other way: "If you will send me sixteen cards I will dispense them here in our local—T. E. Hinton, Vienna, La." Now, anybody can try that method. Another says: "I would hate to see them shut up the P. W. so if you will please send me the sixteen cards I will join the 'Four-a-Week-for-Four Weeks club.'" and signs herself Katherine Chappell, Rochester, N. Y. She will try in manifold ways to sell her cards, and help make the Woman a great paper.

Now we shall expect you to come in and be one of us, because you are working with us. Let us hear from you. When you write us, say in each letter that you are working in the Four-Four-Club. Otherwise we will not know.

Remember, sixteen sub cards for $4 to be paid for before or after they are sold.

Four sub cards for The P. W. for $1.

Little Sister of the Poor, 1916.
From Our Letters

I think our paper fine, and don't want to miss any more numbers—Myra Jones, Kansas.

I think THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is a great paper. Everybody ought to read it. A. D. Ladd, Alabama.

The articles that have so shocked the modesty of our "American Citizen" are just the kind that are needed. Grace C. Ohio.

Let me congratulate you on your excellent paper for women. Stand to your guns as you have in this short time. Your victory will be ours. —Frank Frost, New Mexico.

Women Work Long Hours.

Comrade Anna Malley did good work for your magazine when she was here and several subscriptions were sent in through her influence. It is good to have her here, but we must all do our best and much else besides trying to keep cool. I think I have two years of work behind me and I shall need to work hard and such long hours as they do here in this material. We work in the fields in the field: six hours a day is common, either in the gardens cultivating or helping with the other work. Then, before we start gathering the harvest, covering, and preserving, packing and boiling fruit and selling it. Everything is done by itself. We have no excuse here. We must do all we can to get the P.W. go, under any means—Lizette M. Holmes, Farmington, New Mexico.

In regard to the anonymous letter in the September number of the P.W. I wish to say that I consider it our duty to make public the evils of female sweatshops. We may have to suffer a little if we are to get the good we are looking for. Hoping that you will still get the truth and the women's truth, too—Mary S. Missouri.

I have become very much interested in your little paper and think the work of the nobly done. I wish all my friends would join the Four-Pound Club and work to keep it going on, and stop them. Hoping that you will still get the truth—Mary A. Ohio.

As mothers we must rise in behalf of the P.W. and work for the women's rights. Let us slave traffic save our daughters and help us all toward freedom. I write for the revolution, Mrs. Frank Rogers, Texas.

A Letter from Tacoma.

Dear Madam—I am in receipt of the October number of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, and I want to congratulate you on the splendid magazine you are turning out. The approach of electronics in this state in which the proposed amendment to the state constitution is now voted on, has stimulated a wide interest in the "women's" question and I am very gratified to see that the Suffrage Association has not given up the Progressive Woman a wide circulation in the state. I sympathize with your editorial criticism of the Suffrage Association that has not given the Progressive Woman a wide and enthusiastic circulation. I am willing to do all I can to make the amendment carry. If it does carry, the suffrage movement will be more than justified. I was greatly surprised to read your account of the conditions existing in the women's hospitals. My correspondent has stated the facts as they existed at that time but as they exist today. The vice-syndicate of Tacoma has crept hundreds of fallen women into their great establishment at 14th and A street.

The Forerunner

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE:
Written, Edited, Owned and Published by
CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN
67 WALL STREET, NEW YORK CITY, U.S.A.

Subscription (Domestic $1.00
per year
Foreign 1.25
This magazine carries Mrs. Gilman's best and newest work; her social philosophy, verse, fiction, ethical teaching, humor and comment.

It stands for Human-ness in Women, and in Men, for better methods of Child-culture for the New Ethics, the New Economics, the New World we are to make... are making.

ORDERS TAKEN FOR
Bound Vols. of first year...$1.25

The Progressive Woman.

START THE SEASON RIGHT

When you want Pancakes you want Pancakes that are right. That's why you want and must have PRIMEL before you start making.

When you want Doughnuts, you want good doughnuts—crispy, not all soaked full of fat to give you a run of heartburn if you eat more than one. And that's why you want NUTOL, Odorless Cooking Oil.

Lard is advancing in price again. Orders for Nutol are heavier this fall than ever before. Out of fifteen thousand gallons we have shipped in the past few months not one customer has reported dissatisfaction or that it does not make good in every particular we claim for it. IT NEVER GOES RANCID is only one small reason for its popularity. The big reason is—a dollar for Nutol goes as far as two dollars for lard.

Try This Lot by Freight:
One-half barrel (100 pounds) Primal; five gallon can Nutol, and a five pound box of our rich, delicious Peanut Butter; all for $1.25. Would cost you, bought retail, $16.

New Girard Manufacturing Co.
Girard, Kansas

Girard papers report first premiums at Farmers' Institute Fair were awarded to Nutol doughnuts and Primal cookies.

Letter to The Editor

Dear Josephine,—The Progressive Woman readers who answered our ads. during the past season are the best repeaters we have from any source. With this in mind, we will hereafter offer for orders for $1.35 to $10 have constantly been back in amounts of $10 to $50. It proved two things: First, that you have a list of earnest, class-conscious readers. And second, that with the good prices you order things to eat. That's the class we are inviting to send for a copy of our Message price list which will give more complete descriptions that is possible within the compass of an advertisement. Since November 1st.

By H. Vincent, Mgr.

Burned Out, But Not Discouraged.

The New Girard Manufacturing Company's plant was completely destroyed by fire the morning of October 27. But while the ash heaps are still hot and smouldering, our thoughts and energies are centered on rebuilding and putting things right as little delay and inconvenience as possible to our customers.

Orders will receive as prompt attention as though nothing had happened, with the exception of Primal and Nutroto, for which new machinery will have to be installed. So just now it is impossible for us to state when shipments of Primal and Nutroto can be made.

But you will receive your orders right along for other goods, such as Nutol, Peanut Butter, Dictionaries, Groceries, Cucumbers, etc., etc.


I am going to visit her in November. Write and tell the news. Much love, Luella.

Little Sister of the Poor, 10c