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50 CENTS A YEAR ........................................
5 CENTS A COPY .................................
A MILLION AND A HALF WOMEN VOTE

T IS estimated that more than a million and a half women will vote in the presidential election this fall. Were this vote thrown to one candidate, it would at once decide the result. In 1908 President Taft, in his plea for William Jennings Bryan, was quoted as saying that it was a question of plural vote, and to this vote should be added voting power, because a plural vote is a vote of hundreds. In this case, it is the vote of at least two million people. To elect a president or a candidate for office, he must have the support of at least two million people. It is the only way to get the votes of the people.

PREVENTABLE DEATHS OF WORKERS

A BOOKLET issued by the New York department of labor says that over 360,000,000 workers were lost in working accidents in 1911. Of these, 30,000,000 cases of sickness among wage earners in the United States last year. Attention is called to the fact that reports of certain industries and occupation include the workmen's compensation law required to be filed with the department by physicians now practicing in the state.

There is much about a commercial career that depresses a sympathetic nature. For example, it constantly depresses me to observe the effects of the cotton mills on the girls in my employ. They come in from the country, fresh, blooming and eager for the work. Within a few days perhaps they are pale, anemic, listless. Not infrequently a young girl contracts tuberculosis and dies before one realizes she is ill. Trims the heart to see it.

There is a movement on foot to build a monument to the heroes of disaster. Said heroes are Messrs. Astor, Iselin, But, etc., first cabin guests who kept the ship from going down, to the end with the ship. It has developed that "stowed aside" were unaware of the disaster and are therefore less heroic than first supposed. However, there were men, engineers, etc., who knew the exact situation and were less heroic than first supposed. There was a monument raised for Titanic. It should be to these unknown, unsung toil holders of that unfortunate ship.
How Mrs. Brown Put the Kibosh on the Ice Cream Supper
By Winnie E. Branstetter

I WOULD give anything if my wife were as good a Socialist as Comrade Brown's wife. Yes, Neighbor Smith, I tell you what, we've got to reach the wimmen and children with our proper dues. Just look how the wimmen's aid society helps out with all the church affairs. What we need is an active set of wimmen in our local to give ice cream socials, quiltin's and coffee suppers. Then our lyceum wouldn't be so dull all the time and we would have some money in the treasury at election time. I tell you, after all is said and done, there ain't nothin' like the wimmen folks fer raisin' money. Of course, they don't seem to have as good judgement about spendin' as men do, but maybe that is because one of our duties has been to attend to the buyin' and sellin' of the product of our own and our wives' labor. What do you think about it, Mrs. Green?

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you, comrade, I think you need to study your Socialist textbooks a little more before you undertake to teach anybody Socialism. If your idea of a woman's place in the Socialist party is of being simply an aid society to the party, you have another guess coming. We are tired of dishing ice cream and serving coffee. We are tired of being tacked onto an organization as a kind of side show. We are tired of sitting at the feet of men and listening to the wisdom that flows from their lips. We are tired of being petted and flattered when you want us to help you raise money or sell tickets. I notice that when there is a lecture or a business meeting of the local you are not half so anxious to have the women interested, particularly last year, when we had the Socialist ice cream speakers here that neither you, Comrade Smith, nor your Comrade Jones, brought your wife to a single lecture, even though it was held in the store, was there, and said they were the best speeches she had ever heard. She said that if we would have the course this year she would help sell the tickets.

"Now, Comrade Jones, you may just as well hush us about the ice cream suppers and the coffee lunches; we women have made up our minds that every woman whose husband is a Socialist will help us sell those lyceum tickets, and the chances are that some evening you will not have even your regular supper, let alone ice cream. But you can afford to get your own supper if we sell tickets for the lyceum. I'll bet that the membership of our local increases 500 per cent during the next year. Why, that bunch of speakers the national office is sending us can't be beat in any lyceum course in the United States. The beauty of it all is that they have all kinds of speakers—professors, doctors, lawyers, preachers and working men—yes, a sure enough working man who laid down his work to speak for us—and a woman speaker, too. Did you see her picture? She is such a sweet-looking womanly woman, I know now that Reverend Dobbs will never again say that politics will masculinize woman after he sees and hears our woman lyceum speaker."

The above conversation took place in my home town last week; similar ones in 5,500 towns in the United States. You should secure the lyceum course if you wish to increase the interest, enthusiasm and membership of your local. These lectures being held in halls, being strictly educational and dignified, will reach the women in your town as no other method of propaganda has ever done.

The Party Builder

The Lyceum Department of the Socialist party is advertising the early appearance of a new paper, to be called THE PARTY BUILDER. The purpose of the paper, which will issue monthly, is to help active Socialists to greater effectiveness in their work. According to Comrade Katterfeld, who as manager of the Lyceum Department will direct the career of THE PARTY BUILDER, one object of the Lyceum is to build up the Socialist party through the getting of subscriptions for Socialist papers and books. This part of the work, the systematic circulation of Socialist literature, will therefore be especially emphasized in THE PARTY BUILDER.

It is promised of the new paper that "every week it will be full of bright ideas, helpful hints, plans, methods of work, interesting experiences, etc., by active Socialists everywhere." The announcement also states that the paper is not to be a propaganda paper in any sense, that it will be of no interest to non-Socialists, but that every active Socialist will need it in his work.

If that is YOUR classification, you will secure THE PARTY BUILDER every week for a year by sending 25 cents, either stamps or coin, to Socialist Party Lyceum Department, 111 North Market street, Chicago, Ill.

The Socialist Lyceum Course begins its second year in January. It has already sold over 5,438 subscriptions to Socialist papers, 19,796 cloth-bound books and 27,889 paper-bound books. It proposes to sell in the next year 4,000,000 books and 10,000,000 pamphlets. Read about this great enterprise on page 16.
THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY

By FLOYD ELMHURST

ONLY a few days ago, I sat in the Coliseum in Chicago, a witness to the birth of a new political party—the Socialist party of America. It was a great roof overhead and lighted up the white standards that streamed through the air with stars, the signs, marked "Main," "Colorado," "Maryland," "Ohio," "Texas," and the faces of the delegations, under the standard of the American middle class, and above looking like an agitated sea of pink bubbles. Every pink bubble was the face of a very earnest middle-class man. The man who had printed the words Roosevelt was uttered by a speaker, at the climax of his oration, this sea broke into a storm, a tumultuous cry, a thunderous burst, a rush of the flood curtains. If we tell a working man that the Progressive is a middle class affair, that does not bother him; he is thoroughly used to a middle class affair.

Ronald, the last, if we wish to stimulate Socialist growth, is to develop class consciousness among the working people. That is done partly by labor struggle and partly by propaganda. 

The working class is to be the allies of the Socialist movement. A part of our mission certainly is to urge reforms in politics and industry until they are taken up and carried out by the working class. The working class will, after all, be the only class who can do the work and a better nation to live in generally—these proposals of the Progressive party are founded on that fact is enough to hold him to his allegiance, in spite of its success.

We must remember, in the first place, what the working man is. Men of America, be this your task, to touch to public sound her voiceless lips, and right the savage wrongs of centuries. See, here are women toiling every hour, and the faces of the delegates were on the platform, the sea. In their orations can create, as perhaps not even strikes can create a new alignment of political forces in the world, and the working class ideal of the world, that fact is enough to hold him to his allegiance, in spite of its success.

But it is necessary that the Socialist movement in America should retain its integrity against that time; and in spite of it there is no doubt that it should continue to grow. We must find means to ensure that growth. But what will these means be? We have behind us the strength of the last ten years' agitation, the sympathy and the aid of the working class. Once in power, its attitude toward the workers will change; they will cease to be allies, and become wards; and the antagonism of the two classes, hidden before by the interests and aims they had in common, will stand out in all their horrid strength. The working class has taken away the powers of the workers and attending to the work, especially with the blanders and betrayals of the Progressive party occur, as they are bound to occur in spite of the efforts of its leaders. Our record is one of a rising number of independent Socialists; and the ideal of the Progressive party is to create an increasing minority of people who will not be satisfied with the accomplishment of the Progressive party, even if it is a middle class affair.

MEN OF AMERICA

By Max Ehrmann

Men of America, be men once more. See, here are women toiling every hour.

For the law, mere harmless animal.

We hold ourselves by public courtesies.

And fondle callite in our idle hours.

Can we let break the chains, push wide the doors?

Of life and power, and work and love to her,

That she not labor, that she not toil.

Rip off the rotten dogmas of the past,

That keep her voiceless in our country's laws.

That class her with the idiot and the brute!

Men of America, be this your task,

If power be hers she will not sell herself,

If we tell a working man that the Progressive is a middle class affair, that does not bother him; he is thoroughly used to a middle class affair.

Next, we must remember that, however well meant and well-stated our schemes, in the working class a class better equipped to suit the working class. The working class will, after all, be the only class who can do the work and a better nation to live in generally—these proposals of the Progressive party are founded on that fact is enough to hold him to his allegiance, in spite of its success.

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WOMEN AND WAR

By JOS. E. COHEN

They tell us that woman is not entitled to the ballot simply because she is woman. Whereas the matter of fact of it is that woman is entitled to the ballot just because she does not go to war.

For consider:

War is one of those things supposed civilized men carry on because their ancestors more than they should.

Civilized man's ancestors, barbarians and savages, used to consider everybody but their own blood kin between wars, long enough to catch their breath and raise another army of warriors. War was man's normal occupation; he fished a little, and he hunted than they should.

That's why he was not civilized.

It remained for woman to do the really useful things—to produce the use values, by raising vegetables, domesticating animals and making inventions whereby to cook food, instead of gobbling it down raw and trying to provide a receptacle for drink, instead of fetching a mouthful from the creek every time the lord and master of the estate grewl because his tongue was dry.

While the female was bringing forth use values, the male was busy harboring what might be termed the exchange values of the time—additional food, in the shape of his fellow man of the same sex, additional companionship, and an extra woman or more.

Of course, such an unhealthy state of affairs could not endure, and it didn't.

The outcome was, man advanced to what is termed civilization. And because, for the most part, not for ancestor worship, we would be much further along than we are, woman would have the vote, and we would be one step ahead of civilization.

But there is the awful thing of ancestor worship. So-called civilized beings are spending a great deal of their time and their parents' money trying to convince themselves that their forbears came over on the Mayflower, or are descended from Charlemagne, or crossed the Alps with Hannibal. When it might serve just as well, and cost next to nothing, to trace their lineage back to the two human beings who came over on Noah's ark, or who were swallowed up in the hand-to-hand conflict between Cain and Abel, or who crossed the Great Divide that parted the Garden of Eden from the far beyond.

And because of this ancestor worship, so-called civilized man still indulges in all manner of barbarian and savage practices, more for the purpose of making an impression on the female than for any other earthly reason.

One of these inexplicable and prehistoric practices is war.

Of course, man has excuses a-plenty for going to war, whether justified or not by the perverted tastes of the people who crave riches only. Let us erect a new code of honesty. Let us say, and let us begin with the foundations, at the cause of all injustice which permeates our world today. Let us in truth become brothers and sisters instead of snarling wolves.

But what is past is past. Let our faces be to the future. Let us wage a warfare against the pretenses of the people who crave riches only. Let us erect a new code of honesty. Let us say, and let us begin with the foundations, at the cause of all injustice which permeates our world today. Let us in truth become brothers and sisters instead of snarling wolves.

The world is ours. Let us make it anew, even as we would a dilapidated house. Let us begin with the foundations, at the cause of all injustice which permeates our world today. Let us in truth become brothers and sisters instead of snarling wolves.

But the sun of this unjust rule of money is beginning to set. It is a new order of things, a new point in the mist of ignorance and selfishness. The day is soon to break. We shall then all forget the darkness in which we groped so long. We shall cease to remember the days when we ran pell mell after the golden coin. We shall only remember that our ancestors did something similar which was quite as foolish and outrageous. The guilt might fall over themselves to propose the redistribution of the surplus along the lines indicated.

Now, it is to be hoped that the one or two misguided suffragists who have been trying to show, that Joan d'Arc and Molly Pitcher and some one else's aunt did go to war, and that, if need be, more women would go—that such misguided women would cease in their efforts. For, in the near future, any man who wants to engage his fellow man in mortal combat will be passed over to an alienist.

Woman's best title to the ballot is in her refusal to go to war.

Woman's right to the ballot is vested in her being the bringer of new life, not in imitating the male in destroying life. And, to use a figure, it is because she can lend a hand in our new thought, enterprise and new institutions to maturity; it is because she is to help make the flowers of human plowed digeste of the devastation of war, whether war between nations, between classes, or the war of the world against the body and soul-annihilating private monarchy of the master—because woman is to help create a new social order and a new era of achievement and progress that she must have the ballot.

Incidently, the use of the ballot pays her way to operate the codd that will release the steam shovelfull of the red sand of Socialism which will bury dead forms, such as require war to maintain the pretense of their existence, beyond the hope of resurrection.

THEN TO WORK

By GRACE BREWER

The hunger for money is gnawing at the vitals of our civilization. To satisfy that craving men and women have deserted their sisters' interests. Children have been harnessed to machines. Human flesh is bought and sold. Truth has become a stranger in business circles, while honesty has long been relegated to the rear. For the love of riches men have sold their birthright, women their bodies, nations their honor.

But what one of these things supposed civilized men carry on because their ancestors more than they should.

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WH&WAR FOR?

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THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN
111 N. Market Street, Chicago
Roosevelt and the Woman Suffrage Plank

By MAY WOOD-SIMONS

Roosevelt has declared for woman suffrage. This was to be expected. With six states in which women can vote and several others preparing to vote on the suffrage it was evident that in the election one, if not more, of the apolitical candidates would declare for woman suffrage, in the hope of securing the support of the women in those states. With a few more suffrage states, women, as a bloc, might influence elections and then no candidate can hope to be elected who has not a woman suffrage plank in his platform.

The Kansas City Star, a strong supporter of Roosevelt, has made the statement that the woman suffrage plank in the Progressive platform is good for ten states for Roosevelt. It is taking for granted that the six states already having woman suffrage and four perhaps that are about to vote on the question will be turned to Roosevelt by the women voters and though the influence women will have on the men voters.

Why has Roosevelt brought this plank into his platform? Simply because he needs the woman's vote and because now that they have in certain states the right to vote they recognize him. It is a vote catching plank.

There is much point to the cartoon going the rounds that shows Roosevelt saying to the Socialist, as he stands on his platform, "Why, there you are—Delighted—Step right up." And the reply of the suffragist is "Thanks, I didn't notice me before—I've been here all the time." Roosevelt recognized woman only when he could make use of her to further his own ends. He said nothing about her in former elections.

The electoral history of this country there has been a party that has stood for woman suffrage. Every one of its candidates has been for woman suffrage, and as a demand for woman's political equality in its platform. Yet, notwithstanding this, barring a few exceptions, the Socialist party has taken no energetic campaigns in which its speakers have always made clear that they believe in the vote for women and has not in making the laws that govern the working women. Roosevelt recognizes woman only when it looks for office, but the Socialist party in its beginning, when there was no hope of political victory or gaining of office, made working women's suffrage.

Why, then, did not all women come to the Socialist party? The reason is clear. Because their class interests barred them from supporting a party that aimed to abolish the working woman's position. One of the states voting on the ballot this fall, by the party of the workers; that while they want the ballot, they do not want the Socialists. It is well recognized that the suffrage for women would not have been secured without the Socialist party. It is well recognized that the Socialist party has always made clear that they believe in the vote for women.

Roosevelt has not perhaps learned that these thousands of working women have been educated by the Socialist party; that, while they want all the benefits that may come through any measures advocated by the Progressives, these have long been advocated by the party of the workers; that while they want and will have the suffrage, also advocated by the Socialist party, that the great thing that interests the working women of the world is the abolition of the wage system. There is no reason why Roosevelt has not dared to stand for a vote for the suffrage will win just as much when cast for the Socialist candidate, and, more, it will be a blow at the present capitalist system.

But, replies some one, are you not asking for the endorsement of the suffrage movement of the country for the Socialist party? Not at all. Only for this, that women interested in the suffrage, working women, teachers, mothers, shall induce the political party to adopt broader principles on which the Socialist party stands and work in it to secure the ballot.

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By MAY WOOD-SIMONS
ANNA AGNES MALEY, teacher, business woman, writer, lecturer, editor, is the Socialist candidate for Governor of Washington. She is in every way qualified for the office. Socialists are a sound, good man idea. Public office, they cannot help rejoicing over the fact that the breadth and depth of the organization of Comrade Maley places her far above any candidate yet put forth by the capitalists of Washington.

Comrade Maley is ready at any and all times to meet her opposition in public debate. She is the candidate of the working class—and in the coming campaign she will make clear the fact that she is working always and ever for working class government of the state of Washington—The Commonwealth (Everett, Wash.).

We met Anna Agnes Maley for the first time about eight years ago when she came to Girard, Kansas, to visit some of her friends. (Girard, as you probably know, is a little town hardly discernible on the map, but well known to Socialists the world over as a center of a little Socialist newspaper with a big circulation. Sooner or later every Socialist in the United States who gets away from home once a year or so will have made it a point to visit Girard.)

Those of us who had never had the good fortune to have met Miss Maley were informed that there was a treat in store for us. Not that Miss Maley had at that accomplishment won big things for the future. "She is a brilliant girl, with a big brain," we were told.

We were not disappointed. Her presence breathed that air of geniality which always puts a stranger at ease and gives him a chance to self confidently study a new personality. Maley was a good talker. If she hadn't found her self, she was on the road to that discovery. Her opinions were expressed with ease and confidence. She had thought them out beforehand—carefully.

When she was invited to address the local she read her address. Her paper was too long, too dry, too full of facts and figures, and "scientific Socialism." She had studied, learned her books, but she had not learned audiences. That was to come.

After the meeting there was a dance. And if the writer enjoyed watching Miss Maley dance even better than she had enjoyed the reading of the paper, that need not imply that the writer's intellectual appreciation was below par. Miss Maley really could dance. She had learned, between five and six, Sylvestre of the Socialists. She had taught, learned his books, but she had not learned audiences. That was to come.

Anna Agnes Maley.

our meetings. One of the oldest women in Elberon confided to a comrade that for the first time in her life she wilfully missed going to church last Sunday to rest up for our Socialist meeting on Monday. She thinks she will cast her last vote for Socialist. The convention of women's clubs of the state opened their platform to a Socialist speaker this year for the first time. Largely through the efforts of Mrs. A. E. House of Spokane, who is a member of the executive board, I had the privilege of addressing the several hundred women assembled, upon "The Social Significance of the Development of Machinery in Industry." Between five and six hundred persons who had assembled for union church services listened to an hour's talk on straight Socialism in Walla Walla a week ago.

A CONTRAST

Laura Simmons.

A CROSS the gloom a shadow flits; I glimpse a sodden face.

When its light falls thin, and care, and toil have left their trace;

A wanton laugh; I mark no more, for yonder in the glow

One waltzeth me—my love, my star! with welcoming, I know;

Tender and fine is she; withal so stately sweet and fair

My grateful heart thrills thanks to heaven to see her standing there.

If this be Woman, pure, benign—man's blessed beacon-light—

Then—Christ! What that poor outcast soul that passed me in the night?

(Reprinted.)

WHEN—

WHEN we wonder if our dreams will ever come true, the best answer to give ourselves is to get up and make them come true.

WHEN the world belongs to the men and women who do the world's work, there will be some possibility of making it a very cozy corner for everybody.

WHEN men and women co-operate in making a world, as they have co-operated in making our home, mothers need not be afraid of turning their children loose in the busy marts to finish the training which will make men and women of them.

WHEN a man falls in love these days it is usually with a frequency that will help him meet the hard facts of life than with one who is notable for the delicacy of her complication.
THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

By Horatio Winslow

THE WAY YOU LOOK AT IT

By Horatio Winslow

escape me, were you? You were planning to cheat me out of a meal for my poor little ones at home. But the Merchant only laughed, for the people as they grew citified grew to want more and more things, and they bought them from him. The city grew and the Merchant's bank account grew. The more they wanted to own, the more they wanted to own.

Finally one day a number of the people put their heads together and said, "Let us consider this matter. Why do we continue making the Merchant richer and richer? We have learned so much in the schools and so much from each other that we can manage our own store. Why should we pay as well as he? Can we stop buying from him and establish a store of our own and buy for ourselves and use the profits for the common good?"

When they carried this news to the Merchant he clenched his fists and screamed to the air, "Oh, sinful generation! Oh, presumptuous fools! Do you not know that what you are doing is in the sight of God? Do you not know that you are on the broad highway to Hell? In a word, do you not see that your proposal is hopelessly and condemnable ridiculous?"

The second clasped his hands ecstatically. "O happy treatment, and above all a slave must have rational disposition. To fight again!"

"What does this all mean?" demanded a third. "First of all he is my slave and a tithe of all he does must be done for me. Moreover, between each furrow he must come to me and hear me tell him what God has in my mind."

"Tut! Tut!" said the Conspicuous Capitalist, "but if we can keep him down for another hundred years."

"No, no, no; let the law take charge of the situation. Let the law do what the best Socialist books yet written on the relation of the sexes. $1.00.

Nature is very rich, but that isn't the fault of the capitalists; they are exploiting her to the best of their ability.

It isn't what we think that costs so much—it is what we put into execution.

Be the storm above or the cloudless blue, Like the hero of old we are unperplexed. "We just lie down," said the man, and pain and bleed for an hour, and are up next—To fight again!—Gertrude Ford.

Send 10 cents for a sample dozen of those Socialist societies, and do not let their advocates use of them. One hundred and fifty for $1.00. The Progressive Woman Publishing Company.

OUR BOOK COUNTER


Dr. J. H. Baker's "The Home Republic." $1.00.

The Social Evil. $1.00.

The Social Evil, Jr. $1.00.

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The week passed, and the girl grew more and more restless. Her parents noticed this and became worried. The girl was often seen crying alone in her room. She would not talk to anyone about her problems.

His wife might come and see, and she would make him say something. His wife would say, "You don't know anything. If you didn't care if she went to the dogs, you wouldn't say to her any of the things his wife wanted him to say.

She had cried. She had been locked in a little room, in a room that spread in her thoughts, pushing back her weary memories of the long day's work in the cracker factory. She had screamed and sobbed for hours. He shook his head. All those whippings had done no good.

The woman glanced at her husband as though for help; but he was pretending to be intent on his report. He had been pretendin...
AUGUST BEBEL, THE LION OF GERMANY

**AN INTERVIEW**

By Nicholas Klein

I was invited to meet Mr. August Bebel in the Reichstag building; it was a curious place, all windows open, and the air was thick with the scent of new paper. Mr. Bebel was sitting on a couch in the center of the room, with his legs crossed and a slight smile on his face. He greeted me warmly and asked me to sit down.

**NICHOLAS KLEIN**: Mr. Bebel, I understand you are well known for your work on behalf of the working class. Can you tell me about your early life and how you became involved in politics?

**MR. AUGUST BEBEL**: I was born in 1840 in Konigsberg, East Prussia. From an early age, I was aware of the inequalities between the working class and the aristocracy. My father was a tailor, and he often spoke about the plight of the workers. I began studying law at the University of Berlin, and it was there that I became engaged in socialist politics. In 1868, I helped found the Social Democratic Workers' Party.

**NICHOLAS KLEIN**: What inspired you to become a socialist?

**MR. AUGUST BEBEL**: I was inspired by the works of Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels. I believed that the working class was the true driving force of history and that the struggle for socialism was the struggle for human freedom and equality.

**NICHOLAS KLEIN**: What are some of your greatest achievements in politics?

**MR. AUGUST BEBEL**: I am most proud of my work in the Reichstag. I served as a member of the Social Democratic party and played a key role in the passage of the eight-hour day law and the minimum wage law. I also worked closely with the Social Democrats to improve working conditions and to protect the rights of workers.

**NICHOLAS KLEIN**: What do you think is the future of socialism in Germany?

**MR. AUGUST BEBEL**: I believe that socialism will eventually triumph in Germany. The working class is growing stronger every day, and the government is becoming more and more responsive to the needs of the people. I am confident that we will achieve our goals in the future.

**NICHOLAS KLEIN**: Thank you for your time, Mr. Bebel. You have been an inspiration to many people around the world.

**MR. AUGUST BEBEL**: It has been my pleasure. I am always ready to help the people who are fighting for a better world.

---

**Resolved**

**That We Disfranchise the Men and Give Women the Ballot**

This is the title of a bright, original, good-natured, but sensible argument done in booklet form, on WOMAN SUFFRAGE

By Esther Edelson

You will laugh when you read this pamphlet. You will also agree with the author. Send for a copy.

Price 10c; 1 doz. 75c; 15, $1.00; 100, $4.00; 1,000, $30

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Show Your Colors

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Exact duplicate, molded from the original pin worn by Marx. This pin is a symbol of the struggle for freedom and equality. Each pin sold benefits the National Women's Suffrage Movement.

Dollar woman should get one and show her colors. 25c each, 5 for $1.00.

JOSHUA KELCH, A. R. N.

409 Pearl St., New York
TO SOCIALISTS WHO FIGHT EACH OTHER

BY SOUCK WHITE

FOR a purpose—voice of the eternal speaking today—for a purpose I have brought Socialism into being. No ease is it that. To make up this comradeship, alert ones were requisite—minds that feared no peril, spirits that were prone to spiritual adventure. And such are not plentiful in an age gone mammon-minded. They were far scattered, these candidates for comradeship. Across the world I sent my spirit in quest of them.

Day by day I sought; night by night. And I found.

THEN I marshaled them into phalanx and order, these alive ones whom my spirit had discovered. From the East and the West I mobilized them, a marching host whose line went out to the ends of the earth.

They spoke in many tongues; folk of all tribes. But I united them in coherence. I arrayed them. I knitted them into battalions. As works a drill sergeant, even so I wrought upon them.

I HAVE for a great task. Therefore I labored to provide a name for them.

Under me, they are to do a military work. They are to batter down the citadels of selfishness, overthrow the forts of folly.

They are not of high efficiency. As works a drill-sergeant, even so I wrought upon them.

WAS itageness thus to enforce discipline? For answer, regard its results: Against a united foe, my comrade host today presents a force.

And because thereof, that foe is quavering as he has not been known to quaver in other times. The cohorts of greed smile when a mob upsurges against them. Riot they know how to meet.

At folk-storm with its clamor and wildness they laugh. But when they behold drawing nigh to them an enemy armed and divided, and in concert—co-ordinated, obedient, cohesive—they fear not. For they know that their overthrow is at hand.

WHAT then means a sound that has greeted me fair delight? Are they marching? Malcontents in camp, impatient of discipline?

Disputes at work, sowing discord desires, perturbing the peace of my following?

Dread to me is the rhythmic stamp of their feet in marching. To the beat of my pulse it keeps time. In mine ear it makes pleasant music.

IN the second place, "Das Kapital," even though it were devotedly read by Socialists, is not in any sense a Bible. It has none of the qualities which make a book a source of consolation, of help to weak human beings who are in need of consolation and help. I think that even to Socialists, cocksure as they are of everything, there comes a time when they feel very poor and helpless—when they need the strength which a greater wisdom than theirs can give them. In such times they do not want to be argued with; they want to be assured. It may very possibly be that the works most useful to Socialists, throughout the length and breadth of the world, are the books which satisfied their fathers. Their problems, their anxieties and desires are after all the same, and hope still rests in the hearts of their fathers (comfortable souls?)—nay, in the hearts of their children. For the encouragement is in this book.

I command that the disrupter be disrupted. Shall it be thus said?

"I am a drill-master. And I am harsh. I command that the disrupter be disrupted. He that tears my host asunder—let him be destroyed.

The "comrade" who sees nothing to fight except the enemy, and from the Comrade Cause let him be ejected.

He who, when his counsels prevail, makes not the cause secure, let him understand my banner of fellowship. To wear my uniform he is not worthy.

Then—so they query—is criticism not to be permitted in the Socialist ranks?

Socialists are not perfect. But they are the most perfect things I have upon the earth. For self-respect is within them—the root of all the virtues. The spirit of self—through the spirit—weakness of spirit, that root of all iniquities.

Whence when have mastered the fit time, I will take the infirmities and heat of my hosts into oneness. For I covet for her a holy perfection.

But now I have other work on the anvil.

Socialists do not understand the "theory of value" these equations have any more than do I. But I do not imagine that in explicating the Socialist movement is not based solely on Marxian economics, and though Marxian economics may fall, yet the Socialist movement goes on. There is encouragement to be got from the books which satisfied their fathers. Their problems, their anxieties and desires are after all the same, and hope still rests in the hearts of their fathers (comfortable souls?)—nay, in the hearts of their children. For the encouragement is in this book.

I will act.

There is no time for mutual bickerings. Is there not a common foe? And should it not be time to assuage those labyrinths sometimes seem, are here. To live boldly and yet serenely—to carry on the work of the Lord of red comrades.

BOOKS AND WRITERS—A CAUSERIE by FLOYD DELL

As KAPITAL is sometimes spoken of as the Socialist's Bible, so Leaves of Grass is sometimes spoken of as the Poet's Bible. These two books are read for two reasons. The first is that, even though it were devotedly read in any sense a Bible, Socialists do not understand the "theory of value" these equations have any more than do I. But I do not imagine that in explicating the Socialist movement is not based solely on Marxian economics, and though Marxian economics may fall, yet the Socialist movement goes on. There is encouragement to be got from the books which satisfied their fathers. Their problems, their anxieties and desires are after all the same, and hope still rests in the hearts of their fathers (comfortable souls?)—nay, in the hearts of their children. For the encouragement is in this book.

The other day I received the following letter:

"To you (T. R. II.)—For the love of Bernard Shaw, stop using the contemptuous 'I' so many times. Who am I to speak to you, a philosopher, a superman? You may be a good euss personally, but the way you use the personal pronoun jargon on one's own is to be desired. "I" and "me" are words which modern men and women can go to for comfort. Such a book is "Leaves of Grass." And another book, not poetic but having perhaps a sustaining power even greater—because the author is more conscious of our modern trials—is "Soralla's Art: Some Thoughts on Art." These books have in them a balm that can heal the wounded spirit. They can console. They can lift up the heart and help. But there is another book which many who are charmed by spiritual unction must prefer to either of these. That is H. G. Wells's "First and Last Things." Not only is this book one of the finest of modern philosophical works, it is also a great religious work. It is a religious book for those who find conventional religion a vulgar absurdity. It is a thing that unites you, O you of the Comrade Cause, more than the things that divide you.

I command that you fellowship one another.

I have the true sign of the modern soul. Courage, hope, strength, all that is needed to carry one through the labyrinth of life, dark and terrible as it may be, has already been seen, are here. To live boldly and yet serenely—to carry on the work of the Lord of red comrades.

I have just been reading the August number of the Metropolitan. This is about the only magazine which I open without hesitation, without wonder if it is worth while doing without a sense of unpleasant duty. I know there will be something good in the Metropolitan. The reproductions of Soralla's "Art: Some Thoughts on Art," is "After the Bath"—are delightful. The stories are more than likely to be good; the articles are pretty sure to be interesting. And the Socialist articles and editorials are eminently readable. It is a holy exercise to have the "Progressive Woman" and the "Woman's Bible and Review" in the same hand, but my wife will not tell about it—the "Progressive Woman" is looking this way.

"A Little Sister of the Poor" is the story of the lives of working girls in the city. If you have read it, send 10 cents for a copy. The Progressive Woman Publishing Company.
THE WORKERS OF THE WORLD
A TRADES UNION DEPARTMENT by PAULINE M. NEWMAN, Organizer for the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union

STRIKES—AND MORE STRIKES.

If we were to review all of the strikes which are now in progress we could occupy not only three columns, but the whole issue of The Pro-

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wi it one or more known strikes.

The city authorities, and the whole force of police in this strike, like in all other strikes, are on the side of the employers. But when this strike was dealt out by Magistrate Krotel in sending three strikers to the workhouse for ninety days, for the "terrible crime" of doing picket duty.

The following appeal has been sent out by the Socialist party and United Hebrew Trades of New York for the striking furriers. We reprint same from New York Call:

"The 9,000 striking fur workers of this city must have financial assistance at once. Hunger has come as an ally to the fur manufacturers, and unless the labor movement generally responds to the appeal of the strikers through the Socialist party, the United Hebrew Trades and the General executive committee of the Workers' Circle, the fur strikers will be starved into surrendering to their already gat-

The help that is now necessary and that is as needful as any other kind, must be shared by all.

"Give these strikers bread and their

The strikers individually are a credit to the

The strike of the furriers is inspired; enthusiastic, active, more than was expected.

"The strike of the furriers is inspired; enthusiastic, active, more than was expected. The whole of the fur trade, not alone the furriers, must help toward its success. But what has happened since? Out of it all grew that magnificent organization known as the American Federation of Miners—the pride of the American labor movement.

The newspaper trust has been, and is, a power, but they CANNOT crush the spirit of those of the working people.

"Workmen, bring the question of the furriers to the employers that the 9,000 striking furriers have behind them the entire labor move-

"The strike of the furriers will be won. Those that wish to see this struggle end successfully for the

The strike was called after a long dull season, a season of unemployment, just at the beginning of the busy time. The manufacturers are desperate. They know from the beginning that to keep their shops open and look for work when they ask for it? With the Socialist party and its tremendous influence, the Workers' Circle with its great membership, with our unions, we must take part in this great struggle for better conditions.

"The strikers are not only being fed, but they are being given bread and their

The strike of the furriers will be won. Those that wish to see this struggle end successfully for the

What is needed from this strike is money. Let us, therefore, give it.

"The strikers individually are a credit to the

Let those who wear fur, and who are

"Shall we permit our brothers and sisters to suffer hunger? Shall their families want for bread? Or

"Shall we permit our brothers and sisters to suffer hunger? Shall their families want for bread? Or

"Shall we permit our brothers and sisters to suffer hunger? Shall their families want for bread? Or

The above appeal is sufficient to stir the readers of the Progressive Woman to action. The time is here when a strike like that of the furriers is the strike of the entire labor movement. We must be prepared not only to sympathize with the striking furriers but to support them financially as well.

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YOUR CHILDREN

After all is said and done, nothing in the world means so much to you as your little kind.

But you do not want to love them blindly, ignorantly. A wise mother is about the most precious thing the state can give us and the wise mother is directed by you. You, your husband, and your children, make a family.

The first right of a child is to be well born, and no child is well born if the mother is underpaid, whose husband is underpaid, whose father is underpaid, as well as the household.

The home is to be starting to school these days. Are you going to teach the child how to do his work properly? Are you going to teach the child what he wants to know, and if taught right, he will feel that what they are doing is intelligent and make you feel that you are as intelligent as anyone.

The school system is not tested by the number of children who go to school but by the number who come out of school knowing their work.

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THE STORY LADY

There is connected with the public schools of every city a "story lady." It is the business of the "story lady" to go from school to school and tell stories to the little folks.

Do you think they like it? Don't they? Well, certainly do.

By gathering a group of story-historical, fairy, romance, adventure—translated into child language, and the little ones not only spend an hour of joy listening to tales, but also learn to read and write.

They may lose their interest in the story if you give them something else. The story must be short and direct.

The story must be short and direct.

What this young woman did any one gifted with the power to talk and who is sympathetic with children may do. It is a vocation that should appeal to all the mothers.

This method of teaching or training the child is being used in the United States and is being taught in the schools in Italy by Maria Montessori, and has proven its efficacy without a doubt.

In the next issue of The Progressive Woman, let us tell about the establishment of the Montessori school, and give practical examples of the methods used in training the child.

The "story lady" is in the school, and the "Children's Houses" in Italy may be followed largely at home by the mother with small children.

But of that later. In the meantime, mothers, develop the spirit of comradeship with your children. Their development and growth is as serious as the growth of things you are doing.

Music in the Home

The piano in the worker's home, paid for with hard money, ejected out of the weekly wage, should be paid for itself in its music, and in the inspiration and individual development which comes from that music.

The "nickle" shows are being blamed for the cheap music with which the country is flooded. The five-cent show is not a five-cent show. The "nickle" shows are being blamed for the cheap music with which the country is flooded. The five-cent show is not a five-cent show.

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**PROGRAM FOR WOMAN’S COMMITTEE**

*These monthly programs are prepared by the Woman’s National Committee. It is intended that the hosts shall use them for public enter-
tains, or for lessons. In §*

**WAYNE SUFFRAGE**

The Wage Earning Woman and the Ballot, by Caroline A. Lowe.

*Women of the Ballot,* by Elsie Cole Phil-
lips.

*Votes for Working Women,* by Meta L. Stern.

The Socialist Party and Woman Suffrage, by Lena
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Price 50c per 1,000.

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**WOMAN SUFFRAGE**

Opening remarks by chairman.

_Song—“Arise, Brave Woman! There is work for you.”_

Show the world that love is wisdom and Love’s promises to us.

Break the bonds that hold you captive for the world
has need of you.

**CHORUS**

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! Glory, Glory, Halle-
lujah!

Glory, Glory, Hallelujah! As we go marching on.

Do you need a sound to rouse you? Hear the little
birds singing.

Do you need a sight to stir you? See the old who
hopelessly die.

Shall you walk in misery while you stand
heedless by?

No, we’ll go marching on.

Man no longer has fought unaided with the evil
of the world;

But together we shall conquer, all our strength
against it hurled;

And united march to victory, our banners bright
unfurled,

As we go marching on.

We will save the world fair daughters and those
daughters shall be free;

They shall stand beside their brothers on the ground
And the cause of right shall prosper on the land and
on the sea.

As we go marching on.

Then Arise! Arise! Brave woman! There is work
for you to do.

Show the world that love is wisdom and Love’s
promises are true;

Break the bonds that hold you captive, for the world
has need of you
And we’ll go marching on.

**WOMAN’S PLACE IN POLITICS**

By Eugene V. Debs.

Consider for a moment the beastly debasement to
to which womanhood is subjected in capitalist society.
She is in the same position of man, to be governed
by him as may suit his convenience. She does not
vote, she has no voice and must bear silent witness
to her legally ordained inferiority.

She has to compete with men in the factories and
workshops and stores, and her inferiority is taken
advantage of to make her work at still lower wages
than the male slave gets who works at her side.

As and a dependent she is compelled to sacrifice
her innate refinement, the inherent purity and
noblely of her sex, and for a pallet of straw she
must lean on the hard world at her side.

The dehumanizing effect of the capitalist system
upon womanhood is in a sense the spilling of the
human contents of the house of shame.

In Socialism woman would stand forth the equal
of man—man and woman would be open to her and
she would naturally find her fitting place and rise
from the low plane of mental servility to the dignity
of ideal womanhood.

At the bottom of the suffrage question and every
other economic and political question is the class
question and it is this that must be clearly under-
stood before any substantial progress can be made
toward woman’s actual emancipation. The great
masses of women are in and of the working class,
and, like the great masses of men who are in the
same situation, and, like them, their life, their
work, their home, their leisure, their amusement and,
what they produce, held fast in economic bondage
and decorated with the hodge of social inferiority.
These working women are held together by the
bond of tradition, the bond of economic necessity,
and this bond is the basis of woman’s inferiority.
Those working women who are married and have
children must make common cause with the workingmen
who are also greatly in the majority; their economic and
political activities must be in harmony and they must
express themselves in a united voice through the
political organizations of the working class; and
without this they stand no chance whatever.

The idea that underlies the objection to wom-

ENRICHED—“O Thou Monopolist!” She no
ever brought him acquainted with

Looking Up to Him.

A Spirit

Mr. Sapsea's Song Book.

_Ethelind, Agent of Mr. Thomas Sapsea,
Auctioneer, Valuer, Estate Agent, Etc.,
of this city._

Whose knowledge of the World,
Never brought him acquainted with
_A Spirit

_Mrs. Sapsea, Looking Up to Him._

Today Mrs. Sapsea has turned suffragette. She no
longer crusts, “O Thou Monopolist!” She no
longer cranes her neck looking up so high, and she
assure you it has quite a stimulating action on her
mind. The man she does not love, she tells us, is
and it is making her healthier, brighter and even
prettier. It is in vain that Mr. Sapsea shrieks des-
hopeless die.

_Hallelujah! As we go marching on._

Women's suffrage is expressed with engaging frankness
and nobility of

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hopeless die.

_Hallelujah! As we go marching on._

Women's suffrage is expressed with engaging frankness
and nobility of

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BY ARTHUR BROOKS BAKER

THE biggest thing of its kind in the world is entitled to our respectful attention on behalf of its single, alone. The biggest pyramid and biggest fish in the biggest city. These can claim a deferential stare from a pop-eyed crowd of human beings.

Now, it happens that we Socialists, a little over a year ago, decided to engage in a certain industry—a Lyceum business. It has most curiously grown to be the largest of its kind in the world. So it's entitled to Medal No. 1 for sheer bigness.

But mere size can impress only the silly curious. Suppose we say that the Socialist Lyceum is the most systematic in the world—and it certainly is just that. That entitles it to Medal No. 2.

But economy of operation might appeal only to the intellectual. The real test comes in the matter of results, and here the Socialist Lyceum is entitled to Medal No. 3, the largest and most shiny one of all.

For it certainly gets results. All over the United States the locals are rallying to the support of the Lyceum, for the reason that in their principal work, which is the extension of Socialist education and securing new recruits for our program and organization, the Lyceum is the most efficient aid.

First—It gives the local something definite to accomplish. Each member has something to do, and the doing it brings him closer in spirit and fact to the organization.

Second—it gives system and motive power to the sale of literature. By its use some locals have disseminated ten times as many Socialist books and periodicals as they would otherwise have done.

Third—It offers a coherent course of lectures. Speakers working singly, each with no idea what was said by the last speaker in town or what will be said by the next, cannot possibly drive home their thoughts with the same purposeful directness as can the same speakers when working together on a definite plan.

Fourth—The Lyceum forces the attention of the public. So great is the amount of advertising dispersed, so widespread the local activity, so large the crowds, that only the most hidebound capitalist papers can ignore it. It compels newspaper stories. The Progressive Woman Publishing Company.

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The Party Builder

The Party Builder provides a little four page weekly paper just off the press. Every week it will be full of bright ideas, helpful hints, plans, methods of working, with a large number of new members. By carrying out a big piece of work, dignified, well advertised, systematic and successful, they have forced local attention and compelled local respect. They have thought with the same purposeful directness as can the same speakers when working together on a definite plan.

Fifth—Last, and perhaps most important of all, the Lyceum leaves the local strong and confident, with a large number of new members. By carrying out a big piece of work, dignified, well advertised, systematic and successful, they have forced local attention and compelled local respect. They have proven themselves a power to be reckoned with in the political and educational life of the community.

For Party Workers Only

There has been need of a general means of interchanging experiences among Socialists so as to give each individual Worker the benefit of the mistakes and achievements of other active Socialists. The Lyceum work has increased this need.

Such a “Clearing House of Experience of special interest to Socialist Workers is

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