HALF A MILLION
SOCIALIST WOMEN
VOTES IN 1916
THE HIKERS

A HIKER or two back "nice" young ladies minced along in high-heeled boots that pinched their toes unmercifully, or, if they traveled any considerable distance—a quarter of a mile or so—they were driven in a coach.

Today perfectly nice young women (all women are young today, irrespective of age or previous condition of servitude), not only walk, in broad, stout shoes, for the very love of it, but now comes the report of "hikes" for political ends.

A hike to Washington is the latest. One hundred and fifty suffragist hikers started from New York City on February 12, and no doubt will have arrived at their destination before we get this issue of The Progressive Woman out. Reports say they are doing well, though an occasional one or two drop out along the way.

The reason of this pilgrimage is that the New York suffragists may take part in the great suffrage parade at Washington on March 3, and that they may preach the gospel of suffrage along the way. Since the New York Legislature has passed a bill favoring the submission of a constitutional amendment to the people in 1915, it is the duty of the suffragists to educate the people to their demands.

We are with the New York "hikers" in spirit, if not in flesh, and may they come into their own in 1915!

WOMAN AND LEISURE

A recent writer says there are not only more women of leisure today than there ever were, but that the leisure of women is increasing. This is both true and untrue. Thousands of women employed in mills and factories have no more leisure than their mothers who wove and spun in their own homes, and looked after the children and the household at the end of the day. The wage-earning woman of today does much the same thing, only a part of her work is separated from her home life.

On the other hand, the invention of the machine has enforced a certain amount of leisure upon the woman, as it has upon the unemployed man. What is the man doing with his enforced "leisure"? What will the woman do with hers?

Leisure gives time to think. Enforced leisure usually is unpaid. The thinking woman or man who has nothing is likely to formulate a method whereby they can get something. That something which, through the mere fact of their existence, belongs to them and their kind. Revolutions in conditions are started in this way. The two extremes meet—the individual who is not allowed to work, and the individual who overworks for a pittance. An alliance is made, and there is a demand for more work on the one hand, and for less on the other—with a living insured.

What is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose in this situation, as in most others. If organization and demands are good for the overworked and the overleisured man, they are equally good for the overworked and the over-leisured woman. Identical causes need identical treatment.

The whole development is toward human equality, the right to be and to do, and to share alike in the world's resources.

THE WORLD MOVES

In spite of those who would hold it back, the world moves. Hold in mind that we have not only perfected the automobile, but have airships as well, while you read the following from the London Quarterly Review of 1825 (only 88 years ago!): "Mr. Sylvester is as great as can be ventured on with safety. The demand for our THREE-MINUTE PROPAGANDA LEAFLETS is great. Why not order some for your friends. These leaflets are of envelope size and convey much in few words. Each one of them is thought-provoking. (See page 15, column 3.)
JOIN THE CAMPAIGN
FOR A FIFTY PER CENT
WOMAN MEMBERSHIP

Focus Your Eye
on this Picture

LOTS of women here!” you say. Sure thing!

And the person on the platform is a Socialist spellbinder. He’s giving his auditors (among whom are “lots of women”) the A-B-C of Socialism. He realizes that the future growth of the Socialist movement depends largely upon women. He knows that a solid 50 PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP IN THE SOCIALIST PARTY is essential in making the Party of vital importance equally to women and men.

Did you ever think of having a 50 PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP?

DO YOU KNOW what a 50 PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP will do for your local branch, for Socialism — and to capitalism?

Well, here are a few things that a 50 PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP would do:

1—GIVE THE MOVEMENT UNLIMITED ENTHUSIASM, SUCH AS IT HAS NEVER KNOWN.
2—FILL YOU WITH A NEVER-LET-UP SPIRIT, SUCH AS THE MOVEMENT NEEDS.
3—A SOUND, HEALTHY MEMBERSHIP.
4—CREATE BETTER MEANS FOR VITAL, CONSTRUCTIVE, INTENSIVE PROPAGANDA WITH THE WORD “DO” BEHIND IT, INSTEAD OF THE WORD “TALK.”
5—MAKE THE SOCIALIST PARTY A MOVEMENT SO BROAD, SOCIAL, AND DYNAMIC THAT IT WILL SHOOT DARTS OF FEAR AND DEFEAT INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL CAPITALIST APOLOGISTS.

THAT’S what a 50 PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP would do!

THAT’S what THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, the only Socialist magazine for women, wants the Socialist movement to have!

Start in right now to boost the woman membership from its present 11 per cent to 50 PER CENT. Organize A 50 PER CENT CLUB in your local, and let The Progressive Woman help you push it.

The moment you do this, you’ll begin to have “lots of women” at your meetings and lectures—“lots of women” party members — women of action, force and thought. And then the Socialist Party will be on the way to realize the slogan of The Progressive Woman: HALF A MILLION SOCIALIST WOMEN VOTES IN 1916 and A 50 PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP! Think of it, Comrades! Won’t it be great? Why, when you think all this over to yourself at your leisure and at your work and in your sleep, you can’t help becoming enthusiastic!

ENTHUSIASM! That’s the word! That’s the thing, Comrades!

It’s enthusiasm that has kept to our tasks those of us who have been backing The Progressive Woman, no matter how dark the clouds have appeared. And it’s our faith in you that keeps up our enthusiasm.

THE ACTIVITY OF CAPITALIST POLITICIANS TO GET A GRIP ON 1,800,000 WOMEN VOTERS SHOULD URGE YOUR COMRADES ON TO BIGGER ACTIVITIES AND GREATER ENTHUSIASM.

YOU SHOULD BEGIN NOW — THIS DAY — THIS MOMENT and prepare yourselves to get a grip on the attention of women voters and suffragists. Form that 50 PER CENT CLUB, and then order at least 50 copies of The Progressive Woman every month at 3 cents per copy. The cost would be only $1.50 per month; a mere trifle that will be made up SEVERAL TIMES OVER IN A GREATLY INCREASED WOMAN MEMBERSHIP!

RESOLVE TO DO THIS!

THEN CARRY YOUR RESOLVE INTO ACTION! After you have done so — after you have pinioned your mind to the slogan of The Progressive Woman — after you have discussed it at your local in motions and resolutions, ENDORSE THEM WITH THE STAMP OF DEED! Organize your 50 PER CENT CLUBS—ORDER AT LEAST 50 COPIES OF THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN EVERY MONTH — and then you will see your woman membership GROW — GROW — GROW — TO A NICE, ROUND 50 PER CENT.

Send $1.50 for a bundle of 50 to THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, 5445 Drexel Ave., Chicago, Ill. DO IT TODAY.

(This page is being printed in poster form. Write for copies. They’re free. They’ll look good on your clubroom walls.)
HE women of California are de facto citizens of the state, no longer so by representation or misrepresentation. In the year and a half since they have had the right of citizenship conferred upon them very noticeable progress has been made.

One of the most marked is the deference paid to what women want in civic improvements and legislative measures by those in office or those who hope to be. Their advice is sought, their opinions solicited, and in many cases bills related to the Legislation promised support, are given representation upon local boards, appointed upon charter revision committees and committees of investigation. Indeed, the utmost deference is paid when voting counts. There has been sufficient evidence to the contrary that a woman's vote is not a thing to trifle with, but an obligation and a duty to be wisely and conscientiously exercised.

In municipal matters the women when they have faced an election have sought the very best opportunities of enlightenment upon the various amendments, the proposed new charter, the wisdom of bond issues and the character and fitness of aspirants for official positions. The interest in the movement has been simmering for a long time, and the result is that in many cases after mature deliberation of many months are prepared to have a number of important measures introduced bearing largely upon the welfare of women and children.

The present eight-hour law, which has proved to be a wise provision, will be amended to include canneries and any other industry where perishable products are involved which the old law exempted. There have been too many disclosures of late concerning the vile conditions forced upon women and children in these industries and the long workday that the women are required to perform.

In California, as well as in many other states, legally children have but one parent—the father if the child be born in wedlock, the mother of an illegitimate child. In the first case why shouldn't the child belong to the mother as well as to the father? In the second why should all responsibility and obligation be lifted from the father's shoulders? A law for equal or joint guardianship is one of the laws proposed by the women. Another bill is the giving of the right of the first draft, from eighteen to twenty-one, thus extending the protection of their personal and property rights for a term of three years, on equal terms with boys.

A bill in which women are particularly interested is known as the red light abatement and injunction law, which shuts up houses of prostitution and sets free sex slaves.

Another bill to be introduced relates to community property. As the law exists today upon the statute books, community property is so in name alone. It is absolutely under the control of the husband to do with as he pleases. He can sell it, trade it, use it up in any way he chooses, and only his own earnings but those of his wife and the income from the capital, with that provided by the widow if she is a surviving widow or the widowed wife of a veteran. Upon his death the wife after administration receives half, if there is any half left. Upon her death it all reverts to him. The new law proposes to protect the interests of both husband and wife.

Several different mothers' pension laws have been introduced. The women of southern California will do all in their power to secure the adoption of the one known as the "mothers' compensation law," drawn up after careful consideration and advice by a committee of women.

This bill proposes to have the whole control and management placed in the hands of a board of five persons composed of men and women appointed by the governor. Widows, women who have raised children for the mother would be obliged to go away from home to earn their livelihood.

These bills go to show where women's influence and ballot will be largely directed. The conditions under which the wage-earning women toil, the protection and welfare of the child, more equitable rights for women—indeed and kindred subjects that have to do with the safeguarding of human life and the increasing of human happiness, will more and more appeal to women and receive their support.

**WOMAN, WAGES, AND THE BALLOT**

**By Eleanor Wentworth**

AMONG the problems which are of vital importance today is the one concerning the difference of wages for men and women for the same labor performed. At first glance it may appear to be a simple problem, easy of solution, but when we analyze it we find that it has many tentacles that delve into all the cracks and crevices of our social structure.

For one thing, it is apparent that women receive lower wages than men because, up to the present time, they have possessed neither economic nor political power to protect their labor and to demand for it a fair remuneration. For another thing, the absence of any legal means of expression has placed them in a subjection class, and the labor of a subject class has always been regarded as of less value than the labor of a free class. The helplessness of a politically or economically enslaved class is the basis of this valuation of labor; it is the thing that makes such a valuation possible.

But the cause of its continuance, the source of its existence, the psychological condition that grows out of such a condition—the sense of inferiority attached to dependent persons. And the dependent ones help to bolster this conception by the very presence.

When women were free their labor was regarded as noble and on an equal plane with the labor of men. We find Homer singing the praises of princesses who went to the river to wash their household linen, and the Hebrews reminiscing about Rachel, who carried water and tended the flocks and spun for her father's household. Modern poets wallow about woman's beauty. If they chance to dwell upon woman's beauty, it is the woman's beauty. If they chance to dwell upon woman's beauty, the labor of a free class. The helplessness of dependent persons helps to bolster this conception of the woman as a property, as a possession, as belonging to their "superiors." In modern countries, where women recruit the industrial labor force, it is the woman's beauty that has gone unhonored and unsung.

Women's labor and to demand for it a fair remuneration. Instead of performing certain special duties in the home, they have taken upon themselves the two weapons which men use upon us because it is profitable. One of the most marked is the deference paid when voting counts. There has been sufficient evidence to the contrary that a woman's vote is not a thing to trifle with, but an obligation and a duty to be wisely and conscientiously exercised.

In municipal matters the women when they have faced an election have sought the very best opportunities of enlightenment upon the various amendments, the proposed new charter, the wisdom of bond issues and the character and fitness of aspirants for official positions. The interest in the movement has been simmering for a long time, and the result is that in many cases after mature deliberation of many months are prepared to have a number of important measures introduced bearing largely upon the welfare of women and children.

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**WOMAN WITH THE BALLOT IN CALIFORNIA**

**By Mary E. Garbutt**

**WOMAN, WAGES, AND THE BALLOT**

**By Eleanor Wentworth**

A**
convinced Lucretia Mott that the time was at hand for some concerted action and spoke his mind in no uncertain terms.

A committee on arrangements called an indignation meeting and let off steam by sending word to the American abolitionists that the call for delegates was confined strictly to the masculine gender and that female delegates would not be tolerated, and they presumed the matter was thereby eternally settled.

To their chagrin and amazement, however, they soon learned (for bad news travels fast, they say) that the women delegates were still on the job, and had actually set sail, headed by the "notorious" Lucretia Mott. This was the last straw.

Mrs. Mott was at this time the most-talked-of woman in the United States, owing to her active and persistent fight against negro slavery, and incidentally she was the most misrepresented and misunderstood.

In reality, however, she was the civilized wife of the wealthy and prominent abolitionist, James Mott of Philadelphia—both of whom had soap-boxed for the cause from one end of the Eastern states to the other, and thereby incurred the malcontents of the pulpit and stinging criticisms of the press.

The London newspapers devoted columns of space upon the audacious proceeding. America had made in selecting women as delegates, and a committee waited upon the "ladies" on their arrival and requested them not to present their credentials, and that they should quietly take their seats with the audience.

This request might have appealed to many a less sagacious woman than Lucretia Mott as an easy way out of a trying situation.

The dainty little Quakeress, however, met the committee with wide-eyed astonishment and gently but firmly informed them that it was not within the power of the women to step down from the position to which the American abolitionists had honored them, and that they would certainly be on hand with their credentials when the convention opened.

Thus she neatly in her characteristic way checkmated the attempt to off steam by sending word to the American abolitionists that the call for delegates was confined strictly to the masculine gender and that female delegates would not be tolerated, and they presumed the matter was thereby eternally settled.

The feeling was intense on both sides. The American men pointed out that the long, noble struggle which these women had made against negro slavery alone should place their credentials above question. In vain it was pointed out that at that very moment negro delegates were seated without demur, and that the convention, by its exclusion of the women delegates would place them in an inferior position to the negroes whose battles they had been fighting!

After hours of discussion the matter was finally compromised by allowing the women to take their seats on the platform, but were screened from the male delegates by a huge curtain.

William Lloyd Garrison, the eloquent American abolitionist, whose arrival had been delayed, indignantly refused to take his seat among the delegates on learning the situation, saying: "After battling so many long years for the liberty of African slaves I can take no part in a convention that strikes down the most sacred rights of woman." And from that on he was a silent spectator in the gallery.

The irrepressible and resourceful Lucretia was too shrewd a tactician to allow such an opportunity to slip by, and she added fuel to the fire by writing a letter to the brilliant Irish patriot, Daniel O'Connell, tersely stating the facts and asking his views. The reply was what might have been expected of the great Irish liberator.

He severely criticised the act of the convention and branded their excuse that they "feared the ridicule of the press if they were to sit with women delegates" as cowardly.

"Mind has no sex," he said. Nor did he let the matter rest with his letter to Mrs. Mott. The following day he went before the convention and spoke his mind in no uncertain terms.

The most important result of this indignity, however, was that it convinced Lucretia Mott that the time was at hand for some concerted and definite action in the cause of the emancipation of all women—white as well as black.

On leaving the convention that day she confided her ideas to Elizabeth Cady Stanton, whose husband was a delegate to London, and she had been won over to the women's cause by Mrs. Mott. These two enthusiasts, who were a host in themselves to any cause they might espouse, resolved that on their return to America they would work with it in view—a plan which they carried out three years later.

Thus the narrow-minded act of our British cousins unwittingly gave the enfranchisement of women the greatest boost it had ever had.

**WOMEN OF OTHER LANDS**

**FRANCE.**

The French suffrage movement—feminist movement, as they call it—is very undervalued compared with the suffrage movements in other enlightened countries of Europe. France, the remarkably progressive in many other respects, has always been extremely conservative, not to say reactionary, in regard to its women.

French custom, law, and tradition still treat woman as an inferior, and the typically chivalrous Frenchman often has a very low conception of women. It is particularly good news therefore to learn that a Socialist woman movement is taking root in France. On January 5 a number of Socialist women in Paris called a meeting for the purpose of discussing the need of Socialist agitation among women and the desirability of clearly defined, organized action.

Orders are swamping us for the vividly illustrated two-color poster of WOMAN'S AWAKENING, the poem by Josephine Conger-Kaneko.

Florence Gibbs of Chicago writes: "It is wonderful, and ought to be printed in every tongue." This poster is 7½x14 inches, and is printed on fine eggshell paper. It's yours for 10 cents; 3 for 25 cents. Order them today.
FI, the "Egyptian Singer," was doing her turn. Her olive skin, her bright cap and gaudy garments of oriental dyes, made a mass of warm color under the glare of the spotlight.

For a week Fifi had been singing the same songs—cheap, highly colored songs, the American conception of the Eastern love song. A migratory audience had packed the little vaudeville theater every afternoon and evening. New faces were always there, new faces at the end of each hour when Fifi came to do her turn. New eyes brightened when her rich, deep voice did its best to make something of the words and music of the songs she sang. New hands cheered as the gaudy skirts spread, fan-like above the slender, finely arched feet, as they whirled their own off the stage.

New hands and new eyes—and yet not all new, Fifi had come to learn. Down in the midst of the audience for three evenings in succession she had caught a pair of eyes shining into hers with steady persistence. Gray eyes, with a fine, strong nose and mouth and chin beneath, and a broad, white forehead above, back from which had combed smoothly a mass of thick, brown hair.

It was the third night and Fifi saw him again, almost in the same place, and with the same shining look in his eyes.

"Now what in the world," she asked herself, "can a man with a face and a look like that in it find in a vaudeville show like this?"

What, indeed, could he find? What everybody else found was a reel of moving pictures.

finally he got the better of his feelings. He came to hear her sing? To see HER: A girl singing in the vaudeville was as a hand chilling the warmth in his heart, pushing her deeper interest moved within her than she had ever felt for any man before.

For one hour she sat—wondering.

In his den, in a club house at the university, a young man, with a splendid face and gray eyes, quiet and introspective now, sat comfortably in a big chair before a warm radiator, while the shrill wind whistled outside.

A thesis, on medicine, which had been neglected for three consecutive evenings, lay on the floor beside his chair—dropped, absolutely forgotten. Every living nerve of his being pulsed with the memory of one thing—a sweet-faced, tender-eyed, brilliantly dressed girl. Of Fifi, of all things in the world... a girl in a vaudeville show.

Fifi-Fifi, whose real name was Margaret Ellington.

Her real name was Margaret Ellington.

For one hour she sat—wondering.

She learned to dream even before a warm radiator or as the old-fashioned stove with the red coals crowded her seriousness, and smiled again—at the sense of pleasant speculation that had taken possession of her after seeing the pair of gray eyes the third time. Who was he? persisted in her mind. And—was he really interested in her? Would he really like to know her? Did he come to hear her sing? To see HER? A deeper interest moved within her than she had ever felt for any man before.

The imagined coarseness and ignorance of the girl singing in the vaudeville was as a hand chilling the warmth in her heart, pushing her from one to the next. He would go to hear her again! And yet—he buried his face in his hands with a groan.

And Fifi—Fifi, whose real name was Margaret Ellington—Fifi, whose father had been a college professor, and whose mother was a college graduate; Fifi, who, after finishing high school, had found the little income left her mother inadequate to prepare her for the ambition life she meant to lead; Fifi, who was bravely earning her own way in whatever honest manner presented itself; Fifi, who would have graced the home and the name of any man, was transferred the next night to another quarter of the city, and never knew whether the "shining eyes" were seeking her from the midst of the old audience or not.

MR. MISS OUR MRS. SOCIALIST HUSTLER!

We want—and you want as much as we do—a 30 per cent woman membership in the Socialist party. In I want to create this membership by reaching and educating women. The more we reach, the sooner will we have the future woman voter with us.

You, who are members of locals can help by asking your local to order a bundle of 50 each month for a year. TREMENDOUS RESULTS CAN BE ACHIEVED THROUGH THIS BUNDLE CAMPAIGN.

If the local thinks $1.50 is too much to spend for propaganda among women, GET UP AN OC-CANIZATION AND RAISE THE MONEY FOR THE YEAR'S ORDER YOURSELF. It will be up to you to lead the way toward conciliation between socialism and the prospective woman voter.

When your local gets its bundle, see that each copy has a number of leaflets (our leaflets with space for invitations to meetings are especially appropriate) folded inside, and be sure that the copies are sold, or distributed among the most "likely" women of your district.

Make this a pretext to call on the women a little later, to talk the paper over with them. Discuss the various articles, get their subscriptions, invite them to meetings, secure the opportunity to call again.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

A sane interpretation of the social cancer, analyzed according to Greer...

SEVEN FINANCIAL CONSPIRACIES

Contains 104 pages. States facts showing how the Money Trust has a tight grip on the nation. By Charles Byron Chrysler... 

WHITE SLAVERY.

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6
evolution of tools

HumaniTy has set milestones along the road of its industrial progress. They mark the inventions and processes that have made human advance possible.

The history of the evolution of tools shows that with the advent of certain inventions the mode of life of whole tribes of men has changed. The discovery of steam thousands of years later revolutionized society, so the discovery of the process of smelting ores and the making of bronze revolutionized early society. The physical environment played the larger part in the life of these early people. The materials they could find determined the tools they made and the objects they created with these implements. Ideas could not rise higher than materials. For example, in later history the Egyptians from limestone created one line of architecture and art, the Greeks with the whitest, finest, thickest quarries of marble in the world created another.

Professor John Paul Goode has pointed out that in these early stages of social development the physical environment is of the greatest importance, that the social environment is slight in influence. Progress in evolution is a record of the changing relation between the importance of these two, the physical and the grasping social environment.

No industrial invention up to its time compared with the discovery of the use of metals. Some metals are found pure and are called native. They are usually bright colored, soft, and shining. Copper, silver and some gold are found native.

The early men of America made numerous things from the pure metal. They did not smelt it, but pounded it into shape with stones. They never used fire to any great extent in making tools.

Copper tools and ornaments are so numerous that an age of bronze has been created. The copper tools soon displaced the stone in all localities were copper occurs native.

The great copper mines of Lake Superior contributed most to the metals of early America. It is evident that parties from all over the present United States went to the Lake Superior region to mine the ore.

Numerous remains of the tools that these early men used in their mining have been found in the mines. We can pretty well picture their process of mining. After the soil was scraped away the rock was heated by building fires on it. Then water was dashed on the rock to break off great masses. These masses were next broken up with mauls.

Bronze seems to have been the first metal used in Europe. In Africa among the negroes there never was a time when bronze was used. The African tribes passed directly from the use of stone to iron. But it is probable that the Egyptians during the whole time of the ancient empire and probably until almost 1500 years B.C. were more acquainted with the use of iron, and employed only bronze for their arms and instruments.

Through the ages that intervene since man first beat out rude axes and knives from copper or smelted the ore in the simplest furnaces men have been perfecting the process of metal working.

These inventions and improvements of tools have moved along irregular lines. One people has been still struggling with stone tools in a primitive society, as some Esquimaux are today, while another has reached the age of iron and steel tools with a complex, highly developed society.

Today a steel factory stands as the culmination of the inventive genius of man in the process of metal working. Now the ore comes to the steel mills in great steel barges, it is handled by enormous cranes, it is poured into furnaces, it is worked and melted into steel which is then cast into ingot blocks.

From here it is sent to the plate and rolling mills to be crushed or rolled into plate iron or rails. The whole process has taken but a brief time.

The achievements of man in the working of metal mark the beginning of the tremendous control that he has gained over force and space. It has made possible the modern steel building, revolutionized transportation, created telegraphs, and formed the foundation of our recent society with its factory production.

The harnessing of great motor powers, as steam and electricity, would never have been possible without steel and copper. Remove these and modern civilization shrinks down again to the narrow dimensions of the life of a primitive people.

Through machines man has lengthened his arm thousands of times, multiplied his strength hundreds of fold, and increased infinitely his power of producing things to satisfy human wants.

“socialist woman’s day” in Chicago

national socialist woman’s day in chicago has become an institution in fact. the cook county central committee, in the matter in hand, and appointed sub-committees to work up a meeting. the result was gratifying in the extreme. every seat in the garick theater was filled—seats selling at 10 and 25 cents each. a first-class musical program of thirty minutes succeeded the speech.

frances squire potter, former professor of history in the university of minnesota, and a woman who has spent some years in club, suffrage, trade union and other lines of social work, gave a most excellent talk on “the woman movement and socialism.” she showed the two sides of woman—the “expedient feminine,” the slave nature in the woman, so long as it lasts, will support capitalism. the “eternal womanly,” which is a “man-made” product, born of social environment. they are usually bright colored, soft, and shining. copper, silver and some gold are found native.

the early men of america made numerous things from the pure metal. they did not smelt it, but pounded it into shape with stones. they never used fire to any great extent in making tools.

suffragists and woman voters!

go to the socialist party meetings and lectures held in your city from time to time. find out for yourselves what socialism means, and then you will be in a position to fight for or against it intelligently!

how a pittsburgh woman makes money.

in the past few years this lady has made a small fortune selling household articles. she is now selling an instantaneous silver cleanser, and she clears about $25 a week. it is a wonder. no rubbing or labor required. she does not canvass. for 36 two-cent stamps mrs. martha baird, whose address is 308 north negley avenue, pittsburgh, pa., will send any reader of this paper a complete outfit, prepaid, and will help them to make money as she has done.

there’s a big leak in your local if the membership is not 50% women. stop the leak—by getting women to read the progressive woman. place your order now

socialist locals, secretaries, organizers, and hustlers

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IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

By JOHN M. WORK

Chapter III.
The Impracticability of Socialism

IT IS a peculiar characteristic of the opponents of Socialism that they try to shift the undesirable features of capitalism onto Socialism. For example, they say that Socialism will compel the industrious to divide up with the idle, whereas capitalism does in fact compel the industrious to divide up with the idle.

They say that Socialism will destroy incentive, whereas capitalism in fact destroys good incentives. They say that Socialism will destroy individuality, whereas capitalism in fact destroys individuality.

And so forth. Socialism is the genuine and only cure for these and many other evils of capitalism.

Of course if the object of society is to secure the results for which railroads are or should be built, it is impracticable, because it is adapted to secure the results for which railroads are or should be built.

As a result, the object of society cannot be realized, whereas Socialism is a means to secure the results for which railroads are or should be built.

But that is not the object of society.
IN THE MAKING OF MORE SOCIALISTS

By J. L. Engdahl

E IS one of the fighters for Socialism in the ranks of the railroad workers of the land. He told me how he became a Socialist and of how he was then forced in turn to bring his wife to Socialist convictions.

"Day after day, week after week, month after month, even year after year, a Socialist kept on giving me literature," he said. "I read it usually, but it made no impression upon me. But my sorrow-worker persisted. Then one day the big idea of Socialism suddenly gripped me and held me fast.

"That night just as soon as I reached home I called to my wife. 'Martha,' said I, when she came to me, 'I'm a Socialist,' and I felt rather proud of myself.

"She looked frightened at first and then declared she couldn't and wouldn't believe it. When I persisted she began to cry. All that night she wept softly as if some great catastrophe had fallen upon our little household. It couldn't have been worse if my comrades had just carried me home dead from some railroad wreck.

"It took me some time to understand. Then the light pushed its way into my brain. If I had misunderstood Socialism and scoffed at it in my ignorance, with my opportunities of learning, how much more wrong were her ideas concerning it. She had had no opportunities of learning about Socialism.

"So I set about giving her right ideas on Socialism. It was hard work fighting the great prejudice in her mind. I really did comprehend at first how great a thing it was. But I kept right on, and I won. She is now one of the most energetic workers for Socialism in our home city. It is a case of 'We are Socialists, not I'm a Socialist.'"

Socialist encampments have different effects on the small business men of the great Southwest. Some try to make the most of them. Others fight them. This is a case where the business men of Okemah, Okla., tried to fight a Socialist encampment by withdrawing the privileges from Socialist women that they usually extend to all women.

The huge department stores of State street, Chicago, have luxurious restrooms for the special accommodation of women shoppers. It happens, too, that women who are not shoppers are attracted by the comfort that they afford and often use them.

It is the same on a smaller scale down in Okemah, Okla. Vice-Presidential Candidate Emil Seidel refused to come to Okemah, because he thought the farmers would not come to town and purchase his literature. The farmers came ten, twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty and sixty miles overland in their prairie schooners. They did not come alone. They brought their wives and children—their whole families.

The city of Okemah had never before seen such an invasion of any kind. The fact that it was a Socialist invasion made it all the more extraordinary. And what happened? The merchants closed their doors in the faces of the Socialist women. These women were forced to remain out of doors all day, and not to buy. Many of them perhaps did their purchasing at the Socialist co-operative stores that are springing up in the Southwest, and probably the Okemah merchants knew of this. But in the long chain of events gradually leading toward their extermination those merchants certainly did weld another link.

Taking women into consideration the planting of a Socialist building is not delivering the ultimate blow at capitalism. But it is one way of giving added strength to the arm of Socialism so that the blow will be all the more effective.

THE SOCIALIST SCHOOL CAMPAIGN IN WASHINGTON

By HORTENSE WAGENKNECHT, State Woman's Correspondent for Washington

That the weary wail of a crushed and tortured childhood be forever hushed;

That the pangs of hunger may no longer be felt;

That unsatisfied aspirations and consequent despair may no longer be the daily lot of our youths and maidens, the parents of the coming generation;

That the child may learn the truth of a class society and its effect upon the human race;

That the children of the world shall be free and enjoy and make the most of their childhood—

This is our hope, our every thought and our goal.

With this in mind, we of the Socialist party of Washington have watched with increasing interest the growing sentiment toward capturing the schools for Socialism.

Recognizing these as our largest juvenile institutions to be revolutionized, and through time and again it has been dinned into our ears that school elections are non-partisan, that the schools should be kept out of politics, we of the revolutionary working class have persistently and consistently proclaimed that non-partisanship in a class society is an impossibility.

Our state party, therefore, demands that no party member can vote for any candidate for school director who is not a party member regularly nominated by a local.

In order that we might thoroughly organize the work of capturing the schools for Socialism, the state executive committee selected J. E. Sinclair, principal of the Midland Schools, Tacoma, as secretary of a committee to organize the campaign in the city of Okemah.

At present literature is being written by the red card school teachers and the school campaign is being organized for the election of members to school boards in rural districts and cities below the second class. The election occurs the first Saturday in March.

This year's attempt is the first state-wide, organized effort in this direction. The results, however, will be surprising, for at the last general election numerous country precincts were carried for our ticket.

Our one hundred and five local woman's correspondents are taking an active part. Because they are the mothers of the children being crushed by poverty and crushed boyhood, they are working. At present they are the army engaged in collecting the means to print our literature. Soon they will be engaged in distributing this literature, in talking to other mothers and fathers about our cause and in keeping a watchful eye upon election.

Yes, the revolutionary mother knows and knows better! She is still part of the child. She lives with the child. And now that women vote in Washington, it will not be long before she will fight for the child in greater numbers than will be healthy for the present inhuman, criminally conservative, insanely "patriotic" school methods.
A CRUSADE OF CHILDREN

THE MILL WHISTLE.
"Across the flat at dawn the monster screams;
Its bulk blots the low sun. Ah God of truth!
To wake from night's swift mockery of dreams
And hear the millwhistle:
—James McIntyre, in McClure's Magazine.

HE youth of a New York City needle trade are crying out in protest. It is "on strike"—a veritable children's crusade! Prison, with hard labor, has been the lot of these tender charges of our boasted civilization. Long have they waited for some understanding, and on Friday last they were arrested—bribes or threats were used to set them free. Now, forty thousand strong, they have risen to cry out for themselves. They have been clubbed by policemen, kicked and beaten in the streets by emissaries of their former employers, slugged with iron bars, knocked senseless or carried to police courts in patrol wagons, to be tried at night courts for "disturbing the peace," in company with harlots and "common drunks." One expects the very heavens to be darkened by the horror of this spectacle!

It is the strike of the shirtwaist, wrapper, and kimono makers, and of the white goods workers, of whom at least 90 per cent are girls, over half of these mere children, and many thousands of the rest old women. And, so far, it is a remarkably successful strike. So successful that, as we go to press, the shirtwaist workers and kimono workers' strikes are won, and the white goods workers are winning.

Let us begin at the beginning and give a brief history of this unique uprising. First for the wrapper and kimono workers.

There has been for the past years a strenuous effort made to organize this trade. The extreme youth of the workers, the many nationalities, including Russian, Pole, Spaniard, Italian, Syrian, Hungarian, American, etc., the varied and changing nature of the industry, and the smallness and poverty of most of the shops—all these were calculated to discourage the most optimistic. Yet, by perseverance, the seemingly impossible has been accomplished, until an organization has resulted, strong enough to tie up the industry.

The conditions have been deplorable. The workers have been compelled to own their own machines, to furnish foot power, pay for electric power, pay for thread, needles, and even for machine oil!

SETTLING THE GARMENT STRIKE

THE strike of the shirtwaist workers and the wrapper and kimono workers has been settled by a "protocol," which promises very well for those trades. The standard of sanitary control is that of the cloak and suit industry. The various other boards—those of grievances, arbitration, etc.—will be identical with those of the cloak and suit industry.

A special Piece Price Board, consisting of eight members—four to be appointed by the Manufacturers' Association and four by a union—has been established. This is looked upon as vast improvement in the garment trades, since the piece workers were the most unmercifully sweated of all garment workers.

In shops where the standard per hour is now less than 28 cents there will be an increase of at least 15 cents per hour. In those places where the standard is 31 cents there will be an increase to 33 cents per hour. Full-fledged cutters shall receive not less than $25 per week; apprentices from $6 to $18 per week; drapers and sample hands will receive $14 a week. Dressmaker finishers will receive: For sewing hooks and eyes, four for 1c; sewing six ordinary buttons, six for 1c; sewing belts, two for 1c; dressing buttons on skirts, 2c each; sewing in belts, 2c each.

There is no great opportunity for becoming a millionaire on such wages for one who has no other income, but it means the possibility of a bare living with some kind of food at least twice a day, and that is more than many of the garment workers have known in the past.

But while we are rejoicing over the victory of the garment workers, there still wages a hard and bitter fight for better conditions by the 7,000 underwear workers.

So deplorable is the condition of these 7,000 immigrant girls, that, after trying in vain to secure a "protocol" settlement, their leaders called a mass meeting and advised them to declare a truce under the terms proposed by the employers. With tears streaming down their cheeks, young girls and mothers of families rose in protest.

No more dramatic sight presented itself before an astonished public. In impassioned appeal, speaker after speaker among them pleaded with their fellow workers not to abandon their sacred cause, but to continue their struggle both for their own sakes and for those who would come after them. "It is the union alone which can give us what we need. Stick to the union!"

Girl pickets, cold and under-nourished, faint at their posts, are carried daily to hospitals, and mothers watch their young children grow pinched with hunger. Yet, they have labored, half starved, so long they are now willing to face actual starvation for the sake of forcing better permanent conditions in the future.
THINGS IN THE MAKING

WHICH IS WRONG—HYPOCRISY OR MILITANCY?

England is catching up to us. The isle across the sea can also proclaim itself the possessor of a Rooseveltian political duck in the person of Sir Lloyd-George, the prime minister of the English government.

Lloyd-George ran all over England awhile ago telling everybody what he was going to do for the people—for the workers, for the suffragists.

Results? The insurance and pension laws enacted by the British Liberal program turned out to be mere shams. While raving about its love for labor, the Liberal party encouraged the Boy Scouts, strengthened the army and navy—the instruments that are ever used to crush labor's industrial revolt.

And now comes the news that the suffragists have been deceived by Lloyd-George and his fellow-shamsters of the Liberal party (which is akin to the Progressive party in this country). These political ducks showed their sincerity toward the cause of woman suffrage by deliberately quashing the Woman Suffrage bill.

After all this deception the suffragists of England resorted once more to militant tactics.

Now, there's nothing really shocking about women who become aggressive against a government that insists upon governing them without representation.

Yes, they have burned mail boxes and broken shop windows. What of it?

What of the faith violated which these women placed in the wily politicians? What of the promises broken by Lloyd-George, Sir Edward Grey, Bonar Law, and their slimy-charactered fellow-tricksters?

And which is really wrong—the destruction of mail boxes and shop windows, or the violation of faith and promises?

According to the Mammonized press in the United States, it is a greater crime to destroy mail boxes and shop windows than to deceive one's fellows. In fact, the past has shown that the press in this country doesn't think the deception of the people to be much of a crime. It seems that most of the ink-pot prostitutes vied with each other in censuring and calling the English suffragists everything from "lawless women" to "devilish females." But hardly a word of rebuke was directed at Lloyd-George, the Roosevelt of the English government.

Whatever one may say, the fact remains that militant tactics embody the best course the English suffragists can pursue until they get the ballot. History abounds with militant episodes and people. America had its revolutionary war, its William Lloyd Garrison, John Brown, William Demarest Lloyd, and others. Every land and clime has had, and will continue to have, its host of militants, until injustice is wiped off the face of the earth.

Let us hope that the English suffragists will bring the English government to its senses, regardless of the hypocrisy of the Lloyd-Georges, the Bonar Laws, and the rest of the Liberal tribe. And let

THREE DOLLARS PER PLATE IN CHARITY'S NAME

Socialists are unsatisfactory advocates of organized charity as the grant is conducted today. This fact was emphasized recently by Stitt Wilson, Socialist mayor of Berkeley, Cal., by refusing to accept an invitation to dine at a $3 per plate banquet under the auspices of the Associated Charities of San Francisco.

Mayor Wilson gave the $3-per-plate a piece of his mind. That this morsel was not relished can be proven by the cry raised against the $3-per-plate banquet while looking at pictures displaying the hunger of the poor. This in itself was regarded as a slam at the supposedly altruistic impulses of the "uplifters."

Now, between you and me, Elizabeth, organized charity is one of America's pet shams. If Sam Smith and Sally Jones of Poverty Alley had good jobs with good remuneration; if they had all the material comforts that human beings require to maintain strong bodies, and if they had the broadest opportunities for mental growth, then charity organizations would be as useless as an octopus.

But, then, charity organizations never like to be put on public exhibitions. Forsooth! The public isn't supposed to know that 80 per cent of all donations are used for salaries of charity workers, while the remaining 20 per cent is the actual amount that goes for relief of the poor.

Again, what is charity to those who make the donations? Simply an "ego" salve. This salve is smeared over the sore spots of one's ego after piling up a bank account derived from exploiting the labor of Sam Smiths and Sally Joneses.

Socialists cannot be blamed for refusing to sanction the graft and hypocrisy of organized charity. Neither can Socialists become enthused over $3-per-plate charity-banquets while many thousands of men, women, and children haven't $3 to their names. About the only useful function of charity banquets lies in the opportunity to display fineries created by unrequited toil, and edibles produced by labor's hands—the hands that sow, but never reap.

There is one thing about which the Socialists seem to be zealous. That is the necessity of inaugurating conditions under which the workers shall have social and economic justice, or all that is coming to them. And this is something that charity organizations are steadfastly ignoring.

IGNORANCE OFFICIALLY O. K'D

It's too bad the Postoffice Department has the habit of making itself appear ridiculous when it attempts to pose as the morality guide for a nation of 90,000,000 people. In the past the Postoffice Department has brought down upon itself the derision of thousands of intelligent men and women by issuing decrees upon what is and isn't moral, decent, and all that other kind of bunk. And things look as though this derision will once more be crammed into the throats of certain postoffice officials whose minds belong to the earlier centuries.

You see, here's the story.

The editorial management of the New York Call, a Socialist daily, decided it would rather do a service to the Call readers by printing a series on sex hygiene than devote space to the instructive subject of "How to Make Love When the Moon Am Green," as most papers do.

So the Call began a series under the caption "What a Girl Should Know." The author of these articles is Margaret Sanger, who is not only a trained nurse of exceptional ability, but also a student of social conditions. Her articles dealt with care of the body, treatment against venereal disease, and the obligation men and women owe each other and society to present a clean bill of health before they marry. The series, as long as it continued, was highly appreciated by the young and old of both sexes. But up pops the
Postoffice Department and orders the Call to stop printing further matter on "What a Girl Should Know."

Now, don't get cross at the Postoffice Department. It is perfectly right. Girls and women should be permitted to become victims of sexually diseased men; wives are supposed to suffer pain because husbands sowed and reaped the oats of youth; and children can endure the syphilitic, scrofulous, or tuberculartaint inherited from their parents. About all these things girls are forbidden to learn by the most high of moralists—the Postoffice Department.

Not only did the postoffice authorities commit the blunder of indorsing ignorance, but they outraged the right of free expression. Steps should be taken now and for all time to eliminate its censor-

ship of thought. It is against the principle of true democratic government to vest any official or officials with the power to restrict the expression of ideas. To do so is to trust the progress of knowledge to the whims and fancies of despotism. This so-called crime of obscenity is nothing more than a device of Anthony Comstock bigots, entered as law on statute books, to harass, annoy, or imprison independent thinkers. And the sooner it is abolished, the sooner we will witness a gratifying improvement in the minds and bodies of present and future citizens.

JUDICIAL ARROGANCY IS SUPREME

Editors are destined to become wiser as judicial insolence becomes the vogue.

In Philadelphia, Marlen A. Pew, editor of the News-Post, is awakened in the dead of night and kidnaped to jail upon the order of a judicial satrap.

In Kansas City, Editor Nelson of the Star is sentenced to imprison-

ment. Both editors criticised the crookedness of judges in their respective cities, and the consequence was that the fury of the judicial autocrats was visited upon them.

Herefore the custom has been to jail Socialist editors. But Pew and Nelson are not Socialists. They, as editors, simply exercised the right of free press by taking a fling at the fallibility of a few pri-

mates garbed in the authority of the law.

And yet we cannot give any reason why editors should be more exempt from judicial tyranny than men and women strikers. Perhaps if all editors were thrown in jail upon the caprice of some petty autocrat of the bench during strike periods, newspapers would be less inclined to justify the imprisonment of toilers engaged in the struggle for better conditions.

A little study of the United States Constitution should convince any one that our government today is one of judicial interpretation. This interpretation reflects class interests of special privilege, and when the latter is jarred by editorial thunder or revolt of wealth pro-

ducers, the judges are Tommyn-on-the-spot with their unjust, tyranni-

cal decisions.

Courts, like other outgrown institutions, have practically lost much of their man-made divine rights. A few more tussles, a few more unfair jail incarcerations, and these petty judicial swelled-heads will be shown that all final authority is embodied in the people them-

selves.

WHICH IS WRONG—HYPOCRISY OR MILITANCY?

(Continued from page 11.)

us hope that the English women will continue their militant tactics despite the howls of a kept press about the necessity of preserving property and man-made law and order.

Rights of English women and all women are infinitely more valu-

able than any nation's property or established law and order, if the latter are used to enforce despotism instead of promoting the welfare of humankind.

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS IN ALASKA

By Lena Morrow Lewis

TO THE readers of The Progressive Woman who live along the Atlantic coast it seems a long way from Boston to San Francisco, and the chunk of land up in the corner to the northwestern, known as Alaska, appears to be but a step away. But one can send a letter from San Francisco to Berlin, Germany, and one to Fairbanks, Alaska, on the same day and get an answer back from Berlin before one is received from Fairbanks.

Distances are deceiving, but not more so than is the geographical location as regards the climate, products and resources of Alaska. It hardly seems credible to one who has always thought of this far-off north country as the land of snow and icebergs, that if Alaska were cut off from the rest of the world she has within her own borders sufficient resources to feed her people.

Tens of thousands of caribou roam over her hills and valleys. The moose and the bear are plentiful, while the duck and the curlew and the ptarmigan are rivaled in their abundance by the fish of the sea. But it may be interesting to know that native foods are not limited to animal life. Almost every kind of small garden stuff grows very luxuriantly. Blackberries and raspberries grow profusely along the southern coast, and through the interior, not very many miles from the arctic circle, are great stretches of blueberries. One cannot speak of a patch of blueberries nor even a field of berries, for one can "mush" (Alaskan language for "walk") for hundreds of miles through the interior and pick blueberries every step of the way.

While on our way from Fairbanks to Tanana, as we stopped at a little village to get wood for the steamer one of the men went ashore and pulled a few turnips from a garden near by. They were so large that I was curious enough to measure one of them and the circumference of this one was twenty-five inches. My next thought then was to taste it and see if it was pithy and tough, but to my surprise I found it remarkably sweet and tender. And what is true of the turnip is the same of all other summer vegetables and garden stuff so far as size and flavor is concerned.

Wild flowers grow in great profusion and variety, while many of the cultivated kinds are most gorgeous in their coloring. I have never seen more beautiful pansy beds anywhere in the United States than in Fairbanks, Alaska. Each field of berries have master gardeners and after much care gardeners have been able to put a limited supply on the market. When they are selling at 75 cents a dozen only the very well-to-do can afford to eat them. Wheat grows six feet tall in the Tanana valley.

Space is valuable in the Progressive Woman, and so I forbear to say anything more regarding the scenery and resources of this wonderful land and tell you something of the people—the men and the women, particularly the women and children— that I met in Alaska.

The secretary of the Fairbanks local is a woman, Mrs. M. L. Gerth, who with her husband is not only doing all she can to help the movement, but they are training three sons to be Socialist voters when they become of age.

At Petersburgh I found Mrs. Paula Jorgenson, an active worker, a real live all-round pioneer. She was the first white woman to settle in Petersburgh, Alaska. The Constitution and laws of Alaska are new, and after much care gardeners have been able to put a limited supply on the market. When they are selling at 75 cents a dozen only the very well-to-do can afford to eat them. Wheat grows six feet tall in the Tanana valley.

Petersburgh, Alaska, is a daughter, and the contribution of Jennie Heath to the Socialist party work and the publishing of the paper is a most creditable service. But I cannot pass by Petersburgh without saying something about the chil-

(Continued on page 14, column 1)
HEN H. M. Hyndman published last year his first volume of reminiscences, "The Record of an adventurous Life," it was reviewed in the London Nation by Bernard Shaw. In this critique, with a vigor and a clarity that I particularly envied—having myself made a feeble effort at characterizing the man in a review—it was pointed out that Hyndman's Socialism was the only thing about him which could be called revolutionary; in all other respects he was a conventional bourgeois. Not that Shaw wanted him to wear sandals or have a harem; but he did want him to be aware of the great revolutions going on noisily enough about him in the fields of music, of drama and of philosophy. Here, said Shaw, is a man who lived in the same half-century with Nietzsche, with Ibsen, with Wagner and with Marx. For some reason (said Shaw) he seems to have seen of Marx; but of the others he is as ignorant as a stockbroker. The whole world has been transformed about him (said Shaw), and he knows nothing about any of it except—curious exception!—Socialism.

Now in the present volume, "Further Reminiscences," Hyndman devotes a whole chapter to Bernard Shaw. He makes fun of Shaw for his taboo of meat and alcohol, and says that he would be a better dramatist for a little of both—which may very well be true. Certainly there is something the matter with Shaw's plays, and vegetarianism and teetotalism may be to blame. But when it comes to defending himself against Shaw's charges, Hyndman gives himself away. "Why, as for Wagner," says Hyndman, "I was playing Wagner's music in orchestras before Shaw had graduated into long pants; and I always said that Wagner's music had gone beyond me." But so had the music of Offenbach and Meyerbeer!

Hyndman, then, is a man who could hear and play the music of Wagner without realizing that it was revolutionary—that it created a new epoch in music. He could read and see the plays of Ibsen without in the least discovering their significance. "I have always," he writes, "considered Ibsen one of the most overrated men of our day. His plays bored me to death. They seem to me not only extremely artificial, but miserably dull. I simply cannot stand his 'Sandford and Merton' dialogue and his platitudinous plots. 'The Master Builder' went near to be the death of me. If it had not been for Miss Robin's marvelous display of bright and intelligent acting, my wife would have had to call in four stalwart scene-shifters to carry me out!"

Nevertheless, Hyndman is an interesting man. He is interesting because he is inconsistent with any conception one forms of him. Thus, when one has pictured him as a peaceful political propagandist, easily shocked at any suggestion of violence, one suddenly finds him sympathizing intensely with the Irish dynamiters. His close friendship with Michael Davitt, of whom he tells in an exceptionally fascinating chapter, is not altogether responsible, for he is more tolerant of dynamiters than was Davitt.

"For my part," he says, "I could never understand why either Parnell or Davitt should have been so desperately anxious to disassociate themselves from any connection with the dynamite section of the Irish revolt. It is natural and inevitable in any country, or among any class, where the desire for emancipation from foreign or domestic tyranny is strongly manifested, and the dominant majority crushes down free speech and free writing, that an extreme party should rise up, determined to try once more, under such circumstances, the effect of outrage and assassination—as this sort of warfare is called by those against whose despotism it is directed."

"If Parnell did not know what was going on in this direction, he ought to have done so; and if he did not to some extent sympathize with the patriotic if misguided desperadoes who were risking their lives by the propaganda of the deed in the cause which he was more safely and pacifically conducting in politics, then he was more or less than a man."

It is worthy remark that a man with these views refers to "militant" suffrage methods as "downright Anarchism, backed by large sums of money." He goes on: "It is no business of mine to argue out here the whole question of Anarchism and sabotage as a means of propaganda. I have always been vehemently opposed to it, and I am now—except in cases where free speech, freedom of the press and right to combine are suppressed, when I consider that all forms of violence, assassination included, are perfectly justifiable. But in this case the women were winning; they had all the rights of agitation which men had secured for them by centuries of sacrifice, and the resort to such action was wholly unnecessary, and therefore unjustifiable."

Again Hyndman says: "As to sabotage, or rattening, or destroying machinery or any means of transport, this is a poor sort of fighting; a reversion to the 'Luddite' foolishness of a bygone day. Yet it is a form of class war in action, however much we may consider it objectionable and futile. I do not deny that I have wished at times that some spirit of this sort would be spontaneously displayed by the men. But to be effective it must be spontaneous and not stirred up from outside."

"In 1892 the strike of the Midland Railway was in full blast in 1893, I said in the Democratic Club that I wished the men, instead of starving themselves, their wives and children for months on end, would bring the whole thing to a head by blowing up a lot of bridges and thus render the three main lines of railway to the north unavailable. It would, I said, convince men they were in earnest and meant to fight the thing to a finish; though on principle I was not at all in favor of destruction, but of appropriation."

Exactly! Then "there was a roar of protest from Radicals present. I was denounced as an Anarchist of the most incendiary brand. More, I was told that it was a most cowardly thing to advocate such monstrous proceedings at a safe distance, and that if I really meant what I said the least I could do was to go down and blow up some bridges myself. For once in my life I was quite meek and mild in my rejoinder, and I pointed out in a true pacifist spirit that I had not advocated bridge destruction, but had said, what I stuck to, that I should be glad to hear that the men, quite unaided, had brought themselves to the point which induced them to do this; also that for me to go down there and attempt this wild policy of revenge and overthrow would have no significance at all, except that of qualifying me beyond a peradventure for a permanent post as an inmate of a criminal lunatic asylum."

"If this were a men's journal, I should ask pardon for dwelling upon such a subject as dynamiting; for to males violence is an alien and unwelcome subject. But to my female readers, belonging as they do to a movement which has espoused sabotage, this discussion will have a familiar ring. So, though a peaceful male myself, I transcribe these opinions on the theory and practice of "planting the soup."

Hyndman begins a chapter on "Socialism in the United States" with a long quotation from the speech of Michael Schwab when about to be condemned to death in Chicago as one of the Haymarket Anarchists. "We English Socialists," he says, "did all we possibly could to save the accused and condemned men, and a petition to the governor of Illinois which we drew up was signed by some of the most distinguished people in Great Britain. Public meetings of protest were also held. All to no purpose." In another place he relates that a final cablegram to the governor of Illinois was turned over to Edward Aveling, the brilliant and unscrupulous man who lived in an irregular marriage with Eleanor Marx, and he pocketed the money and never sent it. Aveling, I am moved to say, must have wanted money then as badly as I do now. Let no committee entrust me with its funds just at present!

Having lived for some time in America, Hyndman is well acquainted with the American Socialist movement, and passes suggestive, if not exactly final, judgments on various persons in it. Thus he says that the position of Debs is "not very different from that of Bebel," which, if true, throws some light on the position of Bebel. He speaks familiarly of Herron, Wilshire, Lucien Sanial, A. M. Simons and W. D. Haywood. The last of these he calls the "most thoroughgoing and one of the most devoted of the working-class labor movement."

It is worth noting that he calls the "most thoroughgoing and one of the most devoted of the working-class labor movement."

He shows, incidentally, an unsentimental comprehension of the late unpleasantness at Cripple Creek. Charlotte Perkins Gilman's poem, "Similar Cases," he considers "the most telling piece of semi-scientific satire ever written."

(Continued on page 14, column 1)
BACK TO THE HOME

By Caro Lloyd

The clamoring host of reasons for woman's suffrage stands the silent figure of Justice eternally pointing the way. Here is the time-honored, universal plea which wins even indifferent men to the cause. But a change has come over her spirit. In the early days she stood somewhat cold, imper- sonal, like a statue. Today she is a living woman, warm with heartbeats, alive with ardor, wit, knowledge.

When Dr. Mary Walker was mistakenly arrested in Washington the other day, it brought to the mind the movement of twenty years or more ago, when the tone of the plea was for woman's rights, her right to be as like man as possible in work, in opportunity, in mentality. When it was not abstract it was aggressive toward the tyrant man. The plea today is distinctly womanly, and it is concrete. Woman is demanding political equality because she is different from man and she wants it because she is stirred to the depths of her nature by an awakening consciousness of what she hopes to do with it.

Before the appalling social conditions of poverty, divorce, insanity, suicide, unemployment, graft, men are bewildered, politically skeptical and apathetic. Along comes the army of women, full of fresh energy, order and to see that only by extending their home-making out into the future society. We are to forsake our present regime with its cruel hostilities, and to build an order which shall meet the needs of all its children with the tenderness of father and mother, which shall institutionalize sisterhood and brotherhood. In this reconstruction women, the spirit of the home with them. There are already signs that the faith, hope and so eager to share the burden of setting society to rights that they are voluntarily doing it. All over the country they are equipping themselves with a knowledge of conditions and are standing in an advisory capacity behind legislators. Nine-tenths of their efforts are directed to the amelioration of conditions, especially of women and children.

There are two great human rights, love and work. I have chosen both.

Search any woman's heart, no matter how "emancipated," how "modern" she may be, and you will find there the love of home, of a lover, of a child, either realized or hoped for. How far this love is being denied to women today needs no showing. Women are being forced from the home into industry at a lower rate than the birtriters. Those still in the home are beginning to realize the interdependence of the modern social order and to see that only by extending their home-making out into the larger life of the community are their own circles safe.

As they go out into this wider service and struggle, women will take the spirit of the home with them. There are already signs that the faith, honesty, cleanliness, kindness of the home are to become the qualities of future society. We are to forsake our present regime with its cruel hostilities, and to build an order which shall meet the needs of all its children with the tenderness of father and mother, which shall institutionalize sisterhood and brotherhood. In this reconstruction women, the home makers, will do a valiant share.

Then having battled for their emancipation and work, and having used their new powers to join in the crusade for a higher civilization and work, women will go back again into the home. Back to the home! But it will be as free women to a free home, and the home shall be adjusted as to make place for motherhood in every woman's life and the morning rays of the golden age will tint the hills.

A CAUSERIE

There is, of course, a bushel of entertaining gossip in the book regarding all the English Socialists, but that the reader must look up for himself if he wants it. I return to make one last comment on Hyndman: He dislikes asceticism, knows how to order a dinner, enjoys a good wine and speaks of George Frederick Williams, a Boston lawyer and Democrat, as "on his way toward Socialism, I hoped, but anyway, not with consideration.

His seventy years have not curdled Mr. Hyndman's soul!

EXPERIENCES AND OBSERVATIONS IN ALASKA

(Continued from page 12)

Whether it is distributing handbills or selling Socialist papers, the McDonald, and the Groot, and the Heath and Krauszunas children are on deck for work. The boys and girls whose parents are not Socialists get an inspiration to want to do something for Socialism when they see the way these little fellows enjoy the work.

There are many other Alaskan boys and girls I would like to speak of, but will mention only one more. At the Creaky Creek mine the comrades arranged for my entertainment at the home of Comrade Ivey. They have a little boy 6 years old. Several days before my meeting he said to his mother: "We must be sure and have some change in the house when Mrs. Lewis comes, so as to have something for the collection." They were in the habit of paying their bills in checks, and only now and then had any cash in the house. Little Sammy's mother told me that he had half a dollar put up on the clock shelf two days before the meeting so as to be ready for the collection. He sold books and distributed literature at the meeting with an enthusiasm that was a real inspiration to the older people and gave prophecy of becoming an efficient worker in the future.

Three mass-meetings were held in Nome besides one in Labor Union Hall. The presiding officer at these three meetings was "Mother Tiffany." Not a chick or a child of her own flesh and blood to call her mother, she has become "mother" to all of Nome, and the fact that she came to Nome on one of the first boats and has remained all the while in the camp entitles her to high rank among the pioneers because of her varied experiences as a "sourdough." (This is the Alaskan term for an old-timer.)

At my first meeting Mother Tiffany said: "If all the people in Nome who call me mother were as fully imbued with the Socialist spirit as I am, we would soon have Socialism in this country." Her stirring speech at the opening of the meeting aroused the audience to a high pitch of enthusiasm and served to get the people in good humor to listen to the address from me.

In all my travels I have never had more interested and appreciative hearers than in Alaska. The territory has more magazine readers according to population than any other part of the United States, and perhaps in no part of the country are the people as well informed as in Alaska.

SAKED MOTHERHOOD

By Maud Thompson

HE FACTS: A woman teacher in Erasmus Hall High School has applied for a year's leave of absence, without pay, for the purpose of bearing and rearing a child. Her request has been denied by the board of education and charges of neglect of duty will be brought against her.

THE WOMAN SPEAKS (statement made at the New York Federation of Women's Clubs):

There are two great human rights, love and work. I have chosen both. I refuse to be denied either. All my life I have trained for the work with love and purpose. I expect to follow my work with ever-increasing efficiency until death or old age overtakes me. Out of my long teaching life I ask this year to bear and nurse my own child. I demand this year in the name of social service, for the woman who bears a healthy and beloved child serves her world more than the man who kills or rules. I demand this year in the name of my work, for to none will the mysteries of the child mind be so revealed as to the mother who watches intelligently from day to day the growth of her own child. As citizen, as worker, as woman I am brought against her. It is a man-made system. Men make the laws for me. Men spend my income for me. (Mothers are allowed to pay taxes which furnish the income.) Through men I select the teachers. It is true that the teachers are women, but that is only because I cannot get men to teach for the wages I offer. And at least I see that the women teachers are unmarried. It is my will and purpose that no mothers shall enter the schoolroom or care for the children I have taken from their mothers. Motherhood is sacred—when it is wholly dependent on a man. Motherhood is sacred—when its only work is housework. Motherhood is sacred—until the child is old enough to walk away from it. But from motherhood free, from motherhood self-supporting, from motherhood in social service—18,000,000 children must be protected.

What do you think?
STATE CORRESPONDENTS’ CLUB
Conducted by May Walden

Comrade Schwartz of Atlanta, Ga., enters our circle with these words: "I would be pleased to exchange ideas with the other State Correspondents, but being new in this line of work, I hope the others will not be very critical of me but be eager to have my ideas."

I am now sending out my first batch of letters to the locals of Georgia. I hope they will appreciate them and I hope to hear from them...

Minna Ledyard, the State Correspondent from Vermont who has just been added to our list, writes: "I would be delighted to receive any suggestions that might help me in this work. I have already..."

We have had three campaigns here, one right after another: First, the initiative campaign for the eight-hour day. We carried that off with flying colors; there was no vote..."

I have heard the letters of the other State Correspondents with much pleasure and profit. Comrade Latimer’s circular letters seemed fine to me and I learned from Comrade Stallard how to send out the current report and how to send out my reports..."

Clara Ware, of Arkansas, who was the first to receive the State Correspondent letters, says of them: "I have read them with much pleasure and received much good advice. I have sent circular letters to every woman whose name I could get; either a Socialist or near Socialist. They have received only a small number of replies. We of the South have things to contend with that you do not. To see the horrors of the poverty of our timber-workers—no pen can picture it—to see the loggers’ shacks and the tie-makers’ huts, and the families in such distress..."

Now just let us get the message and work by the program for one of the new women’s Socialistic Federations. We are organizing the locals here at Northfield..."

DOINGS OF OUR HUSTLERS FOR A FIFTY PER CENT WOMAN MEMBERSHIP
As we go to press the orders for bundles of The Progressive Woman that are coming in indicate that we of the South have things to be interested in. The other women in the party, including the locals of Georgia, are very interested in the progress of the movement. We will try to show them who gets their labor and votes and who does not. We will try to make them see by today’s bulletin that there are twenty-eight states in which the vote that we want to..."

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Here are the names of these 3-MINUTE LEAFLETS:

THE SOCIALIST PEACE CONGRESS—Shows the attitude of Socialists toward war, and the new development of general European conflict. By MELA L. STERN.

THE TEACHER’S RELATION TO THE LABOR PROBLEM—A direct appeal to the men and women whose task it is to educate the citizens of tomorrow. This leaflet will help catch the school-children for Socialism. By MAY WOOD-SIMONS.

THAT FIFTY PER CENT—Explains clearly why labor organizations are meant for girls and women as well as for men. Just the thing to give to women in the office, factory, or store. By J. L. ENDEAHL.

SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN—Contains facts and data that will surprise every one about the situation of women in the world. By R. D. THOMPSON, ex-City Clerk of Milwaukee.

AFTER SUFRAAGE—What has happened to interest of suffragists who are not Socialists, and shows the need of Socialism for women. By BARNET BRAVERMAN.

SUFFRAGISTS, WATCH OUT FOR THE WOLF!—Suggests to suffragists that the so-called sympathy toward suffrage on the part of business-men and women is a sham. By BARNET BRAVERMAN. This leaflet is not genuine. By BARNET BRAVERMAN.

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How far will the wonderful Alfalfa plant go in solving the mystery of life is the question scientists are asking. The plant has proven a wonder in building up tissues in animals with a remarkable speed, and is not the form, part of which is gram-negative and is the liver trouble and brain fog. Robinson's famous Alfalfa Nutrient tincture is made from the Alfalfa. Send 4 cents for a 16-cent, ten-day trial bottle of Alfalfa Nutrient, with 24-manual, "Health and Beauty," to Alfalfa Chemical Company, 136 West Adams Street, Chicago. It's a revelation. Also an exceptional money-saving opportunity for agents.

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