CHILD LABOR
NUMBER

The... Child...
is the...
Nation's... Chief...
Asset.
PUSH THE THREE-MINUTE LEAFLETS

THERE are millions of people who would be advocating Socialism and woman suffrage if they only knew that these two great movements are inseparable. These people are opposed to Socialism and woman suffrage. We need these people to be convinced, logical, and good natured. And we need to convince them. They are printed article of the Houchen, and supplement paper-look good—and will do good. They need only THREE MINUTES to be read. They are an extremely stimulating and interesting read. They will interest women in Socialism and woman suffrage blank regarding meetings, lectures and entertainments. They will bring the women to your meeting. They will bring the men to your meeting. They are the thing to give to all our friends and acquaintances who are not Socialists, and to men and women with whom you have had no contact and conversation about Socialism, or the labor movement! We urge you to use these LEAFLETS.

THE SOCIALIST PEACE CONGRESS—
shows the attitude of Socialists toward war, and what they did to prevent a great European conflict. By M. I. SPERBER.

THE TEACHER'S RELATION TO THE LABOR PROLETARIAT—A direct appeal to the men and women whose task it is to teach the children of Socialists. This leaflet will help capture the interest of the students. By R. W. SIMMONS.

THE LABOR LEAFLET—CENSUS—
declares clearly why labor organizations are necessary. A direct appeal to labor men for men. Just the thing to give to the men you meet. By J. L. ENOCH.

SOCIALIST WOMEN—Contains facts and data that will surprise every one. A great leaflet for Socialist women. By CARL D. THOMPSON, ex-Clerk of Milwaukee.

AFTER SUFFRAGE—What?—Things of interest to suffragists who are not Socialists, and shows that the real purpose of suffrage should be to help win out industrial slavery. By BARNET BRAVERMAN.

SUCCESSFUL WORK IN THE WORKMAN.—The story of the so-called sympathy toward suffrage in the factories of Socialists and capitalist politicians who formerly worked among the workers. By BARNET BRAVERMAN.

These 3-MINUTE LEAFLETS are offered for 25 cents per 100, or $1.25 per 1,000. This price barely covers the cost. We could not make this rate, for these are the result of a large quantity printed at the lowest possible prices. Envelope orders easy to handle. They are envevelope size, to be used in your private or other correspondence.

Every reader of The Progressive Woman can dispose of at least 100 leaflets, and there is a good many who can handle a thousand or more for distribution. Send in your order today, however small.

Lack of space prevents the appearance of Part II of "Evelyn Black's Diary." Watch for it next month.
IN THIS OUR WORLD

A JOURNALISTIC TRAGEDY.

A GREAT Socialist paper has just gone out of existence. Word comes, as we go to press, that "The Coming Nation" has suspended publication. This is nothing less than a tragedy for our movement.

The Socialist movement needs papers. It needs a high-class journalism. Until it develops such a journalism there is little hope that it will attract the masses.

Whether the Socialist movement should support a party-owned press, or whether it shall continue to have privately owned papers, is a question which will not doubt come up for decision in the near future. It is a big question; one difficult to solve. But we must face it, and answer it.

At the national convention of the Socialist party in 1912 the editor of The Progressive Woman urged publication of a monthly paper for women's vote. The time is ripe for such a movement. We are going to take over this paper, as the official propaganda and educational medium of the Woman's National Committee. There is a Woman's Department in the National Committee, where it is tolerable to expose the party. This department, up to the present time, has been forced to carry on its organization work through personal letters, circular letters, and the National Bulletin. This is a slow and expensive method, and the results must be far from satisfactory. Every organization in the world builds itself up through a journalistic medium. The woman's suffrage movement in this country has an official organ and several others besides. The Socialist women of Germany have an official organ with a circulation of over 100,000, and a large woman membership in consequence.

This is a slow and yet a method, and the results must be far from satisfactory. Every organization in the world builds itself up through a journalistic medium. The woman's suffrage movement in this country has an official organ and several others besides. The Socialist women of Germany have an official organ with a circulation of over 100,000, and a large woman membership in consequence.

But our committee is a party committee, and we have to come to the point of party-owned papers. The nearest thing to this would be to advise the Woman's National Committee to form a Progressive Woman stock company, and to make use of the paper as a propaganda medium. This method was later criticised as being incompatible with party principles, and was abandoned by the Woman's National Committee.

Today The Progressive Woman belongs in the category of privately owned papers. The cause it has desired, but because there is no other choice. Since it is the only woman's paper extant through which the Woman's National Committee can reach the women who support the cause, it is desirable to continue its work. The Women's National Committee, after long consideration, recommends the following:

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

THE GAMBLING INSTINCT.

The gambling instinct with us is terrific. The very business of the nation is a gamble. The necessities of life—the mines, mills, factories, etc.—are gamble. One man thrives, he wins, thousands lose. The winner lives in luxury hitherto unknown in the history of the world, so great is it. The losers live practically from the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table.

Women are not born gamblers. Through ages of necessity they have been made conservationists. Women live in society because of the number of great women capitalists is negligible. The women who have won world-wide renown are whom? Those who have sought in some way to help humanity. Name them over, or those who have won theirs into public life. Are there any Jay Goulds among them? Any Rockefeller, any Carnegie?

No. Women don't care about gambling with the very necessities of life. Their whole energy is devoted to conserving and building up the life forces; the social forces.

This month (June) the International Suffrage Association meets in Budapest. The representative women of the world—women of all races who are interested in this organization. The international conference will busy itself with discussions about race betterment. Every effort will be made in that direction. Why? Why are they not trying, instead, to boom worship in some corporation? To extend the world's markets—even at the point of the bayonet? The representative women of the whole world are busying themselves with such things as equality, race preservation, social betterment? Why?

Because women are not the gamblers of the race. They are their conservators. And one day they are going to learn how to conserve!

PRIVATELY-OWNED HIGHWAYS.

When the committee appointed by the Socialist party to investigate the situation among the striking miners in West Virginia made its report, among the startling things it brought back was this: That the highways in West Virginia are privately owned. In many cases, of course, they are owned by those who also own the mines. This means that the miners have excellent opportunity for driving the mine workers off the earth. For if we are not allowed on the highways, the public roads, where in the world can we go, if we do not happen to own property we can in no way control?

But this reminds us that a few generations ago most of the public roads in the United States were privately owned. One had to pay a tax or "coll" to pass over them. Also, the public schools did not exist. Only private schools, that you had to pay to attend. The postoffice, also, was a privately-owned affair. In some instances it cost 25 cents to send a letter a shorter distance than from Chicago to St. Louis.

All of which seems barbarous. But no more than it will seem to our children a few generations removed, that their ancestors paid a tax on all the clothes they wore, all the food they ate, all the fuel they burned. And that private owners were made immensely rich from this tax!

THE private ownership in the necessities of life is the curse from which we suffer today. It is the disease, the wicked irritant that must be destroyed with all its train of hideous symptoms which shriek aloud from the yellow press, and from every nook and cranny of our civilized world.

(Continued on page 4, column 3)
THE CHILD'S RIGHT

By Grace D. Brewer

THE COMING ARMY

By Mrs. H. E. Larrabee

CHAPTER VI

Poverty of the Masses.

THE present capitalist system of industry reduces the masses of the people to poverty.

There are always large numbers of workers out of employment. Millions of workers are unemployed part of each year. All such workers are necessarily poverty-stricken.

And nearly all of the workers who have steady employment are also poverty-stricken. They receive only enough for their labor to provide the barest necessities of life.

Millions of the people are in actual constant distress for lack of a sufficient amount of the bare necessities of life.

Many more millions of the people are suffering constant mental starvation because their incomes are insufficient to provide anything more than the bare necessities of life.

The cause of this general destitution and deprivation is not inability to produce sufficient to afford an abundant life to all.

By no means.

On the contrary, with modern machinery, the people can easily produce enough to afford an abundant life for all.

They are deprived of this abundant life because a comparatively few parasitical capitalists monopolize the good things.

These capitalists are able to monopolize the good things solely because they own the exploiting industries.

But, by voting the Socialist ticket, the people can make the exploiting industries collective property, owned by all the people and run for the benefit of all the people.

Then, involuntary poverty will be a thing of the past.

And all the people will be blessed with the abundant life.

(To be continued)

ARE WE OBSESSED?

(Continued from page 3)

From the center of the great city to the farthest mountain hamlet we know about white slavery, child labor, low wages, and poverty with all its train of evils. DO we know that these are only symptoms of an industrial system, and of a political government that indorses the profit system?

If we DO know, then let us eradicate the profit system, and all the ugly symptoms will go with it, leaving a cleaner, safer, wiser foundation upon which to build our future civilization—leaving cleaner news journals, better art, more elevating conversation!

Who'd a thought it?

It's too good for comment!

WHAT?

Why, the Suffrage Victory in Illinois!
THE STORY OF OLD MAGGIE

By Evelyn F. Mornweek

PIONEER SUFFRAGISTS
(SUSAN B. ANTHONY)

By Burke McCarty

LD MAGGIE was our wash-woman. She was a tall, somewhat bluff-looking figure, but belied her appearance by her constant good humor and readiness for any kind of a laugh. She told us children stories about her young life in Ireland, and embellished the tales with folk-lore and legends, making quite dramatic events of the most commonplace experiences. All her life long she had toiled hard; she had raised a large family only to lose them in various ways, and now, at sixty, she had but one child—her youngest, her darling, her Jimmy. Her two little girls had been taken by diptheria contracted near an uncovered cesspool next the school house; then her boys were killed in a fire. In the last of all, her husband had dropped in his tracks under a heavy load of mail one joyous Christmastide. Thirty years had he worked for Uncle Sam, and his uniform was passed as a heathen and as possible heir to the estate.

Yet with all her sorrow and misfortune, old Maggie kept a smiling face turned toward the world, and her faith and courage were un daunted. She would allow no one to give her money, and always said when my father asked her to help her: "Give me work to do, sir, and I can go to my grave thanking God that I've never had to taste the bread of charity." Now it seemed that her poor bruised heart had centered all its love upon her youngest and last. He was a happy-go-lucky boy, without a thought of care; good-looking and easily led by his more worldly-wise companions.

"Ah, Jimmy," his mother would tell us, "he's done well to take up domesticity."

She gave him two weeks, and the dear lad is that much of a comfort, too, ye can't think." Then her Withered face would brighten up, and her blue Irish eyes flash with pride of this her darling boy.

One day I heard my father's voice in his study: "Why, Maggie, what's the matter? What's the trouble, my poor woman?"

"Oh, mister (this was always Maggie's name for father), "mister, my boy! my boy!"

"Is he hurt? Is he sick?"

"No, sir, no, he's well and strong," and then the poor old voice broke pitifully, "they've taken my boy to the slaughter. My Jimmie was the last of my dear children. He's gone wid them this morning, marching away in a uniform so proud and gay, and left me alone in me old age, with nothing but empty bands. Oh, Mary! have mercy!"

Maggie raised her head, and said, "I'll stand up to my misfortune. I slipped down to the door and peeped in. Father had gripped the arm of his chair and his jaw was set.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

"They come to him with glad promises and told him he'd have so much more to send to his old mother, fr' his living 'twouldn't cost him a cent. An' what with the talk of the uniform and Uncle Sam, an' tellin' him to remember the Maine (which, God knows, they won't let us forget!) they turned him round, pathe tized, swearing he was twenty-one, when he was only nineteen, and them vipers knew it."

"Maggie," said father, "I shall do what I can for you."

I joined the department and asked for the return of James Kelly, as he enlisted under age; and in the meantime you must let me help you. Can't I lend you some money until you hear from Jimmie?"

"Thank ye, sir, niver. I'll come reg'lar and work for you, but don't offer me charity, though I know ye mean it well."

Father left no stone unturned in his endeavor to reclaim Jimmy Kelly. He made daily motor trips to the War Office, he put off on some pretext. He interested the mayor and the state senator, but to no avail. The Spanish war was in progress, and all was girt that old figure was a member of the corps. In the end, poor old Maggie passed the home of one of the Maine's young victims, whose mother had draped the door with mourning. She was no longer the bright and cheery Maggie, but worked silently about the house, and crept silently away at night. The tragedy of her life seemed near to completion.

One evening she stole into our hallway with a shawl tightly over her head. "Mister," she whispered hoarsely, "my boy's dead." There was an odor of liquor on her breath, the first that had ever polluted that honest throat. The letter stated that James Kelly had died of malignant fever in a Florida camp, and that his remains were being shipped to Pittsburgh that day.

"Oh, Maggie," sobbed my mother, "don't go home. Stay with us until his body comes. You're sick with grief, my poor Maggie." But roughly, the word was pushed us all aside and went out into the night.

Three days later she again appeared, her eyes wild and her hair in great disorder. "They won't let me see him," she cried, "he's down at Schmidt's and they pulled me away from his coffin. They're after their cruel heads every affliction that I've endured!"

Father hurried with her to the undertaking rooms. It was quite impossible to open the coffin, they said, as the young man had died of a contagious disease, and their orders were to allow no one to see him.

Old Maggie sat by her lost boy's side until the day of the funeral. She resisted all efforts to induce her to rest, and only ate a crust of bread when she could not bear her strength might leave her before her child was buried. Father comforted her a little when he assured her that the government would pay for the masses necessary to be said before poor Jimmy's soul reached St. Peter's. The poor Maggie, but she would not have been easy in her mind had he told her the truth, even though it meant to her the salvation of her boy. All day and all night she sat moaning and ocasionally laughing wildly and bitterly; but there was nothing to comfort her, now, and even her great faith was shattered under this last blow.

There was no honor done the dead boy, for Jimmy had not died in active service; but Uncle Sam kindly wrapped a flag around his ca, and granted him the privilege of having his grave decorated on Memorial Day. Strange to say, even this failed to soothe his mother's broken heart. She drank continuously, and her lonely old age was marred by the stench of alcohol. At last, her poor old sodden body was picked up lifeless from the doorstep of the building she had haunted so long; and her spirit went out to meet that of her boy in the threshold of the institution that had enticed him to his death.

At a refined, intelligent, sensitive woman should consecrate sixty years of her life, in which all thoughts of self were effaced, to an unpopular cause for both the woman and the cause remarkable; to have lived eighty-six years in such a manner that she could say when standing on the threshold of the great beyond, "If it were possible to live them over again, I would follow the same path,

New Netherland," demonstrates that she had constantly lived up to her ideals.

In the history of the world's liberators, Susan B. Anthony stands as one of the most courageous and patient of the leaders, fighting against the sky. She entered the field for equal suffrage, peniless and unknown. The path she marked out for herself lay through an undiscovered, almost intolerable wilderness where oftentimes she was led to believe that she would fail to see the light. For thirty years she was the target of ridicule,amounting almost to disrespect and persecution. She was misquoted and misrepresented, but she strode on, never swerving, leading her followers, the darlings of the lowest and most destitute woman, like the great general which she was. She combined the strategy of Napoleon with the alertness of Mad Anthony Wayne, "the man who never slept."

Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone Blackwell, Cady Stanton and scores of others in the cause had the financial and moral support of their husbands to lean upon and comfort them in their disappointments and rebuffs, but Miss Anthony stood alone. It must have been a great satisfaction to this unyielding woman to have lived to see the mountain of prejudice gradually disappear and the right of women to vote for years obstructed so many of her contents.

Miss Anthony came into the Equal Rights movement by the temperance route as did many others. She soon saw that women without the ballot were powerless to cope with temperance. She had not time to "dip out vice by the teaspoonful, while the wrongly adjusted forces of society are pouring it in by the bucketful," so in 1852 she joined the little band of progressive women, carried together by Lucretia Mott and Elizabeth Cady Stanton at Seneca Falls, N. Y., and from that time to the day of her death in 1906 she lectured, campaigned, lobbied, solicited, petitioned, addressed congressmen, clubs and individuals for equal rights for women. She went before state Legislatures with bills for the betterment of women. She addressed every Congress from 1869 to 1906. She demanded and never stopped until she had gotten co-education. Many times she had not only all the world against her but all the suffragists with the exception of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, who was her Siamese twin in the cause, but invariably it developed that the plan of Susan B. Anthony was correct, and eventually she became the natural leader of the movement.

When the suffrage paper "The Revolution," which she established, failed, and she found herself $10,000 in debt, with no way to pay it, she lost no time in lamentations, nor did she go into bankruptcy as many men have done. She was at that time the highest paid lecturer in the country, and she set about getting money. With in six years she had liquidated every dollar by her own personal efforts. Susan B. Anthony was a most womanly woman and loved everything devoted to the feminine cause.

It is compulsory to love that female "grenadier"—as she was usually caricatured by the capitalist press, whose advent into a political campaign struck terror into the hearts of the dishonest politicians, who knew what a spectacle she would make of their shabby reputations—every
ONE BOY I KNOW
AND HIS MA

By Freda Hogan

RARELY do you find in the camps of the Oklahoma and Arkansas mine
boys, many years of age, living with their fathers—as their "buddies." And it is about one of these boys that I want to tell you.

He came to the office a month or so ago for some union printing, and added, perhaps in answer to a questioning look thrown his way, that he was secretary of a certain local union near here. We had worked together. "It's mighty fine that you're interested in the fight of our class so early," I said. "Your father must be very proud of you—and your mother, too. But it seems to me that you'd rather be in school for a while yet."

The latter statement should never have been made—I knew why he wasn't in school. This was the first time he had seen me, but in his conversation he called me by name. "Freda, I'd like to go to school," he said, "but pa needs me to help make a livin'. We got six kids, and with what you gotta have to eat and wear, and rent so high, pa just can't make enough. So I guess I will.

And he went on: "I know lots o' kids—pretty near ever' one round me—in e same boat with me. And the girls, too. Lots of us that are about the same age, and got them ma with the cookin' and kids. Hep o' times ma ma washes or irons or scrubs for folks."

He paused, and then: "But I guess they ain't goin' to be done," he said, as I handed him the package.

With some booklets and leaflets he went away and it was about three weeks later that I saw him again. A change in his appearance was very noticeable. His face was clean and his eyes were brighter and larger. I didn't have long to wonder about the change. You know, pa don't believe that Socialist stuff like you give me," he began. "But ma and I read it on the side, and I tell you, we think it's fine doings. She says since she read just what the Socialists do want, she'd a-voted for Debs sure last year, if she'd a-had a vote. And it says it looks like lots o' folks would like to help him for his change to vote and vote for them 'at has allus been ag'in 'em. I heard pa and the other men at the union meetin' 'tother night, talkin' 'bout all that money paid out o' the union treasury to a committee to go down where the Legislature meets and beg them men to stand by us—when it was the men at home 'at sent em there. They said it wuz a shame. And I think so, too. But that's a difference between ma and pa. He just fusses while ma 'd vote about it. Wouldn't catch her sending the same kind o' letters back ag'in. She reckoned she remembered that them bedbugs would 'a been on our bed, and bad stuff, and not ought to be on—if she'd just fussed—if she hadn't got busy with that blue ointment. No, ma says it don't do no good just to put her way is to git up and git rid of what's a-pesterin' you, don't matter if it's bedbugs that calls for ointment or crooked politicians that calls for a little sense in votin'."

"Ma told me t'other night as she was a darnin' off Johnnie's pants 'at she thought it would be a heap better if them mines over there was owned by all o' us—'stid of the company, what won't make no improvements they ain't made no use of nothin'. Ma asked me if I hadn't seen any thing Smithers gittin' his back broke—caused the company wouldn't fix the roof. I reckon I do, but I remember more'n all his poor ma's white face when he was took home. Yes, I know he made all they had. Her hair's already gray, but she's takin' in washin'. I thought o' her first thing when I read that old-age pension dope. But as I was sayin', ma said she reckon if the men 'at works in that mine, anything in charge, that roof'd 'a been fixed and Hugo Smithers 'd be here today to take care o' his old ma. Ma told me how Miss Henry, our next door neighbor, had said when it happened 'at it was fixed, but she said she believed in such a thing as God, and not in the one in no such tellin' lies on God. Not like that, anyway—it was a clear case of the company not wantin' to spend the money to fix it. And I didn't hear the 'super' say it'd cost too much."

"You know, that stuff 'bout the men gettin' all they make sure made a hit with ma. She ain't never had no chance, neither, but she knows that's the way it is. Ma told me how she was a chance to have anything she right now. When we got to talkin' 'bout it the other night she said me had me get Annie's tablet and pencil and she set in to do some figurin'. And it didn't take her long to figure out that there was a right nice sum of difference between the 25 cents the men gits paid for diggin' the coal and the $3.50 the company sells it fur, Ma 'lowed the difference on the tons ma and me dig'd go quite a way in fixin' things up com-fortable-like for us. She said we might even manage to have some lace curtains for the front winders after a little."

"Seems like ma and ma's jist been converted—how it don't! Ma said folks oughta have sense enough to git Socialism in a week or so. But if it takes longer'n that, she means to do her part. 'Cause ma says the only way to git rid o' a big ironin', or washin', or anything, is just to dig in. And that's what ma thinks 'bout this business of gittin' Socialism."

The last words were spoken from the aisle, for the conductor had already called his station. The book which had seemed interesting to me was slipped unnoticed from my lap. From the car windows I looked across the fields with their new carpet of green and up the blue mountains, big and strong. And thought again of the Great Cause that brings hope to boys like this one—and their ma and pa.

CIRCULATE THIS ISSUE

The Progressive Woman needs funds to put this Child Labor Edition into the hands of the greatest possible number of men and women, who know that Socialism alone will wipe out child labor. We at the office, and our contributors, have worked to make this child Labor Number so good that the results would be worth the money. Any amount of money for the cause of child freedom will cut out the blank below and fill it in for a bundle as large as possible. The sooner you mail your order, the sooner you'll get your bundle. Ask your friends and comrades to contribute to bundles where they are needed but cannot be paid for.

TO SAVE THE CHILD.

The PROGRESSIVE WOMAN, Chicago, Ill.

Find enclosed $ . . . . . , for which send bundle of Child Labor Edition, No. 72, at the rate of 3 cents per copy.

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THE WAGE EARNERS' POLITICAL EQUALITY LEAGUE OF PITTSBURGH

By Pearl Ellis

IN THE evening of December 10, 1908, at the Church Home, 424 Dubuque Way, Pitts- burgh, there gathered in answer to the call of Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day, who was at that time organizer of the National Equal Suffrage Association, a number of the oldest women suffragists of Allegheny County, among whom were Miss Matilda Orr Hays, state treasurer of the Pennsylvania Equal Suffrage Association; Miss Kate Sweeney, president of the New Era Club, for the purpose of discussing the proposed organization of a wage earners' political equality league.

The capacity of the Christian Home for Working Girls is some hundred and ten, and it is worthy of note that at this first meeting, held simply for the purpose of laying the foundations of a suffrage club, not more than thirty of the inmates of the home attended. The words "women's suffrage" brought the usual vision to the uninitiated of masculine-appearing, starched female supporters, emanating from some imaginary evil to the minds of the majority of the girls or else they regarded the request to be present with indifference. In vain did the one or two suffragists of their number talk to them of improved working conditions. As one of these suffragists put it to a clerk in one of the large department stores, "Don't you want an eight-hour day by law, the same as they have in the four states of the South who now know how you complain because you have to work from eight in the morning until ten at night on Saturdays? Here, take this leaflet, The Wage Earner and the Ballot," and read it and come to the meeting." But in the majority of cases the leaflet was not read and the girl who received it did not put in an appearance at the meeting.

Following this meeting at which the above-named earnest women and also several others spoke, there was sufficient enthusiasm generated for the real work of organization of the club, which took place four nights later in the small library of the home. As was understood, it was to consist entirely of wage earners, any wage earning man or woman being eligible for membership, non-wage earners being given the privilege of associate membership. This rule was never rescinded as the organization continues to remain class conscious.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected: Honorary president, Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day; president, Miss Matilda Orr Hay; vice-president, Miss Grace Thompson; secretary, Miss Pearl Ellis; treasurer, Miss Anna Allen; press agent, Miss Faith White. Executive and entertainment committees were also elected. For the purpose of carrying on the work of membership the club was not placed upon a financial basis the first year, but depended entirely upon voluntary contributions of its members.

After the first bi-monthly meeting, on account of the large attendance, the club was obliged to change its place of meeting from the small library of the Home to the spacious double parlors. The third or fourth meeting was the occasion of a special dinner tendered to the wage earners at the Home by all of the women's clubs of Pittsburgh, the honor guest being Mrs. Rachel Foster Avery, who at that time was first vice-president of the National Suffrage Association, and president of the Pennsylvania Suffrage Association. This reception was well attended. It will always be remembered by a number of the older members of the club who upon this occasion approached Mrs. Avery, and said, "I would rather come and talk to this club of wage earners than to any other club in Pittsburgh.

By the spring of 1909 the membership of the club had increased to eighty and after a final reception in May at which once more Mrs. Avery, and also Gertrude Breslau Fuller of Pittsburgh, known as the "mother" of the Socialist party, were the principal speakers, the club adjourned until fall.

During the winter of 1909-10 the club increased its membership to 128 actual members and also organized the Congress of Clubs of Western Pennsylvania. The meetings were well attended and it is a question if the meetings of any of the other clubs in the city were more interesting. Almost without exception the most brilliant women, and writers, newspaper people, educators, when asked to speak before this club responded with alacrity. One very noted criminal lawyer even volunteered to speak at any time to this "earnest group of young men and women."

The most notable event in the early history of the club was the parade through the principal streets of Pittsburgh with "Votes for Women" pennants flying, headed by Miss M. Emmeline Pundit, hundred, bearing a large pennant inscribed with the name of the club, and another pennant bearing the words, "Welcome! Harriet Taylor Upton!" carried by the secretary to the station to meet Mrs. Upton when the secretary was on the occasion of her coming down from Warren, Ohio, to hear Mrs. Punkhurst on the evening the latter spoke in Pittsburgh, and the subsequent stage seating with which the trip was a success, and Mrs. Punkhurst's lecture. A number of the members of the club still have in their possession the pennants carried on this occasion. It was in this lecture, which was held in the Old City Hall, that a squad of city police who had been trained to sing in concert by an evangelist some months before sang several hymns. Mrs. Punkhurst took occasion to say in the opening remarks of her speech, "I have followed, that police had often taken part in her meetings before, but never in so kind a fashion."

In February of 1911 the Garment Workers' Union and also the Union League of Pittsburgh joined the Wage Earners' Political Club, awakening its interest and by several hundreds. Miss M. Emmeline Pitt, president of the latter organization, and Pennsylvania state organizer of the American Federation of Labor, was accepted as honorary president of the Wage Earners, along with Mrs. Lucy Hobart Day. But the club has grown in more than mere numbers. It has probably done more to spread the gospel of equal suffrage than any other club in Pittsburgh, for although there are other suffrage clubs in the city, stronger both in numbers and in financial resources, these very organizations have had their beginnings in the activities of certain members of the Wage Earners' Political Equality Club. It is a singular fact that these working men and women, although willing to organize the more conservative element, refuse to join the organizations they help materially to build up, but strong in the feeling of class clinging tenaciously to their own club. During the past year the president and vice-president have responded to no fewer than fourteen calls for suffrage tables taken by clubs and societies. Suffrage literature was distributed at these meetings and hundreds of slips were signed by men and women testifying to an awakened interest in the cause, while several hundred party slips were signed by men and women desiring to join the Woman Suffrage Party. All things tend to indicate that the Wage Earners' Political Equality Club of Pittsburgh, like all things genuinely democratic, will continue to grow until its full membership will reach the nineteen thousand mark of the organization after which it is modeled, the Wage Earners' Political Equality League of New York.
HUMANITY ON THE ALTAR

By Louis J. Engdahl

The war of the coal miners of West Virginia against their oppressors is more than a man's war. It is more than a woman's war. It is more than a war for the children. It is a bitter struggle for the survival of the entire family.

Humanity—working class humanity—has been placed upon the altar. It must win its way to complete emancipation or be cast aside and left behind like the abandoned mine after it has been despoiled of its wealth.

"All we want is a chance for our children," plead the women of the mines along Cabin Creek. "We have given up hoping for ourselves. Is there any hope for our children?"

The echo of the same plea is heard all along Paint Creek and through the other coal fields of the state.

With the supreme hope that the future will bring with it a new day these women have faced the guns of the mine thugs, they have gone to the mouths of the mines and argued with the strikebreakers brought in from far and near to take the places of their husbands, they have harbored their families in tents in the out-of-doors through a long, merciless winter, and still their spirit has not been broken.

In the ultimate analysis the burden of the fight rests upon the shoulders of the women. When they have once become thoroughly aroused then the race itself is safe. That is the big reason why there is hope for humanity in West Virginia.

"Go back to your homes where you belong," ordered the Baldwin gunmen, when the women came to the mines to tell the men, who had been imported under false pretenses, of the real state of affairs.

These women for the time being forsook their working places in the home to go to the working places of their husbands in the mines in an attempt to make all things well for the family and they could not be turned back.

When the bullets of the mine owners' hired army rained down from the mountains or poured forth from armored trains they knew neither man, woman or child. They knew only the working class as a whole.

In one miner's cabin the father is the victim of the assassin. In another the wife is felled by the bullet that has come out of the underbrush up on the hillside. Somewhere else the thugs invade the home itself and kick the wife until she falls unconscious upon the floor. When she recovers again there is a blank stare in her eyes as she declares with the anguish of a mother in her voice, "I can't hear my baby calling for me any more!"

All these things and more have happened within the year in West Virginia. The voice of the nation, however, has been heard and the army of the exploiter is in full retreat.

Within another year it is felt that labor will have established for itself a secure position in the coal mining regions of the state. This power once gained will be an increasing power from day to day. The voice of Socialism, that has already been heard everywhere that the struggle has been felt, likewise grows stronger and more powerful.

First of all perhaps the workers will win control of the schools. These will then serve their true purpose instead of being merely havens on the hill. That is where the children will go and it is no mere legend: "Sullivan Sunda, miner, aged 14, Italian. Weaver No. 2 mine, Randolph County. This boy was working in a cut with his father, and was not employed by the company. The cut was in the deep and had been standing for a week. The coal broke loose and fell on the boy, instantly killing him."

Because the father is paid by the ton and because the pay is so small the little son of the family was compelled to go into the mine and meet his death instead of enjoying the days of his youth in school and at play in the open sunshine.

As the power of social justice grows, each little city along the creeks where coal is mined in West Virginia will become a garden city where humanity will be the first consideration. The mines will be but adjuncts to these cities. The cities will then cease to be clusters of shacks close to the mouths of the mines. And when the wealth of the mines has been taken away, humanity, more resplendent than ever before, will remain. That is the hope for West Virginia.
INDUSTRIAL INFANCIENCE

By Gertrude Breslau Fuller

Hat nearly two millions of young children under the age of fifteen years are toiling in the industries of this nation today is one of the most stunning facts that the future will record against us. A people stupid and wicked enough to consent to such a crime—what will they think of us?

With a "fairy-like" productivity of wealth, rich, soulful, wonderful machines, hundreds of millions horse power of steam and electrical energy applied to aid the human hand and foot in producing the necessities and luxuries of life, an army of unemployed adults in enforced idleness, what possible apology can there be offered for us?

Never in the history of the human race has there been so little reason for pressing premature labor upon the young.

We injure society by furnishing weak, diseased, exhausted, ignorant children for our adult parenthood to cope with tomorrow.

Not a man or woman in our midst would dare to say that our palaces of brick and stone, our automobiles and exquisite fabrics, our paintings and buildings of noble architecture are the most precious treasures of our civilization. Theoretically, at least, we claim to hold men, women, and children to be the most sacred and supreme concern of society but it is theoretical only; capitalist society protects property first, last and always, and mars, mars, mars and degrades human beings; even the tender, lovely, joyous innocents are sacrificed needlessly, brutally on the altar of dividends.

REVOLUTION IN HOUSEWORK

Not long ago a man, his hair almost white, with his white haired wife and tall, fair daughter standing beside him, said: "The greatest thing the Socialists can do is to solve the problem of housekeeping and free women from the present conditions."

To be sure these problems will all be worked out through the co-operative institutions of the future, but we are just now in the present and the question is pressing hard on the women who work today. They are too tired at night to attend to household cares when they have worked all day.

They have work that is worse than housework. They WANT THE HOME AND THE CHILDREN AND WORK, but how can it be adjusted?

A partial solution of the question has been worked out in some parts of Rome. Here the family lives in a new, convenient, clean, sanitary apartment. The mother goes to her work every day. But there are children in these families. The building is provided with a special room for the children. If they are too young to go to school they are kept under the care and supervision of a trained nurse and the oversight of a physician. Scientifically trained teachers direct their play and work.

Today there are many families in large flat buildings who take their meals at the restaurant attached to the building, but these are not really families for there are no children in the home.

If it is possible to make a place for the children that the mother knew was ran not on a commercial plan, but that would really take the proper care of the three to six year old and if the mother knew that she need not have the child to the care of ignorant and unscrupulous persons, then the babies would be welcome even in the home of the working and business woman.

"But there are not only the meals and the children," some one replies. "The house must be cleaned and many other things have to be done." There must and will grow up a craft of house workers who are skilled in their trade, cleaners, preferably men, for they are far more able to do this work until a race of stronger muscles women has been bred. These men can be hired by the hour just as plumbers and steamer cleaners and when their work is done they will go to their work elsewhere, not "live in" as the present domestic worker does.

They will work with the most improved and sanitary machinery. "But," objects one, "all this will cost money." Not more than it does for the family to attempt to have a woman do the work in the home, whether that woman is the mother or another. Even while the children are young the mother will be a better mother and a better worker if she has years of work outside the home. Not such as will interfere with the feeding of her child, but such as will deepen and broaden her life. During those few hours she should have a place that her child will feel belong in, a place of care. Such care again should be the work of trained persons, whose profession it is to care for the young.

I have at present in mind an institution in a certain community known as a "Woman's Exchange." Here splendid, wholesome meals are prepared and served on the cafeteria plan at the least possible cost. The food is clean, wholesome and not more expensive than if it were prepared at home, for instead of the family buying at retail, meat is bought a whole quarter at a time and large portions are cooked, thus saving very greatly. One of these in every locality would be well patronized, would increase the health of families and create pleasant homes. Those who prepare the food in this institution are trained cooks and that is something that not one in twenty housekeepers is.

Looking at his gray-haired wife and fair-haired daughter, the old man voiced the want of thousands of women.

Socialism must solve the question of woman's work. And for the present even the make-shifts here suggested are better than the ill-prepared meals, the neglected children, or the woman without a mother at all.
DOES IT HURT THEM?

By CARL D. THOMPSON

ONE million, seven hundred and fifty thousand little children are at work in the mills, mines, factories, and other work places of the United States of America.

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed a benevolent appearing, white-haired, altogether genial member of a state Legislature in a downtown, never hurt anybody. It is better for the children to work than to run the streets or spend their time in idleness and mischief. "Look at me," drawing himself up to the full height of his splendid physical development. "Look at me. I worked when I was a boy—worked hard, too. And it never hurt me a bit. I am opposed to the bill."

Does it hurt them, then—these 1,750,000 little folk who are working in the mills, the mines, the factories? Maybe we are needlessly concerned about them. What are the facts?

About 12,000 of these little ones are boys ranging from nine to fourteen years of age, half of this distance the boys were breakers of the anthracite coal region. How about them? Do their work hurt them? Let the official record present in the Congress of the United States of America, supported by official documents and authenticated sworn testimony, reply: (See Congressional Record, volume 41, part 2, beginning page 1553.) 

"The tissues of the boys' lungs gather the black specks until the whole lung is discolored, and I have seen boys who have been away from the breakers and mines for eight, and even ten, years cough up these particles whenever they were attacked by a slight cold."

Again—

"Once one stood on a breaker for half an hour and tried to do the work a twelve-year-old boy was doing day after day, fourteen hours at a stretch, for 60 cents a day."

"The gloom of the breaker appalled me. Outside the sun shone brightly, the air was pellucid, and the birds were singing."

"Within the breaker there was blackness, cloud of deadly dust enveloped everything, the harsh, grinding roar of the machinery and the ceaseless rushing of coal through the chutes filled the ears."

"I tried to pick out the pieces of slate from the hurrying stream of coal, often missing them; my hands were bruised and cut in a few minutes. I was covered from head to foot with coal dust and for many hours afterwards I was expecting some of the small particles of anthracite I had swallowed. I could not do that work and live."

I should think that this kind of work did hurt the boys. Other thousands of these little ones are at work in the close factories. How about them? Does the work there hurt the children? I quote again from the official record:

"They were kept on a slow run all the time from the benches to the annealing oven and back again."

"The distance to the annealing oven was 100 feet, and the boys made 72 trips per hour, making the distance traveled in eight hours nearly 22 miles. Over half of the distance the boys were carrying the coal loads to the oven. The pay of these boys varies from 60 cents to a dollar for eight hours' work."

Or there are thousands of these little ones at work in the textile mills. I will describe one of these. From the files and records in the words of the official record:

"She works in the 'steam room' of the flax mill. All day long in a room filled with clouds of steam she has to stand barefooted in pools of water, twirling over wet hemp. When I saw her she was dripping wet, though she said she had worn a rubber apron all day. In the coldest evenings of winter little Marie and hundreds of other little girls must go out from the superheated, steaming rooms into the bitter cold in just that condition."

I should think that would not be good for Mary.

Or suppose we take a look into the silk mills. It may be all right for children to work in the day time—although I have my doubts on that point under the conditions. But one thing I am quite sure, and that is that little children ought not to work at night. They ought to be in some soft, downy bed, not in a mill or factory."

I quote from the record:

The close atmosphere of the factory rooms in the dead of the night tended to stupefy the children. To freshen them and drive the natural drowsiness away they are encouraged to spend their midnight half hour running in the open air."

"And are sometimes kept awake by the vigilant superintendent with cold water dashed into their faces. I should hardly have believed it had I not seen these things myself." (Here follows an account of a visit to a home where lived a little fellow six years old who had worked nights for a year). "In answer to a query by me, the child said: 'What do you think? You see I sleep away the day. I never have any play day. I have a place I heard of children working on the night shift, turned out for some fault at two o'clock in the morning. Ladies told me, too, of a common sight in the mill cottages—children lying face downward on the bed sleeping with exhaustion, just as they had come in from the night shift, too utterly weary to remove their clothes."

"Often the whole family, except the baby actually in the cradle, is in the mill. Two or three of eight years or older might be on the payroll, but the youngest paid worker can get the baby out of bed."

Or the woolen mills—how does the following strike you, taken from the official records:

"They can be seen coming out of the mills at night literally soaked to the skin with dyes of various colors. In the winter time, after a fall of snow, it is possible to track them to their homes, not only by their colored footsteps, but by the drippings from their clothing."

"As long as the girls can be kept working (in the cotton and woolen mills) and only a few of them faint, the mills are kept going; but when fainting are so many and so frequent that it does not pay to keep going, the mills are closed."

When little girls faint away something is wrong, it seems to me. I think they have been hurt.

I wonder how the children fare. Is their work hard? Are their times severe, or are they kind and gentle? I open the record again.

I read:

"The boss (in the coal breakers) is armed with a stick, with which he chaquehously raps the head and shoulders of a boy working at his task."

"A doctor in a city mill, who has made a special study of the subject, tells me that 10 per cent of the children who go to work before 12 years of age, after five years active consumption."

"A boy in a city mill, a young fellow who back of six years old, a doctor told me a friend that he had personally amputated more than a hundred children's fingers mangled in the mill."

Then I skip a few lines and I read these words: Do Hurts.

Unspeakeable crime! We shall not rest until in all the earth there lives and breathes no child slave that toils to the hurt of its tender flesh, its body, mind and soul.

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UNFORGOTTEN ♥ ♥

How long since I have lost you, oh, how long! How many years have passed in grief and joy?

But when I hear that old-time slumber song I seem to clasp you still, my little boy. I hear your voice, your laughing eyes I see, And all the heart-ache and the blinding tears Come in a flood of memory back to me Across the years.

—M. L. S.
THINGS IN THE MAKING

INSANITY FOR SANITY’S SAKE.

In insane, irrational system of government and industry we will always breed insane, irrational deeds.

And yet, time and circumstance often make it possible to create two divisions of irrationalism. (1) Insanity for sanity’s sake and (2) insanity for sanity’s sake.

Under the caption “Insanity for Sanity’s Sake” we may place such subjects as the conviction of the coal strikers in West Virginia, where constitutional rights have become a hoax; the imprisonment of the Paterson (N.J.) silk strikers upon false evidence; modern marriages for convenience; the prudish activities of Anthony Comstock in trying to foster purity with impure ideas; the Cubist art exhibit; anti-suffragists, and others.

This matter of insanity is a rather delicate business. However, many people after hearing of Emily Wilding Davison, the English suffragist who threw herself in front of the king’s racing horse on Derby Day, declared that she was insane. And all England, and a good portion of the world are talking now about the act of her to whom the term “insane” has been applied.

If Miss Davison were insane, then her insanity was for sanity’s sake—the sanity of equal rights for women, the sanity of justice for women, the sanity of women as a group, the sanity of the human race. Does not every woman feel the same? Is there no salvation for women when they are women?

To those who understand the cause of woman suffrage and the great social passion behind it, Miss Davison “died for women to call attention to their wrongs and win for them the vote.” She was “a soldier fallen in the fight for freedom.” And this is true. The time is approaching rapidly when women will have the right to vote. Then let them enjoy the voice of the people, and then such episodes as that of Miss Davison will be placed under the head of martyrdom for Sanity’s Sake.

PARTIAL WOMAN SUFFRAGE FOR ILLINOIS.

By a vote of 83 to 58, on June 11th, the Illinois House of Representatives passed the bill providing for partial woman suffrage. The bill provides that women may vote for all offices which are not mentioned in the constitution of Illinois. Under the bill, women may vote for presidential electors, mayor, aldermen, municipal court judges, sanitary trustees, and minor local officers. They may not vote for constitutional officers such as governor, lieutenant governor, state officers, members of the Legislature, county judges, district judges, congressmen or Senators. Women in Illinois will not be able to obtain complete suffrage without a constitutional amendment or a constitutional convention.

While the bill does not grant unabridged suffrage to women, its passage should be regarded as a victory for woman’s demand that she have a voice in the approval or disapproval of laws that affect her. The passage of this bill is especially noteworthy when one takes into consideration the opposition it received from vice and business interests.

It is understood that woman suffrage in Illinois and elsewhere will not bring about the millennium, but it is certain that if effective social movement is to be made for the supreme good of the country, the women of the State can do much to help in the way of education and work. In Pennsylvania, California, Kansas, New Jersey, Washington, and a few other states the Socialists are very active in behalf of woman’s cause. In New York, Ohio and Illinois Socialists are almost lifeless in the advocacy of woman suffrage; these three states should be in the vanguard. Many men members of the Socialist party do not seem to be aware of the equal suffrage plank in the platform of the Socialist party, and forget that it is there for a purpose—a constructive purpose—a purpose which has in view the unity of both men and women that they may stand together in the work and aspirations for economic freedom.

It is fortunate for the American Socialist movement that the National Committee of the Socialist party elected Walter J. Lanforsiek to the post of executive secretary. Mr. Lanforsiek is a hearty advocate of women’s rights, and it is safe to assume that the Socialists of Illinois, and in every other state, will be made to realize that women is a factor in the class struggle—that it affects her more even vitally than the man—and that the constructive program of Socialism can never be achieved without her co-operation.

SOME INTERESTING CHARITY.

SARCASM isn’t a bit pleasant. Neither are figures pleasant that are inclined to assume an aspect of sarcasm. Recently the Illinois legislative investigation of charitable institutions revealed facts and figures that are too much of a liberal quantity of pepper and brine thrown in.

The investigation called attention to the case of a woman dependent on charity, and who during eighteen months received less than $300 in aid, while $5,000 was spent for investigating the degree of her poverty.

In its logical order, the question arises: “What became of the $5,000?”

Here is the answer of the investigating committee: It was used for three nurses, two courts, eleven physicians, seventeen charitable organizations and eighty-two individual investigators. The woman was visited 105 times, and it was through the Union Charities that the investigation was made.

No doubt remains as to this interesting form of charity. Rather, it appears that the actual recipients of charitable aid were the physicians, nurses, investigators and charity organizations.

The Union Charities in the case was used as a mere scapegoat.

Oh, Charity! How many sins and shams are committed in thy name?

WHY WE HAVE NO NATIONAL ART.

YEAR after year, men and women in art and literary circles waste time writing, talking and thinking, never realizing that art is not a toy, but a thing.

Art is a thing! It is something that pulsates with life, it is man’s and woman’s expression of joy in labor.

The great mass and whirl of toilers throughout our land today know not the expression of joy in labor. They labor without the expression that makes art; the joy in the expression of social regime is not based upon joy-giving work. Its foundation rests in the unhappy, exploited labor of men and women, and often, children.

Exploitation breeds unhappiness, and unhappiness is not conducive to the growth of art.

If we had a national art today, it would express the true conditions of the masses; it would comprise paintings and sculpture which should cause people to wonder why classes exist; it would lead them to ask why a few should be masters of the wants of the many; it would inspire people with the spirit of Social Revolution, and make them strive for a social system unmarred by the expressionless, unhappy labor of wealth-creators—of the men and women who are at the bottom today.

What art exists in our museums and galleries today is mainly the art of plutocracy—the art that makes us laugh and caters and teems with cowardice. It is the art that plutocracy wants—a slavish art—an art shackled by the chains of bourgeois shame.

And how shall art be won for the people? The answer centers down to the people and the owner-ship of the means of life which the people use, but do not own, to earn their bread. In the workers must become masters of their needs and destiny. They shall create the opportunity for every individual to work alone which can stimulate expression of joy in his or her work, and that is this: That each shall never fear the want of such employment as will supply all due necessities of mind and body.

Some day we shall have a national art—the art of the people. Some day we shall have expression of joy in labor—when every man and woman will receive the full value of his or her social product. Some day we shall have work worth doing—the work that does not degenerate into a work of itself pleasant to perform—work done under conditions that will make art the thing it should be, but it will come only after the people become the collective owners of government and industry.

By BARNET BRAVERMAN

LESTER F. WARD

He died on April 18, over 80 years of age, and left behind him a great achievement—the achievement of having broadened the vision of human thought.

Ward was the champion of womanhood. His biological and sociological researches convinced him of woman’s great racial importance, and he pierced the weird phenomenon of so-called inferiority in women. He showed that behind this weird phenomenon there exists a monument of spuriousness, brutality and pretense.

Scientifically did he prove that woman is the real conservator and the most constructive phase of the race. Ward dealt with facts, and the facts he deduced from his researches in favor of woman have either silenced or muffled the ignorant rumbles of those who still persist in man’s superior art.
What Our Readers... Think

Standing of the absolute need of each working hard for woman's enfranchise-

ment. It is all very well to keep telling us the socialist's so-called platform of the Socialist party, but how many can achieve to stick to that plank. If. as a Socialist we were always at the side of the Socialist parties of all countries form the largest suffrage movement in the world, the suffragists would like to see this movement growing, and that it help the smaller ones to win victory. We are all by hard work and courage that larger suffrage movement feel indebted to the Social-


ONE OF MANY

ANY thanks for the poster of "Woman's Awakening," to magazine, which I thought you placed it near my desk for inspiration.—Delphine Hereford Don, Ok.

The above comment is one of many we receive from people who, as above, "Woman's Wakening. I believe Josephine Conger-Kaneko, in writing the piece that will touch the finer chords in everyone. WOMAN'S SLAVERY: HER ROAD TO FREEDOM is simply but entertainingly and convincingly written, and is the only work of its kind in our propaganda. It should be on all Socialist news stands, in the hands of every man and woman, and ordered in quantities by locals.

The first edition will be limited, so send in your order TODAY. The price is 25 cents in lots of 20 or more; 8 cents net in lots of 100 or more.

Address: PROGRESSIVE WOMAN
5445 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, I11.
MADAM BRESHKOVSKY

A TRIBUTE
By Agnes H. Downing

FAR away over the frozen snows of Siberia, serving a convict’s sentence, is the world’s bravest, noblest soul, Katharine Breshkovsky.

Do you sometimes feel that women are vain, weak creatures who know nothing? Let me tell you her story.

She was born to luxury, but she early saw the injustice of lashing many to tasks that a few might revel.

Her high-minded father read with her such works as Rousseau, Diderot, and Voltaire. She studied the French Revolution. She became rascally, rather human conscious, conscious of the inter-relation of the shoal human family.

The Russian peasants were beasts of burden. The long, hard struggle for coarse food, a mud hut, and sheepskin clothes (together with luxury for the last) was set aside. The law of the land was to work for the landlord, and to be set free when the master died. The Russian peasant owned no property except his soul and the will to resist.

It was the beginning of the Liberal movement in Russia, and all the land teachers, doctors and scholars generally had begun to awaken the peasants, to teach them to want human rights.

The father of Katharine Breshkovsky opened a school for her, where she taught the peasants in the evenings.

For the Liberal party sought to secure emancipation for the serfs. This awakened great hope. When the measure was secured it was heralded far, but when it came to be applied it gave the serfs freedom from the soil, but it left the land to the landlords.

A small strip of the poorest land was offered to the workers. They refused to give the soil and go out to what was practically starvation, and the most bitter abuses began—troops were quartered in their little homes, young womanhood was despoiled, the aged were beaten and spat upon. As the peasants were still obscure, in some villages they were driven into lines and every tenth man was flogged with the knout, and in some died. Two weeks later, as they still held out, every fifth man was flogged. The poor ignorant creatures still held desperately to what they thought their rights; against the line, and now every man was dragged forward to the flogging. Two processes were held, five days over Russia, until at last, bleeding and exhausted, the peasants gave in.

Then other measures were looked for by the Liberals. They found some long, useless laws, giving some local suffrage rights to the peasants. The Liberal leaders hastened to show the people how to use these, and when they did use them to time and desire for higher development, for reform, the teachers were denounced by the Minister of the Interior as conspirators, and exiling began.

About this time Netchayev and a group of revolutionary followers were tried. The publicity given their plans by this trial made revolutionists of many of the Liberals and among them Madam Breshkovsky.

She had married a young man who was one of her students. She would not marry until she had studied and written some things on reform work, and they had one little son. But the husband was unwilling to risk life and liberty for the cause of the people and they parted. Katharine, then but 26, put the cause of Russia’s freedom before the closest, strongest ties.

She joined a group which consisted of doctors and teachers, scientists and writers, poets and lawyers. They were sons and daughters of the oldest families of Russia, highly educated and of great natural endowments. They might easily have lived lives of polished, well-bred, well-fed ease, and mingled with the rulers of the earth. But they put aside easy gifts and maw-cramped leisure, and turned to tasks that will make their memories glorious. Here is a bit of their history told by Madam Breshkovsky herself:

“We put on peasant dress, to elude the police and break down the peasants’ crippling distrust. I dressed in enormous bark shoes, coarse shirt and drawers, and heavy cloak. I used acid on my face and hands; I worked and ate with the peasants; learned their speech; I traveled on foot, forging passports; I lived ‘illegally.’”

“By night I did my organizing. You desire a picture? A low room with mud floor and walls. rafters just over head, and still higher, hatch. The door was packed with men, women and children. Two big fellows sat up on the high brick stove, with their dangling feet knocking occasional applause. These people had been gathered by my host, a brave peasant whom I picked out as if he were a lord of the land. He, in turn, had told his neighbors. I now recalled their foggings; I pointed to those who were crippled for life; to women whose husbands died after the last; and when I asked if men were to be forever flogged, then they would cry out so fiercely that the three or four cattle in the next room would bellow and have to be quieted. Again I would ask what they did to their babies, how women would have to fortify their breath; and all of honor glad would give; Would mark our forehead with her blood, And let every song I sang would kiss— May we be equal to her faith, And worthy of the sacrifice.”
REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Woman Suffrage.

During the past year the number of states granting full suffrage to women has been increased to nine. The women voters in these states are a force sought by the capitalist politicians. Within the past year a party polling the second largest vote in the country has declared for woman suffrage and secured thereby the support of the larger of the party. The National Socialist Woman's Committee recommends that in every state where the suffrage does not yet exist the Socialist party make a determined effort to secure the vote for women, introducing bills, taking the initiative and electing wherever Socialist state legislators have been elected, and taking the necessary steps to bring it before the people for a vote in states where the initiative and referendum exists. That the position of the Socialist party among the larger groups of the people, the attitude of the men of the party, the campaign and the organization for woman suffrage be made clear at all Socialist meetings.

Second—The enfranchisement of a large number of women unacquainted with Socialist means that the educational work among women must be carried on with even greater energy that heretofore. This education should be along the lines of the economic class struggle, bringing clearly to women that women are not yet even in economic organizations the reasons why they should vote the Socialist ticket.

Third—We recommend that the women of the party bring this question more carefully to the attention of the men of the party, and insist on and utilize the assistance of the men comrades in all suffrage meetings and propaganda.

Work Among Women Engaged in the Industries.

The need of women for remunerative employment and the development of employment among wage-earners has brought over 1,000,000 women into wage-earning positions in the United States. Seven per cent of the women in trades are in economic organizations. The National Socialist Woman's Committee recommends that the women of the Socialist party, wherever engaged in any trade, unite with the economic organization of their trade, that they assist women when engaged with their employers in an economic struggle, and that they lend their help in securing legislation on all questions bettering the conditions of women in industry.

This trend we recommend that in every industrial city the Socialist women erect propertyless women's meetings necessary to the women who shall attend to the systematic distribution of literature, acquaint itself with all questions affecting the women in the industries of their city, and that a report of their work be sent monthly to the National Woman's Correspondent, to be used as reference material for other cities.

Agitation and Organization Among Farmers' Wives.

There are in the United States over six million wives of farmers who grow their own propertyless wage-earners. In nine states of the West these farmers' wives are now voters.

To reach these women, the National Woman's Committee recommends that in each state a system of schoolhouse meetings be held. This plan has been used with marked success in the state of Kansas. The plan is based on that passed on from school district to school district, arranging meetings in the school houses, organizing locals, reaching the farmer's whole family, and within a brief period going back over the same route to make her work more permanent.

Organizers.

The committee recommends that wherever possible the women organizers of the route that will not have to be visited once in a year, and that they may stay at least two days in each place, and that, if feasible, they be rerouted at a later time over the same road, so that they may instruct and help the women in getting the educational work among women by organizing for woman suffrage and for the securing of women's rights in the party.
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and propaganda value. It is not the official organ
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and support of the Woman's National Committee.
During the past year $200 cash was donated from the party treasury. The party membership has been circulated from time to time urging the sale of stock, purchase of subscription cards and bundles orders. 424 circular letters having been sent from the Woman's Department. Over $500
worth of stock has been sold in a proposed stock
company.
Address, Progressive Woman Publishing Co.,
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the national work as planned at the recent commit-
ttee meeting prevent their publication in this issue.

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5. There are no metal springs in the appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

6. The soft, pliable bands holding the appliance do not give one the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. There is nothing about it to get foul, and when it becomes soiled it can be washed without injuring it in the least.

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10. My reputation for honesty and fair dealing is thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with my patients. My prices are so reasonable, my terms so fair, that there should only be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

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