IN THIS, OUR WORLD

FOR THE DOUBTING THOMAS

THOSE who belong to a movement which, like the Socialist, has a well-developed propaganda, find themselves wondering something as the result of the high tides this year. They see those who take up permanently the work of agitation.

Sometimes their attention is drawn to this by the charge that So-and-So is "making his living off the movement," the implication being that this is somehow an unprofitable thing to do.

No doubt there are some who are more shrewd than others in their attitude toward the movement. But as a rule the shrewdness is a petty shrewdness, a mere tarnish upon a career which has its real value in the sense of training and in the spirited devotion. It is well to keep in mind these words of George Jacob Holyoake, who knew well the hard facts of the situation.

"Proletarianism is not, as some suppose, a "trade," because nobody will follow a "trade" if he has to work with the industry of a slave and die with the reputation of a mendicant. The motives of any person who is conscious of such a profession must be different from those of trade, deeper than pride, and stronger than interest. Rather quaint, old-fashioned words, but they are nearer to the truth than the middle-class skepticism which drew them forth.

THE GIRL WHO HAS NO RIGHTS

Well, well. Those middle-class reformers who have been trying for years to get the federal government to take a hand in harassing the trade of prostitution have succeeded at last in a most amazing fashion.

Their plan is to persuade the government to join in an international agreement with other countries to return all alien women who come here, or are sent here, by the methods of their trade. Each of the countries in the agreement is pledged to prosecute those responsible for sending the alien women thither. In that way, it is pointed out, the civilized world will stamp out those mysterious "syndicates" which are said to traffic internationally in girls and women.

So far all is plain enough.

But two years ago another step was taken. The profligate reformers persuaded Congress to pass the so-called "Mann act" or "White Slave Traffic act," which makes it a crime for anyone to send a girl or a woman across a state line with the purpose of inducing her to enter upon a life of prostitution.

If a man sends a girl from Chicago, Ill., to a house of ill-repute in Springfield, Ill., he may violate a state law, but the federal government can do nothing about it. But if he sends a girl from Chicago to a house in Gary, Ind., he has engaged in a form of "interstate commerce" and the federal government can punish him.

All this, too, is plain enough. To be sure, it is a roundabout sort of a law, like so many federal statutes. The federal government has to hear of the right of each state to decide its own social matters for itself. It can only take cognizance, under the Constitution, of matters which, like interstate commerce, concern the several states. And so it seems to "hit" while it is in a more有利于 its own girls.

If it were a Federal government that had to come adjusted to these other things to become

reconciled to one of the most extraordinary bureaucratic innovations which we have seen since Koo-e-nul, said the pronunciation of the new bureau chief, who is the so-called federal bureau which the Department of Justice has established.

This bureau, from its headquarters in Washington and Chicago, announces that it is engaged in making a federal registration of the black impersonators of girls in the United States who make their living by prostitution.

Inspectors are going around, securing from each girl her name, age, description and previous residences for a period of years. They are getting this not only from the girls in the recognized brothels, but from those who scarcely regard themselves as prostitutes—girls who are regularly employed in stores, for example, and are driven to supplement their earnings by the wages of the streets.

Of course there is not a word in the Mann law authorizing such a registration. It is merely a bureaucratic innovation for the Department of Justice, which believes that when once it gets all the prostitutes labeled and ticketed it will have an easier time in running down sources of interstate traffic. Another probable motive is that of bureaucratic pride in the display of energy in harassing a traffic which has more supporters than friends.

But this thing may well prove a far greater harassment to the girls than to those few who traffic in them. Most American communities feel very strongly regarding prostitution as an official registration of prostitutes, partly because it subjects the girls to blackmail, official as well as unofficial, and partly because it seems to submerge them in it for life.

This instinct is sound. It has the unqualified support of students like the great Havelock Ellis, for example. But here it is impudently disregarded by a government which considers it a failure if it is not the intelligence or the manhood even to criticise it, much less attempt to defeat it.

The trouble is that people would rather be sentimental over the prostitute than just to her.

Thousands of her sort marry and leave the old life, with its dangers, far behind them. Isn't there enough ignorance about the life without adding to it the knowledge that somewhere a card-index exists with the damnable evidence of one's past? The possibilities of scandal and blackmail are endless and no litigiousness under the new law is worth a pin.

But presently the Magdalene—to borrow her pet-name—has no real friends among the bourgeois, no one ready to argue for her right to anonymity, to a veil over her past and an open door to the future: no one to contend that even she shall be treated by the federal government with as scrupulous regard for her rights under the federal law as Mose, the convicted hanger.

In short, that this principle might well look into this latest development of bureaucratic morality.

THE PASSING OF PURITANISM

Many writers—and several Socialist writers among them—believe that when women are a pillow-soft attitude of Puritanism will soon pass over society.

They contend that while men have been slowly struggling out of the straight-jacket attitude toward life which characterizes the bourgeois regime, the mass of women still cling conservatively to ascetic ideals, and this in spite of the fact that those ideals have worked more hardship upon women than upon men, have made their lives gray and have penalized heavily their sisters.

Evidence to support this prediction is only too easy to find. The evidence here is unmistakable—women who belong to Societies for the Suppression of This or That—they are not lightly to be dismissed.

"Alas, poor you! I慨 you not to do so when they get the chance!" George Meredith describes them:

"Ladies, I listened to a ring of dames; Judicial in the robe and wig; secure As princely Medill Patten traced so true when they get the chance; and they denounced some inscription new Against sound laws which keep you good and pure."

"Sirs, they are of us, as their dress denotes, And by as much, let them together chime; It is an ancient bell within their throats; The echo hark from without the distance ringing."

And they denounced some inscriptions new Against sound laws which keep you good and pure.

Who can deny, for example, that the vast body of working women have been going through something closely approximating that evolution which Joseph Conrad describes in his characterization of the Cathoic heroine of his novel, "Rebellion"?

The business world, the world of free, large affairs, is not there to be anything but merciless to the girl that regard as medieval and ignominious a code of check upon the working out of a new and freer social order are neglecting factors of great strength and intensity.
R. JIRO MATSUDA, care the Japan
Weekly:

"Come at once. Important."

That was all. Although her profession was that of a busy journalist, I never dreamed of receiving so mysterious a telegram as this from an unknown person at this famous hotel.

By noon, however, I left my office and made my way to the center of Tokyo. When I reached there the magnificent marble clock in the semi-European hall had just struck one, and I was ushered into No. 14, on the second floor.

The room was spacious and well lighted. There was a sort of artistic seclusion from the dusty, commercial streets of the vicinity in the way the velvet curtains, fancy laces, and mahogany were arranged in the room.

As soon as the uniformed servant left, shutting the heavy door behind me, I heard a man address me:

"Jiro! Jiro!"

My eyes wandered from the pale telegraph sheet to the strong Chinese face without finding the least connection between them.

"Jiro! Hiashi-ye-nah!"

The Chinese grasped my elbows and grinned with a peculiar, gloomy smile. He spoke Japanese elegantly—and my name.

Instantly my heart shot back through the nebulous waste of Time to a sleepy space, like the drone of old music, and seeking among the faint, dead shadows of his past, I recognized in the stranger's deepest eyes my loyal elder brother.

"Aki! Aki! " He laughed heartily at my surprise, so much that I dropped my hat and cane on the floor, and, as I was about to catch them up, he squeezed my hands after the English fashion.

"Hiashi-ye-nah, eh? Jiro! You are a big boy now, aren't you, eh, Jiro?"

These words were repeated by him in every possible tone, as if he could speak no others, until I uttered in my turn, "What in the world are you doing here in a Chinaman's disguise? Why, since I left you not ten years ago, we thought you were dead. What a surprise! Ah, but I am so glad to meet you again. Please explain everything to me!"

Pithed with emotion, he glanced around the room, looked down from the window, then cautiously drew his chair to my side and began to speak in his old, old-fashioned, monotonous voice, which brought back the image of the sad, gray winters of the busy, youthful days of my home in distant Toma-mura.

"Now, not so high, Jiro! Walls might have ears, too, as the proverb says."

His voice! His words! His gestures! In an instant there flitted through my brain with him the familiar, lingering sound of the waves of the wintry ocean and of the avenues of the pale-blown pines around our village where we grew up together.

"You see," he continued, "I am not a Japanese any longer, at least in my looks. I mean, I have just arrived from Manchuria under the pretext of being a Chinese capitalist, also a member of the revolution. My name in public is Mr. Yen-Foo-Shaw of Hong-Kong. And when I get back to China I am to be commander-general of the Mongol Navy.

"Now, above all, Jiro, I warn you not to sneak to me before the public, or my Chinese secretary, in Japanese. Assume the air of a chance acquaintance and speak either in Chinese or English, because I have a strong reason for hiding my nationality. Oh, how many things I have to tell you! It seems a century—no, an eternity—since we last saw each other. But, first of all, tell me how is the home—my mother and Ootji?

"What a wretch! I never wrote to them nor to you for twenty years!"

My reply came after many moments of painful silence, heavy with overstrained surprise. What could I do but touch my brother's hard, sunburned hand, smile and weep in turn, while I faintly gazed at him, my mouth agape like a fool.

"Dear old Taro-san! As to our home, I have very little to say. Mother died two years after you left us saying that you were going to join an exploration party at Hakodate. She worried about you till her last breath came. Ootji-san is still waiting for you. She said the very next morning after you left us that you were coming back. Although mother begged and urged her to give up the hope of your return and marry me, she kept shaking her pretty head. And I, too, was strong enough to resist the temptation of her beauty, for I knew somehow, perhaps by an instinct, that you were surely coming back again.

"Then, after mother died, nothing remained to detain us in that poor, sea-smelling village except a measurably stretch of rice field. So we sold it and came to Tokyo. Here I studied for ten long years, working in the public library at daytime. Ootji-san tried pretty nearly every kind of job that a lady could get. Now, after long years' toil, she has her own home school at Shiba, Tokyo, and teaches a numbers of girl students in embroidery. Oh, if mother could only see you coming back! And Ootji-san, too, how glad she would be to see you!"

When I finished I saw that he was deeply moved, and in his eyes, fixed upon the top of a somber pine tree in the garden, there glittered a man's watery tenderness.

"My poor mother is dead! Forgive me, mother! Poor, dear mother! And oh, Ootji! Oh, how ashamed I would be to see her! I simply haven't the face to meet her who was once upon a time my fiancee! Forgive me, you, too, Jiro! But you are now comparatively well up in your position, are you not? The position of editor of "The Japan" is not so bad for a youth who worked his way up from the bottom of the desolate Tama village.

"He looked at me now with his bold, soul-reading gaze, while he lighted his Manila cigar. There was apparently a deep gulf between us. What he was I knew not. To talk with him as a couple of youngsters again, silhouetting each other's tanned faces against the droning blue of the Pacific in the world of memory, was one thing; while to eye him in the rich, barbarous splendor of the Chinese robe was another.

“What have you up your sleeve now? I feel as if we live now in an entirely different world, of an infinite-distance apart. Tell me about your situation."

"Hah, good! But, my dear Jiro, promise me one word before I speak to you. Do not reveal my plan to any one on earth! Good, then, I will explain."

And that he took out a morocco case from an inside pocket, and laid upon the table a picture of fine tissue paper, lowering his voice as he spread it out with his hand.

"This is the map of Asia, and my first and last hope on earth! I am contemplating a Napoleonic unity of Asia!"

The booklet expanded about the size of a tablecloth and I could not get a precise reproduction of the one-third portion of the globe copied in most minute details, marked with many colored pencils here and there, as if it were his handiwork.

"What do you mean, brother?"

"I mean to establish a grand republic of our Asian races. Mark! Up all the minor monarchies, empires, kingdoms, foreign settlements, tribes into a vast, strong union!"

I did not believe him till the last words escaped his curved lips. Yet I knew that Taro took no one's counsel but his own, who died bravely at the insurrection of the New-era with Buyo-Yenomoto. At this moment that sentimental side of his nature, which had revealed a little while ago in a silent tear drop, could be seen no more in his five feet ten inches of resolute manhood. His eyes gleamed upon the map, and the hands gripped tighter upon my knees.

"Brother, I cannot believe you."

"You can't? Ah, I thought as much! You, a yellow journalist, who knows nothing of the subtleties of the political world, you would blame me much for it. However, Jiro, look me straight in the eyes, and swear to me that you are not talking nonsense to me!"

"Then do you think that with all my hard, grinding experience of the past twenty infernal years, which were spent in traveling from the frozen Behring sea to the last cape of Tasmania, I am talking sheer nonsense to you?"

"That may not be. But the proposition of the unity of Asia—this vast northern territory of the world—is rather a heavy one to lay upon a table and discuss it.

"Well, who discusses it? I don't. I am only showing you how much I have accomplished toward my purpose and how much more is needed for my success."

"Then you say that you have done something—which, I mean—"

"Which will accelerate the unity of Asia, the dawn of the awakening of our yellow races, and am now preparing a plan for. Tell me: what do you mean?"

"Does your plan bear any relation to the present Chinese revolution, then?"

"Taro shook off the cigar ashes and was about to open his mouth with much vehemence, when suddenly the telephone rang in the adjoining lobby.

"Hello! Who? Viscount Tokoda? Yes, I am
THE CONSERVATION OF SOCIAL ENERGY

By SAMUEL W. BALL

NATURE is prodigal. She expends an enormous amount of energy accomplishing a comparatively insignificant result. No other feature or commodity is wasted so prodigally as our employed. Nature wantonly destroys in the perfection of a single species or specimen. The sun radiates energy intensively and usefully to the earth. Its rays, however, which amount the earth receives but an infinitesimal fraction of its total energy, is the only energy used to its utmost, resulting in multitudinous phenomena only a few of which are perpetuated. Trees are loaded with food which is eventually converted into cellulose and then into the rotting forest. With lavish hand nature sows the seed, but with the harvest she has no concern. The surplus of nature's food is not required to maintain the equi-

ful nature remains stationary. The codfish is not necessary to the current of the sea current, nor the sea to the fish. Rivers wind and twist and turn about and travel many times their distance from the sea. The plan of nature, if it may be so called, aims at a series of guesses or experiments, with no regard to cost. Lester F. Ward says: "The economy of nature is the abundance of all economy." Out of this infinite variety of nature's activities arises the brain of man. Through untold centuries, the species of animals has been selected by natural action, combined to produce the phenomena of mind. The human mind possesses the properties of foresight and the ability to differentiate the right from the wrong. The forces of nature serve definite ends. In the human mind, the result is the product of conscious effort. Out of purpose is born a new principle—the principle of directed energy.

Nature gives a maximum of resources and gets a minimum result; but man, directed, takes a minimum of resources and gets a maximum result. The difference between the two is the proof that men's minds are directly opposed. Nature is wasteful and extravagant; mind is economical. Nature is not sensitive; mind is sensitive. Nature cannot control the atmospheric energy at random; man conserves and directs it. Nature's resources are unlimited; her processes occur automatically and are not limited. The forces are unlimited. Man's activities are for a but a day. This tendency of man is not to exercise the maximum of his power, but to manifest in everything man seeks to accomplish. Human effort is constantly directed toward an end which satisfies the desires of the individual. Man's wants. Man introduced system, order and economy into the world. He plants his grain and reaps his harvest in the most favorable seasons. He conserves heat by both clothing and shelter. He bores his way under mountains, or builds his way across streams, or builds a canal as straight and direct as circumstances and his knowledge of the terrain will permit. He disposed of the maximum of difficulty to the maximum and as he progresses he cheapens the cost of all he uses. He seeks to satisfy his wants with the least possible difficulty and pain to himself.

Up to this point in man's development his efforts have been directed toward the solution of specific want, overlooking facts which if recognized would enable him to satisfy his wants with less discomfort to himself and with less waste of energy. There is a point beyond which he may not go in seeking his individual good, without results which react to defeat his own object.

Man is becoming more and more a social being. Larger and larger numbers of individuals are becoming dependent upon conditions which affect the whole or a large part of society. The individual views the whole or the greater part of the world of individual about himself, nor can his own welfare be sacrificed without a corresponding interest and action. Before he is in the present condition he must recognize his social relationship and learn to utilize the same, the result from concerted and directed mind activity.

No family or group of individuals can progress far toward the development of an efficient society, for any reason deprived of health, knowledge, freedom, moral aspiration, or opportunity. When a group of men is deprived of one of the necessary conditions, they are not allowed to be withdrawn from useful service to society through incompetence or indifference, we realize the loss which society suffers through failure to provide adequate means for the service of the group. The group, therefore, of its members constituting "the unfortunate class."

It has been aptly said that the thief is the "genius of social life" in his own way. A man who lends an object, directed, would be a valuable asset to society. The lives lost annually in accidents which might be easily prevented constitute an enormous sacrifice on the part of society that can be compared only to the prodigal waste of nature.

That society should continue to permit children to develop under the simplest of conditions, to suffer from abnormal mental and physical tendencies, to dwarf the mind and crush out the finer sensibilities, as well as the health of the body, is a condition of affairs from which we are to rest the future of our nation, is inconsistent with the laws of nature. The application of scientific principles in the management of our great industries.

If the "social management" we should have saved to society that large army of our number who are now herded in jails, penitentiaries, hospitals, workhouses and other such institutions. The value to society would be stupendous. That a large and growing number of us is being doomed to smother in the dust of the country or to seek labor that lasts but a short portion of the year and are left for the rest of the time to starve or prey upon the society, is a sacrifice in energy like that to which the sun expends in limiting limitless space.

The state should work to perform no constructive service, but are withdrawn from active, useful life for the purpose of wantonly destroying the most valuable asset of society—the lives of its members. Armies and navies at best but protect against external evils; internal evils within our borders grow and threaten the very foundation upon which our institutions rest. The destruction of lives that cannot be controlled is a confession of the utter Savage state in which we still dwell. Science has shown that certain tendencies are due to disease or to conditions that are conducive to disease, and researches prove that punishment and the fear of punishment do not prevent crime; yet we as a nation we make no attempt to establish a penal system based on the scientific investigations.

The application of mind to social betterment is the crying need of the age. The time has come when scientific management must be applied to the management of our lives as well as to industry if we would continue to progress. It is not sufficient to leave the work of social improvement to the work of the trained but unequipped with scientific knowledge to guide them. Charity is best but a soothing syrup, a palliative of evils that are pushing our social energy to destroy and destroying our national security.

In society as well as in our individual lives we must substitute for the planless methods of nature, the economical methods of the mind. Man has brought system, order and economy into the industrial field and there is now before him the splendid opportunity in applying his mind to the task of improving and increasing the management of our social institutions.

We want to increase social energy; her object is to produce variety. Society will only advance as we learn to conserve our energy and to prevent the waste of which every member. Our object should be the perfection of mankind.

The man who waits for the other fellow to free him usually sinks deeper into the mire.

THE SOCIALISTS

By Barnet Braverman

We have come and the burden we've taken,
And we never will lay it down
Till the crowns of thorns have been shaken
From the brows that sorrows have known.

From our dreams we rise in the morning,
And strong is our purpose and true;
We are more than numbers in a throng
Of the many who slave for the few.

We are come with a message of freedom
From the thrall of a black slavery;
For the men who mow and the women who toil
Shall yet decide to be free.

So we hope and we dare and we labor,
Each in his own little way,
'Til the scrolls are burned and the tower
To the sunrise of Freedom's new day.
POLICE DEPARTMENTS AND DECENCY

By EMIL SEIDEL

A gain the city of New York, the master accomplishment of capitalism has reached a new peak in the world and furnished food for gossip. The Rosenthal murder, the veil that hides the social underworld from public view has been lifted. As a further result, the world has been given an opportunity to get a given glimpse of the怪力乱神 higher motive behind the lower life of the streets, and we know it exists. It is a fact, no matter what anyone says, that people can exist, if they know anything at all.

For is there any reason in particular why New York should blush; her crimes are not peculiar to her. This same thing can be found in every city in the continent.

This is not all. The attempts at real improvement have been made are those in which the Socialists have heard and felt, for there the social conscience is waking up.

The virtuous citizens of New York City have no patience to be called upon to the rescue of capitalist virtue. They have held an indignation meeting. They are not satisfied with the police department, the mainstay of the present order, has come into bad repute. Therefore they have held the meeting. At it District Attorney Whitman was the hero of the hour. He proved himself equal to the occasion. Very clearly did he make it the real ill to a side issue when he said:

"I think it is human to know what Rosenthal was, or who may be mayor, or who may be police commissioner, or who may be district attorney; it is not for us or for the community active, are the ones that have debarred the police forces of our cities to such an extent that the sins they did possible to develop into a force for the farther growth of progress and civilization.

The very fact that the issue could be voiced and remains the reason why the city is called upon, is an indication of the fact that the Socialists have no patience with the present system. There are facts alone prove the utter moral bankruptcy of the respectable of New York.

Lyman Abbott was also present, said something about "prohibiting gambling," and then allowing it to go on, being hypocrite. He said further, "I think it is then the time that the Socialists were to be a terror to evil doers.

The good Dr. Abbott may rest easy. Today the law is stronger than the power of the landlord. To the rich, whom it dare not touch, it is a huge joke.

Every present at the indignation meeting during the night was impressed with the dignity of the hour. "The speeches were heard with respectful attention and interrupted only by DIGITAL. We have no use for the press reports. That is very proper; and we dare say that if any one present should have dared to snigger at the comings and goings of the the audience it would have been thrown out forthwith.

Then a vigilance committee was appointed. This committee has the duty to "call upon the police department to put forth additional efforts looking to the elimination of all those implicated in the Rosenthal murder." This committee is really to do something.

The climax of the farce came when a telegram was read. A banker wired his determination to "co-operate with the authorities to effect permanent and the infamies lately revealed." This did not apply to the revelations of the "muckrakers," let alone the police department.

A bishop was also heard from. Then the meeting adjourned. The self-satisfied citizens went to their homes, and wereiert, and right. It was truly the finest part of the city, and turn out to play the same game in the higher realms of finance, commerce and society. Lyman Abbott’s law terror does not apply to them.

ONE is at a loss to decide which is the most amazing: the ghoulish greed, the brutal selfishness, or the hypocritical decency of this so-called prominent class.

This orgy of graft, crime, gambling and vice is only the mask by which the truth is hidden. The system, based on profit, rent and interest, the system, for which these same respectable would sacrifice everything that is sacred and holy in the heart of the city and get gleefully away. That is the challenge to the civilized nation of the twentieth century.

The very fact that the issue could be voiced and remains the reason why the city is called upon, is an indication of the fact that the Socialists have no patience with the present system. There are facts alone prove the utter moral bankruptcy of the respectable of New York.

Lyman Abbott was also present, said something about "prohibiting gambling," and then allowing it to go on, being hypocrite. He said further, "I think it is then the time that the Socialists were to be a terror to evil doers.

The good Dr. Abbott may rest easy. Today the law is stronger than the power of the landlord. To the rich, whom it dare not touch, it is a huge joke.

IT is not difficult to foretell what the upshot of New York’s police scandal and indignation meetings will be.

The prosecuting attorney will follow up his exposures with the execration of the victims caught. He will, if he knows the game, succeed in getting the culprits convicted and sentenced.

The families of the victims will continue to eat deeper and deeper into the body social.

Respectable merchants, manufacturers and bankers will continue to make a song of this blow while the landlord will rent to those who can afford the rents of their less honest servants. Police officials will get their rake-offs as before, either from the law for its equivalent.

Thus the decay of capitalism continues. Nothing can stop it.

If civilization is to be insured and progress to continue it cannot be through capitalism. The very forces that are destroying capitalism also prepare the working class for its anti-capitalism.

Show Your Colors

Hermes Red and Silver Speckled Capodimonte

The Karl Marx Red Waterflag Pin

Exact duplicate, modeled from the original pin worn by Marx. Solid red enamel; all trimmed; handpainted and at retail for $47.00. Give a very strong impression of the famous Karl Marx Red Waterflag Pin. Give each, 5 for $15.00.

Pearl, N.Y.

EMIL SEIDEL
THE NEW WOMAN OF THE OLD SOUTH

By Covington Hall

In the long and bitter struggle of the Brotherhood of Timber Workers against the Southern Lumber Operators’ Association, none have suffered more deeply than the mothers and daughters of the fighting lumbermen. In the long and terrible lockout, lasting from July, 1911, to February, 1912, when hundreds of families were reduced to the dirtiest and meanest of existence, the sons and daughters of the lumbermen were left to starve the men out of the union and back into submission. In this struggle, a development has taken place which will have far-reaching effects on the future of the South. For the first time in the history of the South, a movement has been started for the benefit and protection of the workingmen who are now suffering the most bitter trial.

When the blacklist was added to the lockout, when thousands of workers were made unemployed, and the only way a man could get a job was to dishonor himself by joining the “reform” to the timber trust, by swearing obedience and loyalty to his sworn enemies, the women took up that other battle cry of the “men of iron”—the War of the Worlds. They decided to fight for their men, to keep up the battle for the union, and to fight for the unionists.

When all law was suspended, when the states of Louisiana and Arkansas abrogated their authority to the Southern Lumber Operators’ Association and allowed the operators to use armed forces and gopu to proclaim martial law throughout the timber belt, when the worst in scum and slum class came to the rescue of the trust, the women stood the terror that reached its climax in the “riot” at Grabow was inaugurated, when no one’s life or person was safe anywhere in the environs of the timber belt, the women still urged the men on to battle and in many instances took their places beside them on the “Irving line.”

The women of the most brave and bravest boys were arrested, thrown into jail and charged with murder, arson and rebellion. The boys, when men were torn from their sick mothers, wives and children, taken from their homes in the dead of night, were then made to face the officers of the Association, still the women did not quail but shrieked defiance at their enemies, still louder rose the cry of the Brotherhood: “ONE BIG UNION, LIFE AND FREEDOM FOR ALL THE WORKERS.”

This, the splendid fighting spirit shown by our women in this fight, this alone should have caused the loco crazed lumber kings to pause and consider the demands of the workers, for the rebellion of the women, the insurrection of the home maker and keeper, has ever been the last sign preceding the bursting of the storms of SOCIAL REVOLUTION; but the stand of the women only seemed to further the madness of the Association, and to increase to blinded fury, if that were possible, the lawless apostles of “law and order.”

And still and so the fight goes on. The Association through the putrid “Democratic” press howling for “law and order,” yet only able to maintain its infamous penance system because the governors of the Southern States have allowed it to overthrow all laws, all civil rights, all constitutional guarantees, even to those natural rights that are respected even by the bushmen of Australia and the Apaches of Paris.

Hiding behind the cloak of race prejudice, beating the tom-toms of “white supremacy,” the Association has murdered in cold blood, white men whose only crime was that they sought to organize all the workers in the mills and forests, in which way alone they would have been able to end the frightful conditions under which all were forced to labor.)

Prating of Christian civilization, which to protest is blasphemy to revolt is high treason! Belial, the god of lust and bestiality, has set out to plan a system intended to destroy and degrade the race, for Pharaoh and Joseph when they started in to skin Egypt to the bone, as “democratic civilization,” against which we protest is blasphemy to revolt is high treason!

The New Woman of the Old South is rising to her proper place. She is the descendant of the old Zealots who fought for the cause of freedom. She is the daughter of the pioneers who struggled for the rights of man. She is the daughter of the men who fought for the Union and for freedom. She is the daughter of the women who fought for the rights of men. She is the daughter of the women who fought for the rights of women. She is the daughter of the women who fought for the rights of all.

THE NEW WOMAN OF THE OLD SOUTH.

KIER HARDIE, M. P.

By J. C. K.

It is sometimes interesting—and starting—to take an inventory of one’s mind on a subject, look over the result, and trace its origin.

When I was introduced to Kier Hardie, M. P., I found myself going through a lightening calculation of this kind: Here was a member of Parliament, and yet he was a Scotchman. I was not aware that a Laura Jean Libby school that I had gotten my lifelong impressions of a member of Parliament! Anyway, hadn’t the notion somehow clung that an M. P. was a very “different” kind of person, sort of utterly unapproachable, pretentious and embarrassingly self-important, and carrying always about him an atmosphere of romance? Not having dealt in M. P.’s since I was a boy, I knew that when life is a dream and nothing is impossible, I had not felt the need of a revision of ideas along the M. P. line—until now.

Here was a REAL member of Parliament, and a very different kind of person. I knew that an immediate overhauling on the matter was necessary if I was to have an intelligent appreciation of facts as they are. And yet, there are, after all, M. P.’s and M. P.’s. The Libby school is right. There is the purely ornate creature, those who argue from the existence of no doubt is that he furnishes copy for the romantic school of socialism. There is Kier Hardie. He said, “How do you do, Comrade?” And I said, “How do you do, Comrade?” And it was exactly like meeting any soap-boxer that might have dropped in off the road for a new batch of instructions and a bag of literature.

Kier Hardie is a Scotchman, and he looks the part, with his short, sturdy, almost powerful body, and his thick iron-gray hair and beard. He was raised in the mines in the north of Wales, had no school opportunities, and learned to read only after he was well grown up. After that he founded the Independent Labor Party of England, which in numbers is much larger than all the other British Socialist organizations combined. He also started the Labour Leader, the organ of the I. L. P., and he represents the I. L. P. in Parliament.

In speaking of woman suffrage, Mr. Hardie said it was very probable that the bill would go through enfranchising English women. The government bill establishing manhood suffrage would give about 4,000,000 men the right to vote. An amendment is to be introduced for the Labor party favoring adult suffrage in both sexes, and the fate of the amendment rests with the Irish party. If they vote for it or leave individual members to vote as they please, it will be carried; but if they vote solidly against it, it will be in grave danger. In reply to a question regarding the condition of the English workers, he said:

Recent strikes, nearly all of which, except the last, have so far been fruitless and brought about no great improvement, not only in the wages of the workers, but in the conditions of their employment. This is partly the result of direct action through the strikes and of political action through Parliament. The railway men both obtained the settlement they did through political action, whereas the failure to secure political action in the recent transport workers’ strike led to the complete defeat of the men.

Kier Hardie is a workingman, representing the working class. His business in life and in Parliament is a serious one; he has done and is doing tremendous things. And this marks the difference between Kier Hardie and the other finger-fisted, silk-hatted creatures of the discredited nobility whose existence is chiefly justified within the covers of the romantic novel.

NOTES AND COMMENTS FROM THE SUFFRAGE FIELD

By J. C. K.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE DEFEAT IN OHIO

August Bebel in his "Woman and Socialism" says that women were the first slaves.

Before men were enslaved women were serving their masters with bended back and aching hearts. It was inevitable that the slavery of men should follow upon the slavery of women.

And it is equally true that men never can be free from the yoke of bondage until their mothers and sisters are also free from it.

Over in Ohio men defeated the efforts of women for political disfranchisement in order that the masters of other men might be defeated. The tremendous liquor interests were against the votes of women for solid phalanx. "Big Business," which has the workingman bound hand and foot, was against it. The Ohio Board of Trade came out openly against it; even the street cars carried a card suggesting the defeat of the suffrage bill.

Why? The liquor interests are afraid of the woman vote. Nowhere has the suffrage movement aligned itself with the prohibition movement, yet the promoters of vice via the saloon instinctively dreads the political power of women.

"Big Business," which fattens off the working class, is afraid of the woman vote. First, "Big Business" is almost invariably connected with the liquor interests, and naturally the woman would jealously interpose with its dark offshoot. Second, the majority of the working class is against the liquor interests, and the working class today is growing conscious of itself.

The woman-class woman vote no doubt would be more difficult to handle than the working class man vote. It is less embarrassing to offer a mess of unwholesome potage in exchange for the man vote than it would be to make the same offer to women. Even the organization that would know better would wilt at times vote against its own interests and with those of its masters. Certainly this was the case when the central labor councils of Dayton, Ohio, refused to indorse the amendment for woman suffrage in Ohio. No one but a mad woman would expect to get a woman labor council to indorse an amendment for disfranchisement of workingmen.

While Socialism does not dictate any man's religion, it holds that men and women have the right to control their own political views. It indorses the stand of Margaret Hale of Chicago, when she said in a recent speech: "I will take my religion from Rome, but my politics I will choose for myself."

The interests of the majority of women are more on theimentary than political or economic. They are not interested in the suffrage amendment, nor in the political or economic rights of women. Therefore all the interests that uphold and are upheld by the ballot-box are, in a sense, a blot on the ballot-box, and are opposed to the interest and welfare of the majority of the women of the nation.

If the women of Ohio are sufficiently keen-witted they will not need a stronger demonstration of the above facts than were given in the Ohio election as the suffrage amendment and the ballot-box in the primary elections of Illinois. The big business and the vice interests of the cities defeated the submission of a suffrage bill to the people.

In California and Washington, where the cities are fewer, and the rural population is larger, the vicious interests and "Big Business" had less chance of success, although they worked desperately and won out in the cities.

The meaning of the Ohio defeat then, is that the interests of womankind are not indetical with those of the vicious interests, nor with those of "Big Business" nor with those of the Catholic church, insofar as the latter interferes with the political and economic rights of women.

Socialism, which would abolish the vicious elements through the abolition of the profit system, stands in the way of the political and economic freedom of womankind. The saloon element will invariably make its fight against Socialism even stronger and against suffrage. And for stronger reasons. It KNOWS that Socialism will destroy the profits in its trade, and thus destroy the trade itself.

"Big Business" will fight Socialism to the bitter end, as it fights woman suffrage, because Socialism means the death of "Big Business," as it is conducted today, with its few reaping the golden shekels and the multitude exploited to the point of mere subsistence.

For the millions of women of the working class of this nation there is no hope save in full political and economic freedom—and these the present capitalist system will never grant. But these the International Socialist Party holds as a vital part of its program.

The South is lining up for woman suffrage. Maryland, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Louisiana, Florida and Alabama all have their strong suffrage organizations. The women of the South are good to the hilt, once they are stirred, and we expect to see them leading the progressive forces in that part of our nation in the near future.

In Idaho the women have decided to nominate a state ticket made up exclusively of women. This is one of the evils the tip of the wedge of woman suffrage have often predicted—exchange.

But why an "evil"? How long, pray, has it been since we ceased having tickets made up exclusively of men? And no one thought of referring to the habit as "evil."

SUFFRAGE VIA VAUDEVILLE

September 9 opened a new week of experiences for the suffrage associations of New York City, when these intrepid women held their picturesque performances at Hammett Vaudeville Theater. Every evening in the week a "turn" was given to the suffragists, who entertained an entirely new type of audience with speeches by well-known actresses like Mary Shaw, Fola La Follette and Beatrice Forbes-Robinson. As a result of the speeches a great many suffrage journals, buttons, badges, etc., were sold to an erstwhile indifferent audience. Truly the suffragist is abroad in the land, and she is making headway.

PRINTED THINGS

"The Link" comes to us from the Socialists of women of England. It is a monthly magazine edited by Norman Young, and carries the following motto: "A bond between us and our sister women across the seas and in their homes of Great Britain." There are some good things in it, well written, and we wish it boundless success.

"The PopRunner," published by Charlotte Perkins Gilman, and "The Woman Voter," organ of the Woman Suffrage party, are splendid in their September issues. Mrs. Gilman writes the entire content of her magazine, and there are stories, essays, poems, book reviews, all of which is fine in its own way. "Ideas That Frown Socialism," in the September issue, is of especial value to Socialists as well as the general public. The "Woman Voter" gives us a "Wage Earners Number" for September, and is full of good matter on this subject.

LEAFLET by Alicia Park on "What New Laws Do California Women Want?" is of interest, in that it proves women capable of understanding the needs and uses of the ballot. If the test of suffrage is in what the women are going to do with it, we are having the test in California. This leaflet is printed on enameled paper and sells at 10 cents a dozen. Address the author, 611 Gilman street, Palo Alto, Cal.

SENTIMENTAL SENTENCES

By Anna Morton Barnard

A great womanhood will make a great motherhood.
Even her damsels were born of woman.
"Too dirty for women" reflects small glory upon man.

The franchise is neither the first nor the last of woman's desires.
Anti-suffrage reminds the thoughtful of anti-opportunity.

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, and like her copy. You will want a dozen to hand to your friends.

Price: 10¢: 25¢: 50¢: $1.00: $2.00.

Address

Esther Edelson

205 West Washington Street

CHICAGO
ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

By Bertha Hale Brown

The mines had been double-shifting for months and the men were feeling prosperous and happy. Work had never been better. True, in the shoveling, for the conditions were in bad condition and there was no time to lay off the men for the needed repairs. In two months more the old contract between owners and men would expire and against the inevitable time of conflict, the Roosevelt Administration faced a desperate situation. A mine explosion had put a stop to the iron ore. The miners were in a state of fury and poured into the streets in a body, demanding cessation of work and transportation of the dead and wounded to the city. An hour and a half later the explosion was repeated, and the dead and injured were piled up high. A third explosion occurred, and a fourth, and a fifth, and a sixth. The bodies were piled high and the town became a city of the dead. The miners, in their anger and despair, went on a wild rampage through the streets, setting fires and looting, and finally the mayor ordered the police to fire on the crowd. The shots were fired, and the town became a scene of destruction. The miners, in their rage, took to the mountains, and the town was left to the mercy of the elements.

The October day was half gone and painfully she counted up the few pounds to her credit for six hours toiling in the broad white field. She had entered with the first light, for heavy dews made the cotton weigh double and she wanted as much of that as possible—little enough at best. The heavy sack, hanging upon her thin, round shoulder, dragged upon the ground and it and her name were a cross to bear. Her heart was sodden. The sun beat fiercely upon her—across the fields heat waves danced in the glare of the southern sun and the air was clogged with the dank odor of decaying vegetation. Here and there a bent figure shouldered her sack and made his way to the weighing pen. From the big white house upon the hill came the clangor of the dinner bell and the weightman left his scythe.

The woman stood looking across the fields. She was alone. A quiver passed over her tired body and with the resignation of long endurance she stood. It was a long way home and her feet in the broken shoes ache cruelly. The sun that had tormented her but now had cupped and softened the chill that gripped her. She raised her thin arms in a gesture of unutterable weariness and then lay down upon the moist ground, pillowing her head upon the wet and earth-stained sack. After an hour or two the sun would touch her again and she would rise to find shelter from it with the smart of her burning eyes. Perhaps it would be time for her to pick a few more pounds before night came down.

He was so weee a mite and in the chill April morning he had got his little projects in a mockery. He might have been five years old but was the incarnation of a thousand years. Out of his tiny eyes crushed and tortured millioned looked into a world not theirs. Pressed against his half-covered breast he had a half doreen rolls in his scranny hands. As he stumbled up the rickety steps, a woman, coming in with her red eyes uppermost, caught him. The child struggled unavailingly with the black door, gripping tighter the uncovered rolls to his breast, and the woman turned the knob for him before she passed on. The street had set its iron heel upon her marred face; the child was a deformity, a caricature of humanity, yet cheated maternity and outraged childhood looked into each other's eyes.

But, "God's in His Heaven—all's right with the world."

THE PRESENT MOVEMENT in POLITICS

By Barnet Braverman

CAPITALIST hack writers and politicians are upholding, as usual, the brainlessness for which they are noted. This time said brainlessness is shown in their opposition to Theodore Roosevelt and Perkins, owners of the so-called Progressive party.

Credit belongs to Roosevelt for being a keen student of the crowd. Roosevelt is not the impulsive individual that opponents portray him to be. Few men are more calculating than Roosevelt. He knows the crowd, and capitalist writers and politicians think the crowd is the same today, tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow. But Roosevelt knows what the crowd thinks, fees, and years. As president he knew that the crowd had it in for the trusts. So nearly eight years he eccedrified the crowd by hurling tirades at the trusts, while he accepted campaign contributions from the owners of the trusts. And today he knows that the crowd wants a change in the present economic regime. He knows the crowd wants industrial justice. If he be elected—and no one can forecast that he will be defeated—the crowd will be treated to theatrical tableaux of industrial justice.

Roosevelt is adopting the same method of fighting Socialism that Bismarck employed in Germany some thirty years. Bismarck advocated reform and talked about "industrial justice" and "love for truth," but he does not say a thing about the elimination of the present economic regime. Industrial justice will begin to prevail when the man who does the really useful things of the world is paid for the full value of his social product. Roosevelt declares that the small dealer must have industrial justice. He says that big companies must have industrial justice, and he wants the worker to have industrial justice.

As a great success of the capitalist to get all he can out of the worker, it will be to the interest of the worker to compel the capitalist to pay him more wages and reduce the hours of labor.

So you see that each has a different standard of right and wrong. Each has a different code of industrial justice. And industrial justice to the small dealer means that he be left alone to make all he can. But the capitalist worker without being molested by the big combine.

What does the Progressive party mean by industrial justice?

The truth is that the phrase "industrial justice" is a figment of a group of the trusts' and the "fight for truth" are figures of speech with Roosevelt. The real mission of the Progressive party is to fight Socialism. Perkins and Roosevelt know that the masses are becoming very receptive toward Socialism. They know that Socialism is destined to grow. So in their attempt to prevent its growth they had several Socialist planks inserted in the platform of the Progressive party. Read the platform of the Progressive party and see how very non-progressive it is—see what a mass of contradictions it contains. Instead of fighting Roosevelt, Perkins and the Progressive party, the capitalist class and the petrified bourgeoisie ought to flock to the Bull Moose standard. The Progressive party is a more effective weapon with which to fight Socialism than are either the fossilized Republican or Democratic parties. But capitalists will antagonize Roosevelt until they wake up some fine morning to see that he is the same old faithful As of yore.

PREJRED COMPETITION

One feature in the platforms of the Republican, Democratic and Progressive parties is this: They dwell upon the necessity of maintaining competition. Why do they do this? Because Roosevelt laid special stress upon this in their acceptance speeches. Alas! it is too bad that the president, the governor and the ex-president have such a poor sense of humor. The idea of talking about the necessity of preserving competition and the small dealer! Nearly every high school boy knows that competition is practically a thing of the past. Yet Puddin'-head Wilson, Puddler Bill and Softstick Theodore would inaugurate an economic insurrection if they could. The only thing to do in order to restore competition would be to make the trusts give way to thousands of little, narrow, petty dealers. Wilson, Taft and Roosevelt should advocate the destruction of all machines, looms, engines and mammoth factories. They should really tell the American people what they mean by wanting to restore competition. To go back to competition would mean to resort to insurrection, destruction and retrogression. This plan can only be favored by economic dunces—and we have plenty of them holding high positions in the university, press and government.

SOCIALISTS CONSTRUCTIVE

Socialists do not advocate destruction of the trusts. They do not advocate insurrection, but revolution. Insurrection is always harmful. Revolution is always progressive—always builds, constructs. Socialists propose to change the ownership of the trusts instead of fighting them. The historic mission of the trust has been to harness the forces of nature and place them at the service of man and to show how much better situated the human race would be without competition. The trusts today often pass into different hands, but the work they perform remain at their tasks as though nothing had happened. The ownership of the trusts by the people will take place with as little disturbance.

The competition against which Socialists stand all the time is the competition of men and women for down her the social scale. Wilson ever goes on record against this kind of competition. They want competition for everybody. But the plain and wonderful the more nearly everyone by stating that these three candidates do not know what they are talking about.

It is easier to listen to advice than to take it.

The thinking man is not easily enslaved.
TO THOSE WHO BREAK RANKS

By Bouck White

The parties of the old are for campaigning purposes. Mine with a twelvemonth tirenessness seeks to train into civil savagery the area of politics. The parties of the old are content with reform. Mine, with revolution.

W HAT, then, is this that I see—some dropping loose from the Comrade Host? Going back to his place, I know not why. Not pleasing unto me are those who break ranks. I covet a following that is steadfast. Not merely distant from an army are handled. Socialism is my army.

They who struggle from the column shall have no place on the mister-roll. To go away from the ranks of the Red is to go away from me—I, the Eternal, am speaking it.

O R I am not on both sides—word of the Master of ages.

With the party that stands for fellowship including some men against this devilry of competition.

With the party that stands for the producer, stand against the nonproducer.

With the party that stands for a world-family, stand against the blood-clubbed patriots.

With the party that stands for the profitlessness of beauty stand against the beauty of profit.

With the party that stands for the solid stand against them whose houses are filled with the spoil of the poor.

HEREFORE, of those who desert my Comrade Cause. I will exact a reckoning. They who forsake the torch of the light-bearers for marsh lamps that lead into bogeyland. Ever the same guide is the point star in the heavens. But will-o'-the-wisp is deceitful.

The parties of mammon promise much. And perverted with noise and pomp they seduce the simple. Their banners wave high. With redfire they illuminate the night. And thereby take many captive.

Now the man who is not a comrade propagandist. For poverty the work is wrought. With pain and privation. But with them, the need that is watered with tears shall receive of me largest increase.

I HAVE seen a "reform" party starting. With much braille it has launched. With tumult it advances. In life I the blood-smeared patriots. Is the third-term's attempt to roughrid into the White House.

Tis the third-term's attempt to roughride into the White House.

I will deal with that Third-term. He shall know that my democracy is no field for seeking amicable understanding.

With a headlong man, the descent into hell is certain. Religion is his passion for grandeur. It shall be his destruction.

And this is the word that shall be pronounced over him. The trampler has been trampled. The truce has been deceived. The eater has been eaten.

NOT for a brief day has my Comrade Host been assembled. Slow is its advance. But with never a footstep backward.

"Tis a pioneering task. And oftentimes the way is desolate. But I am with them—the High One Eternal is speaking. They who waver not, but abide with me and my chosen, these shall be near to me, dear to me; I will seal them. Their names shall be ever before me in life I am with them, in death they shall not be forgotten.

But with the quitters I will deal quite otherwise. Because they were not true. As they turn from me, I will turn from them. I will number them with the backsliders. From the communion of comrades I will cut them off forever.

OUR COVER

T HE figure on our cover this month is from a statuette by Ella Buchanan, and is called "Captivity's Captive." It represents a woman tied on a heap of money bags, the whole resting on a silver dollar. In the Socialist movement as Miss Buchanan has very strikingly reproduced this idea in her "Captivity's Captive."

After the Progressive party has spent a number of years in getting its reforms passed, the workingman will wake up to his real class needs.

The earth you have grasped in your greed, men who own; We need for the dwelling of man; The factories and the cities of steel and stone We take—and you keep if you can.

CHORUS—

"The above note by George Creem Cook is being sung at the Heidel camp meetings. See announcement elsewhere.

THE SUFFRAGE CREED

BY MARY B. HUNTER

H ERE is the suffrage creed. I believe in votes for women; I believe there is nothing mysterious about politics; I believe that politics today is civic housekeeping; I believe that the old idea of politics must change; I believe a vote is the only language which legislators need; I believe that a voteless woman is a speechless advocate or prophet; I believe in government by, and for the people, and that great people are women; I believe that it is my business to see that laws for better home making are secured and enforced; I believe that it is my business as a woman living in this year of grace 1912 thoroughly to inform myself on such matters. I believe that I contribute to the general fund by paying taxes on all I eat and wear and should have some say in spending it. I believe that it is not honorable for me to expect to gain my wishes through indirect influence—that is, at the expense of another person's wishes. I believe that inasmuch as equal suffrage has proved that it has promoted the general welfare in such countries as New Zealand, Australia and six of our own states, we, the women in the remaining forty-two states, we prove ourselves equally public spirited and capable. I believe that if there were any way of securing these things other than by voting, the world would have found it out, but until it does, I believe in votes for women and men. New York Sun.
THE YOUNGER GENERATION
By Emanuel Julius

THE youngsters are doing things. In fact, the younger generation is making such a pace for old ones like you and me. When I—an old coger of 25—want to do something, I hunt up a bright idea. The youngsters, on the other hand, pass by the window at the sight of a new white paper to get out the next issue of a puny weekly of about 1,500 Young People. The Young Socialist League is getting ready to give its members a lecture hall, billboard room, library, gymnasium, shower baths, gymnasiums and the like. In this new home the Y. P. S. L. will conduct dances, parties, bazaars, masquerades and other things. Oh, yes, there are also band concerts, according to a booklet just issued.

And that isn't all. Oh, no! There are to be orchestras, a singing society, mandolin and guitar clubs, classes in economics, art, English, sociology and what not.

According to Joe Rogers, that strenuous young socialist, the new Y. P. S. L. headquarters has a large hall which will seat 700. He adds that a reception room for the girls, another for the boys and a parlor for both will be furnished on the third floor.

An article about a Socialist organization cannot—aye, dare not—without an appeal for money. The custom has been held sacred since the eventful day when Karl Marx decided to stop shaving. And so, if you have a spare thousand-dollar note around the house, don't let it gather any more dust. Send it to Charles Schuler, 205 West Washington street. He will demonstrate how conscious the Young Socialist can't say “Thank you.” If you can't send a thousand dollars, 50 cents will do very nicely. But send it today.

Suggestion is the lever that starts the world moving.
To work is enabling; to toil is degrading.

AN ACCIDENT
(From the Spanish of Eusebio Blasco)

The clocks were striking 10 that morning as I walked down the Avenue de Villiers to the Boulevard Male-sherbes. How cold it was! The statue of Alexander Dumas looked as if he were saying, “Monte Cristo” had just stepped out of his bath. The street was wide, with its white and blue caps and clogs, ran rather than walked, their arms crossed and their hands under their armpits. The coachmen held their reins in their hands and with the right hand they slammed the opposite breast. The horses were like locomotives, puffed columns of vapor from their nostrils.

Up there on a building, on the edge of the roof, several workmen were standing, placing the zinc on the guttering, six stories from the ground. One of them, singing in a fine baritone, defied the cold:

"La Dame blanche"
"Vos regard;
La Dame blanche"
"Vous regarde.

A glass door, passing with two or three brooms on his shoulder, stepped out into the middle of the square and called up to the singer:
"Oh, Mathieu!"
"Hello, Mathieu!"
"It's a bad time to be up in the air."
"Yes."
"How is Marie?"
"No news."
"A chattering after a while."
"Congratulations!"
"Thanks."
"Yes, I care!"
"But he was too late!"

Just as he was saying, "Thanks," the young man tried to change his position, slipped on the ice-covered zinc, lost his balance, fell against the scaffolding, grasped a cord, missed it, slid off sideways, fell to the sidewalk with a crash that brought all the neighbors to the doors and windows. There was an immediate hubbub. "Man killed!"

All the other workmen, the foreman, the apprentices, came down hastily on ropes and planks. Men ran from all directions to the scene of the catastrophe, salesmen, hair dressers, upholsterers, coachmen leaping from their boxes, servants, girl soldiers, a priest, a gendarme, the apothecary across the way, gentlemen in fur coats, a lady returning from mass, boys, beggars, I—two hundred people in a minute and a half.

The poor fellow lay on the sidewalk, lifeless, in a great pool of blood. A really handsome man, strong and well built, apparently not twenty-five years old. His head, covered with a silky, fair mane like that of an artist, was split open and the brains were oozing out.

After the first moment of silence fell on the crowd. The curious passer-by who had work to do began to leave; there remained to guard the dead gendarme, the commissionary and the men employed on the house. Some one brought a stretcher and four companions laid him on it.

"Where are they taking him?" I asked.

"To his house."

And, unable to resist the impulse of my heart, I fell in behind them and followed the sad procession.

Nothing could be more solemn than these stretcher men meet. And there are, processions, the bodies of the deceased laid out in the street and escorted by the gendarmes, their hands thrust each into the opposite sleeve because of the cold, their heads lowered and keeping step. Then the architect of the building, who happened to be visiting it at the time of the disaster; he led by the hand a child, perhaps his son. Then followed two hundred or more, in their white or blue blouses and the trim military bearing of the Parisian laborer, whose fine presence is proverbial, hammering the asphalt with their firm tread.

In a low voice, and with a certain fear of disturbing the solemnity, I said to the man who walked at my side:

"He looked like a fine young man.
"An excellent man and a clever workman."
"How much did he earn?
"Six francs a day."
"I understand that he was married."
"A month ago."
"A month!"

"Yes, air, a month! We were all at the wedding. His wife is a beautiful girl and is at home for a dressmaking establishment. They say that a child is coming—now."

"Poor fellow!"

"It will kill his blind father and his mother. His mother is eighty-five years old."

"Poor woman!"

"And she lives on what he gives her."

"Where is her house?"

"To his house. It is near here, in the Rue de Levra.

And we were almost there. As we passed through the narrow streets of Batignolles the neighbors came to the door and hung their eyes with sad eyes. The Rue de Levra, long and narrow, with its gutters of dirty water bordering the narrow side- walks, recalls the provinces of Italy or Spain. The foreigner who comes to pass two gay weeks in Paris does not even know of the existence of these humble suburbs, with their coachmen's taverns, their narrow, dirty portals, their huddled houses and their wooden balconies. * * * At ten o'clock in the morning the public which frequents the district is not the most attractive; flesh dealers and traveling hawkers, ragged children and women who call out to each other sympathetic comments on the sad occurrence.

And the house of the dead man comes in sight. The workmen point it out, the neighborhood begins to suspect that a friend is involved. The dead workman. The place of the house. The procession grows larger, and there on the second floor we see a beautiful room bathed in gold, with a white crown adorned with narrow lace, set off the graceful head divinely. She is just offering a leaf of flowers to the father, who salutes her, from her cage with loud chirpings.

She hears the noise and sees the stretcher; she bends forward out of the window; she looks, but does not let it happen. A neighbor who asks her who it can be, and answers that she does not know.

She has just begun to shut her window and recognizes among the mourners the friends who attended her wedding a month ago, they hear her rush down the stairs to the outside. She comes out to the stretcher pale as death. She pushes a gendarme violently aside when he tries to break the

(Continued on page 15.)
FEAR we are being left behind, you and I, dear readers of the Progressive Woman! There are those to whom feminism is an old story. We know it is not all over. We know there is Socialism but who will not talk about it; the man who says, "What has it got to do with me?"

But I wish to goodness it were here, central to all our thinking about it would stop. Well, there is a woman among us, a young woman, who is bored by the theme of woman's emancipation. I wish we could hurry up and be emancipated, and have it all over with," she says. "All this palaver about it makes me tired." This attitude, I must admit, rather staggered me. At first I inclined to concede everything and say, "Shall that every woman were like you, and the Great Change would be a fact accomplished." But in saying that I merely nail an injustice. For I am of the period. * * *

This is notoriously a period of transition, a time of travail. Now it might well happen that it was nagging and tormenting giving birth to Cairo, the future would look forward eagerly to the result, but would resent the pangs. For we are in the midst of a phenomenon. It cherishes every stage, and looks about on the paraphernalia of accouchement, that is, it is not without the bother of the bedside, and entertains us with detailed accounts of the proceedings. It would not miss the lying-in for anything.

If I may be permitted to drop this genealogical metaphysics I will speak of a young woman, an acquaintance, (This may appear to be a digression, but wait!) He told me that he was a Socialist, and he showed a greater familiarity with the Golden Age, as he calls the Co-operative Commonwealth, than any one else I know. In the Golden Age there would be an opportunity, no; it is now and ever to be, for the exercise of his gift, untrammelled by commercial exigencies. He is a man of action. But I must not say too much about him. For further particulars, see a long dramatic poem recently published by him, entitled The Breaking of Bonds.

But as for the practical details of contemporary politics, he would have none of them. Whether the others be right or wrong, or not mattered (he was sorry to say) not at all to him. Whether they be right or wrong (he was sorry to say) or lost made no difference to him. If the town established a municipal milk supply, or bought its meat at the market, he could not care less. If he had a child he was ready to think about the Golden Age.

The trouble with him, as my Fritz remarked, is that he was born forty years too late. Forty years ago Socialists were interested in the Golden Age, alias the Co-operative Commonwealth. He would have been among his kind. Now he and the Socialists of his town fail to understand each other. If political Socialism bores him, utopian Socialism bewilders them. They are of the period.

Now, the poet may be perfectly right. In thinking of the Golden Age he may be fitting himself to be an inhabitant of it; and the other Socialists in his town, fretting about present conditions and bemoaning the failure of the movement from house to house, may be smothering their souls in propaganda. And so may the woman be right who says, "I wish we could hurry up and be emancipated. All this palaver about it makes me tired."

But it doesn't make me tired. And I am not impatient about emancipation. * * * Perhaps that is because I am a little cynical—I cannot imagine a woman who has been emancipated living in the flesh. I should say, still incredulous. "There isn't no such thing! But I am tremendously interested in the struggle by which women are seeking to make good their claims to be fellow-human beings with men. I am not going to be married to a man who wants to call me his property and then claim the privileges and relapse into the status of a superior (inferior) being. I do not in the least blame them for breaking down in that effort; I merely point out that they do.

One of the great leaders of the movement, Friedrich Engels, in a well-known book, talked of the mother, "They wanted to make the old lady understand that she ought to be proud of her daughter. But my mother, who could neither read nor write, and who had never understood anything of politics, could not understand the good intentions of the two leaders. Both were famous throughout Europe, their revolutionary writings and speeches had aroused the authorities all over the world; but they met the poor old woman without making any impression on her imagination, and in the end did not even know her name.

But when we were alone, again, she said, disdainfully. "So you bring old men here. In her eyes it was always a question of a wooer with me with whom she was to be married, and was her most enthralling to see me married, everyone was looked on in that aspect. Our two visitors—one of whom was an old man—were the art of our father—did not appear to her to be suitable as a husband for her young daughter.

I have just been reading "A Woman of Genius," by Max Austie (Doubleday, Page & Co.). As I have written about it elsewhere at length and with doubtful effectiveness, I will confine myself here to saying that it is a very good novel, and one which the readers of this journal should not miss. It gives the point of view of the actress who would marry, but who will not give up her art, her work, and, not being able to convince her lover that her work is as important as his own, takes what of happiness she can get outside the bounds of marriage.

It is greatly to be desired that some of the dramatic criticisms of the late William Maclay should be published in book form. He understood the meaning of drama—"a form of art, a form of inspiration from and yielded it to modern woman— as no other critic in this country did. He had a notable part in the Socialist movement, and in the woman's movement, rightly understood, as well— for all other critics in this country did. He had a notable part in the Socialist movement, and in the woman's movement, rightly understood, as well—

"A Woman of Genius," by Max Austie (Doubleday, Page & Co.). As I have written about it elsewhere at length and with doubtful effectiveness, I will confine myself here to saying that it is a very good novel, and one which the readers of this journal should not miss. It gives the point of view of the actress who would marry, but who will not give up her art, her work, and, not being able to convince her lover that her work is as important as his own, takes what of happiness she can get outside the bounds of marriage.

BOOKS AND WRITERS

A CAUSERIE :: BY FLOYD DELL

THE BOOK COUNTER

Our Book Counter, November 30, 1917, page 500.

Nelson's (Caroline) Nature Talks on Economics, for Young People. Macmillan, $1.00.

O'Neal's (James) Workers in American History, a study of the experiences of the working man. D. C. Heath, $1.50.

Baker's (Estelle) The Rose Door, the story of a young girl's romance with poet and artist. Doubleday, Page, $1.50.

Beech's (May) The Rebel at Large, 17 short stories, "full of wisdom, imagination and humor. Doubleday, Page, $1.00.


Boulton's (William) The Triumph of Life, illustrated with complete proofs. 50c.


Books for Girls who are Working. Also Complete Catalogue of Children's Socialist Songs, Dialogues and Recitations. 50c.

BOOKS ON THE WOMEN QUESTION

The Man-Made World. $1.00

What Diamond. Dot and Shirt. $1.00

Hume's Work: Mrs. Gilman. $1.50

The Home: Mrs. Gilman. $1.50

Ward and Labor: Olive Schreiner. $1.50

Eight Million Women: A Study of Child. $1.00

Poor Women's Socialism. Agnes Repplier. $1.00

Latest Edition. $1.50

White Slavery. Chrysler. $1.00


THE FURRIERS' STRIKE

IN THE last issue of the Progressive Woman we spoke of the striking furriers who were on strike at that time. We also printed an appeal for contributions to the fund for the support of the strikers, which was issued by the union and the Socialist party of New York.

We are therefore exceedingly pleased to report that the strike, which lasted more than three months, is over—and with a complete victory for the strikers.

It is the way the strikers hung together and the way they picked up the burden that made the victory possible.

For more than three months the men and women of the furriers struggled along almost without strike benefits; for more than three months they religiously watched the factories, so that no scabs could enter, thereby assuring them of the support of the other employers, they could not combat the power of the unions. And so, after a bitter fight on both sides, the employers had to submit to the following demands which was issued by the union and the Socialist party of New York.

From fifty-four hours per week, to forty-nine.

To be paid for all legal holidays.

To establish a board of grievance.

To double pay for overtime.

To establish a joint board of sanitary control.

Two dollars a week for every worker to constitute the increase in wages.

To have a dues collector in the shop.

Price lists to be made out by the workers.

When one stops to consider the horrible conditions that prevailed in the factories before the strike, and when the above was gotten after three months' effort, simply because the workers banded together, there is every reason to believe that the workers are at last awakening to the fact that NO ONE ELSE but themselves will better their conditions.

We only want to hope that every furrier striker will become an active member of the union, and will not forget that without a powerful, permanent organization behind them the present victory will not last long.

THE CAP MAKERS' UNION

That conditions in a trade where the workers are thoroughly organized can, at times, be improved without having annual or semi-annual strikes, has been proven by the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers Union, when one of the speediest and most important victories ever scored by a labor organization was won without a strike.

The cap manufacturers granted the demands made by the above named union for a half-holiday on Saturday all year round; to be paid for all legal holidays, and the firm to furnish all sewing machines for the operators free of charge.

There was a time when the men and women employed in the cap-making industry had to pay for their own machines. They were not organized then. The hours, too, were long, and after paying for all the necessary machinery out of their meager wages they were left with next to nothing.

But now the workers could not possibly get along without employers, who, instead of asking for more money, would be thankful for what they get—even they think it unfair for an employer to charge the workers for thread and all the rest that belongs to the operating of a machine. Needless to say that the intelligent workers of that trade saw not only the " unfair- ness" but the injustice of the thing.

It was at that time that Rose Schneiderman, then a cap-maker's wife, was a prominent figure in the labor struggle. She was a thorough organizer and an ardent Socialist—aided greatly in the agitation for a local cap-makers union by using A.W.W. workmen. And in a short time the members have succeeded in organizing practically all the workers of the trade.

William Mailly, cap-makers, have come known as the strikeless union in local labor circles on account of the numerous victories which have been won by the union without strikes in the past few years.

A great victory was won by the union in 1907, when the workers were granted 25 cents an hour, a long step toward the all round increases to all the workers and the reduced working hours by one-half hour each day.

In 1910 the cap manufacturers agreed to give the workers free electric power. It has been the custom, in the past, to charge each employee 50 cents a week for power, but this, too, is a thing of the past.

In 1910 the men and women of the cap-making trade demanded a 10 per cent increase in wages and got it—without a strike at that.

But let this be borne in mind: That the reason the cap-makers' union attained all these victories without having to strike for it was not because the employers happened to be "human." Oh, no; as a rule it is the "human" who is a question of paying a living wage. The workers had their patience tested by STRONG AND POWERFUL ORGANIZATION BEHIND THEM, and the cap manufacturers realized their weakness in fighting a united front organization.

As a matter of fact, no employer is willing to give in to the demand of his employees—unless forced to do so.

Every group of workers ought to follow the example of the cap makers' union. and ORGANIZE NOW.

You already see what organization has done for them. It can do as much and more for you.

WILLIAM MAILLY—A TRIBUTE

William Mailly's death was a terrible blow not only to the Socialist movement, but also to the trade union movement.

A worker himself from his childhood on, he was imbued with the spirit of the working class, and for the last twenty years lived for the working class, worked for the working class, and died for the working class.

William Mailly was at one time a miner, and there are still working miners in the Ticonderoga mines of America today whose success is due to the tireless agitation and devotion of our departed comrade.

Practically without school education, he had achieved the editorship of many a Socialist and labor paper, and had, of late been known as a well-equipped journalist and lecturer.

During the great shirt-waist makers' strike William Mailly could on occasion be heard on the air. Not he was particular as to the kind of work; he only knew and felt that there was a lot to be done, and he did it.

That the loss is irreparable, and that the grief is being felt by both movements, was demonstrated on Sunday, September 8, when thousands of people marched to the crematory where the body was cremated.

The line of march could see many banners of the trade unions which Mailly had served so faithfully. Speeches were also made by representatives of the Socialist party and the labor movement.

Many comrades who are known in the Socialist and trade union movements—such as Max Hayes of Cleveland, Sandy Heiman of Havertown, Jim Carey of Boston, Charles Sehl of Philadelphia, and others, came to pay their last tribute to their friend and co-worker—Mailly.

The thing that hurts most is that Mailly was so young—only forty-one years! How much he could have yet accomplished!

But Will Mailly is not dead! His work will live forever, and also will be in the memories of those who knew him.

The question of a man now is that the world was so much better, so much richer, when he was here!

JANE ADDAMS

We were not at all surprised when we heard that Jane Addams had seconded the nomination of the self-appointed candidate for the United States presidency—Theodore Roosevelt.

Nor did we expect Miss Addams to come out for the Socialist party—although it is the party of the working class, for whom Miss Addams seems to care a great deal.

If in her twenty years of uninterrupted work among the poorest of the poor, if in her twenty years of curing the effects rather than the cause, she has questioned the suffrage, is it the solution to the problem of poverty, she is the one to regret it, not we.

But this is not the point.

Who is Roosevelt, that he should receive the endorsement of well-meaning and fair-minded people?

Who is Roosevelt, that he should be proclaimed as the friend of the poor, of the aged and of the sufferer?

Who is the reforming Progressive party? Who will control the party? Who will finance the party?

What was Roosevelt's former attitude toward the question of woman suffrage? Is it the solution to the problem of poverty, she is the one to regret it, not we.

Did Miss Addams ask herself these questions before she seconded the nomination of Roosevelt?

Moreover, what did Roosevelt do for child labor while in office? What did Roosevelt do for the unemployed while in office? What did he do for organized labor while in office? To our knowledge—NOTHING!

The claim to know everything and knows nothing.

He claims to be a friend to everybody and is a friend to nobody.

He is an ambitious, self-seeking creature—that's all.

(Continued on page 16.)

Dimes Make Dollars

GET A LUCKY HORSESHOE BANK

It holds just 10 dimes and the tenth dime opens it.

Salls on sight. Agents wanted everywhere.

This little bank is made of heavy nickel brass, highly polished and nickel coated forever. It can be worn on a key ring, worn on a pin or on an hat pin or carried in the pocket. The bank is unbreakable. No one can guess how many dollars it contains.

Ask for these magnificent tokens, which is last being taken.

Lucky Horseshoe Bank

918 Flatiron

New York, N. Y.
THE WOMAN IN THE HOME

THE MONTESORRI SYSTEM

LAST month we said we would talk about the
Montessori system. We are only going to give
a little on the training of the senses. The first
revolution she made was the turning of the "Children's
House" into the "Children's Cabinet." The room
is very large, it is a big room filled with busy workers. The "books"
are toys, toys with a purpose. While the children play
with them and move about with them, their senses
become developed. For instance, there are "outlines of the
human form," cut out of wood, and if the children
are asked to come and look at them, and then feel them.
When the child has acquainted himself with a particular
form on the blackboard, he proceeds to trace
blackboard, and thus, as the Montessori followers
call it, he "explodes" in writing.

Other lessons are formed by handling
different outlined toys, each with a definite shape,
the name of the article being slightly
handwriting. For instance, a square is
oblong, etc. A board, covered with rough sandpaper
on one side and covered smooth on the
other is, given a child three years old. He feels
the rough side, and the word "rough" is spoken
to him at the same time. He feels the smooth side,
and thus learns the meaning of the word
"smooth." The blackboard is made in the
same practical way. The child, the pane,
part, is taught in the same way. There is
a game called "Silence." The window curtains are
made in the same way, down to the
frills, things, which is played very softly.
Then the teacher whispers in a
scarcely audible voice, calling one of
the children, naming his work, and the child
hears and responds. Keenness of sight is
developed in the same practical way. The
coarseness of a room, a bright red banner
is held up. Then a bright blue one, etc. The light
of the room is given, degrees by degrees and the fainter tints are shown
and named.

Practical lessons are taught in various ways. For
instance, a child is taught how to tie buttons into buttonholes. At first she
fails; it is a difficult piece of work for small fingers.
But the child quickly" gets it. Every morning
jackets and shoes every morning. But the
class, it is taught to tie pieces of cloth
by degrees, and the fainter tints are shown
named.

Children working together in this way, it is
as good as play. It is, indeed, play.
Conversation is free and natural. Commitments
and tasks to become boisterous. Naturally,
candies, of course, are the holds of the
young. You have for one of these, as explained
they show restlessness at a task there is a chance,
perhaps a march, or singing, or a short frolic
out doors.

Our first Montessori school was opened in
Tarrytown, N. Y. One followed in the
hearts of New York and of course, others are
simply imitations of it. It is throughout the country. The day when the
smaller "Children's House" is one most
in a book, with the assumption that it is
being "effected." is passing. This is the day of
"doing" things, and of knowing by doing.

YOU AND YOUR KITCHEN

SOMEONE wants to know why it is, that the
average American, especially in the big cities, has a
year, that so many employees get as much as
$17.00 a week.

It is because millions of workers get very much
less than $15 a year, and, according to statistics,
there are always about 200,000 men out of work. You did not know, you
woman in the kitchen, that the condition of your
laborers depended upon you. Ask your
brother workers and their families, did you?

In an unanswerable fact.

averages for 1919, there are about a 15,000 villages. There
is a factory that employs only five hundred men.
That factory is in Montana. You will have bread and beans and spaghetti and
other working-class delicacies in your pantry. But
you are having these at the expense of the
man who is not employed in the factory.
He has to starve, or leave town to get a
job. A good many of our young men in Montana are not
employed today, every luxury, almost every necessity we
have, is bought at the starvation expense of another
man. What we have been doing is to show by how
many of the working men can receive more than a thousand dol-
ars a year when the average wage is only $19.
In sixty months, 50 per cent, for class'_

families

and

house

Do NOT receive over $1,000 a year, even when
seven or eight "Children's Houses" into

Recently a current magazine has had a page devoted
to "Meeting and Reaching the High Cost of Living." A statement
was made that it could be done (7). The following letter took the
first prize:

CO-OPERATIVE BUYING

"We—four families of us—buy all our goods on
the co-operative plan and reduce our expenses fully
one-half. Soap by the 100-bar box costs $2.50,
by the single bar, 5 cents. Crackers by the twenty-five
cent box, 5 cents, fall in the hands of the
milkman. Potatoes, turnips, home-cured meat, etc., in the
grocery store. Soap, and, of course, paraffin, which
is expensive, and most certainly large, it enables us to buy direct from
the producer, and the saving is truly worthwhile.

By the way, the "Silence"—it is a wonderful
thing. It is almost like a spell. The child
is taken by the element of troubler,
carefully brushed and pressed, will last a
year. For "lassie," choose materials that are
well made, and you will find that it will
hold the dress for a long time. The same
thing for the rest of the things, are the
best. Let them go bare-footed during the hot
summer season; it not only promotes their
general health, but, in my opinion, one
child is most expensive in the family.
Wait until the season is slightly advanced and pur-
chase your goods good and rea.

One-half the original price, and, with dainties and a summer
frock, you will be well dressed.

Now if we were running an orthodox capitalist
shop for the working man, we would say
this method of defeating the high cost of living
is a fallacy. But we are not running such a
shop, we are running a co-operative.

One-half the original price, and we know that white individual families may be
benefited in this way (and we reprint the letter here
and say to the co-operative leaders, we also remem-
ber that if all the families in the United States were
to co-operate in buying from capitalist owners in
this fashion, to cut down their expenses, the wages of
the workers would very soon be cut down to the
minimum cost of living. For instance, in England
one can live very much cheaper than in this country,
wages are also much lower. We are told that
the cost of living in England is about 20 per cent
"the way the man is interpreted by MAN.

Fortunately the time is coming when the
woman who makes the home is going to have
a great deal of home work done by mani-
ners. That is, instead of doing their scrubbing,
washing, ironing, etc., women are even now
very much employed in offices, and paying to have the heavy
work done in large establishments run for this
purpose.

There are those, of course, who cry that the
home is being broken up by such proceeding, they
say it is only keeping the women of the home younger,
and more "dignified," quite the old lines of personal service ever could.

WOMAN'S place is in the home!

True, but suppose the 8,000,000 wage-
earning women quit work and went home. Could the men support them?

Besides, good government is needed to protect the
home.

The homemaker should be a voting citizen.—The
Woman's Journal.

Those who think have struck the first blow for freedom.

Lady Agents for Dustless Dusters

Everybody buys on work. 10c for sample
and particularly
SUPERIOR PRODUCTS CO.
3710 Polk Street
CHICAGO
PROGRAM FOR SOCIALIST LOCALS

SUFFRAGE LEAFLETS

The Wage Earning Woman and the Ballot, by Caroline De Zeeuw.
Woman's Need of the Ballot, by Elsie Cole Phillips.
Votes for Working Women, by Meta L. Stern.
The Socialist Party and Woman Suffrage, by Lena Morrow Lewis.

Price $1.00 per 1,000

THE SOCIALIST PARTY,
111 North Market Street, Chicago, III.

"THE ARREST OF SUFFRAJE" BY ETHEL WHITEHEAD

CHARACTERS REPRESENTED.
Molly Maloney, Irish washerwoman and Suffragette
Miss Adelaide Walton, Suffragist
Mrs. Charles Smythe, Antis
Mrs. Thomas Brown, Policeman
Tramp

Scene—Park in any large city. Park benches are disposed about the stage.

Time—Late afternoon in early summer.

(As curtain rises Adelaide enters. She is quietly but tastefully dressed, wears a large yellow rosesette, doesn't pin, and carries a bundle of Woman's Journals and Progressive Woman. She crosses to center as if to pass out, pauses and looks at benches.)

Adelaide—I might just as well get rid of these; there is no one about. (She puts a paper on each bench.) There, oh, warm it! (Sits on bench L at back.)

(Enter Molly at L. She is shabbily dressed, though neat and tidy, and carries a bundle of dirty clothes. She crosses to R and drops on bench R. See paper; picks it up.)

Molly—The Woman's Journal. Shure, an' that's the paper!

(Mrs. Smythe be the other) I tell you, some- thing about this suffrage movement. Mrs. Smythe—Well, don't get so excited; it's too warm. I think we should continue our non-resistant policy.

Mrs. B.—I tell you what, shur; there's been some change in the world. (Stares at Molly.)

Mrs. B.—What is it?

Mrs. B.—Don't tell me, Molly. (Croses to Molly.) My good woman, don't read that; read this. (Offers an "anti" leaflet.)

Mrs. B.—Oh, do sit down! (Pulls her down on seat.) Now, be reasonable. There are too many womanly women, too many chivalrous men, for this to happen.

Mrs. B.—Oh, look at them all over the seats, and that woman reading one. (Croses to Molly.) My good woman, don't read that; read this. (Offers an "anti" leaflet.)

Molly—Shure, an' I'm much obliged to yer, me. I'll rade them both.

Mrs. B.—Oh, but you mustn't read those others; they are atrocious.

Molly (eying her whimsically)—Shure, an' Iellers rade atrocious things, me. Mrs. B.—My good woman, you don't know what you are doing—

Molly (sighed)—Fanny, do come and sit down! Molly—Yer see, me, my pace an' quiet are al- ready disturbed, so p'raps it don't matter.

Mrs. B.—Well, look at those papers, you poor, ignorant thing! Give them to me. (Tries to take papers.)

Molly (resisting)—Ignorant! It's yerself that is ignorant, I'm thinking. I'll trouble yer to leave me to do my own thing.

Mrs. B. (who has risen, laying hand on Mrs. B.'s shoulder)—Fanny, have you taken leave of your senses? The next thing there will be a crowd here and you will be making a speech.

Mrs. B. (apologetically)—Well, it's disgraceful. Who ever heard of a woman wearing a petticoat and reading a paper.

Mrs. B.—The papers are disgraceful! She takes the fact that you couldn't get your resolution passed at the meeting this afternoon has nothing to do with your excitement.

Mrs. B.—It isn't; it's a bitter thing! (Suddenly an idea dawns on her; she turns and looks sharply at Adelaide.) I expect you know something about these papers here.

Mrs. B.—And there is a new one—

Adelaide—I do. I am the shameless creature.

Mrs. B.—An' it's the lady herself I ought to be ashamed thyrin' for, not you. I haven't seen this thing from rading a paper.

Mrs. B.—Mrs. Walton is greatly disgusted and shows it—

Fanny, are you coming?

Mrs. B.—Oh, yes; in a minute.

Mrs. B.—Come, Miss Walton; don't start to her and putting hand on her arm—Fanny, really, I am surprised at you making such a scene. (Mrs. B. turns to Mrs. B. and Mrs. B. goes away without.)

Mrs. B.—Oh, be quiet! I don't care! Adelaide Walton, it is a pity you haven't a husband to pre- vent your doing such things.

Mrs. B.—Prevent! Here! Shure, an' he might see any thing thyrin' to prevent her—or me, ather.

Molly—Come, an' take a walk—.

Mrs. B.—An' then I'll go with you! 

Mrs. B.—Oh, wait a minute! We've been trying nonsense long enough. I can't think, Adelaide, how you can have the audacity to want to thrust a proposition against the women.

Mrs. B.—Oh! Thrust nothing! Yer don't have to vote if yer don't want to.

Mrs. B.—Oh, no! 

Molly—Dar! Dar! Is it, Shure, an' didn't yer address me first?

Mrs. B.—Really, this is disgraceful! Come along, Fanny. I am sure Miss—er—Walton is welcome to platter the seats or anything else with her ridicu- lous papers. They can't do any harm; even the radicals are turning against them, now they see how the women defeated them in Milwaukee and Los Angeles.

Adelaide (warmly)—That is not fair to charge that to the women. You both are at it and the two parties combining that defeated them. In Los Angeles it was the first time women voted. The men had a chance to vote at the primaries and win out, and they didn't. Don't blame the women; it's not fair. They won the right to vote.

Mrs. B.—Well, I don't see how you can expect the support of radicals. Everyone knows that women are progressive.

Molly—Shure, an' that's a noice thing for a woman to say.

Adelaide—Really, Mrs. Smythe, I don't think you are very well posted. In Australia and New Zea- land we had the same progressive measures, and in our own country facts show that women always look to the welfare of the community.

Molly—Don't care! Come along, Fanny. Just look at all those people listening.

Mrs. B.—Wait! I believe you are right about that. Adelaide; but, oh, think of the sanctity of our home, the sacredness of motherhood; think of our sacrificing our womanly attributes to vote, to justly against the rough men. No, no, Women should be protected, not men and brothers. Women must guard us; they are competent to do so. Women are as tender flowers, to be shielded from the ill of life.

Molly (interrupting)—An' who is going to protect the men? Molly—Shure, an' I suppose it doesn't matter about me. What about all them tender flowers they want to scrub floors, an' wash clothes, work in factories, an' kill thymselfs so that you may have things? I think they're better women.

Mrs. B.—Why, of course, that is not right; but the man is home, and voting won't remedy it.

Molly—Stay home, is it? An' spo' yer ain't got a home; spo' yer have to git out an' work to keep a roof over yer head. What is going to remedy it? It's the only way yer can express yrself to amount to anything—by votin'.

Adelaide—You seem to have caught a Tartar, Fanny.

Mrs. B.—(embarrassed)—The woman is impertinent. You know very well, Adelaide, it is a woman's sacred duty to uplift the race. If it is at the expense of the home, it can't be helped. We need peace and quiet.

Molly (who can stand it no longer, rising to her feet and gesticulating)—Face an quiet, is it? An' it can't be helped if it hurts some. What sort o' pace do you want—quiet? Well, go to hell! I'll git thym all gittin' something from you. Face an quiet! I know you both. You are Misses S—, and you are Mrs. Brown on the boulevard. I know yer. Shure, an' I don't wash thym delicate frills fer yer, and spin yer underlin' thym with yer cowrin' thym. I ain't no toime fer swatte white dresses meself, but this very minit yer washin' things I stood up all night to iron. You sure is a woman's social responsibility! Shure, and phwat about me? Here I work an' wurr, an' save an' pay off on me little home, an' thin me ould man gits drunk an' sells it.

Mrs. B.—Oh, he couldn't!

Molly—Tight s'po' he couldn't! But he did! He's a voter, yer see, an' I ain't. I never helped makin' laws, but, begorra, I has to staid thum! Adelaide, you innocent thing, you have your duty—youth'll you never wash clothes for me again. Molly says I has thum hemmed in thum.

Molly—Thur for you—I wouldn't soil me hands.

Mrs. B.—My good woman, you don't understand.

Molly—Oh, shure, an' me hide thicker than a tim pan, but I can understand some things when they are rammed in. Understand! Shure, I understand. Yer too lazy, too afraid to slit yer hands.

Yer will I should, though. Yer afraid to face things, yer don't want responsibility, so yer want to thry an' stop me from gittin' a chance to vote for better things for meself an' for you off yer depressin' me of my rights just because you haven't spunk enough to face things!

Mrs. B.—Why, Molly—

Molly—Wouldn't yer?

Adelaide—You see, these ladies think we women haven't got the force to be able to enforce the vote if we had it.

Molly—Well, is it, force? An' phwat force is it we want? Shure, an' whin me ould man come home after sellin' the house he struck agin force. I tell you. (The crowd howls.)

(Enter Tramp. He is very drunk.)

Tramp—Hooray! Hooray! What's the row?

Molly—There's one of yer votas. I expect he votes.

Tramp—Vot's (hic) Sure I (hic) vote.

Molly—What'd yer vote for?

Tramp—Um—(hic)—material—(hic)—vote for a—

Molly—There! Why don't yer stop him from votin? 

Tramp—Can't stop me (hic) I vote (hic). (I'm citizen (hic), I am.)

Mrs. B. and Mrs. B. are edging out of crowd; Molly steps in front of them.)
THERE are those who feel in their bones that a Socialist journal for women ought to be a pale and polite reflection of the ordinary "Socialist" Socialist journal for men. If their vague sense of the fitness of things could be voiced in their own words, they would probably say: "The Socialist Review is not quite "scientific" enough for the International Socialist Review nor quite "rampant" enough for the publications of the English Socialist Review. If domestic consumption of that timid and tender trinity, the wife, the mother and the sweetheart, is the thing to be, it is not the thing to be. There are Socialist women, it is true, who are as proud of being Socialists as their husbands are, and who work as hard as they do. But these are a minority. Some Socialist women are as effectually boggled in their ideas as the middle-class woman is in her large taffeta frock, and they transfer their enthusiasm for Calvinism, which condition ought not to exist. The woman who has become a Socialist ought not to be treated like a child or deprived utterly of whatever sense of responsibility she ever had. She has her own range of interests and she ought not to be ashamed of them or taught to dispense with them by a species of har- kari."

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN believes that the day of vital journalism for women has arrived. In their hearts the Socialist women believe that, too. Therefore, watch us grow!

WE SERVE NOTICE

AMONG OURSELVES

The Socialist Party now has an organization comprising a total membership of at least 100,000. It is estimated that about one-tenth of this membership is in the hands of the Socialist party at large. And, in the face of the fact that here is an organization that no movement with so much to do can be the woman as does Socialism. Where the women of England are suffering martyrdom, the American women are living in a state of un- voting unity which is offered as a matter of fact that builds up the world should have a vote. We need it as much as a man who works. The pace an quiet yere have is at the expense of thousands of suffering men, women and children, an-

(Enter Policeman.)

Policeman—Here, what's this? No speaking allowed here. Have you a permit?

Molly—Permit—permit, is it? No. Can't a body indulge in a little quiet conversation?

Policeman—You are standing up, waving your hands an' talking loud. You must stop.

Molly—Oh! If I sit down an' speak quiet an' don't use a lot of gestures, an' yer howl as if yer were kilt entoally, because yer afraid ye'll have no one to listen to, ye'd still want me, but yer don't want to; but we women who wurrk, we are the force that kapes things going. No force! Why, labor is the lifeblood of our country, and the power that builds up the world should have a vote. We need it as much as a man who works. The pace an' quiet yere have is at the expense of thousands of suffering men, women and children, an-

Policeman—Here, come on!

Tramp—Let the lady speak (hic). Very interesting.

Policeman—Hoo! Here, you come along with me. (Seizing Molly's arm.)

Tramp—Leave me alone; I'm a voter. Leave it to me ladies; I'll protect you. (Woman hic, stay at home.)

Policeman—Here come on! An' you (to Molly) stop speaking and come along with me.

Molly—To (Mrs. B.—There's a noise speeemin ov yer purreters.) How would you like it if it was all the purreters speaking.

Policeman—Move on, I tell you! No speaking without a permit.

Molly—Och! Git along wid yer. It's not spakin' I am. Shure, an' I can't help it if all these people find me conversation so interestin'.

Policeman—Move on; I'll arrest you.

Molly—Arrest me! Murder me, is it?

Policeman—Move on, or I'll arrest you.

Molly—Och! Don't be gittin' excited, police- man, dahl'rin'. Shure, an' I'll move on. I've unbur- dened me o' my trouble. I moved to the center. I'd just have yer know, mem, yer can't arrest the suf- rage movement; it's a right.

Policeman (crossing to her threateningly) Move on, will you, or I'll have to arrest you.

Molly—Och! I'm goin' (Crosses to R.). I just want to tell yer, yer can arrest me if yer like, but yer can't arrest the suffrage movement.

Tramp—(Molly exits. Policeman collars tramp and crowd breaks up as curtain falls. Mrs. Browne and Mrs. Smythe, very much embarrassed, make a hurried exit.)

(Slow curtain.)

SUBSCRIBE TO YOUR FRIEND

The Progressive Woman is the only paper published today whose sole mission is to introduce Socialism and all that it means to the women of this country. It should make a special effort to push the Progressive Woman among their non-Socialist friends. Suppose every Socialist woman in this country for one day were to subscribe for one of her friend's women friends who is wide enough awake to read a good magazine when it is presented to her. That would really mean a lot to the Socialist woman in cash, but better than that it would mean to the Progressive Woman, the Socialist movement and womankind, the result is assured. The paper is only four cents. Now, Socialists, how can we make this effort?

As a Socialist woman claim we are very much concerned about getting other women interested in Socialism. We wax eloquent and give enthusiastic over the subject of the suffrage movement for women, and yet we stand serenely by and with folded hands say we would like to see the Pro- gressive Woman send its account books, if necessary, to every non-Socialist woman who is in any way interested in the cause. 

SING AT YOUR CAMPAIN MEETINGS

(Continued from page 10)

"The Battle Hymn of the Workers"

By GEORGE CRAM COOK, Author of "The Usurpers"

THIS is the title of a new working-class song that is spreading widely among the unions and is fast becoming as popular on this continent as "The Battle Hymn of the Red River" was among the Socialists in Europe. It is the song we have been looking for, and we are very thankful to the composer of this inspiring and dashing song. His "president," says: "The Battle Hymn of the Workers" is, in my opinion, the best Socialist song I have ever written."

We are offering this new song for the first time, at the extremely low price of

1 copy $.10 100 copies $.70 1000 copies $6.00

111 W. Market St. Chicago

ORDER TODAY FOR YOUR CAMPAIN MEETINGS

AN ACCIDENT

first impression, and opens with her little hands the curtain of life for all men.

She falls senseless. They carry her away. Every one buses himself with her and the dead man. What is the secret of his success, and how clear it is that unfortunates are bound together forever.

The architect draws a twenty-franc piece out of his pocket and drops it into his own hat. Then he pushes the picture in front of him, and says: "This is for the workmen's family." Each man's hand seizes his pocket; no one rejects. One gives three francs, another two, and one, another fifty, and fifty, people give from five to thirty times. A Savvyard, who collects alms with the help of an accordion, goes forward and gives a twelfth of the collection. The collection is completed in twelve francs in five minutes. It is time to every- one to return to work and the street is deserted again.

Who knows what will become of the poor widow, of the poor child who lounged on the steps? He worries himself about the man who dies in these branches of a work which raises palaces? When he sings the song, he sings it at one of the beggars. As we are leaving we hear the wretched rumble under the wheels of a private coach which is driving down the street. The coachman, wrapped in fur, can scarcely restrain the zeal of two magnificent horses. The horseman, who is wearing an attirer's greatcoat, looks out and asks what has happened. The architect salutes him by name, tells him the accident, and makes a few more dollars and takes a few more. The old man, after hesitation a moment, looks at his five francs.

"A hundred sous!" exclaims a fishwoman who is crawling her way along the street. "And he's worth ten.

"Who is the man?" asked the architect as he passed me a moment later. He looked at me with a steady gaze in his eyes.

"He's the owner of the building," said he quietly.
THE UNITY OF ASIA
(Continued from page 4)

"Escape, general! Escape, quick! The police are after you.

As I heard the man speak in Chinese, I tucked up the map from the floor, pocketed it, and faced my brother.

"What is it?"

My brother did not answer me; instead he caught Ming's arm and said in Chinese: "What is the matter with you?"

"I am shot. The fact is, general, that confounded fool of a Lee has betrayed us all. He told the Tokyo police all about us. Just as I was going to catch the train for Shanghai, I was caught by a detective. I didn't mind him, but there was a gang of them. So, before they got me, I pushed that fellow down and ran. But one of them unhappily fired—got me in the back. No time to talk now. Run from the window. They are in the hotel now. They are after you. Let told about Prince Ho, too."

"Why? Did the dog get money?"

"I got money. The doctors don't like to see a Japanese heading the movement. Hurry, I think I hear them now. Leave me alone. I am as good as dead now. The window!" With his last effort the man pointed to the window, where the gray twilight was already hoovering, and then, with a groan, fell upon the floor.

"Just then many footsteps stopped in front of the door and were followed by violent knocks."

"Open the door, in the name of the law!" someone shouted.

My brother hurriedly tore open the dead bolts, threw the doors, and drew it over his Chinese robe, while I unwound a rope from a Chinese trunk as a closset.

Then we cautiously opened the window. The coast was clear. The mist was dense, and the garden below was a confusion of nocturnal musings. After we tied the rope around the table I let my brother slide down first. When I got half way down I gave a voice in the room. Finding no answer, I went around by the garden; they went out of the window.

We ran together through the hotel garden, which was dimly lighted by electricity. We sighed when we got out through the yard inclosure of the hotel, with the relief of convicts who have safely escaped.

But no sooner did we look at each other than we heard footsteps hurrying after us again. We ran. We ran into the bustling streets of twilight, amid the flood of pedestrians, omnibuses, cars, until we, in the complete darkness of the street in which we arrived, lost sight of each other.

Since then I have heard nothing of my elder brother. The Chinese revolution was settled with unexpected rapidity. Once again Asia closed her heavy gates in peace. Everything on this side of Ural sank again into a profound Oriental laziness. But I am still waiting for my brother's return-to give him back the war map of Asia.

JANE ADDAMS
(Continued from page 12)

His record on the question of organized labor in a hostile one. While in power, either as president or governor, he had many a time ordered the militia to shoot down strikers, or, as he put it, Roosevelt, classified them, "undesirable citizens."

The party is financed by G. W. Perkins, a director of the Harvester mills. The conditions in those mills are worse than in many other mills. The ten-hour law for working women has been violated there more often than in other places. Girls working there have testified that they only get fifteen minutes for lunch, and that the highest wage is seven dollars per week. And yet Petrie and Roosevelt are to care for the overworked girls and tired children! The irony of it all!

Until now Roosevelt has sneered at woman suffrage. Now, when he knows there are over a million women who vote, he becomes an advocate of "votes for women."

And women like Jane Addams can't see it! If we ever demand her knowledge or rather lack of knowledge, of economic and political conditions, we no longer doubt.

But this, too, will pass. We are not despairing. The working men and women are waking up, and they will show to men and women like Roosevelt and Jane Addams that reform will not do for them; they will want that all they create, and not an iota less!

FREE—PAIR BEAUTIFUL CURTAINS
For selling 25 bottles Exquisite Perfume at 10c each.
When sold send $2.50 each
SUPERIOR PRODUCTS CO.
3710 Polk St., Chicago

THE GREAT WAR ON THE WHITE SLAVE TRADE
By G. H. Lockwood, former assistant state's attorney of Illinois. A great down-town Mr. Roe's personal experience in prosecuting dealers in the white slave traffic. Cloth bound, gold stamped, 60 pages. $1.50 book to you until further notice at 75c.

THE ROE BOOK CO.,
Room 408, 168 Washington St., Chicago.

"PA AND YOUNG AMERICA," by G. H. Lockwood. This is one of the clearest and funniest little books for the purpose of teaching Socialism that ever "came down the pike." It is full of pictures and each one will make you "laugh." Price, 25 cents. The Lockwood Publishing Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Get a bunch of those Socialist post cards and send them to your friends. They talk while going through the mail. One hundred and five for $1.00; 10 cents a dozen. The Progressive Woman Publishing Company.

White Slavery
By CHARLES BYRON CHERYL
A book of facts proven by court records. Learn the facts—then act.
Paper, 250 pages
Price, 25 cents

THE HOME SUPPLY CO.
408 Dapples Bldg.
CHICAGO

Cotton socks, very good quality, seamless, 6 pairs
$1.00
Lisle Thread or Silk-E, 6 pairs for
1.50
Cashmere, 3 pairs for
1.00
Ladies’ Stockings, good cotton stocking, 6 pairs for
1.00
Lisle Three-Thread, 3 pairs for
1.00
Children's and Infants', non-fadable, 6 pairs for.
1.00
Neckties, all the latest novelties, at
.25 and .50
Garters, pair per cent.
.25
Leather Belts from 50c to
2.50
Dress Gloves, per pair $1.00 to
2.50

UNION-MADE GOODS
OF ALL KINDS

UNION-MADE UNDERWEAR
These garments are made by expert Union Operatives, under Union Conditions, and bear the Union Label. They are made in clean, modern shops under the most sanitary conditions.

SHIRTS, NEGLIGENCE
Bell brand, white negligee Shirts, coat style, attached cuffs
B Bell brand Collars, Price, each
.15
Price, plain
$1.00
2 for 25c, per dozen
1.50
Suspenders, the Popular Grant make, Price
$0.25 and .50

UNDERWEAR
Men's bleached white Cotton (union), per suit
$1.00
Men's Australian worsted, gray or white, medium weight, per suit.
3.00

UNION-MADE SOCKS FOR MEN,
STOCKINGS FOR WOMEN

Cotton Socks, very good quality, seamless, 6 pairs
$1.00
Lisle Thread or Silk-E, 6 pairs for
1.50
Cashmere, 3 pairs for
1.00
Ladies' Stockings, good cotton stocking, 6 pairs for
1.00
Lisle Three-Thread, 3 pairs for
1.00
Children's and Infants', non-fadable, 6 pairs for
1.00
Neckties, all the latest novelties, at
.25 and .50
Garters, pair per cent.
.25
Leather Belts from 50c to
2.50
Dress Gloves, per pair $1.00 to
2.50

NEW LINES WILL BE ADDED CONSTANTLY

IF IT'S UNION-MADE WE'LL GET IT FOR YOU

Address All Communications, and Make Money Orders
Payable to
O. T. ANDERSON
7411 Adams Avenue, Chicago
(Grand Crossing Post Office)

Catalog of Union-Made Goods will be issued shortly. Ask to have your name put on Mailing List.