DOES A WOMAN SUPPORT her husband's EMPLOYER?

by JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

Does a woman support her husband's employer?
Has anybody ever thought about a woman's part in her husband's contract for his wages? Has anybody ever thought that when a man gets married he DOESN'T RECEIVE A PENNY MORE FOR HIS WORK THAN WHEN HE WAS SINGLE, AND THAT THEN HE GOT BARELY ENOUGH TO BOARD AND CLOTHED HIMSELF? Evidently nobody has thought much about these things. And least of all the woman herself. So, let us see about it.

And you, madam, must see about it with us. It means something to you. It might mean that you are to have a new voile dress next spring, instead of making over that old thing again that you were married in ten years ago.

For that is just what it amounts to—your husband's employer getting the dimes and dollars that should be yours for a new dress and the other things you need so much to lead a normal, happy life.

Here is the situation. Your husband works eight or ten hours a day, and receives a cash return for his work. You work twelve or fifteen hours a day, and NEVER SEE A CASH RETURN FOR YOUR WORK.

Your husband works to produce saleable goods for the man who employs him. YOU WORK TO KEEP A HOME AND FEED YOUR HUSBAND SO THAT HE CAN KEEP ON WORKING TO PRODUCE SALEABLE GOODS FOR THE MAN WHO EMPLOYS HIM.

Your husband, working for his employer, produces in a year, say $2,500 (the U. S. census statistics say the average worker produces this much in a year) and he gets back in wages $500 (census statistics also say that a man's average wage a year is $500).

Now, YOU make a home for your husband, cook his meals, wash his clothes and mend them, in fact, you keep him in trim and working order so he can produce $2,500 a year for his employer. Your husband gets back from what he makes $500.

WHAT DO YOU GET?

If you hired out to families to do the washing alone, you would get $2 a day and your car fare and lunch. If you went from family to family six days in the week, washing for them, you would get six free lunches and $12.

Working this way, your work is from 8 in the morning till 5 in the afternoon. After you are through with your work you have the evening to yourself, and $2 in your pocket.

When you work to keep your husband in good order for his employer you don't get through at 5 o'clock, and you don't have your evening for yourself. Nor do you have $2 in your purse at the end of the day.

No. Not exactly. (Continued on page 10.)
L O S T I N T H E H E A R T O F C H I C A G O
3 2 , 0 0 0 F A T H E R S - B R O T H E R S - S O N S

So much has been written about the women of the "underworld." "Lost" woman, once a taboed subject in polite society, is almost as familiar a figure (mentally) as any other woman. Preachers, lecturers, writers, social saviors of various types, have all concentrated on the women of the underworld for the past few years.

The "lost" woman, the white slave, has a commercial value. Twenty million dollars a year is spent in Chicago alone on her. This is only her physical value. What she has netted those who have exploited her in literature and on the platform has never been estimated. It is generally conceded, however, that the commercial value of the "lost" woman is very, very great.

Perhaps that is why her fame has so greatly overshadowed that of the "lost" man. For the underworld has its lost men, also.

In the heart of Chicago 32,000 of these men are living. Every big city has its percentage of them. Men without homes, without names, or, at least, bearing assumed names; men without work, without hope, even lacking in many cases any semblance to manhood.

They are the denizens of the cheap lodging houses, or "flops," as they are commonly called, and the great bulk of them live in about 129 of the most notorious 10c-15c-25c lodging houses on four or five streets in the heart of the business district of Chicago, according to figures recently compiled by the Illinois board of health.

If you have lost your father, your son, your brother, he may be among these men. Perhaps he has failed in finding work; he may have lost his health, or have been crippled, or it may be he has passed the "old-age" limit (which is 45) and he may have gone into one of these 10c-15c lodging houses until he could "get on his feet," find work, and make himself respectable again. And, failing, he may have decided to become a "regular" of the place, and just live there, doing odd jobs from day to day, and paying his small fee for the right to stay on.

Most of the lodging house population has been called the human wreckage of industry. They come from the ranks of the unskilled, the floating laborers. Hundreds and thousands of men in the United States don't know any longer what a permanent job and home means. Even among skilled laborers the machines and the timekeepers have forced them to work until house find themselves looking for anything they can find, and soon become members of the ranks of the unskilled. They go to the forests in the fall, to the rice fields in the winter, to the harvest fields in the summer.

This kind of labor, with a homeless life, cripples the best of men after awhile; they suffer from exposure, become physically disabled, and drift to their places. In time, the house find themselves with their mother against him, the whole thing resulting in disgrace and business ruin. He drifted about, trying to re-establish himself, and in the cheap lodging houses, at the age of 55, was still figuring on business schemes.

Home Is Woman's Sphere

A Fantastic Claim

Yes, Ethel, home is woman's sphere—partly. But what does home mean? What does it include? Ever think of these questions?

Did you ever dwell upon the fact that the city, the laws, politics, taxes, statutes, relating to the protection of minors, municipal corruption which affects schools, playgrounds, and libraries all pertain to the home?

The fantastic claim that home is woman's sphere originated in the dark past when man's brute force began to dominate and enslave woman. Down through the centuries this claim has come, carrying with it a heavy burden of pain, insult and abuse for women.

Around this fantastic claim, folks have gathered to hurl the jibe of "old maid" at the unwedded woman, who in all probability had a few particular ideas as to the kind of a home she wanted and the type of man to share it.

Yet it is this claim—that "home is woman's sphere"—which has forced many women to marry lustful rakes, drunkards, and other unwholesome male specimens; it is this claim which has led to children being born with the taint of their father's sins; it is this claim, perverted and metamorphosed into a club by respectability, that has compelled many a woman to prefer a hell on earth rather than incur the jeers of the gentleman who could, without incurring the protest of society, remain in single bliss and sow large quantities of the wildest brand of oats.

A good, sanitary, pleasant home should be the heritage of every woman—but it should be only a part of her sphere. In woman's sphere today stand government, industry, and education.

And what are the prospects of the seven million women toilers in our nation to have pleasant homes? The cheaper labor of women made cheaper than the labor of man through lack of voice in public affairs, has been weaving a nation's clothes and helping to feed a nation's mouths. But here and there—in ten suffrage states, and in places where women will get the ballot—a higher valuation is being put upon the labor of women by woman herself.

This valuation upon the social and industrial labor of woman will continue to soar, and with it will rise the value of man's labor.

Women of America! You are destined to be the greatest force for social justice this country ever had. Yours is the work to help banish industrial robbery and political corruption, and this task when performed will result in the elevation of the status of all. Here and there, your sphere is not confined to the thing misnamed "home," but to the larger sphere of world service—social service—human service...
A Little Sister of The Poor

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

FOREWORD

A few years ago I was sent by the Appeal to Reason to look into the blight life of the great city of Chicago. I discovered that probably a greater percentage of the people was suffering from the twin evils of poverty and ignorance than had been supposed. The reports sent in to the Appeal at that time were all of the usual sort, and the stories of the streets were such as had probably been published before. But I, having been sent by the Appeal to Reason to discover the truth behind the twin evils of poverty and ignorance, was determined to discover the truth behind the twin evils of poverty and ignorance.

The young Chinese, of course, was not a type unknown to the Chicago police. But the police had never seen a Chinese with such a story to tell. The young Chinese, of course, was not a type unknown to the police, but the police had never seen a Chinese with such a story to tell.

A Little Sister of The Poor is told in the simplest words, with the actual words of the people. It is a story of the American poor, of the American working classes, of the American poverty

If this story can carry with it any conviction to the hearts of human beings; if it can rouse the query as to Why this and Why that, and make them ask the question, and if it can do these things, then will have done its part, and the author asks no more for.

JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO.
Illiberalism and the Woman Voter

"Votes for women" seems to be an established fact in Illinois. Fear still lingers in the minds of some that the measure will in some way be pronounced unconstitutional. But as time passes this fear (and no doubt in many, this hope) is waning.

In Chicago a parade was arranged and took place after the signing of the bill by Governor Dunne. Although it was hurriedly gotten up, it was very successful, consisting of 113 automobiles filled with happy, enthusiastic women. This did not mark the strength in numbers of the Chicago suffragists, but was rather representative of the various organizations interested in suffrage. Among the organizations represented were the Political Equality League, the Good Government League, the Woman's Party, Working Girls' Suffrage Society, Woman's Trade Union League, Cook County Socialist Party, and scores of others, each with flags and banners, bright orange, red, white and blue streaming in the wind. Two bands accompanied the procession.

But the parade was only an outward display of real sincere interests bubbling beneath. Everywhere in the city parade was followed by busy with mental projects for work in the future. For merely to vote is not enough, the Illinois suffragists say. Women must also know HOW to vote. Men have generally made such a mess of their political rights that women should take warning, and, try, above all things, to vote intelligently.

The result is, study clubs for enlightenment on civic conditions. What is the city, what is a government, what do they mean to the people, and what can the people do toward perfecting them? These are the big problems facing the women voters of Chicago and the state of Illinois.

That the Chicago women will make use of their ballots as they think best is proven by what they have done for the city without the help of the ballot. The "roundabout way" is a very difficult and generally unsatisfactory way. But the club women of Chicago made the best of their limited opportunities even in the roundabout way.

The Cook County Federation of Women's Clubs numbers 25,000 members. Much of the progress Chicago has made along fundamental lines has been due to the work of these women. They established the Juvenile Court. Formerly little boys were locked up with hardened criminals in the city's jails, for childish misdemeanors, such as stealing apples, pennies, or playing truant. The women protested against this state of affairs and succeeded in getting a law prohibiting the punishment of children in the city's jails, for childish misdeeds. They organized the Juvenile Court, and the city's jails are now free from this class of offenders. They also opened a home for truant boys and formed a Juvenile Court League, which has been in existence for several years.

They successfully fought a smallpox epidemic in the city's schools and got the first public kindergarten, which is now a legitimate part of the public school system. The school as a social and civic center is also the work of the women.

The list of their activities for public welfare is a very long and important one. Having accomplished these things without the ballot, what shall we not expect of them with the ballot?

These are the things the women have done of their own accord and on their own initiative. Things they have had to fight for! That the vote of many women will be reactionary, there will be little doubt. The will be the women who do not act upon their own initiative, but are used by various interests to the advantage of the latter. For instance, the saloon interests are now forming clubs to win the votes of women. How long these women will allow themselves to be used as cat's paws to draw chestnuts from the fire for others, to their own and their children's disadvantage, no one can tell. But can we safely reckon that it will be as long as they are ignorant of the harm they are doing?

It is to enlighten this large class of women that the women of Illinois, and especially of Cook County, are working to get their key into clubs for the study of civic welfare.

SPECIAL BUNDLE OFFER—THE COPIES SIX MONTHS FOR 81

ILLINOIS WOMEN FORESEE THE EIGHT-HOUR DAY.

As a result of the Illinois suffrage law for women, the latter are now prophecying the passage of an eight-hour law and better labor conditions for women.

On Sunday, June 13, a great mass-meeting was held in the Garrick Theater by the Women's Trade Union League of Chicago. The meeting was a protest against the killing of the 34-hour law to the hour. At this meeting, Miss Addams made her first public appearance since her return from Budapest, Hungary. During the course of her address Miss Addams declared that she never expected to alive to the day when there would be a woman's vote in the United States, and that would not have been enough for women to vote. She said that the fight should be continued until the "working woman" is given the right to vote. She added that the fight should be continued until the "working woman" is given the protection of the law. She closed her address with the words: "I have had experience in lobbying for bills to improve conditions in Illinois. I am now rejoicing that we go to Springfield as voters who have rights, and, while we cannot vote directly as our representatives, we can vote for men who have influence with them."

The first movement for the betterment of conditions in Illinois began in 1892. In 1893 the eight-hour law for women was passed, and Governor Altgeld signed it. The Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional and an order was issued for the immediate enforcement of the law. The women who had gained a knowledge of better working conditions, and the fight against the eight-hour law was passed. The United States Supreme Court meantime had declared such a law constitutional.

Says Women Are Capable.

"Never in the history of the world was franchise given to more intelligent voters. The women of Illinois are well educated and capable of handling the ballot. With this weapon they naturally will come into their own, and will vote for shorter working day and better labor conditions."

Three resolutions were passed. One called upon Governor Dunne to introduce a forty-five-hour law in the bill for a special session of the Legislature, if such a call is issued; the second commended the Governor for his stand for the general suffrage bill, and the third lauded the governor for his veto of the "cannery" bill, which, it was argued, called for a twenty-two hour day for women.

GET A CLUB OF FOUR—45 CENTS PER YEAR!

CHAPTER VII.

Hopeless Effort.

The present capitalist system of industry compels the masses of the people to work a bare living.

The average man, when he has a job, gets up early in the morning, eats a hasty breakfast and hurries off to his work. He has a habit of working hard all day and goes home tired in the evening. He is so tired of his work that he doesn't get home to eat dinner until late in the evening. The next morning he gets up early again and goes through the same round.

He does this six days a week; sometimes seven. If he is the seventh is needed for reparation for the next week's work.

This continues week after week. It continues month after month. It continues year after year. Seldom is there any vacation. If any it lasts but a few days. Or, if forced idleness by losing his job, he is too worried and poverty-stricken to make good use of the time.

The working women, both in the industries and in the homes, have an equally hard round.

In return for this grind, the workers, men and women, receive only enough to afford bare subsistence.

After paying for the necessities, there is nothing left for the higher things.

Nothing left for the higher things.

Nothing left for the higher things.

Nothing left for the higher things.

Nothing left for the higher things.

Nothing left for the higher things.

And no time to take advantage of them even if there were enough funds to secure them.

Just let that soak in a moment.

Nothing left for the higher things is not the object of life. It is merely a start toward the object. It is the preliminary. It is the preparation for life.

To really live, one must take advantage of the higher things. One must develop, physically, mentally, morally and spiritually.

These things are impossible to the masses of the people under the present conditions.

In other words, we commit the amazing folly of spending practically our whole lives in the mere preliminary work of getting a living. We scarcely spend any time at all in actually living.

This is because the exploiting industries are owned by a few. These few, because they own the industries, are able to secure for themselves most of the earnings of the rest of the people. The rest of the people are therefore deprived of everything but a bare living.

Socialism, by making the exploiting industries belong to the people, will enable their full earnings and also shorten the hours of labor.

Then hopeless effort will be a thing of the past. All the people will have the time and the means to really live.
When Fred was ten years old, Grace was born, and they gave her to Fred. "This will be your nag, son," Fred's father had said, and the lad felt himself expand in the pride of possession.

And to possess a real, living thing, too, made all the better for Fred. His parents, wiser than many, decided between themselves that a boy is better for having something to love and be humane to, as he is growing up. So when Fred declared Jessie could, she was given to Fred to care for and have all for his own.

And the parents were not mistaken in their reasoning that a boy learns kindness by having something of his own to exercise the faculty on. Fred was tenderness itself with the baby colt. And as she grew into horsehood he never relaxed his fondness and care for her. "Grace" became a very knowing nag, and early distinguished Fred from anyone else in the book of guidance of her comings and goings. Always high-spirited and full of the joy of living, she yet reflected Fred's attitude toward herself, and was all gentleness with him. With others she was sometimes frivolous to the point of danger.

This in itself brought Fred and his graceful chestnut-brown mare closer together. The boyish heart always thrilled when Grace, very naughty under the reins of others, became the embodiment of good breeding the moment the reins passed to his hands.

When Fred was nineteen Grace had a beautiful colt, and this was also given to Fred, because Fred was a young man now, and would soon be looking out for himself, and it was thought that the accumulation of a little property would help.

At twenty Fred decided to go to college. Grace had grown into a well cared-for family buggy nag, still proud and reasonably spirited, but Jessie, her colt, was the beauty and delight of the family.

That made it very hard, when Fred decided to go to college, to sell Jessie. Yet that is what he had to do, in order to collect sufficient funds to get through his three years' course. It was a sad parting between the young man and the old horse. It was also given to the young man's part, for Jessie, fortunately, though showing unusual intelligence, couldn't realize what was taking place.

Judge Briggs, over in town, bought Jessica, and paid a good price for her. She was just the thing for young Jay Briggs' runabout, when that young man was home from college with a bunch of chums during vacation times. Otherwise, for the most part, Jessica frolicked in the pasture, or ate her oats serenely in her well-kept stall.

After young Briggs came out of college he settled down at law, and bought an automobile. Jessica passed into other hands. There was a siege of hauling a milk wagon, and a delivery wagon, and then the Great Transference. Jessica and a number of her race were bought up and shipped to the city.

Everyone has heard of the cold commercialism, and cruelty of the great cities, but few have seen the human-looking horse, could imagine much of the pain that is inflicted on man and beast under cover of the rush and confusion of the giant towns.

Jessie had been country-bred, and the noise and strife of the city streets drove her to distraction. The automobiles, the street cars, the great trucks and express wagons, and not least of all, the never-ending streams of people "got on her nerves," and her master, an ignorant, hard-hearted man who had the time of his life preventing her from thrusting herself, the wagon, and all it contained before street cars, autos and other traffic of the streets, as she was constantly slying at passing objects. The delivery boy complained so hard that she was sold, and passed into other hands.

Then the Terrible Thing happened. There are certain horse dealers who guarantee that their horses are shod and fed no blinders. The commercial value of these horses is a little above that of the less tractable kind. Jessica was bought by one of these dealers.

Then the Thing was done which clinched the guarantee. Her eyes were DELICERATELY BLINDED. A needle thrust into the retina did the work. And Jessica, the one-time pride of her young master, was cast into the street—forever.

After that, nothing but the dumb, driven brute, beaten, tortured by a thousand fiendish noises, but sightless and therefore conquered, lived in Jessica. For some time, when she was stretched up and driven out in the morning, as like as not with a kick, and sulked with the gentle pat she had always had from Fred, she would strain her sightless eyes for the light, and the objects around her, but only darkness stretched about. Seas and seas of it, filled with fiends that bellowed and shrieked, and of whips that lashed, and of heat that burnt, and of icy winds in winter.

And never out of the midst of it came the comradely word that the old master, Fred, had always spoken, never the soothing hand on the shagged, shaggy nose. Never but once.

On a hot afternoon, early in June, Jessica was left standing before a clubhouse of her old master's college. Fred ran hurriedly down the steps; something in the witted, dejected look of the little delivery pony caught his attention, and he spoke to her, in the old tone he had used with his own ponies. Immediately Jessica's ears were lifted, and she strained her eyes to see. Fred caught the act, and lifted her on the neck, still talking in his old horse language. Jessica was quiet, but when he started; a cold chill ran through him, he quickly and almost instinctively looked for markings on the left foreleg and shoulder of the pony—and found them. A shock, a pain went through him, and he leaned heavily against the horse. "Jessica," he cried, and she whinnied, throwing her head up in the old way.

Fred staggered back onto the sidewalk, and before he could gather himself together the boy had jumped into the wagon and was off, whip in hand, lashing Jessica across the back.

Fred forgot his appointment, forgot everything, and stumbling into his room threw himself upon his bed a delivery boy's face in the coverlets in a spasm of agony.

"Great God!" he groaned, "is this the price SHE must pay for MY schooling?"
London is the storm center of one of the most extraordinary revolutions the world has ever seen. Its scope envelopes the earth and yet the real facts are submerged in deepest mystery to nine-tenths of the people outside of England.

On the surface it appears to be a battle of the sexes, in which, on the women's side all class lines have been completely wiped out. A sex earthquake has ripped open the whole social organization from upper crust to foundations.

The titled women at the top, on down to the scrub women, are fighting earnestly, desperately, shoulder to shoulder.

The Social and Political Union—militant suffragists—are but the signal corps, calling the attention of the world to the conflict.

That England is the storm center is due neither to accident or chance. It is the logical spot, the only spot in the civilized world, where half-women, subjugated people in a set of fighting, window-smashing, bomb-throwing furies?

The fact that over 400 British women, all of respectable, unblemished reputation, should serve in sentences of various duration, endure hunger strikes and go to the brink of the grave as a result of forceablefeeding is a thing which cannot be lightly passed over.

That is the act of vain, silly women seeking the law in vain. But you are prepared for a battle against the English state, especially an English jail, is no snap, and such women would seek notoriety in some more comfortable way.

But every woman who has been sent to jail, every woman who has endured physical violence for the Cause, is an object-lesson which is clearly understandable and appeals strongly, especially to the women of the working class. It is, in a way, behind the fact that 82 percent of English women are wage-earners.

It is well also to remember that there are 1,278,000 more women in England than men, a condition due to emigration, war and wretched working conditions.

On the women's side of the battle-line are drawn up:

- 20,000 Women's Co-Operative Guild
- 2,000 Women's Liberal Federation
- 15,000 Scottish Women's Federation
- 100,000 North England Weavers' Ass'n
- 108,000 Women's Temperance Union
- 20,000 Independent Labor Party
- 20,000 Textile Workers

A total of 360,500 thoroughly organized women of all ranks and stations. This is the human bulwark which stands in mute determination behind the militant suffragists.

This is the force which is stamping the so-called Liberal cabinet. And why should a "liberal" party oppose such an overwhelming appeal in a country where women are over a million in the majority and 82 percent of this number are working-class women?

The fact that the old English Tory party exists in name only.

Evolution in industry has made the manufacturing class the dominating force in political government.

The country known in politics as Liberal has supplemented the old-time Tory party, which represented the commercial interests.

Behind the Liberal party, which is merely an alias, to fool the people, are grouped the barons and dilettantes, various manufacturing interests, and the military and naval interests.

The women of England have learned that as men have increased their suffrage, their wages have increased, while women's wages have decreased.

These women also have awakened to the fact that the extremes of poverty and wealth produced by the system have a killing effect upon the physical and mental health of their sex.

These are some of the causes which have cemented the women of England together in this great struggle.

Their solidarity is one of the most wonderful things in the world today.

The Liberal government argues thus: "I give women the vote, with their large majority they would destroy our military and naval organizations, for they stand as a unit against war."

"This is a government built on brute force and women have no right to any voice in such a government. A large army and navy is absolutely necessary for us to keep the natives in our colonies, India, South Africa and Egypt, in suitable subjection, and we could not allow the flood of gold pouring from them to be cut off."

They quite overlook the fact that the women of the nation have produced the man who sacrificed to the war god.

That they are their sons, husbands, fathers and brothers!

The brewers and distillers are on the job in England as they are in every other country, bitterly opposing putting such a weapon as the ballot into the hands of women, knowing full well that women realize they are the chief sufferers of the liquor traffic.

The labor of the women of England, employing thousands of women and girls are, of course, bound to the above interests in the battle, cause their profits would be reduced by labor laws, increased wages and improved working conditions. Women should not be given political power, not to mention the added strength it would be to men's labor organizations.

These are some of the elements which make the battle of the sexes in England the most unique in the world's history.

In the final analysis, it is the battle which motherhood, with her back to the wall, is waging for the preservation of the race.

Who can doubt the outcome of the race?

WHY NOT HAVE A SCHOOL FOR THE PROPAGATION OF COMMERCIAL MORALES?

BARNET BRAVERMAN

Just take a look at our "grand" list of millionaires and multi-millionaires.

How many of them possess or depend upon a college education?

Isn't it a fact that many of them call themselves self-made because they never advanced beyond a public school education? Every once in a while a college statistician projects curves on charts to demonstrate the superior earning capacity of graduates who have a post-graduate course over those who had not—and their average earning capacity is about $1,500 per year!

How about the incomes of six or seven hundred thousand per year? How many post-graduates are kept in colleges to eat up these incomes? Incomes like these make the success of the worshipped sort today, and they are earned (?) by a different schooling. Imagine that this different sort of schooling be suggested to the young! What would be its tendency? First and last, not to go to college, but to evade the effete shades of knowledge-unapplied-to-profit-making. Go, instead, into business! Worship business day and night! Inhale, digest, and dream business! Reduce every feature of life to the simplest definition of business: a profit-making device! Learn at every turn and curve to grab all that the law allows—one, ten, or a thousand per cent, if you can escape undetected! Learn to tax and browbeat competitor and wage-earner to the last degree.

These gentlemen like Bird Coler are protesting against the fact that our colleges are now hotbeds of Socialism, we sincerely suggest that a school be organized for the propagation of commercial morals.

Such a school could carry out the decrees of business. Before the main entrance could be an arch embellished with a stupendous money-bag, supported by the figures of Boss Morgan, J. P. Morgan, and E. H. Harriman. An imposing array of Astors, Vanderbilts and Richenmud's for trustees; Nelson Bailey Aldrich for president! "Uncle Joe" Cannon and George W. Perkins for lecturers! Detective Burns for watchman, and Messers. Roosevelt, "Wall Street Wolf" Lamar, Andrew Carnegie, William Howard Taft, Jacob L. Schiff and the silk manufacturers of Paterson, N. J., for the rest of the faculty. Marshall Cushing, who knows how to break strikes, crush, buy and bribe government officials, could have charge of the department of physical culture.

Lectures in this wonderful school would disclose the fine art of giving orders, taking them, and making prices for steel, iron and other commodities, including strike-breakers, corruption judges and treacherous labor leaders.

In the laboratory room the living worker could be dissected to the greatest fraction of abuse and contempt as a test for his willing nature to be bossed and exploited. Then, he could be bathed in a pool of judicial lye; this would effect his obedience to laws even though not of his own making. Would not all this be splendid?

If the aim of man is to make money and preserve the power it yields, why not show our country's youth how to go about it scientifically? And can you think of a better combination for a faculty than has just been suggested to create enthusiasm in this noteworthy direction?

P. S. We purposely do not include John D. Rockefeller. He's playing golf on the links these summer days. Besides, he needs the outdoors to aid his digestion.
WHY NOT HAVE A $12,000 STANDARD?

The Great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan, now the secretary of state, seems to have increased his standard of living since seventeen years ago when he came forth with his declaration against interests that would like to nail the Common People to a golden cross and put thorny crowns upon their weared, perspiration-laden brows.

That was seventeen years ago. In those days Mr. Bryan lived the simple life. No luxury for him—no more! Then it was that he believed in the virtue of culinary frugality and played hide-and-seek with the High Cost of Living, as you and I are doing today.

But what changes time doth bring! Now the Great Commoner finds that $12,000 per year is not enough to supply his frugal, humble tastes. And instead of playing hide-and-seek with that monster, the High Cost of Living, he has decided to give it a solar-plexus blow and earn additional greenbacks by going out on a lecture tour for a vacation. Mr. Bryan says he is doing this for the benefit of the people. In this he errs. You know this. So we will not discuss the matter here.

The fact remains that Mr. Bryan, after making his oratorical effusion seventeen years ago, has done considerable travelling—inside Pullman coaches. Travel enlarges one’s vision. And the more Mr. Bryan’s vision beheld, the more tired he became of homely grub—and his inner man began to yearn for the complex life filled with good things. In seventeen years Mr. Bryan has developed a plain mush-and-milk taste into a craving that $12,000 per annum fails to satisfy. Now, if you think this is to be a diatribe against the Great Commoner, the joke is on you. To be brief, it should be said that were workingmen and women to develop a $12,000 standard of living—and get it—they might find it a good deal better than the two or three dollar per day kind.

Why not give the High Cost of Living a solar plexus? The collective ownership by the people of land, machinery, and government will help you do the trick.

WHY IMPROVE HUMAN STOCK?

We can’t understand why Professor Corwin of the University of Colorado, like some Socialists, should experience delightful sensations in calling attention to the pessimistic side of life. The world abounds so much in the lovely, beautiful, and charming that we are at a loss to unroll Professor Corwin’s motives when he declared before the National Educational Association that 15,000,000 out of 20,000,000 American school children are diseased; that insanitary and other conditions detrimental to mind and body exist in school buildings, and that the present methods of education should be discontinued for the sake of “improving the human stock.”

Hast! Did you get that? The professor said something about improving the human stock? How erring some people are!

Isn’t there enough stock to improve without bothering about our kids? For instance, we have watered stock, Wall street stock, pig, cow, sheep and poultry stock. These require much time. But children? Well, thy kin jes’ grow and grow like Topsy.

Speaking of pigs!

There’s Mrs. Whitney Newton, a Denver society woman. She has a pig—a cute little baby pig. Her son brought it home. Then it was given to a maid to be fondled. Frequently Mrs. Newton takes Piggy-Wiggy into her a-arms and tries to make him feel comfortable. One day she had a fine piece of embroidered, hemstitched linen wrapped about the dear thing, and put him carefully upon a soft, featherly pillow beside her own. Piggy-Wiggy gave a grunt and went to sleep. He was happy. Piggy-Wiggy’s skin is bathed in perfume and every night he is put to sleep on the feathery pillow beside his mistress. A silver spoon has been provided for him that he may eat like a human being.

Perfumed pigs!

Pigs with silver spoons!

And 15,000 more or less, diseased school children to boot. What about the kids? Oh, there are so many of them. That’s all.

However, one should not be so stubborn as to think that a diseased child is a more desirable object to sleep beside a pretty society woman than a pig bathed in perfume. But—what an example of divine motherhood!

And how fiendish, mucrkish, and demagogish for any one to say that the interests of children should at least be considered equally with those of pigs.

A PHILOSOPHY OF ASPIRATION.

Socialism is the most optimistic movement of modern times. Always it demands some better for the man, the woman, the child.

Socialism wants peace in the world. It speaks peace. Hence it shows the wastefulness of industrial wars and all wars.

Socialism wants health for the world. It speaks health. Hence its demands for good, sanitary conditions for the worker in mine, factory, and store. . . . Workers, to enjoy the products of their labor must be healthy and strong.

Socialism wants love for the world. It speaks love—a great, broad, spiritual love. Hence its demands for the elimination of a system that makes the realization of love impossible . . . an impossibility caused by the struggle among men and women for the means of life.

Socialism wants success for the world—for the individual. It wants success for the useful man or woman—the success which embodies the enjoyment of one’s labor. That is why Socialism opposes the slums, where we find destinations of failure.

Socialism is a mighty power of good. It is blazing the way for real optimism—real aspiration—real success for every individual. It is the big movement of attainment, uplifting, un

tract from the Paterson Press of July 7, one of the redoubts of the labor movement and of the strikers since they rebelled against their servitude.

The strike has had one remarkable feature that the Paterson people will never forget. It is that although many thousands of workers stayed away from the mills for five months, not only was there practically no violence, but the rank and file of the strikers behaved themselves during a trying time in a manner that entitled them to admiration. The Press believes that this phase of the great strike of 1913 stands without a parallel in this or any other country.

The editorial states unswervingly condemns the bosses and their political hirelings who condemned perjured evidence which resulted in the imprisonment of many hundreds of men and women—evidence based upon the false assumptions that the strikers had used violence.

The Paterson Press editorial is an admission that the silk workers have a solidarity so strong that even savagery, brutality, and clubbing have proven powerless to beat them.

It may be timely to state here that one of the foulest outrages that was ever made upon the individual’s constitutional rights occurred when Patrick L. Quinnan, a lecturer for the Board of Education in New York, who addressed the strikers, was convicted by a jury of business men on the trumped-up charge of “inciting the workers to personal injury.” Quinnan had been previously tried and released on the same charge and the first jury failed to bring in a verdict after being out 422 hours. He is now serving a two-year term.

Alexander Scott, editor of The Issue, a labor weekly, who characterized Chief of Police Bimson as boss of the strikersbreakers, has been sentenced to one year. Law on the statute books of New Jersey prohibits criticism of the authorities and makes it punishable by a prison term from one to fifteen years.

The president of Paterson—a hotbed of legalized tyranny and terrorism.

Paterson isn’t very far from the White House, but President Wilson is busy with the tariff, and the Great Commoner is busy with his lectures. Of such is statesmanship made!
The idea that there is a virtue in poverty belongs with all the other outgrown notions of the past.

There is no virtue in ignorance, in lithe, in ugliness, in sin. Yet every one of these is an outgrowth of poverty. If the poverty is severe enough, and of long enough duration, they are inevitable results of it.

Throughout the southern part of this country there is nothing, excepting the negro, more despised and disdained than "po' white trash." The well-to-do southerner is perfectly open and frank in his attitude toward this type of neighbor. In other sections of the country such openly acknowledged caste lines have not been drawn between the rich and the poor; but poverty is a thing of contempt for the man and the woman of wealth and leisure, no matter where it is found. And the old doctrine that there is virtue in poverty was invented merely to hold the poor in contentment with their lot.

The fact that poverty is increasing at a tremendous rate, that vast numbers of people who formerly belonged to the highly "respectable" middle class are being forced below the line into actual poverty, doesn't make poverty one whit more respectable, nor the danger any the less.

The high cost of living is the club that is knocking down family after family from its secure middle-class position to the insecure ranks of the wage-worker. Once our fathers could go a little into the frontier, buy a piece of land, stock it, and live a simple but secure and happy life. The privilege of living in this manner did not cost him much as it does today.

To buy a piece of good farm land today costs a small fortune; to stock it another small fortune; to live after it is bought and stocked costs more than the average person can afford to pay.

The notion that the farmer is battening off the high prices of food products goes to pieces when we look into the matter. The other day one of the big Chicago dailies traced the "profits on a $19 steer." Here are some of the figures they gave: "The producer received $19.25 when he sold the steer; the feeder got $64.20; the packer got $6.88; the retailer got $20.28. Total cost of the steer to the consumer $118.71."

That is, the farmer got $19 for a steer that the people paid $118.71 for when they went to buy it for their tables.

Now everyone knows that the cost of living has soared tremendously in the last ten years, and is still going up like a balloon. The wages and salaries and incomes of the consumers haven't kept pace with it. At the very best, the workers' wages have increased about 12 per cent. The average cost of living has increased more than 60 per cent.

Here are a few interesting comparisons from the market reports:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Market Report</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1900</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Comparisons for a shorter period are given in the following table:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Year</th>
<th>Market Report</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1905</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1910</td>
<td>100.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Other goods:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Price</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Flour</td>
<td>$4.70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Butter</td>
<td>$2.32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bacon</td>
<td>$0.58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cokes</td>
<td>$1.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Potatoes</td>
<td>$0.35</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

So widespread is this menace of the high cost of living that the people are looking in every direction for a means of escape from it. The newspapers and magazines are printing articles on how to "reduce the cost of living." Whole columns are devoted to recipes for cooking. The suggestions range from cuts of meat, such as the bones to their fullest capacity; grind bread crumbs and mix them with other odds and ends of food; discard meat altogether and eat vegetables; buy peanuts per cent, which is the average cost of food. And advice that all But butchers are saying that the "cheaper cuts" of meat are fast becoming the expensive ones. Demand creates the rise in price. Bread crumbs, peanuts, everything that is made popular through this demand will rise in price. So while the housewife temporarily reduce the cost of her table by maneuvering in this way, those who hold the foodstuffs in their price structure will ferret out her little secrets, and raise the prices on her. They are doing it right along.

And what are the results of this high cost of living on the moral and mental life of the nation? The raise in prices and the bread makes it necessary to set the boys at work as soon as they are out of grammar school. Going to work thus early, there is no time for industrial training. The boys grow into men, men, and workmen. They do not become a factor in the economy. They work long hours at low wages. They marry working girls like themselves, who have had no opportunities for self-development. Their children grow up without opportunities.

Two or three generations of widespread breeding of this kind, and we have a nation of people with low standards of living, unintelligent, and crushed down by that small army of exasperative rich, who on the deprecation and oppression of the many.

When the American housewife tries to reduce the "cost of living" by buying soupsbones and vegetables, and every other kind of meal, she is only REDUCING her STANDARD OF LIVING, and that, continued in, the standard of living for her children will be lower than hers, and so on until we have a vast population reduced to the lowest extreme of poverty and opportunity; until we have, in reality, a nation of "po' white trash."

There is an infinitely better way than this of settling the problem, and that is by the intelligence. The average man knows no better way to get the conditions responsible for the high cost of living.

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**MOTHERS, DO YOU EVER TALK to your daughters?**

BY MARY SNOWDEN

**IT** is a regrettable fact that the majority of girls and women are ignorant of the structures of their bodies. In most schools where physiology is taught, no word is ever uttered, for instance, about the most complex organs. Neither are books or outside instruction ever suggested to the girl, and the result is that she often grows up in ignorance about her well-being.

Look at the stenographer. She runs her fingers over the typewriter in a rapid pace. When it is out of gear, she knows how to repair it. She understands the mechanism of the typewriter. If she did not know these things, she would be ineligible for her work.

Why should it not be at least equally as necessary for the girl to know how to care for and understand her organisms? If she were aware of their functions, many harmful results due to carelessness would be eliminated, and she would have excellent prospects for developing into a healthy, vigorous, useful woman.

Not long ago, a committee of students in a well-known university, asked the faculty to arrange for instruction on sex hygiene and advertised

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**SUMMER DAYS**

BY M.L.S.

Bloom and radiance everywhere.

Bloom and radiance everywhere. Fragrance in the breath of air; Songs in every leafy nook; Laughter in each sunny brook; Butterflies of golden hue; Roses, fresh with morning's dew; Summer days, O wondrous fair; Bloom and radiance everywhere.

---

No bloom and radiance greet the vision here
Where life means endless toil from year to year;
Where unobserved the seasons come and pass,
No spray of blossoms, and no blade of grass,
No joyous song of birds to wake the morn;
No scent of roses on the breezy boro;
O summer days, of all your splendor sweet,
The toilers know but this: your stifling heat.

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MOthers, Do you ever talk to your daughters?" by Mary Snowden

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Vised that a woman physician could be secured for the course. But the staid members of the faculty drew themselves up in all their professional dignity and said that the young women were very immodest to make such a request.

Girl students are taught the different forms of animal reproduction from the lowest to the highest forms, but what a noticeable silence in books, and among the educated persons about the reproduction of the human species!

However, this is a woman's age. And women are realizing the fact that they have been suffering needlessly. So we see Elia P. Yag, young and promising member of the Chicago public schools, fighting for the instruction of children in sexual hygiene, and quite a few educators are trying to emulate her example. The ignorant married women on this question is appalling. Mothers who have suffered through lack of knowledge should not let their daughters do likewise. If it is impossible for you to tell your daughters how to care for their physical development, get them some books on the subject. Most important of all, a child's questions should never be avoided. If you are unable to reply to them, tell her so, and make it a matter of duty to help her see the necessary knowledge. Every mother should be a confidante to her daughter, and become a chum, rather than a ruler.
HYGIENE and THE HOME

A TALK TALK.

Elizabeth Shapleigh, M.D.

Malnutrition is the bane of the working class. Frequently the lower-paid wage-earners suffer from insufficient nourishment. This increases the burden borne by the worker. A badly-nourished child or adult is due either to the lack of sufficient food, or as more often happens, to the lack of certain food elements required by the body.

If busy housewives, who have only a small amount of money to spend for food, were acquainted with a few simple facts. Cake and the varying foods of different foodstuffs, they might spend their money to better advantage. The same amount of money wisely expended would in many instances prevent malnutrition.

There are four classes of food which should be eaten in certain proportion in order to keep the body in a healthy condition. This proportion varies somewhat in different individuals, as can be readily understood, in a varying state of composition which is governed by preservatives. This is a frequent cause of indigestion.

Get a club of four—20 CENTS PER TANK!

FATHERS OWE AN OBLIGATION TO THEIR SONS.

If we could peer into the inner lives of many brilliant men who showed promise of rising to heights of achievement, but like a shooting star, appeared only for a short time, we would see the cause of their setback was due to mistakes made during youth.

Many clever men are cut off in their careers by misfortune which appears to the outsider to be caused by heart failure, Bright's disease, etc. However, the man himself, or his physician, could easily give the real reason why.

Gonorrhea in its mildest form contracted in youth may retain a few germs which in later years might be transmitted to the wife or mother and cause her death. Sometimes sterility would be the result. The fact is that this disease can so affect a young man's life forces as to leave him unfit for marriage.

Every boy wants to be strong. He wants to be successful, and no one can look at him without feeling the need of his being told how to keep himself strong and clean. Fatherhood, like motherhood, has its privileges, and the responsibilities of fathers to train their sons for the duties of manhood are great.

In the mind of the growing boy many questions loom up which he would like to discuss with his father, but seems to lack the courage to ask, because he knows that usually hasn't the courage himself to talk with him or admit his unfamiliarity with the very important subject of preserving manhood. Then, when the boy encounters pitfalls, the one sure thing that is created in the household, or else he remains silent and goes to see some quack physician.

But is the boy really to blame?

Don't you think that a wise father's, or physician's, advice and caution might help every boy?

SUN AND AIR BATHS WILL GIVE YOU VITALITY.

Did you—the working man or working woman—ever take a sun or air bath? If not, then you are a stranger to a luxury.

An air bath is a wonderful tonic. Remember, the skin requires air just as the lungs do.

Choose some spot where you are sure to have a supply of pure air. If you wish to take your air-bath at home, have the windows wide open. If the weather is cold, a few movements will warm the blood. If you can be at ease while taking an air bath with wide-open windows and the air is cold or brisk, you will be benefited all the more.

In taking an air bath, every bit of clothing should be removed. If you wear the smallest kind of apparel, you are only taking a partial air-bath, and you will be getting only partial benefits.

Should the temperature be mild, and you do not wish to indulge in any movements of the body, sit down and read or write. If there is anything in the house that you wish to do, proceed with it. The air bath will go on just the same while you are attending to other things, and all the while your body will be benefiting greatly from the bath.

An air bath taken after rising will dissipate the torpor resulting from sleep and there won't be any shock connected with it. You will find the air bath a valuable means for hardening the constitution without any danger, and helping the body in its work. The air bath will go on just the same while you are attending to other things, and all the while your body will be benefiting greatly from the bath.

Air baths taken outdoors at day or night develop into a luxury beyond the conception of those who have never had one, and give increased health.

Now, the skin is one of the eliminating organs of the body. Vapor is always passing through the skin. Sometimes the vapor is condensed in the form of perspiration; the latter is usually full of impurities that cause harm if allowed to remain or be re-absorbed into the body. In cold or wet weather, like in summer, this vapor leaves the body. The beneficial quality of an air bath is created because impurities are exuded which otherwise clog the pores of the skin, and thus invite disease.

After you have taken air baths for some time, you will note that you will cease being afraid of draughts, and the danger of taking cold will be reduced to a minimum. Instead, you will welcome cool air draughts.

Air baths will not only improve the skin, but also give tone and vigor to the nerves.

The great value of the sun's rays as a cure for nervous maladies is being recognized more now than ever before by medical authorities. Every large hospital now has quarters where patients may take the healing sun bath at certain times of the day.

You can take your sun bath in the same manner as the air bath. In beginning, a combined air and sun bath should last about fifteen minutes; otherwise, the skin might become temporarily sunburned, and give you discomfort. Become accustomed to the sun bath while the summer lasts, and you will soon find yourself possessed of a strong, healthy-looking skin.

Patronize our advertisers and you'll boost THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.
THE PILGRIM MOTHER.

Some one was talking the other day about the respect due the pilgrim fathers. He referred eloquently to their sufferings from exile, hunger, cold, sickness, fear of wild animals, and fear of wild Indians.

"Why don't you speak for the pilgrim mothers?" said someone in the audience.

"They suffered as great pains and ran as great risks as the pilgrim fathers did—and besides, they had to live with the pilgrim fathers."

So do the militant women of England have to meet all the difficulties that all women in subjection meet, and besides, they have the same inertia, the same ignorance and prejudice, the same injustice, that other subjected women contend with—and then, besides, they have to deal with stubborn Englishmen!"

ALICE PARK.

DOES A WOMAN SUPPORT HER HUSBAND'S EMPLOYER?

You work ALL HOURS, at BOARD WAGES. That is, you get a part of the food you cook, and live in the house you keep, and you can have a dress occasionally that you make, FOR WORKING ENDLESS HOURS THIS IN YOUR HUSBAND MAY BE AN EFFICIENT WORKER FOR HIS EMPLOYER.

And what does your husband's employer get out of it? Taking the S. census as a guide, he gets $260 out of your husband's work. The employer gets $2,000, your husband gets $500, and YOU GET SOME OF THE FOOD YOU COOK, AND THE RIGHT TO LIVE IN THE HOUSE YOU KEEP.

It is a very nice arrangement—for the employer. Not so very nice for the husband, and A SLAVE'S LIFE FOR YOU.

But a man needn't get married, some one says. The employer doesn't demand that he be married.

Oh, yes, workingmen have to get married. Not the individual worker and his family, and there, perhaps. But the masses of them. That is an undisputable fact, and we would not drag it into this except that some very short-sighted person will raise the question, and think he has given us the best argument against marriage and family life. And the workingman has some other arguments for staying single, and getting himself and his wife and children supported, but that's all. It stands so often for inefficiency. He just don't know what else to do. So when the boss unbounds enough to "congratulate" him on the greatest event of his life and feels that a great favor has been bestowed upon him.

But the new little wife! Heaven help her. Bill's grin won't coin into dollars; won't buy new dresses; won't buy baby clothes; won't pay the doctor's bill; won't hire any of the back-breaking work of the house done. The little wife has somehow got to manage to attend to all of these things herself, or go without.

And Bill going besides, so he can produce saleable goods for the boss. It's pathetic, but the wives have got to get at the problem themselves. The Bills DON'T KNOW HOW. Their ignorance and stupidity in running a home.

So, next time your husband comes home with $10 in his pocket when he should have $20, ask him where YOUR share is. And find out WHERE IT GOES. Are you getting your room and board out of his $10 for your share. Tell him you can go out and work by the week and bring home $12, and YOU WANT TO KNOW WHAT IS GOING TO BE YOUR END OF THE DEAL BETWEEN HIM AND HIS EMPLOYER.

Time was when a man gave his slave men the liberty to sell GAMES TO THE WIVES OF THE SLAVE MEN THEIR BOARD AND CLOTHES ALSO. Today a wage slave gets the equivalent of his board and clothes in wages—and the wife of the wage slave has nothing.

The employer thus gets off a whole lot easier than he did when he owned slaves and was responsible for the physical welfare of the whole family.

THE UNPAID AND GROSSLY EXPLOITED LABOR OF MARRIED WOMEN IN THEIR HOMES MAKES IT POSSIBLE FOR THE EMPLOYER TO MANIPULATE THIS BUSINESS. IT IS HIS BUSINESS, WHICH, OF COURSE, IS HIGHLY SATISFACTORY TO HIM.

But is it to you, O Woman, who must pay the price?

ONE MINISTER'S OPINION OF WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the course of a sermon delivered at the Church of St. Clements in Philadelphia, Rev. Knox-Little once said:

"God made Himself to be born of a woman to sanctify the virtue of enduring; loving submission was an attribute of reason, logical, but not emotional; women, lacking this quality, have an intricacy of situation that makes them customarily be taught logic; this is a mistake. They can never by any power of education arrive at the same mental development as men; they have never the power of quickness of apprehension, which is usually called leaping at conclusions, that is astonishing. There has never been a woman name to men for endurance, loving submission, and quickness of apprehension. Willith is the combining grief of the man and the woman. To her husband she owes the duty of unqualified obedience. There is only one condition and one commitment which justifies his wife in leaving him or applying that monstrous thing divorce. It is her duty to subject her emotions to his—a man. She has no right or commitment to justice her husband and that commitment can justify her lack of obedience. If he be a bad or wicked man, she may gently remonstrate with him, but she should never divorce him for his anathema; curse it; curse it! Think of the blessedness of having children. I am the father of many children and there have been those who ventured to pity me. 'Keep your pity for yourself,' I replied. 'They never could the. I said. In this matter, let woman exercise that endurance and loving submission which, with intricacy of thought, are her only challenges.'"

Madam, what do you think about it?

SOME REFLECTIONS. Anna A. Maye.

Those who grew disheartened with the "figments, for they told us that the working men of the world in the future would get their just deserts, that slow progress may take new courage in contemplating some of the dire things put far behind us by one or two men. Against them is the same inertia, the same ignorance and prejudice, the same injustice, that other subjected women contend with—and then, besides, they have to deal with stubborn Englishmen!"

"The speech, or walking," said Mr. Stanwood, the majority leader 'was good enough for my great-grandfather and they'll be good enough for me. Most people do not want steam trains.'"

And know you brothers of the working class, who believe that the ballot would have a demoralizing effect upon women, that good people in days of slavery were protected you. Against the tender innocence, would have kept your hearts unspotted of the world by shielding you from political intrigue, but your hands, your eyes, and your ears, from the brothel, from the dance, and from the inn. Only a law, a legally opposed to Nature and the word of God; it is a doctrine taught only by lying prophets—men who are the sons of their father, their father's father, and their father's father."

"What have we to do with the 'blood-lusted' kind of the people who would do us out of our right? For social right and political power for women is out of the laws which must be potent in the building of a new social and political order."

Surely, the stars of the broader brotherhood ascends; but before its fullness can shine there must be bridged the thousand chasms which yawn between us and the gardens of life, the fields of human society.

* * * O, more than my brother! How shall it be?"

Each of the heroes around us has fought for his land and line.

But thou, whether a woman, stand for a stranger, in hate of wrong not thin.

Happy are all free peoples, too strong to be possessed.

But blessed are those among nations who dare to be strong for the rest!"
WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMMITTEE OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY

Geraldine Loving Fuller, 294 East Reliance St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
G. Merry Lewis, 1226 12th Ave., Seattle, Wash.
Evelyn B. Whiting, 436 S. Church St., Greenville, S. C.
May Wood-Simons, 2119 Bheimer Ave., Evanston, Ill.
I. S. McInerney, 840 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

WOMAN'S NATIONAL COMITTEE MOTIONS

The Woman's National Committee is preparing an open letter addressed to two on Foreign Relationship. Lily Lore, Theresa Malskel and Rose Brook will be the signatories. It is the purpose of the Women's National Committee to enlarge this committee, and ask for one representative from each of the national organizations.

Anna Maley, who is doing such good work in Philadelphia, is to prepare an outline of her plan for city organization work. This plan will be published in The Progressive Woman.

THE PARTY BUILDER

The Party Builder is just now what the officials of the organization call "the essential organ of the organization." It contains reports of the various branches of the party organization and reports of officials and organizers, and includes such matter as may be of interest to the membership in the building of a class-conscious political organization.

NEW LITERATURE

Comrade Simons has re-written "Professional Women: Should They Be Socialists." It is larger and very much more complete than before.

"Frances Willard on Socialism" is to be enlarged to include several valuable letters of the author's, written directly to her from Buffalo speech, also a sworn statement as to the authenticity of all the letters. The letter includes the following:


These leaflets are now printed in Hungarian and are for sale by the Hungarian National Committee. They are published by the American Socialist Party. The national office, 111 N. Market St., Chicago. Price 3 cents per copy, $2.50 per 100.

STATE CORRESPONDENTS:

Maine—Fred E. Irish, state secretary of Maine, notifies us of the election of George W. Whiten, secretary, Me. as state correspondent to succeed Alice M. West resigned. He is a well known social worker.

Miss Colorado, recently elected state correspondent of New Mexico, reports that the work in that state is greatly hampered because of the poverty-stricken condition of the inhabitants and the long distance between locals, which practically prohibits speaking dates.

Nebraska—Mrs. J. Trask, newly-elected state correspondent of Nebraska, writes: "I have just made a tour of the state. I have driven over 2000 miles having to have something more favorable to report. Of one thing I am convinced; the cause is as strong as ever and good awakening in regard to the membership is a condition of our party.

How to do this is the next question. I find that none of the locals in the state have local committees or women correspondents. Locals Fremont, North Platte and others give me the impression of inactivity.

Montana—Marta Egerston Plassmann, state correspondent, reports the work is proceeding nicely. A new and more effective organization has been reached and the Leaflet the most effective form, is literarily sung in the face of women at local meetings is good, even in spite of the excessive heat.

The state headquarters has recently reached the 50 cent mark in its paper, which is a day to day paper to the capitalists. Mrs. Plassmann has charge of this service. The state headquarters has organized a study club, and is now studying the Communist Manifesto. The headquarters is located in the New York City office of the National. Local committees now number ten.

The Colorado is an excellent paper, reaching valiantly to reach the 50 cent mark. The state headquarters had 100 per woman as present.

Colorado—Elizabeth Williams is to be new state secretary. A splendid work is being done in that state by the local headquarters, and by the organization of children's 9 Club. The little tots, dressed in red uniforms, are literarily singing-in the face of the operative communism. Seven committees are doing specially good work.

NOT FREE AND NOT A PATENT MEDICINE

We are going to help people to help themselves. We have a free course of instruction, free of charge. The only expense is the cost of the material. We have found that a free course of instruction, free of charge, is the best course to follow. The best course to follow is the best course.

ADDRESS DOWNSIDE CHEMICAL CO.
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ARTISTIC—A free Reading of your Socialistic Poems.

OWNING is easily grown. Citron $1.00 per square rod. Book free. T. J. STOUT, Stamford, Conn.

11
The THREE-MINUTE LEAFLETS

There are millions of people who would like to vote, and woman suffrage if they only knew the real meaning and mission of the Progressive Woman. Many people are opposed to Socialism and woman suffrage, because they have been duped or prejudiced or misinformed.

Our THREE-MINUTE LEAFLETS will dispel all doubts. They are convincing, logical and good natured. They make things clear. They are printed one side only on their finest paper—look good—and will do good.

AFRI

2 MORE—WHAT? by

The Socialists will not stand for

BETWEEN 7 CENT, by L. D. Bagdad.

THE LIBERAL LEAFLET

2 SELF-SUPPORTING WOMEN, by Carl D. Thompson.

THREE-MINUTE LEAFLETS: WATCH OUT FOR THE WORK, by Robert Berman.

THE SOCIALIST RELATION TO THE LABOR PROBLEMS, by May Wood.

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BUD McMASTERS

"Say, mister, won't you give me a job? I'm not very big, I know,
But I'd try mighty hard to earn my keep, if
you'd just give me a show.
I'm Bill McMast's youngest boy—everyone
calls me 'Bud.'
I don't want to work, but I guess I must,
'cause we're gettin' short on grub.

"I'd rather go to school and learn and be presi-
dent some day;
And maybe I'll get there if I try, 'cause Lin-
coln he started that way.
Things is pretty tough at our house and my
ma looks awful bad,
An' there ain't no pie in our cupboard, 'cause
there ain't no work for dad.

"Dad used to work at the iron works, where
they make the big machines,
He says the works is sold to a truss—I don't
know what that means.
The only truss I know about is the truss dad
always wore,
He hurted himself at the works one day a-car-
yin' shafts upstairs.

"My sister is in the city, in a hospital there,
you say;
Ma wanted her to come home to us, but the
fare was too much to pay;
They say she has consumption, and I guess
she's goin' to die.

"And, I tell you, mister, it's pretty tough when
you hear your mother cry.

"When you wake up sudden like at night out
of a dandy dream,
That was you eatin' pies and cakes and peach ice cream,
And you sit up straight and listen till you hear
the sound once more,
And you know it's your ma a-cryin'—it makes
you awful sore.

Woman's Slavery: Her Road to Freedom

By JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

IT TELLS YOU ABOUT

The paradox of woman's so-called inferiority status.
The subjection of women to laws against their sex.

Women first slave.
Ancient Hebrews held women as natural inferiors.
The literature and thought of India hostile to women.
Laws regarding women among the more modern races.
The position of woman among the barbaric races.
Position of the German woman anything but enviable.

What Napoleon thought about women.
Wife-beating in England a common offense.
Hidious laws repealed by woman suffrage agitation.
How England rates her women.
The status of women in the United States.

Effect of women upon women.
The first daily newspaper started by a woman.
The great Woman's Rights Movements.
Men on the Anti-Slavery Association of 1840, who refused to serve on committees when women took part.
Women not supposed to speak their minds.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Lucretia Mott, Lucy Stone, Annelina Grimke, the great suffrage pioneers, and what they did.
Declaration of sentiments adopted

Right here in the throat where you swallow,
You shut your eyes up tight
And lie awake and listen the rest of the blessed
night.
And your ma comes in and kisses you, and she
calls you "her manny dear,
And something hot falls on your cheek, and you
know that's a tear.

"Say, mister, I read in a paper about a man
somewhere
That paid two thousand dollars for a couple
of old oak chairs!
And another man gave ten thousand for lickin'
'a man in a fight!
Say, I'd lick ten thousand fellers—if my ma
wouldn't cry at night!

"My brother Sam he'd help us, 'cause he was
always good,
But there's a strike in the mines where he
works, over at Hazelwood.
They struck for higher wages and I heard a
man say today,
'The soldiers is goin' to Hazelwood and there'll be
hell to pay!'"
PATCHWORK

A Playlet for Ten Children

CHARACTERS PRESENTED.

CAPITALIST SYSTEM.

CO-OPERATIVE COMMONWEALTH.

EIGHTH CHILDREN.

Co-operative Commonwealth may be represented by a little girl bearing a banner.

SCENE: A room.

(Enter Capitalist System. He toots to center of stage. Enter first and second child from opposite sides of stage. They go up to figure, examine it, shake their heads.)

First: What's the matter with him?

Second: How bad he looks.

First: I'm dreadfully afraid he's going to fall over.

(Enter Third R.)

Third: What's the trouble?

First: O, we're so afraid this poor fellow's going to pieces.

Third: Good thing if he did.

Second: O, you bad boy, it would be awful.

Third: Aw! It wouldn't. Look how rocky he is. (pokes figure which sways.)

First and Second (scream): O, don't!

First: What would we do if he fell over?

Second: We must patch him up somehow.

First: That's it, let's patch him up.

Third (laughing): Patch him up! Patch up your uncle!

(Enter Fourth L.)

Fourth: Are you speaking of patching this gentleman up? Just my idea. (strikes attitude) Ladies and gentlemen, it is not necessary to say to this intelligent audience that this gentleman must not go to pieces. (Name of local team) is a lovely city, and I must express my admiration of it, and remark once more on the intelligence of this audience. You all know this gentleman has always been, and must always be, and the patch to save him is this. (shows Republican patch). This will give continued prosperity, a full dinner pail, Taft, Teddy Roosevelt, or some one else.

Third: Do you call it prosperity with thousands out of work, and children toiling all hours of the day and night for a mere pittance?

Fourth: Hem! Very unfortunate of course. But we must save this gentleman. This (fastens Patch on figure) will save him.

(Enter Fifth R.)

Fifth: Bosh! It won't. Give me the floor. (strikes attitude) Fellow citizens. Our beloved country must be saved and in order to save it, we must preserve this gentleman. Just at present he looks a trifle seedy, but he can be made alright. As I walked along the streets of your beautiful city, and thought of all the glory of Free America, it came to me like a thunder clap, in a clarion voice—

First: O, dear, what is she talking about?

Fifth: (glaring at Third): A clarion voice—

Third: O, let's have it. How are you going to fix the gentleman?

Second: Yes, let's get down to business.

Fifth: I will. What we need is more democracy. This patch will fix him.

Third (scornfully): All right! All right, your uncle! Look how he shakes. (fastens Democratic Patch) There now—he's all right.

(Enter Sixth L.)

Sixth: Dear friends, I heard of this trouble. Let's down with graft, let's reform, stand by the Progressive party. All he needs is this. (fastens picture of Roosevelt). There now he's stable and firm.

Third: Stable and firm your uncle. A thing is never settled until it's settled right. He's not settled. See how he wobbles. (jokes figure, figure rocks).

Sixth (puzzled): Dear me, so he does. I don't understand it.

(Enter Seventh R.)

Seventh: Dear, beloved friends. Why waste time in this foolish fashion. The cause of this gentleman's trouble is drink, you can see it in his fiery nose, and unsteady appearance. If there were no saloons there would be no poverty.

Third: O rats!

Seventh: You can say rats but this is so. See this (shows Prohibition patch) will establish him on a firm basis. (fastens patch on figure). There now, see how steady he is?

Third: Aw! Steady your uncle. Bah!

Fifth: The poor fellow's hungry, what we need is free soup. This will fix him. (fastens free soup ticket).

Seventh: Not at all; you're all wrong. What he needs is this. (fastens municipal ownership patch).

Third (getting nearer): But ha! ha! How silly you all are. Now he's patched up he looks worse than ever.

(Enter Eighth).

Eighth: Wait till I fix him. What we want is that the workers shall unite—

Third: Now you're talking.

Eighth: Unite, join hands, and strike for higher wages and shorter hours.

Third: And you'll let this fellow stand. Go a little friend, further and me knock him over.

All (horrified): Knock him OVER?????

Third: Yes, to be sure.

Fourth: O no, it would be anarchy—

Fifth: Destroy the home—

Sixth: Make every one on a dead level!—

Seventh: Destroy the individuality—

First: That is the poor ye have with you always.

Second: Destroy property right—

Eighth: We don't want to divide up.

Third: Who said anything about dividing up? That is what you are doing now. I will knock him over and bring peace and plenty in the place of poverty and misery.

All: How will you do it?

Third: With this (Unrolls scroll on which is written Socialism). Waves it at figure. Capitalist System rocks and falls and from behind him comes Co-operative Commonwealth.)

(Co-operative Commonwealth stepping to front of stage.)

C.C.: I come with peace and plenty. I come with peace and joy. And I will give True Freedom to every girl and boy.

(All sing to America.)

My country, thou art free,
Sweet land of liberty,
Now justice reigns.
Now darkness turns to light,
Now wrongs are changed to right,
Now truth asserts her might,
And breaks her chains.

CURTAIN.

(From The Way Of Happiness and Other Plays, By Ethel Whitehead. Price, 10c. Order from The Progressive Woman.)
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It teaches the value of air, sunshine and water as medicines.

Who the Author Is
Dr. J. H. Greer was formerly professor of genito-urinary diseases in the College of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill.
He has been a prominent and active Socialist and suffragist for years and is the author of several books. "A Physician in the House," which we offer you now, embodies all the sincerity of the man who wrote it.
IT IS A BIG BOOK.
IT IS A GREAT BOOK.
Why should you not have it.

Some Points in "The Physician in the House"

Life and its preservation.
How we live and grow.
Minute structures, cells, and nourishment.
Why we die.
Thoughts on prolonging life.
How we die—accidents, disease, and change of tissue.
Average possible duration of existence.
The atmosphere—its composition, contamination, and influences.
The lungs—their development, proper exercise, and rules for respiration.

Water—its characteristics and purification.
Composition of foods we eat. Their influence upon life and health.
How to select a proper diet: meats, fowls, fish, oysters, eggs, fruit, nuts, vegetables, cheese, milk, etc.
Sleep—how, when, and where it should be obtained.
Proper bed, position, and room for sleeping.
Worry—its influence on health. Injury to brain cells.
Concentration of thought.
Influence of emotions upon blood and nerves.

Cheerfulness—its influence upon health.
Enjoyment a requisite for health.
Divorce pleasure from care.
The need of outdoor sports.
Natural condition of the body. Its natural functions.
Rules for proper living.
Needless operations; how women are scientifically mutilated.
The management of children.
Love, the master passion. Choosing companions. Some practical truths.
How to promote human happiness.

Some Proofs

We have received The Progressive Woman and The Physician in the House, and are so well pleased with them that we believe our neighbors cannot afford to turn down an offer of that kind, provided, however, that you are still giving the two for $1.50. Please advise us whether you will fill orders for The Physician in the House for $1.50—E. V. and Maude Shoemaker, R. No. 1, Ohio, Mo. 

I am enclosing $12 for eight copies of The Physician in the House to be sent with The Progressive Woman to following names. The book has proven to be valuable to me, and I am sure every reader of The Progressive Woman will have the same to say, who accepts your offer. Not only that, but he or she would get others to take the book, too.—J. Edwin Birch, Organizer Local Reading, Pa.

Prof. Wm. H. Cook, for thirty years dean of the Cincinnati Physio Medical College, writes to the author as follows: "I have examined your book, 'A Physician in the House,' and am much pleased with its contents and tone. Your book gives information needed and in language the people can readily understand. I congratulate you on not naming the use of any poison, but adhering strictly to the use of non-poisonous remedies—the one true principle that should guide all treatment of disease. Yours truly,

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