Uncle Reub on the Women Garment Strikers

J. C. K.

I've bin readin' about this yere strike down ter Chicago. A lot of 'emamin' is engaged in it—in o' course. A lot uv em's went an' got their fool pic ters in the papers and they think be kuz they've done this wonderfull feel they're called on to keep ahead makin' thei' selves notori e tus.

I read about one uv 'em gals ez was knocked down an' dragged around by a feller as wasn't a striker. An' the paper as writh it up to the shore is enough to bring a thump. This shows the simple and child-like incredence uv them city paper editors. They aint got no kind uv a line on human deceptiveness—espehshly female deceptiveness. I'm actually sorry fer them pore editor fellers. It's a wonder they kin hold their own agin all the stratejies and streetjums uv selfish humani ty—espehshly uv female humani ty. An' there's such a blame lot uv females in the big cities. I seen 'em onc when I went with Jed Tompkins to Chicago to help toer o' a load uv mules he was a shippin'. My but the millions uv females I seen on the streets 'tillye, they'd run into a feller an' nearw knock him down, they was that numerous and careless uv human life. Jed said ef I didn't stop a starin' at the tall buildin's an watch where I was agoin' I'd git killed, sure. An' I sure would ef I hadn't took Jed's advice.

Socialist Women Who Helped the Garment Strikers

On our cover page are seven of the women composing the committee that worked up the big Christmas strike edition of the Chicago Daily Socialist. This edition brought over $4,000. A second one brought $2,000. Thus the Chicago Socialist women, with the generous aid of their men comrades, gave a practical demonstration of "what women can do for Socialism and the working class." The proceeds of these sales went to the striking garment makers.

The comrades on our cover page are—top row, from left to right: Lydia McDermott, Ida Crouch Haslett, center: Nelle Zoh, Lydia Ayers, Anna K. Hulburd; bottom row: Emma M. Cooney and Anna Ware Huffman.

JOKELETS FROM FAR AND NEAR.

Mrs. Subbubs (who has hired a man to plant shade trees)—Digging out the holes, I see, Mr. Lannigan. Lannigan—No, mum. Ol'm diggin' out the dirt an'avin' the holes.

"And what did my little darling do in school today?" asked a fond mother.

"We had nature study, and it was my turn to bring a specimen," said the young hopeful.

"That was nice, what did you do?"

"I brought a cockroach in a bottle, and I told teacher we had lots more, and she wanted I would bring one every day."

New book of four Socialist plays, 10 cents copy; three for 25 cents.

Little Slater of the Poor, 10 cents a copy.

They said they want more wages! What for? If a woman stayed ter home where she ought ter be, she wouldn't need enny wages. My Nancy never needed enny—an' by Heck she never got none, neither.

The factory men hadn't oughter paid enny wages to start with. Then th' winnins wouldn't a bin aser for a raise—More wages!—O' course, they'll keep a naggin' round ef they git the chance, but that's a price they wasen't never think o'. Th' wuss uv th' factory men I'd quit givin' em a red cent. I'd hire men workers, an' pay 'em so high they'd never give their jobs up to the winmam's children.

That's a good idea. I never thought o' that afore... an' I dassay the employers never thought on it, either. Pay them winmam nary a cent more, an' pay th' men so much they won't give up their jobs to the winmam's children. It's a good idea. I'll settle th' whole trouble. It will put the winmam back in their right an' lawful speer, an' give th' poor men a chance. I'm goin' to set down right now, an' write it all out to them factory owners. I'll b文明 a jiffy when I pint it out to 'em—Don't pay 'em enny wages—give th' men enuf to keep em—Trust yer Uncle Reuben fer brains, by Heck!

USE A TYPEWRITER

If readers of the Progressive Woman who corres pond should use a typewriter. Through an ar ranged with a reliable firm in Chicago, the P. W. is in position to offer typewriters of various makes at prices ranging from $15 to $25. These machines have been thoroughly repaired and put in first class condition. They are sold at a price so low as to be a real bargain, and are guaranteed as good as brand new. They will last a life-time, too. Just write and state your wants and the amount you can afford to invest in a machine and we'll do the rest.

Readers, Attention

The money received from subscriptions alone will not make both ends meet for any publica tion, the answer to this must be advertising. This has been demonstrated by Socialist publications that have discontinued carrying advertising matter for a time and then been forced to sell space.

The Progressive Woman has a number of times lowered its rates and reduced its price in order to protect its readers and at the same time to meet the needs of those who wish to buy advertising. It has been unable to secure advertisements cov ering articles of commerce.

It has been promised several good advertising agents of honest goods and we want every reader of this paper who has the material welfare of Socialism at heart to support us. This is the only way we can carry this paper and to patrol the crowding of the press.

If there is anything you need which is not advertised in this paper, it is hoped you will let us know. We may use it as an argument to secure new business.

You may depend that all our advertisers are reliable and pay fair according to the system

Literature Free.

Send 10 cents (coin) with your address to A. M. C. care the Progressive Woman, and all kinds of reading matter will be sent you.

Send for a catalogue of Socialist books and pamphlets to: The P. W. Pub Co.
Workers of the world, unite! This is indeed the golden rule of labor—a rule that in fullest application will give us one day a sighted workers’ world.

Working class need is the great unifier; and in the Chicago garment makers’ strike there are 41,000 workers, comprising nine nationalities. The branches of the trade included are cutters, trimmers, coat makers, vest makers, and buttonhole makers. And the particular form of chain which linked these workers?

Unbearable slave-driving by foremen who are paid a bonus for getting the greatest amount of work done for the least pay.

Fines—for spotted garments; for lost needles, spoons—50 cents being the charge for a pool, full or empty; for failure to punch the me check, for every so slight discoloration to garment in pressing; for ever so slight cutting into the garment line, cases being on record where the full price of the garment was charged. Fines have even been imposed for too liberal use of soap. The price paid for work had been systematically reduced. Cutters received fifty cents for the cutting of a suit. “BONUS!” foreman piled five or six layers of cloth before the cutter and thus five or six suits were cut at once—for fifty cents. The extra inch of cloth was taken off, so that cutters must spend precious minutes notching to color and stripes.

In the largest house involved, during rush seasons, the floor men were instructed to shut off the water before and after, so that the girls should find no occasion to leave their work. These same girls, driven like machines during the day, often bought hundreds of needles which they threaded at home at night.

Work, work, work,
Till the brain begins to swim,
And work, work, work,
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim.

“Tis O to be a slave.
Along with a barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save.
If this is Christian work!”

Then during the stock season, the girls must often sit in the shop seven long hours without work.

These, and scores of pettier abuses drove the Chicago garment workers to demand the right to form a union—to bargain collectively. Their masters refuse to recognize the workers’ union—although the masters have a union known as the Clothing Manufacturers’ Association!

Hart, Schaffner & Marx, the largest firm involved, do not belong to the association—not because they do not recognize the benefits of unionism, but because they are strong enough to beat the whole association and dictate the rules of the game.

This firm, whose treatment of its employees suggest ethical standards about even with those of—say the crocodiles, have the impudence to speak as follows through their president, Harry Hart, on the moral wrongs of trades upon unionism:

“The closed shop, the so-called recognition of the union, which means that all working people must not be included in such a trust shall be discriminated against, is criminal, unethical and illegal. It is impossible in our industry. Its introduction would force us into some other line of business. Many men are in our employ who do not want to join the union, and have good reasons for not wanting to. Must we refuse to let these work? If we granted a closed shop, beginners, no matter how apt for the work, would be forbidden the chance to learn because of a system which had been declared by the supreme court to be a combination in restraint of trade.”

Not to save the pocket of the firm, mind you, but to protect the constitutional rights of poor workers, are Hart, Schaffner & Marx in this fight. Of course, there are no classes for the bosses are on the side of the workers—at least, they are on the side of the “good” workers who want individual bargaining in a trade where there are fifty-six divisions to a pair of pants, more than sixty to a coat and twenty to a vest.

All in time we will quit the “bargaining” business, both individual and collective. All in good time we will awake to the fact that we are the rightful owners.

“Who is the owner?”

“The slave is the owner.
And always was. Pay him!”

In the meantime, “the devil may pipe to his own.” The supreme court decisions serve these tyrant masters just as do the clubs of the police. There were 125 strikers arrested up to December 13th. Bell Squire, reciting the brutality of the law in the Chicago Tribune of December 11th, says:

“What sort of war is this, anyway, in which only the protected may carry weapons—in which only one side and its allies have claim to protection? For surely this is what it amounts to!

“Peaceful picketing is war without weapons—war without shot of gun. It is futile, uncivilized, unfair, unjust.”

The strike leaders have brought out of conference several proposals for settlement. These did not include recognition of the union and the rank and file of the strikers have rejected them.

The Socialists of Chicago have not been passive onlookers. Ten thousand copies of the International Socialist Review sold on the street by the strikers netted their fund $700. Much of the present article is drawn from one of the Socialist papers.
The world has about given up scoffing at the woman question, and is beginning to take it seriously. It is a wonderful world, so long as only one or two of the forerunners, here or across the waters, ventured the idea that woman really is a social being and, as such, endowed with all the prerogatives of a social being, it was easy to utter and ridicule as if the idea were only a passing fancy. But woman has shown that she is in dead earnest in the matter—even to the extent of assault and battery, as certain eminent Englishmen can testify—that she is sincere and sane enough to trifle with her very life in the hope of winning her fellow men and women of benighted Russia to freedom.

Progress always requires the clearing away of intellectual cobwebs. If there is one thing certain in nature it is that nothing is stationary, that everything either passes away or is molded into something better. Consequently it is one of the most amusing curiosities of history to observe how what we were told never could be became that which always was.

Man has not quite forgotten that the sun does not revolve around the earth, while he stands still, the paragon of the universe. Enough of that: he is able to conceal its wrinkles behind heavy underbrush, at the expense of baldness above.

To apply ourselves to the cobwebs:

It may be admitted, that, estimated by the ordinary standards of the age, the achievement of a thing is not of primary importance to society. Properly understood, social achievement counts more than individual greatness, even today. How much more certain will that be hereafter? For the sun; as to-morrow will be democratic rather than aristocratic. And that is precisely why woman is looming up so large.

Our next door neighbor with the antiquarian tastes is all of tremors over the possibility that one particle of sacred dust reposing on a tombstone will be disturbed by the changing wind—may soothe his troubled soul. Democracy will lay no irreverent hands upon his Charter of Dry Bones. Democracy will never hand down the inventor, outlaw the intellectual and incarcerate the man or woman of genius. Private property and selfish interests have done and are doing that too well already. Democracy means the opening opportunity for all, so that each unto the very least may add his fagot to the divine pile.

Moreover it means this: While democracy accepts at par every personal contribution, it reserves for the man or woman who, by that which helps fill the common store of joy than it does upon a triumph won at the expense of another; it does mean that work rings true and noble according as it redounds to the commonweal, and that what the whole of us perform in harmony and happiness counts more than anything the individual does for himself alone.

It is hardly to be argued that woman somehow less the democrat than man. For woman, in the main, kept nearer to the broad stream of organic progress. Man is the sport. It remains for woman to conserve what man achieves; to refine the mass of metal that man brings home from the conquest—to part the precious from the base, while, indeed, man has in him more of the explorer, he also has more of the wrecker and less of the gleaner than woman. And democracy is the ever reaching down to the great multitude below; it is the aspiration of the great numbers at the bottom of the in tegers in the social census.

Woman's place is not secondary. In a manner, of course, she is derivative, but permeates all the male is and does. It is as she first describes the wide circle of progress, from her point of vantage at the center, which she subsequently surveys to the circumference. Thomas Hardy has caught it.

"Blacklock, a poet blind from his birth, could describe visual objects with accuracy; Professor Sanderson, who was also blind, gave excellent lectures on color, and taught others the theory of ideas which they had and he had. In the social sphere these gifted ones are mostly women; they can watch a world which they never saw, and estimate for others which they have only heard. We call it intuition."

Woman's right to vote and help militarize to the needs of the social body does not altogether hinge upon her participation in industry. That is an after thought. It should be thought that, under a saner disposition of the world's housekeeping, there will be more woman puddlers, blacksmiths and coal heav ters than there now are. Even where machinery will not interfere, the name will probably be less. But woman is entitled to the suffrage, and all it entails, because she is an essential half of society, with the same right to choose her occupation and fashion her career as the masculine half, with as equally strong a craving to make her life round and wholesome, and in order to spare her function of motherhood, the rearing of better mankind, from barter for a bite of bread and a pallet of saw.


THE FIRST VOTE.

The first women in Washington to vote under the new law cast their ballots in the waterway election at Renton on Dec. 3. At first there was a question as to whether the women could vote without having registered. But Frances Conkling, a long-time leader in Chicago, has been accorded that they were entitled to do so. Mary Wilson was the first woman to cast her ballot, and 49 others followed her example. The measure was carried, 7 to 1.

Mrs. Young Re-Elected.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, who a year and a half ago became the first woman superint endent of schools in Chicago, has been re-elected to the office for another year by the Board of Education. The Boston Transcript says editorially:

"The re-election of Mrs. Young for another year is welcome news to all friends of education. There has been a report in circulation that Mrs. Young's election was being antagonized by a certain number of the Board of Education, for various reasons that reflected no credit on themselves. The same influences failed to bear fruit. Mrs. Young's election as superintendent of the schools of Chicago at the age of 63 has been transformed into an even greater miracle since she has 'made good,' but no one who knows anything about the woman or her methods is surprised."—Woman's Journal.

One day a Scotch and English boy, who were fighting, were separated by their respective mothers with difficulty, the Scotch boy, though the smaller, being far more the pugnacious. "What gared ye ficht a big laddie like that for?" said the mother as she wiped the blood from his nose. "And I'll fight him again," said the boy, "if he says Scotsman wear kilts because their feet are too big to get into trousers."

Governor Brady, of Idaho, has called the first national convention of women voters. It is to meet under the call at Tacoma, state of Washington, January 14, 1911. Delegates will attend from Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Washington, and doubtless in which women citizens are allowed to vote.

When you do get something for nothing it is worth just about as much as it costs.—Philadelphia Record.
The King of Prussia and the Emperor of France had a personal quarrel about who should be or who should not be the new King of Spain—which was none of their business. The King got "real mad!" War was declared. The "honor" of this precious pair of handsome parasites was at stake. Nothing but blood would wash out the stain upon their "honor." Of course, royal blood was too precious for such a delicate process. "Nobility" blood was, of course, not available—for such purposes. The blood of common working class men would do very well for these brutes to do their washing in. They were too cowardly to take such a sword and a Winchester and go out behind the barn or into the woods and "settle" it, sking their own putrid blood.

No, oh, no! The red ozone of kings and nobles is not to be wasted as long as a lot of chaff must be sifted out of the process. "Nobility" blood was, of course, not available—for such purposes.

To the front! To the front! A million men to the front!

Inspired by the audacity of the strong men of the working class blindly rushed to the front—as ordered, and asking no more questions about the justice of the war than the cavalry horses asked.

Did the working people of France and Germany have any grudge against one another? Not the slightest! But they butchered one another by the tens of thousands.

Do not rich men's sons sometimes voluntarily join the militia? Yes, very, very, very rarely. One of the bleakest-blooded Vandals of New York was recently a captain in a specially dangerous regiment. But, mark you—in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, well-armored, well-trained militiamen fight unarmored, untrained workingmen (and women) which is not so very, very dangerous—for the militiamen. To an intelligent rich man an unarmored wage earner on strike for an extra nickel to buy a chicken dinner has no more brain than a well-trained soldier whose business is murder, as the "enemy"—these look different, you know.

For years New York millionaires and all the other "best people" pointed with pride to the famous Seventh Regiment of the National Guard, the "rich man's regiment," the "gilt-edged regiment" of lovely young millionaires, many of whom rode to the armory for drill in their automobiles. This regiment of the American nobility of hard-and-tallow-steel-coal-and-railway millionaires, ready at any moment to defend and save the dear country from "the enemy," this regiment was, indeed, the pride of the village called New York. These glistening patsians taught the common people patriotism. "So they did."

Until the Spanish war broke out. Then these fakir patriots—what did they do—then? Remembered. Or did what amounted to the same thing—voiced not to go to the war. Certainly they did. Promptly, too—and intelligently.

Why then? Surely you do not expect a lot of intelligent men to leave their happy homes, to get hell and make themselves ridiculous, do you? Why, the cost of rubber tire for one wheel of an automobile would pay the war wages of a cheap man of the "lower classes" for six months.

"Didn't one millionaire go to war in Cuba?"

Yes. Out of our six thousand patriotic, flag-waving millionaires, one, just one, a young, green one, went to the war in Cuba—"for a little excitement and a lark" he said. Found out after the excitement "wasn't right," he said, and some cold lead. He was killed. As a millionaire "patriotically" going to war his case is an exception, clearly an exception, a conspicuously lonely, vain and stupid exception; and that exception will never be imitated. Too much intelligence—among the millionaires. Even his millionaire friends laughed at him for going to war. But he wanted a "hot time." He got the "hot time" all right;

There were several thousand other millionaire flag wavers instructively conspicuous in that war—by their intelligent patriotic absence.

"It is instructively significant that the capitalist newspapers gave more than a hundred times as much space to the death of the one millionaire soldier in the Spanish-American war as they gave to the death of any hundred millionable people who were slaughtered in the same war."

If politicians do not go to war, what about Mr. Bryan's case? Didn't Mr. Bryan patriotically go to the war in Cuba?

No, Mr. Bryan has more potent reasons for not going to the war. He simply went toward the war.

Mr. Bryan was, of course, patriotic, fervently, noisily so; but, like all intelligent people of his class, he always had his enthusiasm for war. His noblest command, double quiet, patriotically, Mr. Bryan, mounted on a splendid horse, with uplifted sword in hand, grandly vowing to "defend the flag against the enemy" as he headed his small debate before the Omaha Bee building, ready to start toward the front—at that sublime moment Colonel William Jennings Bryan was, well, simply beautiful, not to say pretty.

Patriotism is, after all, worth all it costs—that is, worth all it costs to Mr. Bryan. Mr. Bryan, like Mr. Hearst and many others, is patriotic, even temperamentally with his mouth.

But the reader may ask, "Was not Mr. Roosevelt essentially a case of a politician actually on the firing line?"

Clearly an exception. Name a few other "great statesmen" or international noises who went to the Cuban War—"to the actual firing line"? Mr. Roosevelt loves excitement and danger. And what indescribable dangers there were for the Americans in the Cuban war! The mightiest "republic" on earth was pitted against the most toothless, decadent, political and economic grizzle dangers—equal to those that threaten an armed, athletic hunter alone and face to face with a sucking fawn. Mr. Roosevelt has himself heroically—and carefully—recounted and printed his own brave deeds in that war.

With Christian love and humility, with charming modesty and delicacy, with the different ingeniousness of a blushing school girl, characteristic of him, Mr. Roosevelt tenderly recites one of his noble deeds as follows:

"Lieutenant Davis's first sergeant, Clarence Gould, was a Spanish American. At about the same time I also shot one—too far away. The Spaniard is not too far away. As they turned to run I aimed at the head of a Yank—killed him and killing the second (Oh, joy) At the time I did not know of Gould's exploit, and I supposed my feat to be unique.

Surely it requires courage, rare and noble courage, for a wealthy graduate of Harvard University to boost up a poor, ignorant, fleeing Spanish soldier—very probably a humble workingman drafted to war, torn from his weeping wife and children that he shot such a man, in the back. Oh, bliss—election—ecstasy divine! "I got him with my revolver, too, in the back!"

Many pastime of an American gentleman, a mongrel mixture of a patrician and brute. Yes, reader, Mr. Roosevelt, politician, was in the Cuban war—nothing wrong with that; and a "hero" and a "war record" worth at least 75,000 votes in his campaign for the governorship of New York which immediately followed the war.

... With shrewd patriotism, political fore,-

forecoming—courage—dishonorable—Mr. Roosevelt's picture is repeatedly presented in his campaign for the governorship of New audible modesty and ferocious gentleness.

Emerson finely says: 'Every hero becomes a bore at last.'

Mary had a little skirt
And everywhere that Mary went
She simply couldn't get along—

Montreal Star.

Good advertising helps to "pay the freight."

Here is a fine example of good advertising by ordering from our advertisers.

OUR LEAFLETS

Cheap Motherhood in America; Housekeeping Under Socialism, byvv. Alfred E. Smith; Bud D. Warren. 20c per 100; $1.50 per 1,000.

Children in Textile Industries: Boys in the Mill; Underfed School Children; Socialism vs. Alcoholism; Enemies of the People; The Days of the Revolution; Making of the American Workers; Frances Willard on Socialism; Woman, Comrade and Equal, by Eugenie V. Debs; Woman Suffrage: Two Leaves Say About It. 10c per 100; $1.00 per 1,000.

War—What For?

Is a handsome, gold-stamped, high grade, cloth bound, double backed book, printed in tiny, open type on high quality paper. The book contains 350 pages; 12 chapters; 1 intensely interesting picture (a beautiful halftone print); several literary special photographs of hell; more than a dozen strange passages for school and entertainment; declarations; over 300 citations and quotations from authorities; numerous suggestions for promoting the propaganda of Liberal Capitalism; an abundance of material for lectures and political meetings, etc. (Purpose); and secured a large, dainty little Socialism and the history of the working class. The book explains the principles and the rule of the working class.

This book instructs on the factory, sewage, the earth, the seas, the government, the divine, and the sins of the ruling class. PRICES—Single copy, prepaid, ........................ $1.25 Club of 10 to 99,........................ $1.00 Club of 10 to 24,........................ $0.75 each Club of 25 or more,.................. FIVE CENTS FOR EVERY COPY with every club of 4 or more at 80 CENTS 100 or more (charges collect)........55 cents exact Postage. POSTAL OFFER—One copy of War—What For— cách to 100 is 80 CENTS, 100 or more (charges collect)........55 cents exact Postage. POSTAL OFFER—One copy of War—What For— cách to 100 is 80 CENTS, 100 or more (charges collect)........55 cents exact Postage. This book is unsatisfactory, and is returned to use by mail only. For people who are interested in Socialism in its purest form, it is a must. Two days after it is received by purchaser. If the book is retained by purchaser, he can, if he wishes, use his copy as a sample to show his friends and, if ordered within ten days following, have three added copies for his friends—prepaid postpaid. THE PROGRESSIVE Woman Pu- blishing Co., Girard, Kan.
Where Women Vote
ROLLA MYER

The Ladies' Home Journal breaks out with an attack on woman's suffrage, on the grounds that matters of legislation in which women should be especially interested are not materially better in the four woman suffrage states than elsewhere. The whole article is filled with material for demonstrating the truth that they who oppose the extension of the ballot to women, will consistently oppose the exercise of suffrage by a considerable proportion of the males. For if badness of conditions and statutes condemns suffrage, then male suffrage stands condemned.

It is certainly true that the line of cleavage in modern society is not and could not be, along sex lines, and that, therefore, neither men nor women do or ever will pool their votes as sexes. There is no class-sex-consciousness, and sex matters as such, are not an issue, in any of the states. There is no basis, therefore, for anticipating any particular excellence of the statutes of the modern woman suffrage states on any matters peculiarly of sex significance.

If, however, some magazine will finance a competent investigator who is unbiased on the suffrage question, to make a comparative study of conditions and statutes in the full suffrage and non-suffrage states, it may furnish material for as strong an article in favor of adult suffrage, without sex limitations, as the Ladies' Home Journal found against it.

For instance, the age of protection for girls, in Idaho, is eighteen. Also, a woman in Idaho retains, after marriage, all her possessions, both real and personal, as her sole and separate property, and shares equally with her husband in all property acquired by her husband after marriage.

As for prostitution in the woman suffrage states, it is yet to be maintained and proved that woman suffrage Denver is worse than male suffrage Seattle,* or that woman suffrage Boise is worse than male suffrage Astoria. Astoria, Oregon, is an old Whig city once main male suffrage Butte. As is well known, the basis for white slavery as an organized business is economic servility; and on economic matters it must be admitted that the majority of the men as well as the majority of the women are servile. If that condemnation female suffrage, then it condemns male suffrage also.

The article in question lays considerable stress on the facilities for obtaining divorce in some of the woman suffrage states; claiming that in only two male suffrage states is divorce more easy to secure. But it is an open question whether facility for obtaining divorces on such lax grounds as "mental cruelty," etc., is not quite as favorable to women as to men. Certainly the woman who has stooped to folly in matrimonial matters is galled by the ill-fitting yoke as much as the man does, and perhaps more, with the development of common sense in both women and men, which will find expression in better statutory provisions for the economic security of wives and children, it will undoubtedly be found, even if it is not so now, that women will as promptly see the surcease of conjugal infelicitly as will men.

The enormous increase of prostitution and divorce in recent times in France cannot be attributed to "woman suffrage," neither can the responsibility for its continuance be laid at the door of women voters. It is the economic and social basis for these things that will have to be attended to by both women and men. Meanwhile, we can no longer deny the ballot to apathetic women, in case they choose to exercise it, than we can deny it to apathetic men. Putting the franchise into their hands will make them act for their own or anybody else's interests, when they are aroused and ready. That they can be aroused, the last election of Judge Lindsey, in Denver, seems abundantly to testify. And many of the complaints against women's demands in male suffrage states, within the last fifteen years, were enacted with the express purpose of allaying social unrest, of which "unrest" the adult suffrage movement, without sex limitations, has been in all states a well-marked symptom.

On the whole, however, it is along economic class-lines, and not along sex lines, that voters will stand divided. That is the only basis for a position that the issue will not ultimately become absurd. Economic lines can be metamorphosed; sex lines cannot. And all that the Home Journal's plea amounts to is that the women, after fifteen years of franchise, succeeding in securing legal securities local and national, surrounded by a world of inertia, have not yet learned to use their freedom. But neither, with better opportunities, have the man.

Either let us all vote, or all cease to vote, together! Emmett, Idaho.

Our Comrade Fred.

From "Hope." Our Comrade Fred must go to Jail, He's made the mighty tyrant quail He's thrashed the banty governmental mill, to valve, Brave Old Fred.

Beyond the dark and dismal wall His love of justice will not fail We have heard your clarion call, Brave Old Fred.

Across from coast to coast there comes The stirring music of the drums, We're coming out to sing our comrade—shums, Brave Old Fred.

The strength that set the prison stone Is on its way to Washington, Cheer up, old friend—you're not alone, Brave Old Fred.

THE RAILROAD GIRL.
PAIGE MILLER.

The next time you leave Chicago on the Burlington route going to Omaha, Kansas City, Denver, or San Francisco, and remember you are riding on a railroad that instills to many women, the duty of handling the train on which you are riding.

This road between Chicago and the west is equipped with the faster Manual Block system of handling their trains. The system divides the track up into blocks of various lengths, from one to five miles. Between Chicago and Aurora the blocks are 2 miles from one another, making the great number of trains handled over this 38 miles of track. At the commencement of each block is a tower, or block house, occupied by an operator whose duties it is not to allow a train to enter the block ahead until the preceding train has passed. Thus avoiding any possibility of rear end collisions.

Some years ago the Burlington started with two or three women telegraph operators at some of these block offices to see if they would be able to do the work as satisfactorily as it was being done by the regular men telegraphers. Their work proved so satisfactory that more were given positions and now there are around 25 women working for the Burlington in this capacity.

The towers are divided into three trims. The first trim from 8 a.m. until 4 p.m.; second trim from 4 p.m. until midnight; and third trim from midnight until 8 a.m.

If you leave Chicago about 10 miles out we come to Berwyn. In the tower here Mrs. Sanders works first trim, Mrs. Brennan second and Mrs. L. C. Russell third. A little further west is Western Springs where Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Kaut and Miss Jessie Sanders at Grayslake and works first trim; Mrs. Sullivan and Mrs. Frankel, second trim; and Miss Minnie Roach, third. Mrs. Hazzard, Tipping, of Riverside, and Miss Helen Garry, of Aurora, are the extra operators.

Besides staying inside their offices and blocking trains, they have to frequently copy the train order and deliver them to passing trains. The trains are not stopped, but the orders are handed on the use of a hoop. At Greggs Miss Oleason has to deliver several messages to the train between the West of Aurora at Malden, Ill., Miss L. D. Eger is the signals lady station master. She has full charge of the station at this point and takes care of the duties in a masterly manner.

Mrs. Z. E. Ethel Proctor is operator and Mrs. Arndt at Lee, Ill. All of these operators have to carry the mail from the postoffice to the depot, sell tickets, make reports, hustle baggage and freights, and one who is familiar with the situation would think impossible for a girl, but they are doing it and doing it well.

Here is a case where the women are not displacing men by working for lower salaries than men are paid for the same work. These women all belong to the operators' union, "The Order of Railway Telegraphers," and have the same rights and voice in the union as the men. Their positions are scheduled and pay the same as the positions occupied by men paying them $50 to $55 per month.

One girl was asked if she had had many thrilling experiences while working and she answered, she had had many, and being pressed for a specific one, the following account of an incident which happened to her while working in one of these block towers:

One night while I was night operator at a tower near Chicago I was notified that there was a dark object lying on the track near the tower and to investigate and see what it was. Although it was near midnight I took my lantern and went out. On approaching the object more closely it was found that it was fear of finding some one run over, or possibly a drunken man who had fallen there, but what was my surprise and relief to find it was only an old umbrella, which had found its way there and was open, of course, making it appear in the night like a large dark object.

Such experience would think would soon make the girls give up night work of this character, but it seems to act the reverse, making them like the work better.

Last July "The Woman's Journal" was made the official organ of the National American Suffrage Association. In June before this action was taken its subscription list was less than 4,000 paid subscribers. Before the end of the year it had jumped to over 12,000, and is still going up. Why? Because the organization supports it, works for it, pushes it. The result is a stronger and better paper in every way.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Do You Understand?
J. THE ANDERSON

I was working at my task. It was a mas-
cular one. There was no whirring of wheels,
or clashing of cranks. There was no hawk-
eyed speeding boss, watching my every move-
ment. There was no machinery to drive me
in a nervewracking topnotch of speed. There
was no rattling of wagons or street cars.
There was no hurrying throng of nervous
men and women to disturb the flight of my
thought, and my mental faculties were not
needed in my task. I was surrounded by
nature almost undisturbed. It was in the state
of Washington. It was close after election.
I had read the reports from all over the U.
S. announcing the glorious forward march of
the Socialist Army. The report had reached
the furthermore corner of the state that the
amendment to our state constitution had car-
rried, giving women equal rights with men
to vote on all occasions. It had been a hard-
fought battle, perhaps, in a good many quar-
ters.

In reviewing the situation, and what might
follow, there came into my mind a series of
industrial happenings, occurring many years
back, in a small country in Europe.
The cause of organization had grasped
the minds of the multitude of toilers; not
the skilled toilers alone, but down to the very
bottom, to the most despised, "common la-
lorer." And with zeal and enthusiasm did
they go at it. Their organization grew in
membership, and strikes were frequent, but
the success of them was not all that might
have been expected according to the percep-
tion of toilers.

Why? Because they had neglected one
thing, and a thing of utmost importance to
the emancipation of the toiling masses. They
had overlooked the fact that they were only
half of a good food and, that the other was the
women folk, without whom complete success
never could be gained. "A house," as the old saw goes, "that is divided
against itself cannot stand." And they were
divided against themselves. When a strike
occurred, the womenfolk who were on the
inside. Their women folk had not been con-
sidered, had not been taken into their council,
did not know, and did not understand the un-
derlying principles of their struggle.

And the women inside were nominally and
mentally they were fighting, induced the great many to go
back to scab on their fellow workers. The
women succeeded because the men loved their
mothers, wives, sisters and sweethearts very
nearly.

Thus strike after strike was lost. Then
is commenced to dawn upon their minds, the
cause of it, and they at once commenced to
apply the remedy. An educational campaign
was fought, its worst actual, was started, and
it was a success. The women quite
easily grasped the principles, easier than they
themselves had been able to. And they won
their women folk for their cause. The foes
not go to the better, but the enemy was not only
that, but were changed into more enthusiastic
fighters and supporters than the greater lot
of the men had themselves been. Now they
no longer made scabs and traitors out of their
husbands, sons, brothers and lovers. They
made men, fighters and stayers out of them.
They said, we do not get the pleasure
and comfort out of life that we should have.
In-
stead, we get starvation, want and shame;
if you must work or go down, let us go down
as fighters and not as traitors and sneaking
coyards.

Now I ask myself, what effect will woman
suffrage have on our movement? And the
answer comes that it depends up on our own.
If we understand, and will take every avail-
able advantage of this, it will be the beginning
of the end of our emancipation. We need now
not only be half of us in this struggle. Now
we may all be in it. And altogether the road
will not be long. The greater mass of our
men have no votes; we are constantly chased
from pillar to post for work, so we must turn
our attention to other means of defense. The
greater mass of us have mothers, wives and
sweethearts, and these, at least, are more
stationary than we. Let us give them this
task in proper manner. Let us impress upon
their minds the importance of it. Let us
make them understand. And they will fight
our battle like heroes on the political field,
and we will organize and fight our enemies
on the industrial field. And the victory will
not be far in the future.

Let our women folks make demands at the
front and let us back up their demands on the
industrial field—one political party, and one
industrial union!—Washington.

Pensions for Mothers
BY AGNES H. DOWING

There are a great many widows in this
country, most of whom have children. There
are those whose husbands are dead. There
are those whose husbands have given up and
walked away, and the mother must support
the child. There are women worse than
widow—women whose husbands have been
crippled or injured on the railroads, or in
the steel works, or in various other industries
that annually maintain their tens of thousands.
In all these cases the mother has the double
burden of caring for the home and making
the living for the family.

Only a few occupations are open to such
women. Such a mother may be young, strong
all skilful, but what can she do? Few line
of work can be followed by a woman with a
baby in her arms and little ones hanging to
her skirts.

If there were public nursery schools conducted
as well, say, as the public schools are con-
donced at present, so that a mother might leave
her babies for some hours each day and feel
reasonably sure that they were safe, she might
do something more effective toward making
a living. But as it is there is no place for
them but the charity nurseries or to stay with
the mother.

Usually a widowed mother, in her eagerness
to keep her children together and maintain
a little home, takes up the hardest kind of toil.
Washing and scrubbing generally falls to her
lot and she slaves early and late for a bare,
cheap living. She is willing, even eager to do
it for her children, but the tragedy of it is
that even by sacrificing herself, she cannot
save them. They will be neglected, for the
work will take her time. They will be ill
nourished, for she will be underpaid. They
will suffer hunger and cold, and if they do
not go to the best, it would be a miracle if
they do not.

Such a mother must live in a poor street
side by side with other poor people, who have
small influence in municipal affairs. Such
streets are dirty and ill-kept. The alleys are
the highways of bad boys (the neglected chil-
dren of other overworked mothers) and the
whole environment is conducive to bad citi-
enship. Three-fourths of the petty crimes, in
fact three-fourths of all the crimes that are
finding their way to the penitentiaries in this
country, are committed by youths under
twenty-five. Make it possible for mothers to
take good care of their children, and you save
the children.

Present society is not trying to save children,
and yet it costs more to lose them than it
would to save them. Police, criminal courts,
judges, jails, reformatories, penitentiaries,
detectives, jailers, sheriffs and wardens cost
more than clean streets, public nurseries, public
grounds, good shelter and wholesome surround-
gings generally would cost.

Probation officers and juvenile court judges
bear testimony that the children of poor wid-
ows are brought their way far oftener than
any other class of children, and it is because
their mothers are overworked and over-bur-
dened, and cannot give them necessary care.
If anything happens to the mother so that
the children are completely orphaned, they
will be maintained at public expense. But
as long as the breath of life remains in the
mother, the entire burden of supporting the
children remains with her. It is not a question of its soldiers for what it
is called "protecting the country." But for the
women who made the soldiers, who nourished
them and raised them, it gives nothing, not
even an opportunity. A pension to a veteran
enables him to live his last years better; pen-
sions to mothers would permit many boys and
girls to begin life better. And in many, many,
cases, a few dollars in pensions to mothers
would mean the difference between good, effi-
cient citizens and half starved slum children,
who are marked by crime and physical ine-
fficacy before they are of age.

They prize about the home and the beauties
of home life, but the insincerity of such talk
is shown by the fact that nothing is done to
protect the home.

Every woman who is dependent on her
own efforts, and has a baby to raise should be
paid an honorable pension. Such a measure,
under capitalism, would save the break-
ning up of many a home.

Wherever sells 100 tab cards for the Progressive
Woman during January, will be given $10. This
applies to individuals, families, locals or commit-
tees. Send for the cards at once, and see how
"dead easy" it is to make $10. Sub cards are
four for $1.

Have you read that terrible arrangement of the
capitalist system—"War—What For?" by George
Woodcock, a good book, and read it. Then pass it on to your neighbors.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

In her article on "The Conciliation Bill" in this issue of The Progressive Woman, our comradeadora Montefiore, of England, takes Conrade Lida Parce to task for some things she said anent the limited suffrage movement in England. I shall permit Conrade Parce to speak for herself on this matter later, if she so desires. As to Comrade Monteiford's reference to my statement that "all women, from the highest to the lowest sufferer in common this same thing—disinheritance. I have the thought, old-world ideas, the real operative were, that all English women, from the highest to the lowest, have—the English man to cope with. In America we have no "great administrative power," but if we had our own women working with us, as the English women do, we would see difficulties, and our troubles (including the American man) I need hardly suggest which we would choose. Even Conrade Monteiford, while charging us with our presence for the summer remarked upon our American men—

But that is an international secret, and it would not do to let it leak out here.

Seriously speaking, are not prejudice, habit of thought, and environment the rorers of women kind? And wherever these tarry and hold sway there women of all classes suffer. Unfortunately, even the right of suffrage does not entirely do away with the social and economic conditions by which every soul imbued with the idea of freedom for the working class through Socialism is not rid of sex prejudices.

Education is still necessary all along the line, and will continue to be so for many years, I think. I quote again the statement made in the issue of The Progressive Woman to which Comrade Monteiford refers, that had I been at the International Congress I no doubt would have stood for unlimited admission of women; but unfortunately I confess an admiration for the women who are going after the suffrage along lines they think will win out, for the simple reason that they are expressing a sex grievance—which is a social as well as an individual. Were those women fighting merely for the extension of property rights, if even the conciliation bill meant no more than that, how is it that the strongest of all the issues is property-class men? One way or another, we are glad of the opportunity to extend the property interests by giving the right of franchise to the women of their own class, if that were all there were to the matter.

As the case stands presented by Comrade Monteiford—and she has added information to our small store of knowledge on the matter—it looks as if there is a sex war within the property classes; the women of these classes fighting—and fighting terrifically, too, for the Thirteenth Amendment, and an admission for their spunk... and British doggedness, which is not so bad when properly directed.

THE ORDINARY WOMAN.

On another page of this issue is reprinted from The Cosmopolitan Magazine an article called "The Ordinary Woman." It is a pathetic description of the everyday life of the everyday woman, and is calculated to bring the tears of sympathy to the eyes of those who read it. Also, I think, it is designed to call attention to the fact that the average woman leads a miserably shabby life, and on the surface it is hard to beat any women... at all and a good deal more, besides...

In reality the ordinary woman deserves, as a human being, as a worker in society, and as a most valuable contributor to the social structure, much more respect and much more than the little attention and support which her weakness, encouraged and strengthened in the days of her helplessness, relieved away of financial distress, and given every advantage that modern progress attorns.

We human beings are a very simple, childish lot, but we are growing up as much as we ought to know for the years of our life, if we are given the support and the encouragement... for the good

At least we have not all learned it. Within the past fifty years some of us have seen the light, and more and more are seeing it. The indications are that society as a whole will yet come to see it, and the recipient of the benefits of the society which she makes possible through the very function which is too often her undoing.

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The Progressive Conciliation Bill
DORA B. MONTEFIORE

It is very difficult, almost impossible, for a Socialist in one country to get all the facts and conditions surrounding any special question in another country, unless the whole history of the question be read up, and the social and economic environment of those affected be very closely studied. Our duty as international Socialists, realizing that the workers, both men and women, are robbed of the greater part of their labor and that the only way of putting a stop to the question affects them, being a co-operative commonwealth, is to watch and test each question of the day in relation to this economic interpretation; and we must use both our patience and determination in combating the varied and astute attempts of a capitalist government to confuse the issues and sidetrack our propaganda.

Socialist women in England therefore have read with regret the article headed "The Examiner's Glass," by our comrade, Lida Parche in The Progressive Woman for October, 1910. They know well her writings and have followed her excellent work, and they regret that, as a Socialist, she should write in this way. What is worthy of note about our suffrage fight in England, our comrades have ranged herself on this question where those who are consciously fighting for an extension of property rights as opposed to human rights regard the question as an issue is the meaning of the inwariness of this protracted struggle; this is the reason why hundreds of thousands of pounds have been subscribed and are still being subscribed by the prosperous classes, so as to retain political hold over all the conservative women's organizations, the Church of England Women's organizations, and the Primrose Dames are throwing themselves with ardour into a fight for an extension through some women of the property qualification for political questions, with the underlying extension of church and state and sacred property.

Now let me just point out one or two misrepresentations in the article of our Comrade and see what is the condition of manhood suffrage in England is that the men don't want it." I would reply ask our comrade how in America or in any other civil civilization country the wishes and wants of the workers are tested? Is it not by the resolutions passed at their yearly congresses? Year after year the organized workers of England demand by resolution, not only manhood, but adult suffrage, and further send deputations to the government to back up these resolutions. The trades union congress, the labor party congress, both representing what is most strenuous in organized labor in Britain deliberately reject, as organizations the consideration of the qualification of women for the franchise on property, but call upon the government to disfranchise all men and all women on a residential qualification. How can organized labor show more clearly than that it really wants the franchise?

I must further query the statement that "the solid vote in the British parliament is in favor of the compromise bill." (I don't want to score a point by writing that there is no bill known as the "compromise bill" but there was a bill in favor of a bill which was called a "compromise bill," which was meant to conciliate the conservatives, and asked for a more limited form of franchise than any former bill.) The vote of the labor party on this bill was by no means unanimous, and those who did vote for it voted in opposition to the resolution to which their annual congress pledged them. Comrade Parce writes: "All men (in England) with few exceptions are permitted to vote." There are over three million adult men who have no vote in England, therefore those who work, for whom our Socialist movement especially stands; they are just the folk who have not the money or the leisure, or the possibility of organizing expensive monster parades with side shows of banners, costumes and mounted men, such as the wealthy suffragists can command; yet our comrade reproaches them for not doing so. Our comrades of the American Socialist party voted against the extension of the franchise from every country present, including England on this question of denouncing limited suffrage, based on a property qualification, as "an insult to democracy;" the only dissentents were the real men of the American labor league, who, however, did not, as Lida Parce seems to think, withdraw from the conference on that occasion.

I do not like to write about myself and my own work, but I think if anyone in the English movement has proved herself in the cause of women, I have done so. My work for them began twenty years ago, when I helped found the Woman Suffrage League in New South Wales. Later on in England I had my furniture sold three times as a protest against taxation without representation; and I have borne the loss of friends, and imprisonment, and misunderstanding because I would not compromise on this question. But when I saw that the power of men was corrupting and destroying the movement, that is as a democratic movement, and was forcing the demand to be undemocratic, then, as a Socialist woman I stood with my international comrades and both at Stuttgart and at Copen
given the Moses of Franchise, and among the comrades who were not in line with the international Socialist interpretation, that we dare not in England allow property to gain an extension of power, and must in future only fight the battle of representation. Do our comrades in America realize that we have still here over a hundred voting, and that enfran
chesed women of property might have as many as a dozen or twenty votes, as against a poorer woman's one? And do they also realize that women of property had for the last 25 years the municipal vote, controlling education and local government, and there is not a move being made to democratize that municipality? There are little children born one day at a large town in which I was speaking; all the pictures on the walls were of battles or of kings and queens. Women could through their vote, or by being elected to certain positions, to change the state of things, and prevent our children's minds being poisoned at the source. When, therefore, our dear editor J. C. K. writes in the same issue of "all women from the highest to the lowest and in the whole of America—dis
desperation," it is not strictly true of English women, who have in their hands great administrative power, and unfortunately use it too often in the interests of class, and in opposi
tion to the welfare of all children. As we live in England know and note this action on the part of propertied women, and we re
center the immense acuteness of the governing class and again and again they have misled and outwitted the workers. We desire this should not happen again in this particular case, and we, Socialists, being in opposition to both the Liberal and Conservative parties, are determined to have nothing to do with a "compromise bill," which is being engineered by both these parties, as an invention which will postpone democratic representation, and en
croach still more strongly the power of propertied women.


In Acknowledgment.

I wish to express the appreciation of "Heart-ache" for the contributions of cash and the sub
dscription money received to her to be a member of the Woman's League. She has been living with the worker whom she married and secured a divorce from him. I now ask for contributions for Mrs. E., whom the League is able to pay the costs of her divorce, and who, in order to provide for herself. After sixteen years of indigence and suffering, Mrs. E. will have the joy of being able to leave the world with health broken, strength gone, and four children to provide for. Thus is "ancestry secured," and name 
ly of "Heart-ache."

Thus is "morality" secured by the laws which record the names of those who may or may not have been most thankfully received, and those who must content with the fact that their money has been bestowed where it would serve a useful purpose.

Lida Parce.

"HERE'S SOMETHING TO Tickle YOU" Stewart, Box 717, San Jose, Calif.

The Working Girl's Home Work

Gladly give $3 can you give why a girl who works outside should do any house
work at home?

She expects her brother to do it. He comes in from the office and spends his evenings as he pleases. It is his home and he looks after it. It is over he goes upstairs or out, and no one is waiting for him. She eats his breakfast and goes to work, and no one is waiting for her. She is working in order. When his clothes are torn they are mended, and no one would think of asking him if she should do it. It is expected, and at work quite as hard. She hurries home to help mother prepare dinner. After he is over she clears the table and washes the dishes. As the house has no maids she must first of all be in the New York Press. Why should a man be expected to do the only one life and the only one work who at least? It is not, because the woman is the wife, is the slave. It is not free. It is not because her work in either case is not as good as the woman's work. Any housewife will tell you that. It is and here is the real reason—because human beings

Because women once were housewives they must always be housewives. Why is this? The New York Press. Why is it that the women by reason of the condition of life have and must remain, and must think it right, and are expected to do, a day's work, and then expect to expect. But nine times out of ten a girl would rather pay for extra assistance out of her own money than to have the old woman sitting in the house waiting for her at home.

Because circumstances alter all cases. But what I object to is the false distinction between men and women in regard to working. We get just as tired as working men; and they have their rights. We are just as fit to rest and to have a little time to enjoy our own lives of their own.

C. S. MONTOR.


Do you read? Read today for catalog of Social
bills and pamphlets and...supply any Socialist book you want.
Notes From Women's Department--National Headquarters

Monthly Programs.

The Woman's National Committee will print a full evening's entertainment in each number of Programs. The women of your local committee are prepared to submit subjects and the programs are being printed in accordance with the following plan:

First main section will contain a serial lecture by one of the leading Socialist authors. As part of this serial lecture series, the following lectures will be prepared:

1. "The Great and the Little Women" by Maud B. Carter, entitled "Women and Religion".
2. "The Great and the Little Women" by Maud B. Carter, entitled "Women and Home".
3. "The Great and the Little Women" by Maud B. Carter, entitled "Women and the State".

Each lecture will be grouped and recitations and readings will be included in the lecture. The lecture will be presented by local lecturers and will be followed by a discussion of the subject under discussion for the month. The subject for January is "Women and Religion". The subject for February is "Women and Home". The subject for March is "Women and the State".

Monthly Programs

Every month during the coming year, programs arranged by the Woman's National Committee will be distributed in the Progressive Woman. These programs are to serve either as home entertainment or for evening entertainments. They will contain primarily lectures, especially prepared by the Woman's National Committee. The lectures will be read by local lecturers and copies of the programs will be distributed to local lecturers for use.

Special Offer

The regular price of the Progressive Woman is $1.00 per year. In this special campaign for sale of the magazine, closing March 30, the price has been reduced to $0.50 per year.

The Woman's National Committee must have 2,000 subscriptions to the Woman's National Committee before the close of March 30th. We welcome your orders now.

When ordering cards from the Woman's National Committee, please include your name, address, and the number of subscriptions.

Caroline A. Low,
General Correspondence, Woman's National Committee.
Address 180 Washington Street, Chicago, Ill.

Program for January.

Opening Remarks by the Chairman.

1. "Women and Religion" by Maud B. Carter, entitled "Women and Religion".
2. "Women and Home" by Maud B. Carter, entitled "Women and Home".
3. "Women and the State" by Maud B. Carter, entitled "Women and the State".

Each lecture will be presented by local lecturers and will be followed by a discussion of the subject under discussion for the month. The subject for January is "Women and Religion". The subject for February is "Women and Home". The subject for March is "Women and the State".

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For one year 50c

A Model Father.

"He is a model father!"

"Yes, he has let his whiskers grow just to give the children a chance to play with them."--Chicago Record-Herald.

"Why do you call your new picture 'Dawny'?"

"Because," replied the young impressionist. "I don't know what a law looks like, but I do know they are likely to take my word for it."--Exchange.
Lesson for Women’s Study Class—January

ANNA A. MALEY

WAR

What is the general cause of war? How do we define war?

War is the quarrel carried on by industrial states mainly to decide what division shall be made of the wealth robbed from productive labor.

We have been taught that each war has its own causes. “Name the causes of the Revolutionary War,” was a standard question in our school examinations. We gave a list of answers—nullity, without Representation—the Stamp Act—The Boston Massacre. It is true that the colonists were taxed to support the English government, while they were allowed no representatives in the English parliament. Also, as a part of the same grievance, certain goods were required by the English government with which the colonists were obliged to pay, and the soldiers stationed in England dressed as Indians, did dump a shippload of tea into the waters of Boston Harbor. But all of these things were a part of the general grievances under which the colonists desired freedom to trade where they pleased, but resisted upon draining into English pockets all the profits from American trade.

It was men who hired other men, employers of labor, who were interested in gaining the right to sell goods to the best advantage. The workers themselves, then as now, received a wage for their labor. They had no goods to sell and had no direct interest in any market except that upon which they sold their labor power. Let us bear in mind that the bone of contention which made war is not the power of the English government to taxing and selling the products of American labor. If the American laborer had been able to control the full product of his own toil, there would have been no bone to fight about, and probably there would have been no war.

Our school histories taught us that the Civil War was fought to settle the question of slavery. Lincoln had said truly that the nation could not exist half slave and half free. The southern states were willing to secede and exist as a separate nation in order to preserve their right to hold chattel slaves. The government was unwilling to have them do so, and the immediate battle became “the preservation of the union.” But we know, do we not, that it was the product created by the negro that was dear to the southern slave holder? We know, too, that if the negro had controlled the full product of his labor, there would have been no surplus about which to fight.

The Spanish-American war, we are taught, was waged to save the Cubans from the cruelties of the Spanish government. The question might be asked, Why did not the Americans interfere in Cuban affairs in the fifty years preceding the war, during which the Cubans had revolted six times? The United States government did not take a hand in the Cuban troubles until it was clear that American capitalists must suffer heavy money losses by the failure of the government to interfere. American capitalists had some fifty millions of dollars invested in plantations, mines and railroads in Cuba, and during the war and revolt, the industries were disturbed and yield smaller profits. We can understand, therefore, that American capitalists strongly wished to see peace established in Cuba to the end that their fifty million dol-

Socialist Plays

THE WAY OF HAPPINESS

A Drama in two Acts, and

Three Other Short Plays

BY ETHEL WHITEHEAD

YOU WILL WANT THESE PLAYS FOR THE MONTHLY ENTERTAINMENTS outlined in this issue by the Woman’s National Committee, and for all sorts of entertainments. Price 10c, three copies for 25c.

FOR KIDDIES IN SOCIALIST HOMES

BY ELIZABETH VINCENT

King Cole and I.

The Sleigh Ride.

NELSON SCHABRON—Eight years old. We went sleigh riding today and the wind bit my nose and stung my toes. We were riding on Sussex avenue hill. My father's rope so tight and I fell over. I laughed so hard that I tumbled down. The next time I came down my neck was full of so. The third time it all came in my face. I was

Bang, bang down the hill. My brother laughed so hard that he almost fell over.

The pine trees looked so pretty with snow over them. There were some red berries and it looked just beautiful.

I wish the poor children had such a go time like I did.

I am sending you a picture of the pine trees.

Norristown, N. J.

Parental Thoughtfulness.

My big doll is called Blidegarde; The little one is Marjorie; The three girls are Olivia, Bettina and Elaine.

The rag doll is named Claribel; The baby I call Gwendolyn; I've different taste from my mums— She named me Susan Jane.

—Ruthie Ward in St. Nicholas.

THE MINERS.

FAZEL PEACE.

Dear Cousards—On the 15th number of your paper that the next issue would be devoted to children, and also request that the little folks should write you. I determined to tell you some of the things that happen around here in the mines as factors have no time.

As relating to the class struggle, it pre

vails here as elsewhere, only the laboring class are not always conscious of their class. We still think their best interest belongs to the class who takes the wealth they produce in the form of interest, profit and rent; consequently they still vote and elect to office men who are not of their class.

Our little city has a population of about four thousand and the main industry is coal mining, of which there is an abundance here. We have about fifteen mines here, the largest has a production of fifteen hundred tons per day of eight hours.

The miners employ little trapper boys, an
Diary of a Shirtwaist Striker

BY THERESA MALKIEL

This is a new book, giving, as nothing else does, an insight into the lives of girls who work for a living. The writer, who was once a factory girl herself, was all through the thick of this struggle of the bread-and-butter strikers. 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.


Henry's "Ear Nest."

"Teacher," said a little Polish girl in one of the South Side schools, "what a funny kind of nest in the reading book." "Oh, yes, there was teacher," persisted the small girl. "It was a great big nest and not a bird's nest at all. Such a funny nest, and it says Henry kept his ears in it."

The little Josephine brought her own book and pointed out this line: "'Henry is in ear-nest."—Indianapolis News.

Spelling Lesson.

To know just what—It's hard to tell—
Ough is going to spell.

At times when it appears as though White is going to spell, you should say Foolish, but if it's going to spell Nowish, then it's going to spell Nowish, when or if we think of it; or if we and we still are off.

When and it is in trouble.

When, finally, we must allow.

Was meant that it should sound like bough. And, so, I say that—It's hard to tell—
Ough is meant to spell.

—Nixon Waterman.

SPECIAL BARGAIN TRIAL ASSORTMENT

To Celebrate New Factory Opening

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Shipment will be carefully packed and placed on board cars at Fort Scott. We guarantee safe arrival of the goods anywhere in the United States. If assortment is not satisfactory, tell us what you desire. Weight of above shipment is about 125 lbs, which gives you the lowest freight rates. The buyer pays the freight.

A Corporation of the People, by the People and for the People.

The New Girard Manufacturing Co.

Fort Scott, Kansas
The New Skoolmarm

(Written from Nasby)

W. H. WAYNICK

Our teacher is a young lady from Milwau-
kee. I'm not sure about her native state. How do I see what she is? Teach the skolers to recite
poems? No, every Friday afternoon she would read lessons from new books—thin on that—new books written by Socialists! I tell you there was trouble in our town. Had school fever broke out in the skool, there wouldn't bin half the excitement. I, a member of the skool board, called a meetin at worst. All the well-known citizens of the town wuz sent for, and I demanded if they intended to use. Submitted to this outrage, I asked 'em whether they wanted their incentives destroyed and their homs broken up by this peckoollar woman from Milwaukee?

Burston with indignation they answered, "Boreat I have it told you that the skoolmarm is a brite woman with a gifted tongue, and she is apt to persuade you from your purpose."

"It matters not about her briteness," said I, feeling that there was a good opportunity to show my power uv argument, "it matters not. There is sumthin in a Socialist at which the instinct uv a capitalist absolutely rebels, and from which he natcherrly recoils. So much experience hav I had with 'em that put me in a dark room with one uv 'em, no matter how little Socialism there is in 'em, and that unerin instinct would betray 'em to me; which, by the way, goes to prove that the dislike we hav to 'em is not the result uv prejudice, but is a part uv the very nature uv capitalism, and one uv its highest and holiest attributes."

On the way to the skoolhouse, which wuz perhaps a mile distant, I asked a man if he knew the skoolmarm by UV. He never seed her. "I hav heard," said I, "that she wears a red jacket—a dangerous red, I hav bin told, but it matters not."

Thus communin and unafered, I entered the skoolhouse. The skoolmarm wuz there, ez brite and kool ez a Milwaukee mornin in winter. The skolers wuz ranged in the seats a studyin ez rapidly ez possible.

"Miss," said I, "ez a member of the skool board, and I am told that you are teachin the skolers a doctrine th is calcultated to brake up theirs homs and destroy their incentives. Iz it so?"

"Do you really wish to know about that?" she asked, rather mischievously. "Every Fri-
day afternoon I read summithin from the best writers on the social problem, and I try to hav my pupils understand exactly what the problem iz."

"Yes," said I sternly, "it must stop forth-
with."

"In that case," she, "may I ask what yoo would teach 'em?"

I wuz sorely puzzled. There wasn't a thing I could teach a skooler that all UV could be made of. But my reputashun wuz at stake. All uv a sudden I remembered an animal book that my kids recited from, summithin written by a nature fakir, and, therefore, entertainin. "I would teach 'em natural history," said I, and soothin the askshun to the word. I commenced to examine the skool. "What's a Killmaroo?"

"A skooler that is able to answer questions even the teacher. Then I sed: "What's a Jabber-
wok?"

None could answer thiz. Nor, no, not one. By way uv explainin it, I went to the blackboard and wrote that beastful line from "Alice in Wonderland," which is:

The silly Jabberwok who apes the other broods.

Some uv the skolers laft and hollared at the spellin, but I cared not for that. To quiet 'em and get 'em interested, I commenced to draw a picture uv the Wolly Horse, teeth and all, and when I wuz interrupted by that aggravin skoolmarm from Milwaukee:

"Excuse me, sir, but I don't know myself what those animals are like."

"Miss," said I, "there's no need for you to know."

"Then what need is there for the children to know?" she asked to puzzle me.

Boldly I declared: "It's better for 'em to learn what a Jabberwok is than know too much uv Karl Marx—or even Henry George."

"Will you?" I sed, "teach 'em what we want 'em to know, or do you wish to be discharged?" Ez a member uv the skool board I am one uv your emploivers, and you should be obedient to them ez pays your wages.

"All that strikes me is rather out uv date. You hav purchased my services, my work, but I remain a free woman," sed the skoolmarm from Milwaukee. Then, with a look uv scorn, she put her on her jacket.

Seen ez how she had bin subdood, I wuz gettin ready to go, when the tragedy okkerred.

One uv the skolers slipped up quiet, like, and hit me a stunin blow on the head with the stub end uv a pointer, which he seckored from a ralinn at the bottom uv the blackboard. That wuz the signal for the entire skool to rize in mutiny, male and female. Without waitin for an explanashun the infuriated skolers adored one corner, and among 'em, in about four minutes, I wuz made insensible. Somebody called a passin farmer, who threw me in his wagon box, and somehow, how, I know not. I got home, where I am at present recupera-
atin.

I hav only to say that when I go on sech a trip again, I shall require the skool board to pervide me with enouch help. But, good Lord, what haven't I suffered in trying to preserve law and order?

The students of nearly all the high schools of St. Petersburg have discontinued their studies, according to a dispatch of the 16th, as a protest against the cruelties which it is believed are being inflicted on the political prisoners in the Russian prisons (p. 118).

An Appreciate Holiday Present

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Woman and Socialism

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Socialist Literature Company
15 Spruce St., New York, N. Y.

This Book Will Hasten Woman's Emancipation

OUR NEW ADVERTISERS.

- An Introduction.

J. C. K.

Recently I saw a furniture ad in one of our progressive mags—first thought "that is just the sort of stuff we want for our paper and our customers!" and first began asking them to give us a trial as advertisers of our paper. So far as we can see, and as they will be with us for a year—and longer, if they do well—we are to have an ad in that paper. We are very glad to give you a little introduction to them, and hope that they will come to us as any of us, and when we look at the matter wisely—consider that they are those who serve and that they are men who will be possi-
ble for us to serve in the best and squarest way. We are sure that they will play unfair with us—it is as natural that we want the right to be heard in the way of life as it is that we want to be heard in the way of...".

Mr. Leath started his business a little over seven years ago in Elgin, Illinois. His aspect
constantly changes, and he is now a familiar figure in the furniture trade, and is now known as the edge of furniture making. He believed, however, that ever, that if he could make furniture his custom-
ners wanted, he could succeed. Evidently he did this, for instead of confining his sales to the people of Elgin, as was his first idea, he tried to pull until he now sells to every state in the union.

Mr. Leath says, "it's better to be on the wrong side of humanity, and wastefulness of time, to make it possible for the poorest as well as the proudest and the wealthiest to take part in this "agreement to customer" and to the "agreement to trade" plan;" he succeeded in forming a corporation in which no one is willing to sell to customers on convenient monthly payments, and he offers the plan to the extent that he agrees to ship the first and the second installment, and is now able to offer the payment in advance. If goods are not found as represented, they are returnable.

With Mr. Leath endorse The Progressive Woman, and are Interested in all public belongings; here is this.

This is just an introduction. I hope you will find this an interesting ad. I wish you like them stay with. They will return after you have seen all the goods. I admit that I wish you to be satisfied that I want good advertisers—want to offer to others what is good, what is your in your everyday life. Petition modellers; they have to do as we are solicited—and I have turned down many, even when I was offered a commission. I have a free to encourage, when you can, every ad that appears in this paper. Read carefully the ad on another page. And always mention the P. W. when writing to advertisers.

A Word to Washington.

Women in the state of Washington have the right to vote. After a long, hard battle this right has been granted them. We are glad of it. We do not understand why all women in every state in the union should not be given the right of casting any sort of ballot whatever, and when we wish they wish to. The denial of the right so long has been going on it seems like a sheer waste of time to argue against it.

And, thank the gods, we don't have to spend any more breadth in behalf of Wash-
ington women, so far as the franchise is con-
cerned. Ours is a new proposition. A little more complicated one, and one therefore that will take—and deserve—all the energy we can put into it. That is, getting the Washington women to vote. They are the people who have the power to do it, and so far as they wish to, they vote, you know, they become just as im-
portant as men, so far as politics is concerned.

And we have got to pay the same attention to them—or they may defeat us in our pol-
itical struggles.

So, comrades of Washington, it is up to you now to educate this new political force so suddenly let loose upon your state.

And you realize it, don't you? At least some of you will. I have received many writ-
ing letters from you saying, "Our women have the ballot now, we have got to go after them." It is notable that all of these letters have come from men comrades. And they are not the only ones. This is so while the desire to exercise their political pow-
ers is strong in them; while the substance of politics is the uppermost subject; before they are hardened into anti, or non-voting thinking, through the exercise of old per-
mittances. If you will not do it while the
THE ORDINARY WOMAN

The Progressive Woman

A WORD TO WASHINGTON

Continued from page 7

in the little Marys and Johnnies of poor, and the sanitary condition of the streets and saloons and vice dens. If other public evils is uppermost in their sights and desires; while these humane

 aides are large with faith in the possibilities of fulfillment.

show them that the Socialists, too, are earnest in these very things; that the So-

list—and the Socialists alone—can help in protecting the poor, in abolishing

fifty and filthy and disease and vice. These women with their new ballots are not to be in, she has been appointed in politics when they find they are being used. And so, too, nearly everything they want to under-

take. All of the vice interests, all the big

laissez-faire interests, will be against them. The I'll part, Harry—let them; politics itself
casionally played with, and was against them, they are going to be discouraged—unless

Socialists take the time and the trouble

intelligently point out to them your iden-
tical interests.

Don't go after them with brain storms; isn't have impossible fits. They won't

derstand you if you do. They will think

are what the capitalists say you are.

try to argue too much with them. Give

in the right sort of literature. They are

was sick and nerve-worn and weary almost to
devil, but she never failed to rally to the
call of "mother!" as a good soldier always
rallies to his battle cry.

Nobody called her brave, and yet, when one
of the children came down with malignant
diphtheria and was sentenced to death a hundred times, in bending over the little sufferer, without
one thought of danger. And when the little
one was laid away under the sod, she who had
loved most was the first to gather herself
together and take up the burden of life for
the others.

The supreme moment of the Ordinary Wo-
man's life, however, came when she educated
her children above herself and lifted them
out of her sphere. She did this with deliber-
action. She knew that in sending her bright
boy and talented girl off to college she was
opening up to them paths in which she could
not follow; she knew that the time would come
when they would look upon her with pitying
tolerance or contempt, or perhaps—God help
her!—be ashamed of her.

But she did not falter in her self-sacrifice.
She worked a little harder, she denied herself
some little, to give them the advantages she
never had. In this she was only like millions of
other Ordinary Women who are toiling over
cook stoves, slaving at sewing machines, pinching and economizing to educate and cul-
tivate their children, breaking down the old
hands the chasm that will separate them almost
as much as death.

Wherefore I say the Ordinary Woman is the
real heroine of life.

A good book, whether a novel or not, is one
that leaves you farther on than when you
ook it up. If when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot, with no
finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimu-
lated desires for that which is better and
higher, it is in no sense a good book.—Anne
Warner.

Frank had been sent to the hardware store for
a thermometer.

"Did your mother say what size?" asked
the clerk.

"Oh," answered Frank, "gimme the biggest
one you've got. It's to warm my bedroom
with."—Success Magazine.

Alexander

Irvine's Story

How he climbed out of the ditch of pov-
erty, ignorance and superstition, to a place
of power in the world.

FROM THE BOTTOM UP

By Alexander Irvine

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burning words of Alexander Irvine of the Ap-
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$8.75
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Send No Money with your First Order

The same quality, comfort and durability that you can get in this mattress for $8.75 will cost at least $14 to $15 in any other make. The felt in this mattress is made from pure cotton by means of a mammoth felting machine which makes it into beautiful, light, fluffy layers. This process makes an elastic felt which will never mat like it often does in an ordinary mattress.

Leath Felt Mattresses are made in my own splendidly equipped factory. I personally superintend their construction for I am a practical mattress and furniture manufacturer myself and have built up my present enormous business from a small beginning solely by my

ability to make better goods at lower prices than others.

For years I did no advertising and my business grew simply because every time I sold a mattress or piece of furniture the purchaser was so delighted with it that he was glad to recommend my work to his friends and acquaintances.

Write for my Big Free Book and find out all about how I make it easy for you to secure strictly high-grade furniture at the lowest cost by my Easy Payment Credit Plan. Remember that in dealing with me you can have positive proof of satisfaction before you buy.

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