THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

“Humana Vultores Who Fatten on the Shame of Innocent Girls!”

Fighting the Traffic in Young Girls
or WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE

By Ernest A. Bell, U. S. District Attorney Sime; Clifford G. Roe and others

One of the Most Effective Weapons in the Great Crusade Now Being Waged Against the Terrible White Slave Traffic

is the most sensational indictment of the White Slave trade ever published. The greatest shame of our Twentieth Century is that it is exposed to the light in all its hideous and horrid phases. The worldwide organization of the White Slave Traffic is brought before the eyes of the world in revealing and the methods of these hell-bound women who make a business of dealing in human girls is fully and com-petently exposed.

Thousands of Young Girls are annually sold into a life of misery and shame. The blackest slaver in the world is the white slave, because his victims, in a sense, are always staining their own hands. The girl going on right at your very doorstep. YOUNG GIRLS FROM 15 TO 20 ARE DAILY BEING STOLEN AND SOLD into homes of indolence. This is not being done by one man, but by a gigantic organization with a business in kidnapping young girls away from home and family to keep them in a life of crime and misery.

The WHOLE NATION is ALL-HOLY to the words of this book. The magnitude of this crime against all the rights of humanity is such that it cries for an immediate and wholesale extermination. The book, written by the ablest and best qualified men and women in the world, tells the terrible story of the means used to procure these young girls, the price they are sold for, and the horrible and degrading lives they have to lead.

The EXCEPTIONAL, AUTHORIZED AND OFFICIAL CHAPTERS written by PROMINENT DOCTORS, that you should read for the preservation of your health, will add a fascinating and unique feature to any collection of this great work. The book contains full-length, factual accounts of the terrible conditions that exist and the necessity for the cooperation of all the social forces to help exterminate this great evil.

The Mills of Mammon

Illustrated

Regular Price $1.50

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It digs to the roots of our social system—exposes the WHITE SLAVE TRADE in words that burn and bé with the INDUSTRIAL ANARCHY in words that will destroy the present order and bring in a new order. The author has boldly stepped across the line that divides politics and business, and has written a powerful story dealing with the folly of the present social order for the sake of the social order. It is a remarkable book, the best book of the year, the book that will stir the nation to its core and the one that will bring the nation back to sanity.

“A Man’s Job With It,” Says Debs

“The MILLS OF MAMMON, by James H. Brower, is a book that is a companion, in my opinion, to any book that is written to save this country from the ravages of the industrial anarchists. The author has written a book that I can wholeheartedly recommend to all the leaders of any group who are interested in a better world.”

It Made Warren Chalmers His Flat

“I have just finished reading the MILL OF MAMMON and found it so interesting that I could not put it down. I have read the closing chapters, which I found to be more than I can say for any book I have read for some time. It is a remarkable and instructive story of the industrial and social problems which this nation faces and needs to solve. I was particularly interested in your disclosure of the terrible traffic. I was almost certainly interested in the work of Mr. Brower and the statements of the author concerning his work.”

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Chicago, Ill.
We, the Mothers of the Race, protest against the mobilization by our sons, of our sons in the Mexican frontier for the purpose either of mimic or of actual warfare.

**Our Reasons for This Protest**

We recognize the imperative need of human association, or society, for the development of our individual sons and daughters beyond the stage of a low type of animals. This development can come only by using constructive methods. Mutual kindness and readiness to assist must be the motive and teaching of institutions that build societies of a high order. The education of warriors, and the practices of war, unfold, in the main, the cruel and destructive tendencies. The protection of mere private property interests can not adequately compensate the injury of arrested development which results from a bloody carnival of war.

We, the mothers, abhor the thought of our boys growing into a brutal, murderous, destructive element of society. We protest against a system that makes such a malformation of a civilized society necessary.

We, the mothers, abhor the thought that our children must be divided into warring classes of society. We protest against a system that forces the great mass of our children into ignominy, slavery, subject to the domination of mastery by the few.

**Proclamation**

We, the Mothers of the Race, proclaim the dawn of a new day. We bespeak for our children the enlightenment that comes from knowledge, the justice that comes from truth. Dark, slavish, ignorance is disappearing before the penetrating rays of undeniable fact. We, the Mothers of the Race, call upon you, our sons and our daughters, to arouse from your slumbers, and greet the new day. The sun of Human Brotherhood is high in the heavens. We, the mothers, proclaim it!

**Proclamation of the National Executive Committee of the Socialist Party**

Withdraw the Troops!!

On the 7th day of March the startling news was flashed from one end of the country to the other that President Taft had ordered twenty thousand troops, one-fourth of the regular army of the country, to be mobilized and hurried to the Mexican border. At the same time several American warships were ordered to proceed at full speed to ports on both coasts of Mexico.

The order was issued immediately after the adjournment of Congress. It was sudden and unexpected, and caused deep apprehension among the masses of the American people.

What is the object of this formidable military assemblage? What is the meaning of this hurried movement of troops toward a friendly neighboring country?

The earlier explanation that the extraordinary measure was intended as a mere war game, was so clumsy and palpably insincere that it was speedily abandoned and the semi-official explanation now couched so the people is that our army and navy are to prevent the smuggling of arms to the Mexican insurrectionists and, in case of emergency, to protect the endangered American interests.

The explanation is such as to cause every peace and liberty-loving American to hang his head with shame.

The people of our sister state of Mexico are in open and active revolt against their government. During his uninterrupted rule of thirty-six years Porfirio Diaz, the nominal president of Mexico, has been the evil genius of his country. He has reduced the republic to a despotism more barbarous than Russia, and has constituted himself the absolute autocrat of his people. He has ruthlessly destroyed the freedom of suffrage, speech, press and assembly, and has exiled, imprisoned and assassinated all patriots who strove to restore the liberties of the people. He has ravaged the country, plundered its resources and enslaved millions of its inhabitants. Since 1875, when Diaz became military dictator of Mexico, there has not been a single free and honest election in the country.

Porfirio Diaz has been able to maintain his infamous rule over fifteen million outraged subjects by aid of his soldiery, police and camarrilla, and largely also through the powerful support of the American capitalist interests. Mexico, with its vast deposits of precious metals and other natural wealth, Mexico with its large supply of cheap and uncomplaining slave labor, Mexico with the arbitrary and lawless reign of the Dollar, has become the paradise of the American capitalists. It has been invaded by our Smelter Trust and Oil Trust, our Sugar Trust, Rubber Trust and Cordage Trust. The Wells-Fargo Express company has acquired a monopoly of the Mexican express business, and the railroads, land and mines of the country are largely in the hands of American capitalists. The Rockefeller, Guggenheims and J. Pierpont Morgan, have vast holdings in Mexico; Henry W. Taft, brother of the President of the United States, is general counsel for the National Railways of Mexico, and hundreds of other American trust magnates are heavily interested in Mexican enterprises. The total amount of “American” holdings in Mexico is variously estimated at between a billion and a billion and a half dollars.

These American “investors” have always been the staunch allies of Porfirio Diaz, his partners in pillage and crime, his confederates in the enslavement of the Mexican people.

A reign of iniquity and violence such as was maintained by his Wall street partners no nation, be it ever so patient and meek, could endure for any length of time. The people of Mexico have for years been in a state of smothered and smouldering revolt. Their limit of patience was reached after the last presidential election, when Francisco I. Madero, the man who had the courage to oppose his candidacy to that of Diaz, was cast into jail for “insulting the president;” the cries of protest were prevented from reaching by violence, and the “election” of Diaz for the eighth term was brazenly proclaimed by his henchmen.

Then the people of Mexico rebelled. In all parts of the country the citizens rose in arms, determined to reconquer their liberty or to die, even as our forefathers had done over a century ago under slighter provocation. The insurrection grew in strength and extension day by day; the Mexican people were solidly with the rebels, the Mexican army was waverering in its allegiance to the despot in the presidential chair; even the censored press dispatches reported repeated victories of the rebel forces—the throne of Diaz was tottering, freedom beckoned the people of Mexico, an inexpensive revolution. Then the President of the United States deploys a large force of troops to the Mexican border.

The mission of the American army at the Mexican border and the American warships at the Mexican coast, is to save the reign of Diaz and to quell the rising of the Mexican people.

Against this unscrupulous outrage the Socialist party of the United States, representing over six hundred thousand American citizens and voters, lodges its public and emphatic protest.

In the name of America’s revolutionary past and her best traditions of the present, we protest against the attempt to degrade our country by reducing it to the position of a cossack of a foreign tyrant.

In the name of liberty and progress we protest against the use of the army of our republic to suppress and enslave the people of a sister republic fighting for their freedom and manhood.

In the name of the workers of the United States we protest against the use of the men and money of this country for the protection of the so-called “American” interests in Mexico. We assert that neither the government nor the people of the United States have any property interests in Mexico; that the speculative Mexican ventures of a ring of American industrial freebooters give us no warrant to interfere with the political destinies of the country, which they have invaded upon their individual responsibility.

And it is called on all local organizations of the Socialist party and all labor unions and other bodies of progressive citizens to hold public meetings and demonstrations of protest against the latest executive crime. Let the voice of the people resound from one end of the country to the other in loud and unmis- tolerable tone: “Withdraw the troops from the Mexican border!”
The Progressive Woman.

What Is Mexico?

(All of these articles on Mexico are taken from "Barbarous Mexico," by John Kenneth] 

Americans commonly characterize Mexico as "Our Sister Republic." Most of us pic-
tured it vaguely as a republic in reality like our own, inhabited by people a little differ-
ent in temperament, a little poorer and a little less advanced, but still enjoying the 
protection of republican laws—a free people in the sense that we are free.

Others of us who have seen the country through the eyes of travelers tell us a little 
in Mexican mines or Mexican plantations, paint that country beyond the Rio Grande 
as a benevolent paternalism in which a great and good man orders all things well for his 
foolish but adoring people.

I find Mexico to be neither of these things. The real Mexico I found to be a 
country with a written constitution and written laws in general almost as fair and 
democratic as our own, but with neither constitution 
or laws in operation. Mexico is a country 
without political freedom, without freedom of speech, without a free press, without a free 
jury system, without political parties, without any of our cherished guar-
antees of life, liberty and the pursuit of 
happiness. It is a land where there has been no contest for the office of president for more 
than a generation, where the executive rules all things by means of a standing army, where 
the political offices are sold for a fixed price. I found Mexico to be a land where the 
people are poor because they have no rights, where peonage is the rule for the great mass, 
and where actual chattel slavery obtains for hundreds of thousands. Finally, I found 
that the people do not idolize their president, that the tide of opposition, damned and held 
back as it has been by army and secret police, is rising to a height where it must shortly 
overthrow that dam. Mexicans of all classes 
are now on the verge of a revolution in favor of 
democracy; if not a revolution in the time of 
Diaz, for Diaz is old and is expected soon to 
pass, then a revolution after Diaz.

Contract Slaves of Valle Nacional

There is another constant item of expense 
that the masters must pay—the burial fees 
in the Valle Nacional cemetery. It is one 
dollar and fifty cents.

I find Mexico to be a constant item of expense 
because practically all the slaves die and are 
supposed to be buried. The only exception 
to the rule occurs when, in order to save 
the one dollar and fifty cents, the masters 
bury their slaves themselves or throw them 
to the alligators of the neighboring swamps.

Every slave is guarded night and day. At 
night he is locked up in a dormitory resembling 
a jail. In addition to its slaves, each and every 
plantation has its "mandador," or superintendent, 
its overseer and guard; and several free laborers 
run the errands of the ranch and help round 
up the runaways in case of a slave stampede.

The jails are large, barn-like buildings, 
constructed strongly of young trees set upright 
and wired together with many strands of 
barbed wire fencing. The windows are iron 
barred, and floors dirt. There is no furniture 
even sometimes long, rude benches which 
serve as beds. The mattresses are thin grass 
matting, and under them lies a foundation 
of overseer and guard and several free laborers 
to run the errands of the ranch and help round 
up the runaways in case of a slave stampede.

Women are working in the fields, especially 
during the harvest time, but their chief work 
is as household drudges. They serve the 
master and the mistress, and they grind the 
corn and cook the food of the male slaves. 
In every slave house I visited I found from 
three to a dozen women grinding corn. 
It is all done by hand with two pieces of stone 
and a few iron tools. And the women who are 
thrust into the sardine box must take care 
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The Extermination of the Yaquis

The secret that lies at the root of the 
whole Yaquis affair was revealed to me and 
the whole matter summed up in a few words 
by Colonel Francisco B. Cruz of the Mexican 
army, in one of the most remarkable inter-
views which I obtained during my entire trip 
to Mexico.

For the past four years this officer has 
been in immediate charge of transporting all 
the Yaquis exiles to Yucatan. I was fortunate 
enough to take passage on the same steamer 
with him returning from Progreso to Vera 

He is a stout, comfortable, talkative 
old camp-fellow of about thirty, and the 
steamship people put us in the same state-
room, and, as the colonel had some govern-
ment passes which he hoped to sell me, we 
were soon on the most confidential terms.

"In the first three and one-half years," he 
told me, "I have delivered just fifteen thou-
sand, seven hundred Yaquis in Yucatan— 
delivered, mind you, for you must remember 
that the government never allows me enough 
money to feed them properly, and from ten 
to twenty per cent die on the journey.

"These Yaquis," he said, "sell in Yucatan 
for $55 apiece—men, women and children. 
Who gets the money? Well, $10 goes to me for 
services. The rest is turned over to the 
secretary of war. This, however, is only a 
drop in the bucket, for I know this to be a 
fact, that every foot of land, every cow, every 
burro, everything left behind by the Yaquis 
when they are carried away by the soldiers, 
is appropriated for the private use of author-
ities of the state of Sonora." 

So according to this man, who has 
himself made at least $150,000 out of the 
business, the Yaquis are deported for the 
money there is in it—first, the money from the 
application of the property, and second, the 
money from the sale of the bodies. He 
declared to me that the deportations would 
never stop, until the last possible dollar had 
been squeezed out of the business. The com-
pany of officials who have rotated in office 
in Sonora for the past twenty-five years would 
see to that, he said.

These little confidences of the colonel were 
given me merely as bits of interesting gossip 
to a harmless foreigner. He had no notion 
of exposing the officials and citizens whose 
names he mentioned. He expressed no ob-
jection whatever to the system, rather be 
gloried in it.

"In the past six months," the fat colonel 
told me, "I have handled three thousand 
Yaquis in the same manner. I have little 
capacity of the government boats between 
Guaymas and San Blas, but I hope to see it 
increased before the end of the year. I have 
just been given orders to hurry 1,500 more 
to Yucatan as quickly as I can get them there.

"Ah, yes, I ought to have a comfortable fortune 
myself before this thing is over, for there 
are at least one hundred thousand more Yaquis 
to come!"

"One hundred thousand more to come!" he 
repeated at my exclamation. "Yes, one hun-
dred thousand, if one. Of course, they're not 
all really Yaquis, but—"

And President Diaz's chief deporter of 
Sonora working people lolling there upon 
the deck of the freight steamer passed me a 
smile while he was illuminating—yes, terrifically 
illuminating!

Our Special Woman's Edition sold 11,000 
copies above our regular list, and then 
stopped only because we ran out of papers. 
The orders were so far above those of previous 
years that we were not prepared to fill them all.

Next year we will know what to expect.

Copies of this number of The P. W., 1½c 
a copy, 100 copies, 85c, 1,000 copies, $1.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Over the Exile Road

During my travels in Yucatan I was repeatedly struck with the extremely human character of the people. The Mexican government calls Yaqueis. The Yaqueis are Indians, they are not white, yet when one converses with them in a language mutually understood one is struck with the likeness of the mental processes of White and Brown. I was early convinced that the Yaquei and I were more alike in mind than in color. I became convinced, too, that the family attachments of the Yaquei mean quite as much to the Yaquei as the family attachments of the American mean to the American. Conjugal fidelity is the cardinal virtue of the Yaquei home and it seems to be so not because of any tribal superstition of past times, but because of a constitutional tenderness sweetened more and more with the passing of the years, for the one with whom he had shared the meat and shelter and the labor of life, the joys and sorrows of existence.

Over and over again I saw this exemplified on the exile road and in Yucatan. The Yaquei woman feels as keenly the brutal snatching away of her babe as would the cultivated American woman. The heart strings of the Yaquei wife are no more proof against a violent and undeserved separation from her husband than would be the heartstrings of the refined mistress of a beautiful American home.

The Mexican government forbids divorce and remarriage within its domain, but for the henequen planters of Yucatan all things are possible. To a Yaquei woman a native of Asia is no less repulsive than he is to an American woman, yet one of the first barbarities the henequen planter imposes upon the Yaquei slave wife, freshly robbed of the lawful husband of her bosom, is to compel her to marry a Chinaman and live with him.

"We do that," explained one of the planters to me, "in order to make the Chinaman better satisfied and less inclined to run away. And besides, we know that every new babe born on the place will some day be worth anywhere from $50 to $1,000 cash."

The cultivated white woman, you say, would die of the shame and the horror of such condition. But so does the brown woman of Sonora. No less a personage than Don Enrique Zavala, president of the "Camara de Agricola de Yucatan" and a millionaire planter himself, told me:

"If the Yaqueis last out the first year they generally get along all right and make good workers, but the trouble is, at least two-thirds of them die off in the first twelve months."

On the ranch of one of the most famous henequen kings we found about two hundred Yaqueis. One-third of these were men, who were quartered with a large body of Mayas and Chinamen. Entirely apart from these, and housed in a row of new one-room huts, each set in a tiny patch of uncultivated land, we discovered the Yaquei women and children. In one house we found as many as fourteen inmates. There was a sick woman who lay on the floor and groaned feebly, but never looked up, and there were eight children.

"Last week we were fifteen," said a home-like woman, "but one has already gone. They never get well." She reached over and gently stroked the hair of the sister who lay on the floor.

"Were you all married?" I asked.

"All," nodded an old woman with a face of a chief.

"And where are they now?"

"Quiet, says," and she searched our eyes deep for the motive of our questions.

"You are not working," I remarked. "What are you doing?"

"Starving," said the old woman.

"We get that once a week—for all of us," explained the home-like one, nodding at three small chunks of raw beef—less than a five-cent stew in the United States—which had just been brought from the plantation store.

"Besides that we get only corn and black beans and not half enough of either of them."

"We are like hogs; we are fed on corn," put in the old woman. "In Sonora we made our tortillas of wheat."

"How long will they starve you?" I asked.

"Until we marry Chinamen," flashed the old woman, unexpectedly.

"Yes," confirmed the home-like one. "Twice they have brought the Chinamen before us, lined them up, and said: 'Choose a man.' Twice.

"And why don't you choose?"

This, question several of the women answered in chorus. In words and angry faces they expressed their abhorrence of the Chinamen, and with tremulous earnestness assured us that they had not forgotten their own husbands.

"I begged them," said the old woman, "to let me off. I told them I was too old, that it was no use, that I was a woman no longer, but they said I must choose, too. They will not let me off; they say I will have to choose with the rest."

"Twice they have lined us up," reiterated the home-like one, "and said we must choose. But we wouldn't choose. One woman chose, but when she saw the rest hang her up, she pushed the man away from her. They threatened us with the rope, but still we hung back. Then if we do not choose, they will choose for us. And if we do not consent we will be put in the field and worked and whipped like the men."

The Yaquei love for the one who suckled them is strong and several of the younger women recounted the details of the parting from the mother. Then we spoke of their husbands and the tears began to flow, until I asked the question: "How would you like to go back with me to your homes in Sonora?"

That opened the flood gates. The tears started first down the cheeks of the cheery, home-like woman, then the others broke in, one at a time, and at last the little listening children on the floor were blubbering dejectedly with the others. Weeping, the unhappy exiles lost their last modicum of reserve. They begged us to please take them back to Sonora to find their husbands for them. The old woman implored us to get word to her boss, Leonardo Aguierre, and would not be content until I had penned his name in my note book. The bashful woman at the fire, aching for some comforting, hopeful words, parted her dress to the back, and gave us a glimpse of the red marks of the lash upon her back.

I looked into the face of my companion; the tears were trickling down his cheeks. (This was L. Gutierrez DeLara, the Mexican Socialist, who acted as guide for Mr. Turner in his Mexican travels.—Ed.) As for me I did not cry. I am ashamed now that I did not cry.

Such is the life of the Yaquei nation in its last chapter. When I looked upon those miserable creatures there I said: "There can be nothing worse than this." But when in Valle Nacional I said, "This is worse than Yucatan."

GRAND SUCCESS

Our Woman's Day meeting was a grand success. We had our program planned some time ago, so only used "The Opening Remarks by the Chairman," from your program. We were very much disappointed when we found our bundle of Progressives. We did not arrive in time for our meeting. Our hall was well filled and about half were women, one of whom made application for membership in the local. We expect to have monthly programs, and no doubt will use much matter from your paper. I wish the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN prosperity. Yours for the revolution. (MARGARET D. BROWN.

Over the Exile Road. (From Barbarous Mexico)
The American Partners of Diaz

The United States is a partner in the slavery of Mexico. After freeing his black slaves Uncle Sam, at the end of half a century, has become a slave again. Uncle Sam has gone to slave-driving in a foreign country.

No, I shall not charge this to Uncle Sam, the genial, liberty-loving fellow citizen of our childhood who is as good as gold when he is in Mexico. The man dead and that brother is masquerading in his place—a counterfeit Uncle Sam who has so far deceived the people into believing that he is the real one. It is that person whom I charge with being a slave.

This is a strong statement, but I believe the facts prove it. The United States is responsible in part for the extension of the system of slavery in Mexico; second, it is responsible as the determining force in the continuation of that slavery; third, it is responsible knowingly for these things.

When I say the United States I do not mean a few minor and irresponsible American officials. Nor do I mean the American nation—which, in my humble judgment, is unjustly charged with the crimes of some persons over whom, under conditions as they exist, it has no control. I use the term in its most literal and exact sense. I mean the organized power which officially represents this country at home and abroad. I mean the federal government and the interests that control the federal government.

Do you have a general reply that has been made to my criticisms of Mexico and Mexico's ruler? That there are $900,000,000 of American capital invested in Mexico.

To the Powers That Be in the United States the nine hundred million dollars of American capital form a conclusive argument against any criticism of President Diaz. They are an overwhelming defense of Mexican slavery. "Hush! Hush!" the world goes about. "Why we have nine hundred million dollars grinding out profits down there!" And the American powerful might hustle.

In that ninety million dollars of American capital in Mexico is to be found the full explanation not only of the American defense of the Mexican government, but also of the political dependency of Diaz upon the Powers That Be in this country. Wherever capital flows it must come to something or somebody. The United States is a recognized everywhere and by all men who have as much as half an eye for the lessons that the world is writing. The last decade or two has proved it in every country where large aggregations of capital have gathered.

No wonder there is a growing anti-American sentiment in Mexico. The Mexican people are naturally patriotic. They have gone through tremendous trials to throw off the foreign yoke in past generations and they are unwillingly to submit to it again today. They want the opportunity of working out their own national destiny as a separate people. They look upon the United States as a great colossus which is about to "conquer" and bend them to its will.

And they are right. American capital in Mexico will not be denied. The partnership of Diaz and American capital has wrecked Mexico as a national entity. The United States government, as long as it represents American capital and the most rampant hypocrify will hardly deny that it does today—will have a deciding voice in Mexican affairs. From the viewpoint of patriotic Mexicans the outlook is melancholy indeed.

Let us cast our eyes over Mexico and see what some of that $900,000,000 of American capital is doing there.

The Morgan-Guggenheim copper merger is in absolute control of the copper output of Mexico.

M. Guggenheim sons own all the large smelters in Mexico, as well as vast mining properties. They occupy the same powerful position in the mining industry generally in Mexico as when I prophesied that theactics of Diaz were about to invade the country.

The Standard Oil company, under the name of the Waters-Pierce, with many subsidiary corporations, controls a vastly major portion of the crude oil flow of Mexico. It controls a still greater portion of wholesale retail and refining, ninety-nine per cent of it, so its managers claim.

Agents of the American Sugar trust have just secured from the federal and state governments concessions for the production of sugar and cane on land so favorable as to insure it a complete monopoly of the Mexican sugar business within the next ten years.

The inter-Continental Rubber company in other words, the American rubber trust is in possession of millions of acres of rubber lands, the best in Mexico.

The Wells-Fargo Express company, the property of the Southern Pacific railroad, through its partnerships with the government, holds an absolute monopoly of the express carrying business of Mexico.

Finally, the Southern Pacific railroad and allied Harriman heirs, despite the much vaunted government railway merger, own outright or control by virtue of near-ownership, three-fourths of the lines which run in and out of Mexico, which enables it today to impose as absolute a monopoly in restraint of trade as exists in the case of any railway combination in the United States.

The purely trade interests are themselves considerable. Eighty per cent of Mexican exports come to the United States and sixty per cent of Mexican imports are sent to her by us, the American trade with Mexico totaling some $75,000,000 a year.

Do you suppose that the United States will intervene in case of a revolution against Diaz Harding, for the United States has already intervened in that very cause. The United States has not waited for the revolution to assume a serious aspect, but has helped it powers most strenuously to stamping out its first evidences. President Taft and Attorney General Wickersham, at the behest of American capital, have already placed the United States government in the service of Diaz that not only an insurrection, but revolutions with which, for justifiable grounds, our revolution of 1776 cannot for an instant be thought of in comparison. Attorney General Wickersham is credited with being a heavy stockholder in the National railway of Mexico; Henry W. Taft, brother of the president, is general counsel for the same corporation. Thus it will be seen that these officials have a personal as well as a political interest in maintaining the system of Diaz.

Three times during the past three years the United States government has rushed an army to the Mexican border in order to crush a movement of Liberals which had arisen against the autocratic of Mexico. Constantly during the past three years the American government, through its secret service, its Department of Justice, its Immigration officials, its border rangers, has maintained the border states a reign of terror for Mexicans, in which it has lent itself unwisely to the extermination of political refugees of Mexico who have sought safety from the long arm of Diaz upon the soil of the "land of the free and the home of the brave."

WATCH THE NEWS FROM JAPAN

Charles Edward Russell In the Coming Nation

There is one phase of this subject that is still more ominous. Do you notice from time to time a recurrence of the Japanese war scare? Today I was reading in a newspaper the letters of naval officers that privately assure their friends of Japan's hellish intentions against the Philippines. Just before that it was some hideous design of Japan against Alaska.

These things do not happen accidentally in a controlled press. I beg to suggest to radicals and Socialists and other persons not believing in murder that they observe diligently the news in regard to Japan.

Just at this time when the tendency at home is toward economic inquiry and when people are beginning to learn something about the monstrous System that is saddled upon their backs, nothing could be so useful as a war to the gentlemen that ride us.

None of the riding gentlemen would get shot in it. Only workingmen would lose their lives. None of the riding gentlemen would pay the cost of a war. Only the workingmen would have the privilege.

None of the wives of the riding gentlemen would be widowed. None of their children would be orphaned. Only the wives and children of the workingmen would suffer.

War, therefore, is never dreadful, except in a remote, sentimental and platitudinous way to the gentlemen that ride and that also direct the affairs of the nation.

The author of "War—What For?" in the summer of 1910, attended a national peace conference in New York city. The conference was attended by some of the most distinguished peace-wishers in the United States, including capitalists, orators and college professors. The author was given the floor to address the convention. Everything went well until until the author began to urge that all who want peace should make every possible effort to warn the victims of war, the working class, of what war means to the working class. Instantly there was manifest discomfort throughout the audience, and very soon the chairman left his seat, came close to the speaker and urged that the speech be concluded at once. No other speaker was thus interrupted.

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The P. W. in bundles, 1¢ a copy.
Margareta Martinez

By William Francis Barnard in his beautiful new book of poems, The Tongues of Toil.

Thus they beseeched. But scornful ears Were turned to catch their pleading tones Came back reply to sighs and tears; Came back black words, and jeers and jeers, And looks of hate to all their groans.

"Dogs! Would ye eat and will not pay And from whose bounty will ye eat? Open your ears and hear us say: Go, get your food along the way, And munch the refuse of the street!"

"Dogs, get your food howe'er ye will! Did ye lack water, do ye think That we would for your begging spilt, And stand and see ye have your fill? Ye should die thirsting for one drink!"

A silence fell upon them there; The silence of a freezing fear. Their faces blanched with hopeless care; Their eyes stared at a glassy stare, Too dry with grief to drop a tear.

The fathers thought of wife and child, And shook with inward agony; Daughters stood distraught and wild; And strong sons silently reviled; While mothers groaned, and thought to die.

"Brothers and sisters," hear her cry, These were the songs long time ye live, But only laugh if ye must die. Yea, they rejoice at groan and sigh: Ask not for aid, such will not give.

"They scorn your pangs; they taunt and jeer; They bid ye serve and find no aid. If ye have hearts, why stand ye here? See yonder bread, so near, so near!— Go, take and eat; nor be afraid!"

They name ye dogs, mere curs that crawl, Fit for the kennel or the pen; Which do not bite, but bark and bawl! If ye indeed be men at all, 'Tis time to prove that ye are men!

"Hark to my word and give good heed: Early or late we all must die;— If ye are of the human breed, Though it should be your last brave deed, Strike one good blow! And so will I!"

They stared upon her. In her face A look shone forth which strengthened all. A shout, in a moment's space They swarmed defeat the faceless wall. And threw themselves against the wall.

"Beat down the bars!" the maiden cried; And loud the blows crashed at her word. They carried beams from every side; And not one hand could be denied. So by her spirit all were stirred.

"Tis Margareta, soul ablaze, She leads them through the crumbling wall; They loot the stores; they rend and race. Their fast endured for many days, Like wolves upon the bread they fall.

Full swift the tyrant's soldiers came, And shot them as they triumphed there; But through the smoke and rifle flame From dying lips there rose the name Of her who well had made them dare.

They bound her arms, nor shed her blood, And bore her whence none knows till now; But let them do whatever they would They could not match the human pool Of a high soul behind that brow.

It matters not if she be dead, Or unto awful torture hurled, And worse to be, hang o'er her head, Since all men know the things she said, And the words she spoke ring round the world!"

THE SOCIALIST PARTY

From "War—What For?"

Listen to the confession of the editor of a very powerful capitalist newspaper:

"It is significant that the Socialists of different races, and speaking different tongues, strangers in blood and customs, in Germany, France, Great Britain, Austria, and Italy, constitute the one great peace party of the world."

Listen to the best known and the best loved Christian woman in the United States, Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago:—

"The Socialists are making almost the sole attempt to preach a morality sufficiently all-embracing and international to keep pace with even the material internationalism which has standardized (even) the threads of screws and the size of bolts, so that machines become interchangeable from one country to another. . . . Existing commerce has long ago reached its international stage, but it has been the result of business aggression and constantly appeals for military defense and for the forcing of new markets."

You, who are to be tricked and shot at the factory door and on the battlefield, go to your public library and get Christianity and the Social Order, and read there the words of a preacher great enough for the City Temple of London, great enough to be the worthy successor of the world-known Joseph Parker, read the Reverend Dr. R. J. Campbell's splendid tribute to the Socialist party as the only political party in the world today scorning the belittling jealousies of capitalist statesmen and working effectively for international brotherhood.

Reader, you working class reader, a special word here:—

Perhaps your working class neighbor's son is at this moment falling into a patriotic trance, glibly planning to join the local militia or the standing army or the navy—ready to be consecrated, sanctified, blessed—for wholesale assassination, ready as a militia man, as a Cossack, as a soldier, to stain his consecrated sword with the blood of his neighbors and brutally—patriotically—laugh at the tears of women and children.

In one single campaign of Napoleon's over 150,000 boys under twenty years of age were destroyed. No wonder this monster in human form cried out to the mothers for more sons.

If you are in arrears for sub cards, or bundles, please pay up.
The Progressive Woman

Published Monthly by
The Progressive Woman Publishing Company
GIRARD, KANSAS, U. S. A.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Single subscription........... $ .50
In clubs of four or more........ $ .25
Class subscriptions........... $ 2.00
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For a bundle of ten copies or more at the rate of two cents each. Do not send stamps for sub-
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ADVERTISING RATES:
Eight-cent rate for one line space.
Column—width 13 ins; length 11 inches.
Circulation, 15,000.

This matter should be addressed directly to the publisher.

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Editor and Publisher...Josephine Conger-Kaneko

BY THE W. N. C.

This issue of the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is prepared by the Woman's National Committee of the Socialist party as a protest from the women of the working class throughout the United States against the military powers that force labor ever to be crucified upon the cross of capitalist greed.

Workers of the world, we call upon you to weigh carefully the statements herein made, for they are made not only for the men and women who must live under the present system, but for the coming generations. To those who are conscious of the fact that life is a great meaning, that the just and liberty to protest against a system that lives upon the sweat and blood of the workers of the world.

The Progressive Woman: A Voice in the Wilderness

Dear Readers—The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is on the eve of completing its fourth year. We are not going to say here what we have accomplished directly or indirectly, during that time. We will think back over this brief space, into the time when there was no PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, and consider our numbers, our work—and I am almost tempted to say our status—but we must not compare that with what is being done among women today, you can form some idea of the value of a journal, a mouth-piece, accomplishing results for a cause.

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN has been your particular mouth-piece during the years of its existence. It has but one ambition—to continue as your mouth-piece during the years to come. But now the question arises: Do you want the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN to talk loud, to reach into the far ends of the earth, to arouse every sleeping woman from her drowsiness into wakefulness and activity?

If you are bourgeois women, with the old ideals of being nice in spite of everything, in spite of the pain and misery and degradation and ignorance that surrounds and all but overwhelms you, you will not want to talk very loud. You will prefer to be exclusive and genteel, and soft-spoken. And you will not care whether the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN cries loud and long and far for you or not. You would almost rather it would not. But if you are Socialist women, progressive women, radical women, with warm blood in your veins and women’s hearts in your breasts, you will want a good clear far-reaching voice, one that covers every district of your country at one breath and is not hampered or restricted in any way.

That is what the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN will do if you give it free and unlimited circula-
tion. Don’t let its effectiveness become con-
gested through your coldness, your indif-
ference, or our lack of support. There is nothing in the world that brings out the splendid possibilities of a voice as does love. If you do not believe this, try it on the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. Your voice, crying in the wilder-
ness of ignorance and superstition. Remember, our enemies are strong and industrious; they are with us day and night, and with un-
cessing hatred they would stifle your voice, close up your mouth-piece, and send it dumb and speechless to the demimonde bow-wows. These enemies are all the minions of capitalism—ill-gotten gold, ignorance, superstition, selfishness, lust, and the whole herd of disreputables. Over against these will have to stand, your friendship, your cheer and help, your love.

Otherwise your voice dies, or it is broken, or it does its work only in a poor, crippled fashion.

Socialism an Ideal

Some of us are good haters. We work for Socialism because we hate capitalism. But I believe most of us will do more effective work under compelling force of love than under the incentive of hate. We Socialists are looking toward a great ideal. One that we believe will realize its consummation on this earth. We no more question this than we question the rising of the sun tomorrow—because Socialism has its roots in a scientific basis, just as has the workings of the sun. But we know our idea cannot be realized unless we love it, work for it, identify ourselves with it, become a part of it. This is what we are doing. This is what we must do, from the very fact that it is part of the process, and we cannot help ourselves.

But intelligent application of our love for our ideal will help a very great deal; will make smoother the way, and hasten the process.

So, intelligent, earnest, systematic work for the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN which is your voice crying out the new way, will make smoother the path, and hasten the day of your emancipation.

Let us work, comrades and friends, as we never did work, to carry the message of Socialism into homes that need it. Into hundreds of thousands of capitalist-ridden homes, this coming year of our life.

Some Special Agencies

A comrade in the south who makes a business of taking subscriptions to magazines is clubbing the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN with the others. "They need it bad down here," he writes. This is a great start. They have sent out 500 cards in the next several weeks. The Chicago Daily Socialist Lyceum is using the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN sub cards in its lyceum work. This will bring in a few thousand. The American Woman's Suffrage Association has sent out large numbers of names on their Class A subscription plan, and will continue to do so for the coming year. Comrade Mae Wood Simons has very materially increased our list the past few weeks through lectures on the sub card lecture plan. We hope to give her more of this work in the future. The special campaign for subs made by the locals to help the woman's national committee win the $100 prize has increased our list by several hun-
dred, though we regret that they did not make it the required 2,000, and thus win the prize. We shall be glad to give them this opportunity again in the future, if they want it.

These are a few of the special agencies that are at work boomin the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN subscription list.

Individual Work

But, comrades, more than anything else, I want you as INDIVIDUALS to do your part. If you have any love for the cause, if you have any compassion for the thousands of women who need awakening, I want you to show it. Don't sit with folded hands any longer, and think that some one else will do the work. Others are doing it; but you also are responsible; you also must help.

I am going to attach a blank to this, and I hope each reader will fill it out with four names and send it in. The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is 50 cents a year. For the four names you need only inclose $1.

Now, for a strong, clear voice, that will reach into every home where men, women and children are oppressed with ignorance, superstition and poverty.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO,
Editor and Publisher the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

Enclosed find $1 for which send the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN for one year to

Name
Street
City

Name
Street
City

Name
Street
City

Send er’s Name and Address

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN is not responsible in any way for unsolicited manuscripts that are sent to this office. Unfortunately, we are so busy that we cannot even read them all; sometimes they are put away for further atten-
tion, and forgotten. Sometimes, in the rush of work, they are misplaced. Because of these conditions, we feel it is necessary to say that all matter sent to this office for publication, unless especially solicited by the editor, is sent at the writer’s risk, and we cannot hold ourselves responsible for it in any way.

Now for a strong, clear voice, that will reach into every home where men, women and children are oppressed and saturated with ignorance, superstition and poverty!
A Special Warning to the Working Class

orge R. Kirkpatrick in "War—What For?"

Open wide your eyes, brothers and sisters. The next trick-to-the-trenches is being prepared. There is talk of peace—but preparation for war. For more than twenty-five hundred years great sea wars have been fought on the blue of the ocean. The Mediterranean and the artık are stricken by the use of torpedoes and other ships.

But the vast butcherings at sea in the next century will probably be, most of the sea will be, the industrial world, the Pacific Ocean. Like hungry wolves eager in sight of prey, the cloud of vultures swooping confidently over the field of a field of battle. Thence capitalist nations are gathering together their riches, their men, their money, their whole power, to make all war. Those "brave boys" do the fighting. Those "brave boys" do the fighting. Those "brave boys" do the fighting.

What for? Simply to secure more opportunity to make more profits for more money-hungry war lords, who will lose at home—sale—while the brave boys do the fighting. What for? Simply to secure more opportunity to make more profits for more money-hungry war lords, who will lose at home—sale—while the brave boys do the fighting.

Essence of the situation. Most of the working class everywhere who are not snubbed at home—and even turned away from the factories—these boys will join the armies and the navies of the world for this future struggle. Huge guns will roar, shells will boom across the waves, scattered ships will shudder, then plumb the depths, filled with boys encircled on the homes of the humble. The sharks will eat them. It will be a war of extermination. It will be "grim" and "glorious." Very especially profitable; which is the thing

Perhaps your own bones or your son's heads will be used to beat the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. The fundamental cause of these future wars is the Pacific Ocean. The fundamental cause of these future wars is the Pacific Ocean. The fundamental cause of these future wars is the Pacific Ocean. In the war of 1914, the United States entered the war on the side of the Allies. In the war of 1914, the United States entered the war on the side of the Allies. In the war of 1914, the United States entered the war on the side of the Allies.

By GEORGE R. KIRKPATRICK

War—What For?

Third Edition—14th Thousand. This new edition is beautifully gotten up, new pictures added, and new cover. 700 copies of this number sold within 10 days.

The Louisville, Ky., Herald ranks WAR—WHAT FOR? equal to Paine's "Rights of Man" in its power to impress its readers. Charles Edward Russell, known to a million magazine readers, calls it "The Most Powerful Blow Ever Dealt Against the Insanity of Militarism."

The Weekly Enterprise (Lincoln, Neb.) says it is "the greatest book of the generation. A masterpiece of logic and cutting sarcasm.

War—WHAT FOR? ought to have a million circulation before another year. It is not only a noble crusade in itself against militarism, but is also magnificent propaganda for Socialism.

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Girard, Ks.

OUR CLUBBING OFFER


"Prominent people" refuse. You also should refuse to let your flesh rot and your bones bleach at the bottom of the ocean in the interest of these international leeches. Lift up your meek faces, you tricked toilers of the world. The war trenches are yawning for your lives—a gulf in which the lopes, the happiness, the blood and the tears of your class will be swallowed. Refuse.

When you understand, brothers, you will defend yourselves. The day is dawning when the working class will not only shrewdly refuse to be tricked to the trenches, but will also proudly seize all the powers of government in defense of the working class. The working class must defend the working class. The state, the school, the press, the lecture platform and every part of the church, all these powerful institutions, are at present used to fasten and hold the burdens of toil and the curse of war on the backs of the brutalized and despoiled working class producers. It is our move, brothers. Have we sense enough for self-defense?
The Dick Militia Law

From "War—What For?"

All working men should read the annual report made by Mr. Elihu Root, secretary of war, in 1902-3. Mr. Root, shrewd, shameless and powerful lackey of the capitalist class, forcibly set forth in his report the great advantages that would result (to the capitalist class) from certain almost revolutionary changes that could be easily made by vastly increasing the “state” militia forces and at the same time constituting these “state” forces as an organic, instantly commandable part of the national army—to be used precisely like “regular” troops for any purpose desired by the capitalists in control of the national government. Mr. Root’s report attracted instant wide and favorable attention. The capitalists were delighted. The workers were excluded. Immediately the report became the basis of the “Dick Militia Law” which was passed in 1903.

The author of “War—What For?” has urged capitalist editors all over the United States to publish this law. He has offered to pay for space in liberal advertising rates in which to print from ten to one hundred lines of this law. He has not succeeded in finding a capitalist editor who would thus reveal the treachery of his class lurking in this law. This law is a rough-ground sword against the rousing, rising working class in the United States, a law more important to the working class than any other law passed since the middle of the nineteenth century. This law is loaded with death for the workers when in future years the army of the unemployed or the ill-paid oilers gather around their mills and factories and roar for work or bread. Instead of work they will get sneers. Instead of bread they will get lead and steel—provided for this Dick Militia Law.

The capitalists do not dare permit the working class to read and study this “Dick” law in the newspapers. Note some of the features of this law:

The purpose: “An act to promote the efficiency of the militia and for other purposes.”

What is meant by “other purposes” will become clearer as the army of the unemployed grows larger. “Other purpose”—easily: food for reflection when out of work and hungry.

Section 1.—“The militia shall consist of every able-bodied male citizen of the respective states, territories and the District of Columbia, who is more than eighteen and less than forty-five years of age.” The males of military age, all from eighteen to forty-five inclusive, in 1890 numbered 13,850,168.†

Section 4.—“It shall be lawful for the president to call forth for a period not exceeding nine months such number of militia as he may deem necessary . . . and to issue his orders . . . . as he may think proper.”

The law was amended with an iron hand during the winter and spring of the hard times of 1907-8, when millions were thrown out of employment and into the muttering, angry army of the unemployed. For example, the nine-months limit was struck out of Section four, which is more food for reflection—for any one who has brains enough to reflect with.

Section c.—“Any officer or enlisted man of the militia who shall refuse or neglect to present himself to such mustering officer upon being called forth . . . . shall be subject to trial by court martial, and shall be punished as such court martial may direct.”

The law creates a vast reserve army now rapidly being perfected. The law, especially as amended recently, gives the president power greater than is possessed by some of the most dangerous and hated tyrants on earth today. Issuing a general order by telegraph and post, the president could suddenly place under orders from five to ten millions of the strongest men in the land—including the strikers themselves—and to neglect or refuse to obey such orders would mean a “court martial” trial with rigorous punishment. A court martial jury is not noted for gentleness; famously different from a jury of one's "old neighbors.

Section 9.—“The militia, when called into actual service of the United States, shall be subject to the same rules and articles of war as the regular troops.” That is to say, for the time they are “on call,” they are virtually federal soldiers.

The law as amended by congress in May, 1908, provides that every officer and enlisted man of the militia who shall be called forth in the manner hereinafter prescribed shall be mustered for service without further enlistment.” (Italics in report.)

“The call of the president, will, therefore, of itself accomplish the transfer of the organized militia which is called forth by him from its state relations to its federal relations. It becomes part of the army of the United States and the president becomes its commander-in-chief.

“The president is the exclusive judge of the existence of an emergency which would justify the calling forth of the organized militia.”

This law contains twenty-six sections, every one of which should be studied carefully by the working class of the United States. The union labor bodies should urge newspapers to publish parts of the law as lectured by the unions. The more the law examined the more food for reflection will be found in it.‡

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† C. D. Wright: Practical Sociology, p. 36.
‡ See report of secretary of war, 1908, p. 155. It is mine.—G. R. K.

3. An excellent edition of the law with an analysis, history, and suggestions by Mr. Ernest L. Mann, can be had for five cents, of any Socialist literature agent.

Send for a hundred copies and scatter them broadcast among your neighbors and friends.

ACT NOW

Elsewhere in this issue you will find a sub blank that will hold four names.

IT IS ABSOLUTELY ESSENTIAL TO THE WELFARE OF THE P. W. THUS YOU FILL THIS BLANK OUT AND SEND IT IN WITH $1... Essential that you do it at once.

Also, will every individual and local holding sub cards, or in areas for bundles, please remit for same this month. Never before has the P. W. needed your assistance in financial matters as it does now. Let us hear from you.

My Dear Mrs. Konoko—Please continue to send the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. We are very busy with our suffrage work here trying to raise the memorial fund next week and there is so much to do. Your paper is wonderfully clever and has made a splendid fight for the white slip. The argument in the last number on the Colonial question was very fine and to the point showing the majority of men in the suffrage states is truly yours—Alice T. Perkins, Washington, D.

---

From "War—What For?"
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

The Government Insult to Workers

"War—What For?"

agine J. P. Morgan, rifle in hand, dol-
pocket duty of a dark, sheet-drizzling
Imagine J. Ogden Armour, George
and Thomas F. Ryan with heavy
trenches, stopping at noon to
one salt pork, embalmed beef and stale
Imagine Reggie Vanderbilt as a
 kter hurrying rations to the front and
a care of six mud-covered horses at
Imagine the strong younger John D.
effector on the firing line with his breast
eld to the hellish rain of lead from a
ng gun. Yes, indeed—just imagine a
regiment of big bankers and manu-
dressed in khaki, breakfasting on
and bacon, then rushing sword in hand
orm a cannon-bristled fort belching fire
lead and steel into their smooth, smug
—for fifty cents a day.
other, when you are ordered to the front
glance around and notice the noisily sticking
gentlemen who keep to the rear—
where it is safe and delightfully
These patriots in the rear will sweetheart
"See you later!" If you ever get back
the war, they will see you when they
ringly give you a "welcome home." Mark
When war breaks out these "best people
not say, "Come on, boys, come on—
us." Hardly. It is "Go on, boys, lead
head, go right!" We will be with you;
is, they will be with you as far as the

railway station, and after that these "promin-
ent people" will give the "brave boys" absent

The man in the factory and in the mine is
the "hand," the hired hand," of capitalism
and when he shoulders a rifle for
military service he becomes the steel-toothed
jaw of capitalist society. Soldiers are to the
capitalist class what teeth are to tigers and
beaks are to eagles. Soldiers are often called
"dogs of war" and they are, indeed, the
watchdogs of capitalism—with barracks, ar-
mories and tents for kennels. Bankers, manu-
facturers, mine owners and the like despise the
very thought of living themselves in the
military "war-dog" kennels. Such men can
not be tricked to the tents and trenches.

In wheeling young men to join the army
and navy the national government is hard
put to it; must even make fun of the pov-
erty and ignorance of the humble toilers in
the industrial world—and openly sners at them.
Here is a sample of the vile means used by
the government to shame green young men
into the army and the navy.

WANTED—for the United States Marine
Corps: Able-bodied men who wish to see the
world.

"Regular pay .............. $12.80

"Post Mechanics, 50c per day ....... 13.00

"Total ................................ $25.80

"Which is better for a young man who
can never hope to travel on his own account:
of "splendid and "glorious" and "grand"
and "Christianized" war—and (blessed be
the "mysterious will of God who reigns"
but doesn't rule under capitalism) these forty
million live five were mostly WORKING CLASS
lives.

Forty million lives in one brief century
slashed down by Mars, the "glorious" god of
battles.

A torrent of blood has gushed from the
wars and drowned war—wars in the breast of
the working class. And in this the morning
of the twentieth Christian century we hear
the mouthings of hypocrisy, but we see the
strut and dare of crowned and flattered brutes
and buccaneers everywhere.

"Base distrust, the red-eyed bound of hate.
Rushes in a world so phantom fears alarm."

Everywhere we see the crowned and
conceited cutthroats preparing for war. Soon
again the booming roar of "gun thunder"
will terrify the world. Even now in Turkey,
Russia, in Spain and in Africa the blood
and humble working folk's being splashed in the
face of mankind.

Rouse, brothers, rouse!
Refuse! Refuse to paint this sad world
red with the blood of toilers fooled by the
military machine:

Let us force senators, congressmen and
presidents—let us force tsars, emperors, kings,
lords, dukes and the industrial masters
also—let us force every one of these shrewd
and cunning men of the world to the firing line
and compel them to stay there till by spilling their
own blood they learn what
is—for the working class.
The capture of the powers of government
by the working class for the working class—
that is our first move.

The working class must defend the working
class.

A SOLDIER'S LIFE

"Do you really know what your children
are being taught in the schools? A Girard
parent recently asked his little boy's teacher
about his recent study of Shakespeare's
"Henry V" and "Richard III" in history
and literature. "Oh, yes," the teacher
replied, "the thing was wonderful. Every
evening he would come home singing
over and over, with stanzas retailed,
the following song. When asked where
she had learned such a thing, she replied that
they sang it every morning in school.

A soldier's life is a merry life,
As he marches along with his drum and fife.

Chorus—With a rattle, rattle, bang, bang,
Rumpt, dumpty, bang;
A rattle, rattle, rumpty, dumpty, bang, bang.

When he first enlists his head hangs low
And he walks very slow and stoops just so.

Chorus—
As he handles his rifle or swings his sword.

Chorus—
When he's sent on the sea to a distant foe
The ship goes up and down just so,

Chorus—
When he lands on the shore and meets the foe
They'll shake in their shoes and their back
they'll show.

Chorus—
He's as bold as a lion, he knows no fear
Tho he thinks of the dear ones at home with
a tear.

Chorus—
But at last he comes home to all those loved
And with a rush across his shoulder and a medal
on his breast.

Chorus—

Five copies this issue of the Progressive Woman and picture of Dobe and Girard children on heavy
thick card can be had at

Buy the 24,000,000.

Batterman Eis in Heredity and Selection in
Biology makes the 24,000,000.
For Socialist Locals, Program for April

The Progressive Woman.

Woman's Protest Against Needless War

These monthly programs are prepared by the Woman's National Committee to the States, and distributed to the local committees of the locals shall use them for public entertainments, or for lessons in a study class.

The songs are found in Meyer's Song Book, Price, 25 cents.

Each month articles dealing with the subject under discussion in the program are sent to all the leading Socialist and labor papers. Ask your local editor if he will publish them. If so, we will furnish them to him free of charge.

CAROLINE A. LOWE,
General Correspondent Woman's National Committee.

Opening remarks by Chairman:

We have gathered here this evening for the purpose of investigating the conditions prevailing in Mexico, and of deciding the correct attitude of the working people of the United States toward the Mexican Revolution. We are convinced that we are facing a grave situation in this country, and we no longer dare to ignore this fact. To every man, woman or child who reads the daily papers and the monthly magazines the truth is brought home forcibly that all preparations are being made for war. At the present moment the war scare is directed toward Mexico—poor, down-trodden Mexico—a country whose natural beauties are unsurpassed, whose rich soil and tropical climate produce food in abundance, a country whose people have been robbed of their freedom and forced into ignorance and slavery. Again and again they have attempted rebellion, again and again Diaz has deceived them into one after another submission. Now their strength has grown until victory awaits them.

Under such conditions, in order to bring about the defeat of the patriots and to prolong the atrocious reign of the unexpiable Diaz, President Taft has sent thousands of United States troops to his assistance. It is against this outrage that we protest.

The National Executive Committee of the Socialist party has issued an official proclamation, calling upon the working people through out the country to arise as one man and denounce this outrage against liberty and justice. In every word of this protest we join most heartily.

Reading: Proclamation by the National Executive Committee.

Remarks by Chairman: For long centuries the world has dreamed of a day when all men would be as brothers. The working people are becoming aroused to a recognition of the fact that this day is at hand, and they call aloud to their comrades in every land to awake and join them in the work that must be done to establish a world brotherhood.

Song: Our Comrades' Call, page 59, Meyer's Song Book.

Remarks by Chairman: John Kenneth Turner, after a thorough study of prevailing conditions in Mexico, has given us a graphic description of them in his wonderful book, Barharus Mexico. Let us listen to him as he tells us some of his experiences as he traveled there. At times he presented himself as a wealthy man with money to invest. In this way he learned the most shocking truths from the men in power.

Reading: What Is Mexico?

Remarks by Chairman: Do you doubt that men, women and children are stolen from their homes and sold into slavery in Mexico, just as the negroes were stolen from their homes in Africa and sold into slavery in this country? Then listen to the testimony in regard to the extermination of the Yaque.

Reading: Extermination of the Yaque.


Remarks by Chairman: A beautiful story is told of a woman who, revolting against the unspeakable wrongs, led her people into an open attack upon their oppressors. A Joan of Arc of Mexico—and she instead of meeting death as her reward was carried away by the enemy and never heard of again. William Francis Barnard has just published this story in verse in his book "Tongues of Toil," published by the Socialist Press, Chicago. It is a lost treasure. It is a book of poems, every one of them breathing a deep love for humanity and hatred of oppression. A revolutionary spirit pervades its every page, and the power of the poet is strikingly portrayed in his paraquet metrience.

Recitation: Margarita Montes.

Remarks by Chairman: When we charge the American government with being in league with Diaz in these dastardly crimes, there may be thought to be some charge. Let us see what John Kenneth Turner has to say on the American partnens of Diaz.

Reading: The American Partners of Diaz.

Remarks by Chairman: Thinking men and women have been watching political events, and all are convinced that the United States will find itself involved in a war in the near future, unless immediate steps are taken to enlighten the working people to the dangers awaiting them. Over a year ago, Henry George, the son of the great single-taxer, after an extended tour of the Orient, declared that a war with Japan was inevitable. He stated that such a war was solely in the interests of Wall street financiers and would be of no benefit whatever to the nation at large. He ended with these words, "Now is the time for the American people to take a good look at the situation." In the January number of the weekly Labor News, the noted journalist, Charles Edward Russell, has a most significant editorial along this same line. We will now listen to it.

Reading: Watch the News from Japan.

Remarks by Chairman: We have shown that the sending of troops to assist the Mexican tyrant is solely in the interest of the big business interests which will profit by it. Because Morgan, Guggenheimer and other millionaires have $500,000,000 invested in Mexico, Mexico is sending troops to Wall street to kill the young workmen of Mexico. One of the most terrible books of all times, terrible in its denunciation of war and in the conviction it carries straight into the hearts of workers, is a book by R. Kirkpatrick called "War—What For." This book has been off the press but a short time and thousands of copies have been sold. In this book he issues a warning to the working class. He said nothing could be more appropriate tonight than that we men and women of the working class should give heed to his words. After the next song, we will listen to the reading of this warning.

Song: The Martian Call, page 4, Meyer's Song Book.

Remarks by Chairman: Do you know that for this warning, if no such danger confronted the workers of America, then how explain the famous Diaz. The Diaz law passed surreptitiously, that vastly increase "state" military forces, and at the same time constituting them as an organic, instantly convertible part of the regular army, to be precisely like regular troops, for the very purpose desired by the capitalists in control of national government.

Reading: The Dick Military Law.

Remarks by Chairman: For the benefit of the mothers and fathers who are willing to sacrifice their boys upon the battle field through a mistaken sense of duty or patriotism, we will show you a picture of a battle field.

Reading: Description of a Japanese-Russian Battlefield.

Remarks by Chairman: This evening we have seen that if we do not point out the way to free ourselves from such threatened tyrants, there are certain definite things that we as working men and women can do to arouse ourselves and act without delay.

Reading: What Shall We Do?

Remarks by Chairman: Comrades in arms, friends, do you understand the purpose of meeting tonight? It is to arouse in the hearts of these men and women an earnest desire for a free people—not only a free people in trust-ridden Mexico—but a free people in trust-ridden United States, and a free people in every nation on the face of the earth. By our united action, you and I, and the thousands of you, you shall know no peace until you are satisfied that you have done all in your power to accomplish this great end. No war is justified except for liberty, such a war as the Mexican insurrection is not carrying on against the Diaz. We must act now. Let every man, woman and child listen here tonight write at once to our congressman demanding that the troops be called from the Mexican border. Let us demand that the president do something about the army which is used not to enlist to kill their fellow workmen. Let us explain to the fathers and mothers, let us flood this city and the country all about with literature explaining the true cause of the war and of the greatest and most vital interests of this country will certainly involve us unless we enter a protest that will sound around the world. WE CAN DO IT. Even as our comrades in France and Germany and in Norway and Sweden, refused to sacrifice their lives for the profit of the capitalists in their countries, just so we can refuse to FUSE to be murdered that the great corporate interests in this country may fatten our blood. And what do we do? And the second is that the Soviet development of Japan is beginning to be viewed uncomfortably to these genties. And Japan has excluded from the Orient much as from one of our admirable trusts.

Wait until she begins to talk up to us. We refuse to fight the battles of this capital upon the battlefield, let us refuse to put into positions of power where they can pass laws that force us to bear arms against our brothers. Let us unite on the political side against the enemy of the working class, in all sections of this country and in all other countries—the military class—the capitalist interests. We are not few. Let us join hands. Let us organize upon the industrial field until we are the power in the hands of the producers. Let us organize upon political field until the producers are born into ownership and control of the social
DESCRIPTION OF THE JAPANESE
RUSSIAN WAR

From "War—What For?"

Don't be in a hurry to enlist, brother. Wait a few more days. Two weeks after next will do. The "very best people" in your town are not hurryng to enlist. Can't you see the point? Before you enlist, or before you consent to have your son or younger brother enlisted, be sure to read some books describing real war with improved murdering machinery. A brilliant war correspondent, Mr. Richard Barry, thus describes a modern warstorm in his book, descriptive of the Japanese-Russian war, "Port Arthur, A Monster Heroism," as follows: 

"Toward three o'clock a second advance is ordered—nearly 15,000 men close in, half naked, savage, yelling, even Japanese stoicism gone. Up to the very muzzles of the first entrenchedments they surge, waver and break like the dastardly wave against a rock-bound coast. Officers are picked off by sharp-shooters, as flies are fetched from a moulasse jug. So up they go, for the tenth time. Spottsylvania Court House was as a savages' dance. Thus hand to hand they grapple, sweat, bleed, shout, expire. The venge of culture sloughed as a snake his cast-off skin; they spit and chew, claw and grip as their forefathers beyond the memory of man. The cost! The fleeing ones left five hundred corpses in four trenches. The others paid seven times that price—killed and wounded—and turned to cross the page of the world's warfare that word cost has an antithesis. A hospital ship left every day for Japan carrying from 200 to 1,000. I lay in the broiling sun watching the soldiers huddle against the barrel-wire, under the machine guns, not to melt away like chaff before a wind. The 'pioneers' met with the death-sprinkle of the Maxim guns; a machine rattled and the shale beyond shattered. I was captured in a box factory and an automatic riveiter. Of all war sounds that of the machine gun is least poetic, is most deadly. The regiment under fire of the machine guns treated precipitately, leaving one-half its number on the slope. Overwhelmed on all sides, tricked, defeated, two-thirds of its men killed or wounded for out of that (another) brigade of 6,000 men there are 2,000 unjured but 600 lost. Moreover in throwing up their trenches corpses had to be used to improvise the walls. The dead were being used to more quickly fill the emptiness of the war. I am but one among many, and with it hell. The battle was on again. Within his sight more were than a hundred dead and twice as many wounded. Groans welled up like bubbles from a pot. Arms tossed feebly. Dadars casings, broken or almost crazed by thirst and hunger, he a wounded soldier unattended for days on the battlefield at length severed the arteries of one of his comrades newly dead, and lived on the heart of it (from a corporal's corpse?). He found worms crawling in the wounds of his legs. He tore up the shirt of a corpse and bound them. How like a living thing a shell smashes—as some wild beast, in ferocious glee thrusting its cruel fangs in earth and rock, rending livid flesh with its savage claws, and its fletch breath of poison powder scorching in the autumn winds. All the way up the lines the noise, the hiss, the muslin, the almost un molested. This made them confident. But the Russian general had ordered men to reserve their fire till we got within close range, and thus to give to us with machine guns. The aim was so sure and firing so heavy that nearly two-thirds of the command was mowed down at once. Then came the thud of a bullet. It was a different kind from any we had heard up to that time, and though I had never before heard bullet strike flesh, I could not mistake the sound. It goes into the earth wholesome and angry, into flesh ripping and sick with a splashed like a hoof-beat of mud in the face. The parapets of four forts were alive with bursting shrapnel. A hundred a minute were exploding on each (at fifteen gold dollars apiece). The air above them was thick with glistening droplets of the melted shells, and the wind blowing, held huge quantities of dust. 'No, the truth about war can not be told. It is too horrible. The public will not listen. A white handbagage about the foreheadd with a strawberry mark in the center—is the picture they want of the wounded. They won't let you tell them the truth and show bowels ripped out, brains spilled, eyes gouged away, faces blackened. With any man. Chisholm Forbes predicted twenty years ago that the time would come when armies would no longer be able to take their wounded from the field of battle. That day has come. We are living in it. Wounded have existed—how, God knows—on that field out there without help for twelve days, while shells and bullets rained about them, and if a comrade had dared to come to their assistance, his would have been a useless suicide. The searchlight, ingenuity of scientific trenches, machine guns, rifles point blank at 200 yards with a range of over 2,000—these things have helped to make war more terrible than ever before in the history of the human species. It is the scientific text-books—they sell well and look pretty, but as for humane warfare—was there ever put into words a mightier carcass?

Read all of Mr. Barry's thrilling book and thus learn why the haughty "very best people," who despise the workingmen, socially, don't go themselves, up close, to the foul and bloody hell called war.

Books of Interest to Women

The Rebel at Large. May Beals. Price, 50c.

The Rebel at Large. May Beals. Price, 50c.

The Rebel at Large. May Beals. Price, 50c.

What Diantha Did. Gilman. $1.
Woman and Economics. Gilman. $1.50.
In This Our World. Gilman. $1.25.
Concerning Children. Gilman. $1.35.

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN. Girard, Kan.

The Marseillesse, page 26, Moyers's Book.
We're Going to Win, page 62, Moyers-Song Book.

MRADES

"Tongues of Toll.

The parting oceans, 'T'ere the divining lands, ye call to our brothers. We stretch to you comrades hands.

Why should we strive for bondage? Or war for the warring kings? If we fight, let us fight for friendship, and not for the meager things.

Of the schemes of empire; Enough of the lusts of trade. ye unto eye, our fellows. And let a new pact be made!

The lore of the ages tells it; All wisdom's voices call—Human's ye stand together; And, each against each, ye fall.*

We live united in sorrow Beneath the powers that destroy; As we come close together, And live united in joy.

Enough of the bounds and borders; Nay, no life stands alone. Fear, men of the farthest nation—We are made of one flesh and bone.

Away with the fear that parts us; Away with our threatening might; But good speed to us, calling. Men of all earth, unite!

The world we have made awaits us With all of its godly gains; We have nothing to break but bondage; We have nothing to lose but chains.

Hope be with us forever, And strength, as the sun above. The power of our hands be courage, The pulse of our hearts be love.

PROGRESSIVE WOMAN—I want to thank you For your special sacrifice number, February, I have just now had time to look over. You are doing a great work and we ought to have support and gratitude of every woman in the d. And you will have it when women really are up and look around. It has been accomplished by the faithful, wise, patriotic few. We are today sending every energy to bring about the incipient of the race from age-long prejudice, niggard and degeneration.

California is in the throes of a suffrage campaign that promises to be one of the quickest, most successful and interesting in the history of the movement. Everybody says, "You are going to win" And we feel it, thrilling the whole state and through. I will send you a copy of the state campaign letter that is now in the m's hands, very soon.

And I have now a letter from a secret society of you in the north, and general activity. "God is in His heaven and all will be right with the world!"

* Published by Moffet, Yard & Company. New York.

Elizabeth Lowe Watson.

President California Equal Suffrage Association.

* Published by Moffet, Yard & Company. New York.

See pp. 62-63.
THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

"The Tongues of Toil"

By William Frances Barnard

A Review by Arthur M. Lewis

All great national or world movements develop a literature. First we get an army of writers who are for us, and when the cause is rooted broad and deep, come the inspiring and triumphant note of the poet.

The appearance of the real poet is a sure sign that the crisis of the movement is approaching. Not until the theorizer has laid the plans and the armies are fairly drilled does he fling forth the blast which norses men to forget themselves in the greatness of their task.

The poet is an absolute necessity in a social revolution. He is to the revolutionary army what the Athenian schoolmaster and bard with his harp was to the drooping soldiers of the Greek army.

The infancy of the Socialist movement in this country is well attested by the doggerel that has appeared in the pages of our press, except in a few isolated cases.

But a new era is dawning, and the voice of the worker is finding expression in battle songs that will live long after their singers are dead.

William Vaughan Moody's tremendous poem, "The Brute," and many of Edwin Markham's songs mark the entrance of the revolutionary spirit into American poetry.

It has remained, however, for William Francis Barnard to sound the highest, purest and most thrilling revolutionary note of our day. Here, at last, the toiler finds his wrongs denounced and his rights proclaimed in language that will not fade—in perfect music set to noble words.

Nettsche said of the poets: "I never fish in your rivers but I pull up the head of some dead god." And it is wholly true that much of the world's best poetry is, cradled by the presence of theological superstitions that main and mar.

Mr. Barnard is evidence, however, that a true singer may have his songs set in the spiritual spirit of the age. Not the gods, but the long-suffering workers, are the heroes of his verse. Here the author of "The Tongues of Toil" rises above Markham and every other singer of songs of the people.

The volume contains so many powerful poems that selection in this space is very difficult. "Labor's Answer" is a reply to the false prophets who would lull the worker into a peaceful submission, which stands unequalled. The volume contains a revised version of this poem "The Red Flag," in its original form, has appeared in progressive magazines wherever the English language is spoken and written. This volume contains a revised version of this poem, which leaves nothing to be desired, and will be the vocal expression of our revolutionary emblem for generations yet unborn.

Another poem we must name because of its unusual merit is "The Children of the Loons." Not since Mrs. Browning's immortal "Cry of the Children" has our literature been enriched by so tremendous a plea for the child slave. At the first reading it fires the brain and strikes the pulse like a trumpet call. When the children are at last redeemed posterity will not forget the singers who supplied the emancipators with their inspiration.

The murder of Francisco Ferrer was a fitting theme for the poet's muse, and several writers of verse rose to the great occasion Barnard's poem on "Ferrer," in my judgment, easily eclipses them all. We have not only the poet's art, but also the throbbing sympathy of the man who wrote the article.

These are only some of the many poems of a volume which as a body of revolutionary verse has no equal in English, not even excepting the fine volume edited by H. C. Saille. Every Socialist in America should have a volume of "The Tongues of Toil" on his book shelves. Socialist speakers will find it especially valuable, as I have, when they wish to close a lecture with better effect than would otherwise be possible.

The Fraternal Press is to be congratulated on making the volume worthy of its contents. The tasteful cover and gold letters make a handsome book. The motto on the frontispiece, "Friend may be reached where the grasper message fails." The book contains 192 pages.

From Historic Events

From "War—What For?"

The only safety therefore for the working people in all lands is to organize themselves into a political party, an international political party, of the working class, and patiently build their party big enough for each national group of workers to seize the political powers of government in their own country—always, everywhere, loudly declaring war against war.

There is but one working class political party on all the earth. That party sincerely proclaims: "Freedom for the working class! No more war!" And loudly and patiently that party sounds an immortal call to all the workers on all the blood-stained earth: "Workingmen of all countries, unite. You have nothing to lose but your chains; you have a world to gain.

That working class party is the Socialist party. Already this working class party, loudly calling, "Freedom in the shop and freedom from the battlefield"—already this party is beginning to save the blood and tears and homes and joys of the working class.

Every working man and woman should learn—and teach the children to recite at school—the following page of history, four historic events:

1st Event: In 1847 two men, generous, wrote a very small, but powerful book. The book was published in 1848. Kings, emperors, tsars and presidents have turned pale when their common people began to understand that small book. The first proposition is that astonishment is invention to a friend, who may be reached where the grasper message fails.

2nd Event: The last sentence of that book of social lightening is this:—"Workingmen of all count unite. You have nothing to lose but chains; you have a world to gain." Tolstoy, a sublime call. That call has thrilled millions of working class people. I year it thrills millions more. Some day you will call on the world. You will see the meaning of this next event.

3rd Event: In 1870 the distinguishing crowed assassins sent hundreds of sand of working men to the border between France and Germany to butcher them. Even then—forty years—the remover of the workers in Germany, France, and other European countries realized war meant for the working class. Workingmen were banded together in the International Working-Men's association. These struggles to turn the tremendous war machine against the workers of all countries. The alliance of the working classes of the world will ultimately kill war. The branch of the International issued an address saying: "French, German, Spicemen and Lorrain working-men unite: of repugration against war. Workingmen of all countries! Whatever be the result of our common efforts members of the International Association of Workingmen, let us at least be friends, send you, as a pledge of indissoluble friendship, the good wishes and the salutations of the workingmen of France."

4th Event: In 1905 the German delegates at Chemnitz, Saxom, 50,000 workingmen had chosen the method of sending the Fraternal Association to the Congress of Workingmen of all countries. German delegates at Chemnitz, Saxom, 50,000 workingmen chose a method which would have been impossible from all parts of the world to flash the news of the bravery round the earth. The capitalist press was exceedingly glad, business about to pick up. Gilt-branded home commanders went to work. To shout: "Fire! Charge! Slaughter!"

"Everything was ready"—it seemed. Then something happened—something new and new in the sad and "sombert as of mankind."

No sword was drawn.
No cannon roared.
No Gatling gun mowed down thousands.
No wild cavalry charged.
No hospital became a hell of cursing, groaning, screaming, mangled men.

Yet "everything was ready"—ready to rend the sacred honor of "royal" and "tall coward parasites."

† Reread Chapter Seven, Section 4.
What Shall We Do? Explain!

From "War—What For?"

What must we do?
We must destroy capitalism and close the class struggle.

In all the variations of the struggle or wars of capitalism the working class are hired, flattered, fooled, or forced to do all the actual fighting.

This must cease—as soon as possible—as a preliminary.

This will cease—when the conscious workers successfully explain capitalism and war to the confused and deluded workers. War will not have explained the class struggle.

War will cease when we rouse the workers of the world by explaining, by explaining, by explaining and by informing we increase intelligence.

By increasing intelligence we increase self-respect and the passion for a greater life and for the freedom necessary for a greater life.

Therefore, explain—inside and outside the ranks everywhere—in shop, mill, mine, on the farm.

Explain till emperors and presidents drop their own conscripted and "volunteer" armies.

Explain till murder for board and clothes and $16 a month looks vile.

Explain till young working class men inside and outside the class see the light.

Explain till an advertisement for human butchers and military fists becomes utterly disgusting to the working class.

Explain till our class becomes class conscious—till it sees itself, sees its class interest and its class power.

Explain till our class can not be fooled, bribed, flattered or forced to butcher or be butchered.

Explain till our class, like the capitalist class, understand the political method of class defense.

Explain till millions of the roused workers of all political parties class hand at the ballot and in a political party of their own class for the defeat self-defense of their own class.

Explain till our class clearly sees and proudly declares that we must destroy the class-labor form of society and reconstruct society on a plan of rational mutualism.

*See Chapter Seven, Section 12.

A Special Japanese Edition

The May number of The Progressive Woman will be devoted to Japan, to our murdered comrades of that country, and the interesting and political history of Japan. There will be translation of letters from Comrade Kotoku, the leader of the radicals, articles by Japanese comrades, pictures, and other material that will be of interest to our readers. We will make this number as original and interesting as the subject will permit—and every one knows that Japan as a subject is broad in its range of interest.

Send in your orders early for this Japanese edition. "We need 150 copies," wrote Comrade Arthur M. Lewis, the Chicago editor, when he learned that we were preparing this number. Many orders for the special woman's edition couldn't be filled because they came in too late. Don't get left on this special edition. 2e a copy, in bundles of five or more.

Women and Socialism

At a meeting of the Collectivist Society in New York a few weeks ago Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blatch, the noted suffrage leader, said that women are more generally inclined toward Socialism than men, and that if the Socialist party were to center its activities in the states where there is woman's suffrage they would progress much faster. People will never vote for socialism until women vote for it. In these words the subject became more interesting.

Charlotte Gilman Perkins also said that women were more attuned to Socialism than are men.

To those acquainted with woman's historical status these statements are perfectly comprehensible. Women have always been the ad- hesive force in society, the co-operators, and distributors of life's necessities. Men have been the combative element, the aggressors and conquerors of other men, the gatherers-in, the individualists. Speaking from an historical, or scientific basis, we might almost say that capitalism is in its nature masculine—combative, aggressive, individualistic—while Socialism is feminine—co-operative, conservative, social. Not only is the idea of woman's freedom taking root today, but the idea of the feminine principle in social life, in production and distribution, in our culture, in every phase of our experience, is taking root, and promises to bud and blossom before many decades have passed.

Special Subscription Campaign

In the January issue of The Progressive Woman we offered $100 to the National Woman's Committee if the local and individual comrades would send us 2,000 subscriptions by the end of March. These subs were to be sent in on special Campaign Cards, and on blanks provided by the W. N. C. The W. N. C. needed the $100 and we needed the subscriptions. We thought you could do it; 2,000 in three months is not such a great lot. But you didn't do it. At the time of going to press there are 700 names sent in on this offer.

Well, we thank those of you who did make the effort, and some other time there may be a chance for every one again.

R. L. McCready, 629 North avenue, West, Al- berttown, Pa., tells us single copies of The Progressive Woman and other Socialist publications may be obtained free of cost. Write him.

Picture of Debs and the Girard children on hearth-tiled paper, with fire copies the Progres- sive Woman, 10c.

An Offer to Progressive Women

"I won't make a profit and I won't spend a dime, but I will send you a Jewel Watch with ELGIN MOVEMENT; guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction for the small sum of $5.50, and only $5.95 for 3 months. Better write to us right away before we run out of stock this winter. Address:

Long & Levan
Manheim, Lancaster Co., Penna.

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

A SUGGESTION TO MOTHERS

Dear Editor P. W.—I would like to make a suggestion to our mothers in the Socialist movement, and that is this: Let the teachers of Socialism through schools and churches send them the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN or Counting Nation and a great many of them will appreciate it. We should make our children the leaders in the schools. Teach them to express their opinions and the teachers will be forced to do likewise.

Some weeks ago one of our comrades taught his little boy that little recitation about Fred Warren. She (the teacher) gave him a perfect mark and asked him where he found it. The next morning his mother let him take his copy of the P. W. to school and his teacher read several of the stories in the children’s department to the pupils, and returned the magazine several days later. Another comrade I know, subscribed every year for the PROGRESSIVE WOMAN and PROGRESSIVE JOURNAL OF EDUCATION for his little girl’s teacher.

We should not leave our children’s education too much in the hands of teachers. We should not only teach our children the true facts of life to counterbalance the false ideas they receive at school, but also try to reach the teachers who are molding so many minds. I want to congratulate you on your Uncle Reub articles. They are splendid! Keep them up.

Little Lillian was three years old the first time, and used her little tongue for a “good word.” She persists in giving such lengthy talks that we have to take her down with force sometimes. Fraternally yours,

KENTUCKY.

PEARL ALINE LANFERSHEK.

WOMAN’S DAY IN PHILADELPHIA

Although this was but the first celebration of Woman’s Day by Philadelphia Socialists, it is our intention to make each succeeding one broader and finer until Woman’s Day will be known to everyone in our city.

Until women have won the franchise, and are placed on a more level plane with men, there will be at least one day each year that will be devoted to lecturing and interesting non-Socialist women, anti-suffragists and those not yet strong enough to carry the courage of their convictions.

For our Woman’s Day celebration Charley Perkins Gilman, of New York, was the main speaker and through her entire talk she was very free and liberal in her thinking, and made the profoundest understanding of the woman quest that surely her hearers will never forget her. Herself an independent and really capable and clever woman, we all felt that she had been more fortunate than have her.

She made it clear that the lower position that women hold today in society is part of her sacrifice to civilization, the outcome of old customs and theories. The industries, including all the home industries have now come so highly specialized that it is no longer necessary to have a woman drudge in her home to assure the other members of family comfort, and proper food. A companionship and feeling of equality will never exist between the sexes—so long as woman is independent and must learn to fight for her rights and to hold her own in the world.

Further, she pictured the newer and better civilization; men and women working together everywhere, understanding and respecting one another, the effeminate and masculine instincts giving way to the human instincts. I think that I could quote more from her speech, her ideas are so wonderfully progressive and so clear.

Paul Girard Hunt, of Chicago, who was in Philadelphia, for a short stay talked for a time, and helped to round out the meeting giving an understanding of woman from man’s standpoint and helping to arouse us to the historical revolution that our time is in, where all give of the best that they have freely and selflessly, and consequently give rise to much higher system of society.

ANN A COHEN.