SHALL WE SAVE HER... FROM THE CZAR'S SIBERIAN

by JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

SIBERIA!
The land of ice and snow, of cruel knouts, of unspeakable Cossacks, of reeking prison hells!

In Siberia hundreds of thousands of the flower of Russian brain and Russian culture have been doomed to a life of exile worse than death.

Today in Siberia an old woman waits the call of death as a happy release from the miseries of the life she bears in that miserable country under Russian despotism.

In the July issue of The Progressive Woman, Agnes H. Downing told of Madame Katherine Breshkovsky, of her heroic work for the unhappy subjects of her country, and of her exile to Siberia for this work.

In response to that article came a letter all the way from Washington, and we are going to publish it, and ask our readers to act upon its suggestions. It is little enough to ask of you, and yet it may bear precious fruit. The letter says:

"Since reading the article by Agnes Downing, about Madame Breshkovsky, she has not been out of my mind, only when I sleep. While praying for her this morning the thought came to me, 'Why not free her? How? Arouse the world! How?' And the following are some of the thoughts that came to my mind:

"The Progressive Woman will be a good starting point. Ask its readers to pummel the Russian minister with strong, earnest demands that he take the matter up with his home government. Through the foreign secretaries of the international Socialist movement we could ask the Socialists of six or seven nations to do the same. The matter should be taken up at the International Socialist Congress.

"I personally will write to as many of the church papers as I can find, calling attention to your article this month, and ask them to print it. The attention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union should be called to this question all over the world.

"Madame Breshkovsky's only crime has been to ask food for the hungry and clothes for the naked, and any nation that refuses these has got to go down. I wish we could make Russia a republic like China."

WHEN MEN WERE SUFFRAGETTES
MY SPIRIT RIVAL... LONG LIFE
A SATSUMA BOWL... MERCILESS
WHERE ARE WE... EXPLOITATION
LITTLE LESSONS... SO WOMAN IS
IN GOVERNMENT... NOT FIT FOR WAR!

(Continued on Page 5, Col. 3)
A STATEMENT

BY KATHERINE BRESHISKVOY

(Posterity would find it hard to believe the terrible tale of persecution but for the archives of the Russian police on the one side and the secret publications of Russian revolutionists on the other. The police kept lists of their victims in order not to lose sight of them, that they might persecute them till for it the revolutionists inscribed the names of their confreres to transmit them to posterity, to hold them as gauges, as proof of the divine capacity of the Russian people to fight, to the great and beautiful ideal of universal happiness. Yes, we still have with us your names, brave boys and girls! famous men and women! We have them written in our books; we have them traced on the porticos of our temples of liberty, as immortals whose noble deeds were worthy of imitation in every land and in every time.

Having before my eyes these beautiful galleries of noble characters, of brilliant minds, tender hearts and unyielding will, I should count myself happy I could make the world outside Russia, which has little idea of what is going on there, know what happens to the man who cares for his own rights and for the rights of his neighbor! Oh, that I could show to the eyes of the world even a little of the despotism's secret! Oh, that I could show to the world all that soul has had to endure, to suffer, in order to bring about the day when the Russian nation shall cry aloud with one voice, "I want no more tyranny! I am able henceforth to manage myself, my country and my family!"

Oh, if I could make the dead live again! If I could deliver those who languish in fortresses and prisons; those who are pining away in exile; those who are filled with remorse in Siberia; if I could smooth out the faces covered with premature wrinkles; if I could renew the courage of hearts broken by the tortures of persecution, and make them march in triumph proportioned to their unalterable, unyielding will to go on worthily, I would sell my soul for Siberia—ah, that would be for me supreme felicity, for me who have known these brave souls and who honors them as the glory of my country!

SHELL WE SAVE HER FROM THE CZAR'S SIBERIAN HELL?

(Copied from Star Page)

"Dear Progressive Woman, will you not make up your mind with me that our comrade in darkest Russia shall, be freed? I have taken hold of God for this, and it will be done.
For her freedom, I am your comrade,
"B."
"Anacortes, Wash."

Sometimes it is hard to arouse people on a subject like this. If the thing were before their eyes, if they could see this splendid woman in her exile, could see the frozen Siberian country, the filthy, reeking prisons, the harsh labor, the unremitting government employees and spies at their task of keeping the prisoners in subjection—if the people of America, of the world, could see this terrible thing, they would not and could not show a moment. The Russian government would be bombarded with pleas and threats, until it would turn all its prisoners loose.

But this is the tragedy of it out of sight, out of mind! The Tsar has taken the precaution to put Katherine Breshiskovsky out of sight, that she may be out of the minds of the sympathetic people of the world. As I write these words, I am reprinting the above letter, and this comment—to bring back to our readers a reminder, if nothing more, of this splendid woman who is suffering a Siberian exile for humanity's sake.

Katherine Breshiskovsky was born to wealth and luxury. She might have enjoyed all the privileges of her class to the end of her days. But she was a student; she read and made inquiries; she looked about her, and when she discovered at what a price her privileges were bought she decided to give them up, and throw herself into labor, toil, and affection with those to whom she had nothing but misery and sacrifice all their days.

The story is well known how she taught school for the peasants, and finally, staking her all, decided to enter the mines and factories of the peasant's clothes, she joined a revolutionary group and dedicated her life to their cause.

For this she was kept two years in solitary confinement, awaiting trial, and then was sentenced to fifteen years at hard labor in the mines and later to twenty-three years in Siberia, near the Arctic Circle, where the long nights drag their deep shadows over the blighted lives of thousands of Russia's best manhood and womanhood.

When she finally got away from Siberia, Madame Breshiskovsky came to the United States to plead the cause of her people. The editor of The Progressive Woman had the great pleasure of meeting her then. While walking together she put her arm about me in the most comradely fashion, as she told of conditions in Russia. She asked about the "movement" here and there was something to her in my reticent story was not an exciting one as was hers. When I told her, however, that I was connected with a Socialist paper (the Appeal to Reason) that had a circulation of over 200,000 she expressed deep regret that I was not a Socialist, and exclaimed with a note of joy in her voice, "And you have a Socialist paper in America, with such a large circulation! It is wonderful, wonderful!"

Katherine Breshiskovsky, owing to the nature of her government, is more of an anarchist than a Socialist-Democrat, but she was happy to know that our "downmost class" had a voice with such "carrying power" as this. She will never forget how, in her nearly sixty years, her wonderful physical strength, the sweetness of her face, the whole wonderful womanhood of her!

She returned to Russia to assist in an expected revolution of the people. After her return to Russia, Madame Breshiskovsky was arrested, tried, and sentenced for life to Siberia.

As an experiment, let the reader put herself in Katherine Breshiskovsky's place. If you are a German living in a European country, and you could not endure, as she could not, the terrible despotism practiced upon a helpless people, such as the Russian government practices. You would want help, you would help us, you would help to liberate your fellow citizens from the mazelike gnomes of Cancerian, from all their midnight gloom of ignorance and poverty.

And if you had helped them, and for your pains had been mistreated, shut up in a loathsome Siberian prison, and then the next bitter exile for life, would you like to think that everyone had forgotten you, that there was no tear, no care, no thought expressed for you again, even though you were still living? Human sympathy is the sweetest thing in the world when everything else is stripped from us. Will the readers of The Progressive Woman, then, not offer a word for this woman who is suffering a Siberian exile for humanity's sake?
KATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

selves once in behalf of human justice, and against tyranny and despotism! Where are the women and men, the organized and unorganized bodies of women and men in the world, that they should suffer such injustice against a sister? Write your letters, dear readers, and get all of your friends to write! Let us free Katherine Breishkovsky from the blight of a Siberian hell!

THE CZAR'S ARMIES OF REVENGE

[The following is from "Russia's Message," by William English Walling, giving us a hint of what the Russian people are doing for, and of the manner in which their efforts toward civilisation are being received by the Russian government—Editor.]

I

THE CZAR'S ARMIES OF REVENGE

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I

IN their struggle against Czarism, the Russian people are fighting for the right of free development in every possible direction. The professors are struggling for academic freedom, the peasants for land, the workers for the right to organize, citizens for the right to govern themselves, publicists for the right to speak and write, and the people at large for every elemental human freedom. As a result there are as many parties as there are groups of people that emphasize one or another aspect of the struggle; but it by no means follows that these parties are turning aside to fight each other. On the contrary, there is no fundamental confusion. The object of every bona fide liberal, radical, or revolutionary organization is to take all the power away from the incompetent, immoral and murderous regime that is at present in control.

Many of the younger officers are纨绔子弟. We may be prepared to expect every possible cruelty and excess. We are not surprised at the execution of captured peasants by the dozens and hundreds, nor by the barbarous tortures that have been practiced over and over again. I shall not even try to summarize the various notorious cases of torture, in many cases of which young girls were the victims, that have been proven to take place in the prisons. I shall not speak of the execution soon after torture of many prisoners in order to prevent them from reporting scenes later to the public. It may interest the reader, however, to show the spirit in which this blood-red purge was carried on, to quote a well-authenticated case among innumerable others of the beating of a woman by the order of the notorious German Baron von Sievers at Fel-lin. During the thrashing the woman did not utter a sound, but she was declared in a strong and energetic voice to her tormentors: 'This is against the law. There is no Russian law that allows you to punish people in such a manner.' Von Sievers' answer was an order for her to be thrashed a second time.

Already hundreds of thousands have been beaten, and tens of thousands executed under this thin pretense of military law. Here is a typical case, quoted in the paper of an inhabitant of the village of Korovino, in the province of Smolensk: 'On the 9th of January a troop of soldiers was sent into this village. With the soldiers there arrived the captain of police, a colonel of the gendarmes, and other officers. The judgment (otherwise called pacification) commenced. The mayor of the village was called. How did you dare to allow the brigandage in this village?' 'What could I do?' replied the mayor. 'One dares everything when one is starving. But to know which of us took part in this brigandage there must be a just trial.' 'Take off his clothes and take him into a neighboring barn. There they will give him a just trial.'

The soldiers, two armed with guns and two with rods, were sent into the barn. The soldiers with guns stopped in front of the gate and the soldiers with rods went inside. The tribunal remained in the village the entire day. All the peasants were beaten; nobody was spared, not even the old men. No investigation was made, nobody was interrogated, the old man, aged sixty, who had received twenty-five blows, said on rising: 'God be praised that they have not beaten me to death.' This seemed to be an insolence and the old man received twenty-five more blows. These situations are entirely beyond the power of the writer to picture; but it is my attempt to picture them to the reader's mind.

HOW YOU CAN HELP.

1. Write a letter of sympathy to Katherine Breishkovsky, care of address. Ask MRS. CATHERINE BRESHKO-BRESHKOVSKAYA, KIRENISKA, IKUTSK SIBERIA.

2. Write a letter to your congressman and tell him what you think about Madame Catherine Breishkovsky's inhuman exile.


4. Have your union, local, club or society adopt resolutions condemning the unwarantted imprison-
ment of Madame Breishkovsky.

5. Circulate this edition of The Progressive Woman among your friends, neighbors, shopmates, and church members.

6. Ask your speaker or your minister to make first impres-sion a theme.

7. BE SURE to interest your local paper in this matter.

8. Keep in touch with The Progressive Woman as to your activities.

9. You might also write to Secretary of State William Jennings Bryan, Washington, D.C.

Anybody will give you 15 cents to get THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN one year. Make it a Club of Four!

(Continued on Page 10, Col. 2)

CAROLINE A. LOWE TO SPEAK UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN.

CAROLINE A. LOWE, well known as a Socialist Lyceum speaker and party organizer, ranks among the best women speakers of the United States. She has been in the field for a number of years, and has spoken in every section of the country. Miss Lowe will begin a series of speaking dates under the auspices of The Progressive Woman, in Kansas, October 1. Later she will go into Nebraska and Illinois. Locals in these states wishing to arrange dates for Miss Lowe should address The Progressive Woman, 5445 Drexel avenue, Chicago.

HOW ONE BELL 'PHONE OPERATOR WAS TREATED

CAROLINE A. LOWE, who represented the Socialist party before the Committee on Woman Suffrage in the House of Representatives last year, has been working with the telephone girls of Kansas City, who are endeavoring to organize their trade. In regard to this work, which is being carried on under the aegis of the Woman's Trade Union League of Kansas City, Miss Lowe writes:

"We are endeavoring to get the Bell Telephone operators to join hands in an organization formed for their mutual protection, against unscrupulous and greedy employers, and to protest through every possible avenue of publicity against the methods adopted by the Bell Telephone Company in its efforts to destroy the spirit and crush the union of its employees. "That many may know more intimately just what the Bell Telephone Company is doing to its employees, I am enclosing a letter, which is nothing short of a 'human document,' and which should arouse all who live within a radius of where the Bell telephone is used, to a sympathy with the 'phone girls.'

A HUMAN DOCUMENT LETTER

"Kansas City, Mo., July 3, 1913.

"To Whom It May Concern:"

"My daughter, Irene, worked for the Bell Telephone Company for about five years. After attending high school nearly two years, she began work as a telephone girl at $15.00 per month. In a few months she was made night relief operator and stationed in out-of-the-way places like Argentine and Rosedale at a salary of $25.00 a month. She has worked for weeks at a time in a lonely room in a business building, unoccupied at night by any one except herself. She was instructed to ring the fire department if she was molested, which she was forced to do at various times. I used to lie
POEM

BY J. C. K.

THE LAST HOUR

A TANGLE of briars born to effect a change in their fruit, a corn field smote of its emerald glory; the dove's cry, star of low and grieveth;

A meadow lark winging its way through the pungent odor of sun-dried hay, the golden-rods lighting the entrance of autumn, and summer watching the close of its day.

FRIENDS

FRIENDS are those kindled souls who completely
The magnetic circles of our lives.

In every thought and act of every day,
Being strong and fine and true.

Through all, the scents of the clover bloom,
By Nature's truest course.

And a troop of fancies sweeter than myrrh,
A friendship with a being of Worth.

For She is the center of the golden day,
And the love of the meadow, hills and plains.

Enwrap me with a being of Worth.

And naught was so fair on land or sea.

Till the heart of a maid was revealed to me.

THE VANISHED BABY

BY BENJAMIN KEECH

WHERE has my little vanished—
The baby with winsome charms?
The one that I locked While the world winked?
The one that just fitted my arms?
I try to believe I am happy,
Well knowing that I am free;
For his love I miss,
And each precious kiss Can never come back to me.

The desolate years have been cruel—
They do not return what I crave;
And no tiny boy
(Little "Armful of Joy") keeps me faithful and hopeful and brave.

I look o'er his playthings, remembering
A face sweet and fair as the dawn;
And an aching smart
fills my lonely heart.

For the dear little churl that's gone.

I sigh when the morning awakens,
When love, in my hungry heart, calls.

O, say where is my vanished baby?
If you have, bring him to me;
For I'd love to keep
Him, and rock him to sleep.

As I did in the used-to-be.

Thirty minutes of your time each week will make the circulation of THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN grow, grow, grow! Get a Club of Four!
Oemon kept complaining of his lack of stock and finally closed the little antique store by the tall willow tree, just across the bridge of Azuma. Neighbors gossiped of his foolishness in closing his store at the beginning of spring, when every moment could be cooled into a thousand dollars, but the historian of potters and old wood carvings paid very little attention to his friends, and acted according to his inspiration. Out of the east and the west he emerged from the cloud of flowers, and traveled afoot toward the northern Japan.

Then, at last, he lost the dark horizon of Yeddo, he rested himself on the bench of a mountain tea-house.

"What an honorable delightful day, traveler!"

"On my superb travel, rendered beautiful by the picturesque road along the sea, too, honorable host."

He stopped to converse with the host of the tea-house who seemed to be much more hospitable than any merchant of Yedo. Tea-tray, ash-tray, rice-cakes and quilts, all were brought to him upon the bench covered by a moss cotter.

"Aha, delightful, delightful! no other joy surpasses the joy of travel, especially when one travels alone with very little of money, and plenty of hopes."

"Ha—are you from Yedo?"

"Yes."

"It must be all pink now with flowers."

"Ablaze with the cherry, and I was burned out."

"Which way are you going to travel?"

"Oh, nowhere in particular—that is, wherever I can do any business."

"What business are you in?"

"I am an antiquary."

"Oh, an antiquary! But I think every citizen of Yedo is something of an antiquary, or a poet; they are so."

Suddenly, in the midst of the host's naive flattery, Toemon, a white cat eating his fish in a large bowl placed at the end of the long bench. At a glance he felt a wild thrill of discovery pass over his spine. The speculative nature of his journey was realized here before he had come scarcely ten ri from the capital of Nippon. The bowl out of which the greedy cat was eating was an old Satsuma, dated at least four hundred and fifty years ago, made by one of those old Korean immigrants.

The genius of Satsuma, with its rusty gold, exquisite hand-painting, antique coloring, peculiar to the semi-civilized Koreans of the age! That would sell at least for seven hundred ri.

Toemon smiled his benign, philosophic smile, and turned his gaze upon the rustic host, who was ignorant enough to feed his cat from the priceless antique, which even the Shogun might cov't his head before he folly sake in it, and saw the latter was pouring the sea-colored tea in the cup of his guest, and seemed to know nothing about the smile of Toemon.

"Ah, marvelous cat! The white cat!" At last, when the host finished pouring the tea, Toemon, the antiquary, cried with a suave exclamation, "Where did you get this cat?"

"Hai, from my brother's, sir," was the answer.

"I love white cats; they are so rare, you know."

"Yes, they are."

Toemon took the cat in his hands, and caressing her on the back, asked, "Can you sell her to me?"

The keeper of the tea-house hesitated, with a grudge characteristic of those mountainers whose properties are their bodily members, inseparable as their souls' companions; and then he reluctantly consented to sell her for five ri.

Toemon took the cat in his arm, paid five gold pieces, fastened the string of his purse, and the bargain was ended.

"But, by the way, honorable host, I hear the white cats are mostly particular about their vessels from which they are fed. So, I should be very grateful to you if you will kindly give me this old worthless bowl in which you are feeding her now."

To this the host waved his knotty hand, and replied: "No, sir, I cannot offer you that bowl of genuine Satsuma. It will cost at least seven hundred and fifty ri—and if I give it away I will lose the source of a steady income of five ri from travelers!"

Toemon, the antiquarian, bowed with as much grace as he could command, and went on his way, leaving his host sitting on the bench beside him with the lovely Satsuma bowl.

"The old sport!" said Toemon to himself. "How does it come that he has lingered so long by the mountain side? He should be with the rest of us in Yedo!"

Order 1,900 of our 3-MINUTE LEAF-LETS and reach 1,900 people

IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?
BY JOHN M. WORK

CHAPTER VIII MERCILESS EXPLOITATION

HE present capitalist system of industry deprives the masses of the people of the benefits of the marvelous improvements in production, and hands those benefits over to the few.

This process, of course, is more emphatically forced to the attention of the people by the trusts, railroads, express and telegraph companies, than by the smaller industries.

The trusts are a perfectly natural development of modern industry. Instead of heading backward and attempting to disintegrate them we should head forward and make them collective property.

The alleged prosecution of the trusts in recent years is just a great big bluff for the purpose of trying to fool the "dear people." I believe, however, that people have come to the point where they can no longer be fooled in that manner. Barum said that the people liked to be humbugged. But it is my candid opinion that there comes a time when even the delicious sensation of being humbugged becomes stale.

The trust-busters are funny people. They indulge in many quaint antics.

Do you remember that twenty-nine-million-dollar fine which was levied against the Standard Oil Trust a few years ago?

At that time the trust-busters became frantic with joy.

One of the best-known publications in America had a particularly gauzy pipe-dream. It stated in one of its editorials that the people of the United States would no longer worry about the trust problem. The trust problem had been solved!

(Continued on Page 11)
A DAILY THOUGHT TOPIC

[Below are thirty questions, or topics for thought—one for each day of the month. Many housewives will find these valuable, in that they will suggest a line of thought that may be profitable for their family. These are offered in lieu of a woman's club, or for discussion by friends. Housewives can ask a thousand questions, and I am sure you will be interested in their progress with the world.—Editor.]

1. Does a woman help support her husband's employer?

2. Is the soldier praised and the ex-soldier sent to the poorhouse?

3. What is the picture of the fact that the "yellow" press is shouting about the need of preserving American interests in Mexico, why not investigate and find out how much you and your neighbors own in Mexico?

4. Who is Alice Stone Blackwell?

5. Why are millions of dollars devoted to the interests of cattle by the government, and nothing for the preservation of childhood?

6. Every woman, after performing many years of useful labor, is compelled to either walk the streets in search of a job or else make a application for charitable aid.

7. Do you believe in charity?

8. Which do you think is better: justice or charity?

9. What is meant by the term "protestant"?

10. Who is Katherine Breshkovsky?

11. Who is the Russian minister at Washington?

12. Take for a letter sent from your town to St. Petersburg in Russia.

13. How would you like to be in Siberian exile?

14. Do you then ask a woman with a job to make the lives of workers safe in factories, mines, and shops?

15. Why should sex hygiene be taught to children?

16. Why does a man usually think himself superior to and better than a woman?

17. Why do many women think that it isn't woman's work to make politics?

18. Why do politicians, businessmen, white slavers, and child-labor employers oppose Votes for Women?

19. What are the most important factors in the production of wealth?

20. If you had the vote, what do you think you'd do with it?

21. Why do economic conditions rudely break in upon love's young dream?

22. Why do we need standing armies and navies to protect commerce?

23. Who are Charles Edward Russell and Eugene V. Debs?

24. What is the tariff question?

25. What things are essential to long life?

26. What are the conditions in the radical states?

27. How can one improve their nervous and physical forces?

28. Why was the United States Constitution framed by the representatives of the people?

29. State the value of sleep.

30. Why is it that people willing to work have to ask some one for the chance to work?

[Reference is made to the article "The Question of Peace and War," on page 4.]

![Image of a newspaper page with text]

MOTHERHOOD HAS ITS RIGHTS.

To The Editor:

I have received two of your papers and of course I am with you always, but while you are claiming freedom, equality and human treatment of women, mean women, with all that they mean, not only with what was going on in the suffrage movement of the world, but was thoroughly familiar with all current events. At her death, which occurred in New York City in 1902, her 87th year, a notable dividend of her work. A lighthouse on the human coast has fallen! To the vast multitudes of the name of Elizabeth Cady Stanton does not mean so much a person, as a standard Inscribed with great principles.

Her old friend, Susan B. Anthony, paid her this beautiful and touching tribute, "The title I claim for Mrs Stanton is leader of women. They do not enjoy one privilege today beyond that of the man who was not demanded by her before the present generation was born. Even at 87 she was a wonderful woman. As a speaker and writer she was unsurpassed. I am too crushed to write this now. I wish this country would have found more beautiful phrases to describe our friendship, but I cannot put it into words."

Thirty minutes of your time each week will make the circulation of this

With your friends, grow, grow, grow! Get a Club of Four!

[See page 4 for continuation]

[Image of a page with text]

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[See page 4 for continuation]
THINGS IN THE MAKING

SO WOMAN ISN'T FIT FOR WAR!

HE claim is frequently put forth by the opponents of woman suffrage that woman is not fit for war. Well, why should she be? Isn't war synonymous with the destruction of human life? And should it be woman's function to destroy life when it is really her function to create and care for it? War is simply murder made worthy in the eyes of fools and ruffians by the brands of sham responsibility and the law which is often a sham itself. People are not as en iustic about war as they used to be. This accounts perhaps for the panic today among war officials who cannot get enough men to join the army and receive $15 per month for their patriotism.

And people are slowly but surely learning the fact that WOMAN HAS ALWAYS PAID THE COST OF WAR; THAT SHE HAS ALWAYS BORNE THE WEIGHT OF WAR; THAT HER RELATION TO WAR IS MANIFOLDLY MORE PERSONAL, INTIMATE AND INSEPARABLE THAN THAT OF ALL STATEDMEN, WHETHER OF INDUSTRY AND PURPLED KNIVES PUT TOGETHER, BECAUSE SHE KNOWS THE HISTORY OF HUMAN FLESH AND BLOOD BETTER THAN ANY MAN.

Men have made cannons, bullets and guns. Woman has made the men killed and maimed by cannon, bullets and guns.

Every battlefield has always cost woman more blood and tears than the men who died in battle while their beneficiaries—kings, nobles, princes, Wall street millionaires and politicians—were far away beyond the reach of shot and shell.

Men have made machines in shop and mine and mill. Woman has made workers killed and injured by machines in shop and mine and mill.

National wars and industrial wars both play havoc with women. And when we behold a factory filled with the wan faces of girls and women, boys and men; when we look at those workers who have lost arms and hands and legs, and have been otherwise maimed, we cannot but think the thought, "So many mothers' daughters and sons! So many children to be sacrificed to the gods of war and the Moloch of greed! So many days and weeks and months of anguish, weariness and agony that it took to shape the bodies of these mothers' daughters and sons!"

Then it is that the truth is brought home to us with full force, and we know that woman has borne the first cost of all wars throughout the ages.

But all wars, industrial, national and civil wars, will soon cease—because woman today is using reason! WOMAN TODAY HURLS A CHALLENGE AT THE WORLD AND DECLARES THAT SHE WILL NO LONGER HAVE HER BODY REGARDED AS A MERE MACHINE TO SUPPLY THE ARMIES OF THE WORLD OR TO FEED THE MILLS AND MINES OF MAMMON. IF SOCIETY WANTS MORE MEN AND WOMEN, LET IT COMMENCE TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE WHO ARE LIVING TODAY.

Men may vote like long-eared mules at the ballot-box against the interests of themselves, their wives, and children, without knowing it; the captains of industry and government may rob and despooil and betray the interests of the people. They may raise the high cost of living; they may lower wages and refuse work or the certainty of getting a living—but there is one thing they can never do, and that is to MAKE WOMEN BRED MORE VICTIMS FOR THE GUN AND THE MACHINE.

Struggles on the battlefield and on the industrial field are destined to cease in our time—because woman is gradually acquiring an equal measure in the conduct and affairs of modern life. Woman's function is to preserve life as well as to create it, and she will preserve it, even if it is necessary to batter down the private ownership of the people's money—even if she is necessary to "walking powers" to Wall street and dollarized government.

That is why the woman or feminist movement is the one most revolutionary of modern times—because it stands for the preservation of human life, and no custom, tradition or law can stop it from performing its mission. Women in the suffrage movement may know little about economic theories—they may know little about the tariff and other kinds of bankings—but the one big thing they do know is that HUMAN LIFE SHOULD NEVER BE SACRIFICED TO PRESERVE THE POWERS OF POLITICIAN, KING, OR INDUSTRIAL exploiter.

WHAT ARE REAL AMERICAN INTERESTS?

"AMERICAN interests must be protected in Mexico."

"The Monroe Doctrine must be enforced in Mexico."

So many of the headlines screaming at us in black and red from the average daily paper during the last few weeks.

Did you ever stop to figure out what kind of interests you have in Mexico?

Did you ever think of the lands and mines and railroads in Mexico—that are not yours, but the property of some American syndicate?

And did you ever realize that the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in Mexico simply means the property belonging to European capitalists?

At the present moment, talk of intervention in Mexico is in the air. Huerta won't be recognized, is the edit. Intervention seems to be the watchword of those who are shouting for the protection of American interests in Mexico. But what is meant is intervention to protect the interests of American and European capitalists.

If the hearts of our statesmen and captains of industry are guzzled with the passion to protect American interests, why don't they start at home? Why don't they do something to preserve the motherhood of the nation? Why don't they do something to insure conditions that will enable every child to become vigorous, mentally and physically?

Why don't they cut the high cost of living and give every worker the full social value of her or his labor? This is how they could protect real American interests—the kind that are embodied in flesh and blood—and not in stocks and bonds. But capitalists are not built that way, no more than they are built to crawl their teeth into a needle to enter the kingdoms of heaven.

And see here, madam! Did you ever think of the fact that no one will ever protect real American interests except the American working class?

You as a woman and mother, and your children, and your husband, are worth more than all the stocks and bonds held by Americans in Mexico.

Then, in God's name, why don't you make your congressman understand it, for a capitalist congressman isn't supposed to know such things? Why don't you communicate the fact to your senator, and why don't you write to the good gentlemen the "walking powers" to Wall street and dollarized government.

WE CAN'T GET ALONG WITHOUT THEM!

In Chicago, housewives have been paying midwinter prices for butter all summer, in spite of the fact that more than 65,000,000 pounds are in cold storage. This is 10,346,000 pounds more than the reserves of a year ago.

Well, ask the careful housewife, why should people be paying midwinter prices for butter when there is so much of it already on hand?

And the answer comes back: "My dear lady, the people don't count the price of butter as what counts. We don't have as much to worry about the people. They'll pay a high price, as they usually do for everything. Funny thing about it all is that they don't care very much. All they are grumbling is the price just the same, whether it be for butter, eggcups, clothes, rent, and the vacation trips of the Moneybag family."

Now, dealers say that butter will advance this year to the highest level ever known. Rather, they mean that it will advance to the highest altitude. But whatever they mean, the fact remains that we will have to pay a good price for butter, and we'll do nothing but grumble about it. And as long as we grumble and don't agitate to have the city or state own and control the output of milk, cheese, butter and other things, we can go on grumbling the rest of our lives.

Did some one say something about owning and controlling the output of milk, cheese, butter and other things?

Forsoth! That might be too much like Socialism. And besides, don't we own if there were no butter dealers, milk dealers, and other dealers, there wouldn't be any butter, milk and other things that people need.

(See last Sunday, p. 5—If we don't have any landlords, we won't have any land! If we don't have any clothing manufacturers, we won't have any clothing! If we don't have any bread, we won't have any bread! I tell you, we've simply got to have landlords, bosses, and butter dealers.)

JAPAN has 38,322 woman school teachers, 493,498 female factory workers, 3,009 telephone operators and 3,000,000 girls in the public schools.
LITTLE LESSONS IN GOVERNMENT

BY BARNET BRAVERMAN

1. How many kinds of votes are there in the United States? Three kinds: the citizen youth who has reached the age of 21—the foreigner who has completed education and industry—and the American woman who lives in an equal suffrage state.

2. What does citizenship mean? It is the right to take part in the affairs of government and conduct its business.

3. May a woman vote in the United States? The right to vote is a constitutional right.

4. What is the ballot? The ballot is a card on which the voter uses to express, intelligently or unintelligently, what he may think is needed for the welfare of himself, government and other persons.

5. What are the qualifications for registration? The voter must be 18 years old, a resident in the county, and 30 days in the precinct in which you are entitled to vote.

6. May certain persons who cannot vote because of industrial conditions compel them to go from town to town in search of employment? Yes, there are several million men thus situated.

7. How is registration conducted? Special polling places are set up upon the request of the voters. Registration is usually conducted at the city hall or the county courthouse. Sometimes in stores and other places.

8. What are the chief points in registering? To go to the polling place—add the registration certificate to the permanent registration list—mark the paper ballot, and return it to the person who furnished it to you.

9. How does a person register? Fills out a registration blank in duplicate, and signs the back of it. The person must present his age, residence, names of parents, and former place of residence.

10. Does every child born on American soil, regardless of the nationality of parents, become a citizen? Yes.

11. Is a child born on foreign soil, whose father is a naturalized citizen, entitled to citizenship without going through the process of naturalization? Yes.

12. Is every foreign-born woman, married to an American citizen, a citizen? Yes.

13. Is a citizenship worth much to a woman if she has not the chance to express it? No.

14. Are naturalization laws today satisfactory to most married women? No; many foreign women think they should have the right to vote even if naturalized independently of their husbands, and American women object to losing their citizenship by marrying foreigners.

24. What body elects the president and vice-president? The electoral college, members of which are chosen directly by the people.

25. How many members constitute the electoral college? As many as there are representatives and senators from each state in Congress.

26. What is the real intention of the framers of the Constitution regarding the powers of the electoral college? That it should be used to choose at will any man they preferred to fill the executive chair without consultation or vote.

27. Has the law giving these powers to the electoral college changed? Yes. The 1832 law and the Constitution itself.

28. When is the ballot of the electoral college cast? On the first Monday in January, and the new president is formally inaugurated on the 4th of March.

29. How are senators elected? They are chosen by legislators in most states. In some states such as Oregon, California, etc., the people's advisory vote is taken on senatorial candidates.

30. What are the qualifications for voting? Electors are required to vote in the precinct where they lived and in the state of the presidential election time. It is important that upon entering the polling place that the voter write a vote in the column of the ballot, and the count must be uniform. If not, it is impossible for the voter to sign his or her name to the voting list.

31. Can the right of a person to vote be challenged? Yes. The causes for challenge are: The voter is not the person whose name appears on the register; the person whose name appears is not residing in the state one year preceding election. That he has not been a naturalized citizen of the United States for at least five years; that he has not resided in the county or precinct the required number of days on the 20th of December of the preceding year.

32. What is taxation? The legal appropriation of private property for public purposes.

33. How is private property legally appropriated? From Emily D. and by right of eminent domain and by right of direct or indirect taxation.

34. What is the right of eminent domain? It means that the state has the right to appropriate land to community interests and gives the community the right to take that which it decides is necessary for the public welfare.

35. What persons pay taxes? All persons, large or small, regardless of sex.

36. What lands and buildings are exempt from taxation? The lands and buildings serving the common good, such as schools, museums, and playgrounds.

37. How are personal property and real estate taxed? Personal property is taxed in the legal residence of the owner. Real estate is taxed in and for the welfare of the county, city, and state in which it is situated.

38. What is federal revenue? A tax raised by the government by duties on imports and excise on a few domestic articles.

39. What are tax exempted? A tax upon that which they pay their duties as consumers of taxes and paid a tariff instead of taxation.

40. Does the Constitution of the United States give Congress the power to collect taxes, duties, and why? Yes. The Constitution gives Congress the power to tax personal property, duties, taxes, excises, and imports, to pay the debts and provide for the common defense and general welfare of the United States.

41. What is the report of a commission appointed to examine the United States Constitution? It will deal with Jury Duty, the Constitution of the United States, and the Republican, Socialist, Pro-Gen, and Progressives (pard.

A BOUQUET! THANKS!

THE PROGRESSIVE WOMAN OF CHICAGO, Josephine Conger-Kaneko's excellent paper, has been much improved lately. It is now equal in appearance to the highest class magazines. It is well worth the support of Socialists.—The Appeal to Reason.

MY SPIRIT RIVAL—A STORY

BY JOSEPHINE CONGER-KANEKO

FOR years I have taught school. Lately I have had the honor of being elected superintendent of schools in the Seventh ward school in the city of X Y Z. People seldom mistake a female teacher for anything else, and any one meeting me would never dream that I had had an extra-ordinary education outside of school teaching worth of mention. I have not always taught school, neither has my name always been Miss Rebecca Jones.

Once I was married, and during the time I allowed myself to go by my husband's name. But since he left me in such an unceremonious way and went off with another woman—another woman's spirit, which was quite as bad—I have gone by my maiden name.

I was born and raised in a small country house, standing on the extreme edge of a very old town. My mother occupied herself with teaching in the neighboring schoolhouse, from which I graduated at the age of eighteen.

As is the case in most old towns, the people cared more for culture and learning than they did for business and a hustle of a money-making life. Every year our town sent a goodly delegation of young men and girls (mostly girls) to different colleges around.

When my turn came, I was also, but was destined to spend but one year at college, as fate, or some queer interference, caused my plans to be greatly broken into, and my life to travel over lines far from anything my ideals had ever laid down. My one choice had been to educate myself for teaching. How I was ever cajoled into being married I don't know. In every community there are churches in which are to be found people of wonderful ruling capacity.

A woman of this kind dwelt near us, and was a particular friend of my mother, who was a devoted church-worker. Mrs. Fellows ruled everybody's life over her altar. In her way, as far as the little flock with which she worshipped was concerned. Her father, a man of stern disposition, had been the pastor of our church for years. Then he died at the age of eighty, by which time he had changed her relationship to her father by running things as she liked.

This aspiring maiden lady married a respectable old gentleman who had lost a wife a few years previously, by whom he had reared a large family of sons. The youngest of these became my husband.

David Fellows had lost one wife and an infant girl. He was as cold as a fish and it was not possible for a man to be. But when he set out to get married he started with the determination that most widowers possess, and after trying several girls about town—and being refused, of course—he found me.

I had never had a sweetheart and knew little about the ways of men. This one became an object of disgust to me. He took my slight looks very good-naturedly, and proposed marriage to me and impossible terms of marriage. I refused and was turned down, and this same kind of man. He was a very good man, I knew. I disliked to hurt his feelings, and I allowed him more and more, and he became a habit of life. A few years after this I began to use him. He was a very good man, I knew. I disliked to hurt his feelings, and I allowed him more and more privileges. I even allowed him to have the two buggy rides with him. His step-mother talked to my mother and to me, and—well, I set the day for the wedding.
WHERE ARE WE?

BY DR. PAULINE MYERS-HANSON

ARE any of the sick from a
sociological standpoint
is about where the edu-
cation of youth was a
century ago. At that
time there was no pub-
ic school system. All
efforts were individu-
als and private. Here
and there was a school
connected with no
other than some
indifferent some
vicious. No system
method to test the preparation of teachers, no
criteria, no standards as to results. Parents
judged as best they could the fitness of school
or teacher. If parents were able to pay tuition
and appreciate of education, then the child
received some privileges of instruction. With
rare exceptions the teacher's first interest in the
school was that of income. It then became
a question of getting and keeping pupils
without those tuition and income stopped.
The teacher as a result, pampered and to
to the whims of pupils, otherwise the latter
complained, at home of a cross teacher, and
parents frequently indulgent would place the
child in another school. Thus, teachers soon
learned to make the real advancement of the
efficiency of the pupil secondary to their own economic
advancement! Discipline was demoralized and
the schools largely play places for idlers.

Education under these circumstances was limited to
a small percentage of the population, and
most of these was elementary and superficial
in character.

Contrast this with the public schools of the
middle and far West in the matter of system,
order, methods and results that have been
attained during less than a century of develop-
ment.

This system was created upon the basis of
arguments about a Republican govern-
ment being dependent on the intelligence of
its voting population, free public schools
insured the education of all youth and are the
cornerstone of such government. Hence the
school systems are an item of patriot-
ism and self-preservation.

The advance or even maintenance of a
nation, no matter what the type of govern-
ment, in these days of manufacture and com-
erce, depends upon the industrial efficiency
of its citizenship. Industrial life requires
intelligence and endurance.

Intelligence to a larger degree than gen-
erally supposed, and endurance, depend rela-
tively upon conditions of health. National
efficiency then is marked by the ratio of health
endurance, and yet it appears that in the gov-
ernment there is no department of health.
Regarding these matters we as a nation stand
where our ancestors a century ago were
regarding educational matters. The care of the
sick and afflicted is as chaotic, costly, corrupt
and insufficient as was formerly the schooling
of children.

Charging of doctors with fraud and doctors
charging others with grafting, while many of
the charges are absolutely true, does not get
us anywhere. We have still the sickness, the
grafter and the non-grafter, and as each emer-
gency arises it is a question of choosing
which one will promise us the most aid. The liar
and thief are most ready with promises, and in this

HYGIENE and THE HOME

LONG LIFE

BY DR. J. H. GREER,

Author of "The Physician in the House," Etc.

T HE foundation of a long and happy life
must be laid at the beginning, indeed
it should be based on the lines of several
generations behind us, for a great deal
depends on the physical and mental attributes
of our ancestors. We then understand
that we can economize our vital energies, and
that the length and usefulness of our years are
in our own keeping. If we study into the
working of life, we find that by being strong
even to thoroughly control our habits, our
appetites and desires, if we determine to
be more the master than the creature of circum-
stances we may govern the term of life as
well as the manner.

It is wrong to be sick, ailing, inadequate for
the activities of human existence. Much de-
pends upon what we will to be, and on our
being in accordance with the laws of
time, nature. Nature is a force, and disease,
and goes about her work of healing as soon as
conditions will permit. A calm, well balanced
frame of mind—this is the needful. It is a
primordial condition, and one had the right of
access to Nature's gifts, and in which case
operation must and shall be made—it will be
done. How, this is not the time to try to tell.
Thought force has accomplished all that civil-
ization can do, its operations can accomplish
much more if directed right.

One may determine early in life to keep
young in feeling, interests and sympathies,
and if these resolutions are firmly adhered to,
until the age of eighty, while others who have
never established, others will never remember that he or
she is growing old. Women have preserved
their loveliness and attractiveness until past
the age of eighty; and men have drawn about
them the brightest minds of the day eager
to listen to the rich and lofty sentiments of
well stored minds, until the last years of a
century of useful life closed upon them. These
people are respected for their mental, physical,
simple in their tastes and habits, sympathetic,
progressive. Their minds are never allowed
to ossify, nor their bodies to decay. To show
what women may be throughout a long, lovely
life, read on.

"Jane Clermont, who was loved by Byron
and adored by Shelley, died not far from
ninety years of age. Her eyes, her figure,
her color and teeth remained perfect, her
abundant hair, brightened by the years, only made
her the lovelier, and she was charming in her
manners always. Throughout her long life
she invariably ate sparingly and only simple
foods, and she went out every day; above all,
she always maintained a keen interest
in youthful persons, and delighted in fresh and
fine thoughts, whether they were expressed
in books or conversation. Indeed, she was to
the last, a most cherishing companion for
both the young and the mature. It never
occurred to those about her that she was not
as young as they. Her society was so eagerly
sought that she was compelled to deny herself
daily to an excess of visitors who were anxious
to enjoy her brilliant conversation, infectious
laughter and graceful personality. She always
reserved an hour in every day for solitude and
absolute repose of mind and body."
MY SPIRIT RIVAL
(Continued from Page 9)

To be sure, I cried many times, but then everybody seemed to think it ought to be, and after Mrs Fellows set her head on it, every avenue in life seemed to close but that one, and I walked, weeping, into it.

In the days of the fall the year dawned cold and gloomy. Later on a steady rain set in, and it was the saddest day of my life. The week that followed was by no means a bright one, and every morning found me in tears.

My husband's property lay several miles from town on a lonely hillside. The place was very old and the family burying-ground was not far from the house and was always looked by the front windows. In that my husband's first wife lay sleeping; and I used to wonder if I would not be happier there, too, for the world had grown very much drearer than I thought it ever could be, and life seemed worthless.

My husband was very kind to me, and I was ashamed to let him see the tears that came so often to my eyes. But I was so very lonely, and he was so kind and the sighing, whispering winds threw a deep melancholy about me.

I worked harder than I had ever worked in my life, but the thought of my wretchedness and the sighing, whispering winds threw a deep melancholy about me. My husband kept no "help" and I was left alone through the mornings, but in the evenings we sat together in the old-fashioned, plainly furnished sitting-room and tried to talk; but the wind sighed and moaned about the old place and came down the great chimney like the voice of a lost soul.

At first my husband was unaffected by this dismal noise and laughed at my little fears, but after a while it grew to dread the evenings, and once, when the wind was particularly shrill and dismal, he lighted a fire in the kitchen stove and we sat by it, for the wind moaned and moaned about it and there was an unusual feeling, and I was afraid.

I saw the fire in the chimney and my husband put his arm around me and said: "Rebecca, you don't want me to leave you, do you?"

"No, indeed," I said. "Why do you talk like that?"

"Oh, sometimes I feel like I would go away suddenly, and never come back. It is as if another was always mingled with me. I have tried, you could have more influence over me than the other power does, and could keep me with you. But the other cares more than you. Rebecca, you do not love me."

As I looked at his face and noted the extreme sadness and loneliness in it, I resolved to be more that I ever had been to the man I had married. I had not sympathized with him, had not treated him with a great deal of tenderness or care. True, I had always been polite to him, but that did not meet the cravings of his heart. He needed more than a mere housekeeper. Afterwards I would be less selfish; I would forget myself and think of him. Perhaps, as he said, I could make him forget the other presence, by drawing him closer to me.

But it was not to be. I had made good resolutions too late. In the middle of the night, I was startled from a deep sleep by a noise that caught me unawares. My husband threw the bed clothing from him and jumped upon the floor. He spoke to someone present in the room and then said:

"Good-by, Rebecca; good-by, good-by, Cannie loves me. You will be happy now. And he rushed from the room.

For a time I was too horrified to move. Then, with a superhuman effort, I regained my composure, dressed myself and went, or was led, to the family burying-ground.

Lying upon his dead wife's grave I found my husband's cold, silent, lifeless form had spent the rest of the night, which seemed an eternity to me, I do not know.

Next day I trudged four miles through the rain and mud to my mother's house. I fell excepted at the door and knew nothing for weeks.

When my fever passed away I was a mere skeleton and my black hair was streaked with gray. The doctors say my husband died of heart disease. Perhaps he did.

Will you make it a Club of Four?

A HUMAN DOCUMENT LETTER
(Continued from Page 9)

awake night after night with the telephone at my side and call her up every little while, fearful always that something would happen to her. I would not have the landline cord attached, for she was so proud of her increased wage and of her "responsible position" and begged to be permitted to keep it. I was true to her word and had a full charge of the bell switchboard in that hotel. She was in the office of the latter of my service, and for this "responsible position" she received $7.50 per month.

"One year ago she had to give it up because of her been head, and before stopping work entirely she would get up and drag herself to her work, sometimes crying from home to home. When I called her out, I begged her again and again not to go, but she always said, 'Oh, mamma, now that I have worked up to such a position, I will not give it up.' I am afraid she was not there regularly and on time, they will take it away from me."

"A widow and the struggle for a living has been a hard one. When Irene was lying on her deathbed, I owed one month's rent on my phone. The company wrote saying a bill must be paid by the 15th of the month or my phone would be taken out. I asked that the time be extended, explaining Irene's illness, saying that needed the money for medicine and the phone to call the doctor. They demanded their pay immedi-

"In a recent newspaper article the Bell Company claimed that it watches carefully over the girls, furnishing them with telling all the girls were now in some place for a rest home to which they should be sent. Instead of offering them any other assistance they never once inquired of her health nor offered the slightest assistance, not even sending a flower at the time of her death, by the way. Although she was only twenty years old."

"On her deathbed I promised her to try to do some thing to help the telephone girls, especially those who are obliged to work in insanitary places. One of these is in the Hotel Baltimore in which my daughter worked the last two years of her life. When the Missouri Wage Commission was investigating conditions in Kansas City, I appeared before them and urged them to investi-

"It is such conditions as these and the long hours at the switchboard that are killing our day.

With good working conditions, I should have had her with me today, and it is for the sake of buming the rest of the girls who must earn their daily bread, the great corporations will continue to take their young lives."

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ELIZABETH GURLEY FLYNN: SOCIAL REBEL

SHE is a little "red rebel," is Elizabeth Gurley Flynn. No "yellow streaks" and no "shryekers" for her—if you take her word for it.

She began her protest against the present order of things at the age of thirteen. The writer heard her "speak" when she was sixteen, at the Harlem Socialist Club (New York).

It was her second attempt, and the speech was a paper which she had prepared for her class at school, a criticism of school methods, and which was not accepted by those in authority at the school.

"Gurley Flynn" was a beautiful child, and today at the age of twenty-two, after seven years of active work in the "movement," she is a beautiful woman, earnest, gifted, with a deep touch of the poetry of her people in her nature, and is a devotee to the interests of the downmost section of the working class.

In 1907, while still a pupil of the Morris High School in New York City, "Comrade" Flynn was sent by a little group of the Socialist Labor party of New York to Chicago to attend a convention of workers. It was the first time she had been so far away from home, and it was interesting to watch the timidity of the young girl and the aggressiveness of genius struggling for first place within herself. In the street car, she got on the platform at a meeting and delivered her message. She attended every session of the convention, and made one speech, at least, nearly every day of the time.

Later she returned to Chicago to attend a convention of the Industrial Workers of the World, and afterward went on a speaking tour for them. During the time she met Archibald Jones, who was the husband of the girl who was the parents of a boy about three years old.

It was in the state of Washington that Elizabeth Gurley Flynn did her first great work for the "cause." In the fight for free speech in that state, in which constant arrests were taking place, she stood with those who made the fight for their rights, and, though soon to become a mother, was arrested and thrown into jail, even as were the "hobos," the "blanket-stuffers," the "rough-necks," and others of the working class, upon whom in power cast every evil epithet and shade of oprobrium.

In the recent strike of the Patterson, N. J., silk weavers, Miss Flynn toiled day and night to help the strikers, group to group, sometimes speaking six times a day, rallying them to their cause, instilling in them the courage to "stand together.

In this strike she was indicted for speech inciting to riot. "My crime is this," was her reply to this indictment, "I told you to stand together.

Anarchy is this: Eight hours, two looms, twelve dollars! My ulterior motive is this: Better food and better houses and better clothing for everybody."

MARY MARGARET BARTELME: JUDGE OF COURT

THOSE mighty ones who came together several centuries ago to decide whether woman had a soul or not, would rise out of their graves today, were such a thing possible, if they heard the news that in the United States women hold such positions as judge, as state senator, as head of a bureau of sanitation, as industrial expert, inspector of amusement, as police women. Yet such is the case.

Mary Margaret Bartelme is judge of the Court for Delinquent Girls in Chicago. She graduated from the Law School of Northwestern University in 1894, and took up general practice.

In 1897 she was appointed public guardian of Cook County by Governor Tanner, which place she gave up for her present position.

"Some of the cases that appear before Miss Bartelme are treated with dignity and sympathy which never fails to win them. In nine cases out of ten she says, "these girls are more shamed than smirred. They are not criminals but victims."

"Later in their lives," she writes, "I hope to find them friends of the family, and not of the law."

This wise woman judge makes it a point never to send a first offender to a correctional institution unless she sees hopelessly incurable. They are sent to their own homes, or work is found for them, and they are under the watchful eye of a probation officer who visits them and receives reports from them at least once a month.

Miss Bartelme believes that the appointment of women on the police force would do away with many pitfalls into which girls are so easily lured today. They would censure all public dances. They would censor the pictures in the five-cent theaters. They would keep a watchful eye on saloons, dance halls, and night clubs, and saloons that do a back-room business.

In short, women who can in a degree take the place of the mother in the home for the girl out in the world is what Miss Bartelme advocates.

INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE: Story-Writer and Suffragist

MR. GILLMORE, a famous writer of fiction, was born in Brazil and educated at the University of Col-lege. Mrs. Gillmore's newest piece of work is a serial story, "Angel Island," which is running in the American Magazine.

"Angel Island" is a romance which symbolizes the class struggle in the United States with a vividness impossible in the most ably written narrative of fact. For years Mrs. Gillmore has been casting about for the best form in which to embody her ideas on this subject. Many novels were planned—and cast aside. Then one day she remembered that the fable-form is the most telling way of convincing the unconvinced. "Eosoph in ancient times, Maeterlinck and Reclus have most admirably used this method with wonderful effect. The idea came to her of putting men and women on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific, there to let them work out their problem in private conditions. "Angel Island" was the result.

Regarding the position of woman in society, Mrs. Gillmore says: "I had been studying this question from many points of view. From the artistic and from the human, from the economic and from the social, from the religious, from the educational, and from the political."

"It dawned upon me from the wider aspect of my maturity, my college life, my experience as a writer of fiction, and from the swiftly widening scope of the problem itself. I began to see that, although the reaction of 'woman's position in the past has been the progress of a development in the human race, and the political progress of the American woman points out, if civilization were to be destroyed, we should have to go through this process all over again—man to work outside the home fighting the destructive forces of nature, woman to stay in the home developing the family. But I also realize that now the time has come for women not to destroy the home, but to enlarge it until it covers the whole world; not to neglect the family, but to increase it until it embraces the entire human race. Many women see that—certainly all the progressive and rational women—and a few men. We have yet to convince the conserva-tive woman, the reactionary woman, and most men."

IS SOCIALISM RIGHT OR WRONG?

(Continued from page 5)

We Socialists pointed out that the Standard Oil Trust had not yet paid the fine. Also that there was no very great probability that it ever would pay it. Also that if it ever did pay it, all the trust had to do in order to get that twenty-five million dollar back from you and me and the rest of the people of the United States was simply to put up the price of oil a little bit for a little white. And you remember that it did not pay the fine, after all, for the higher court reversed the decision.

That was one of the quaint antics of the trust-busters.

And even if you could "bust" the trusts, it would be a great disaster.

The trust-busters want to destroy the good feature of the trusts, in an alleged attempt to destroy the trusts. But one good feature of the trusts is that they systematize the industries and make it possible to produce the commodities and necessities of life with a far smaller expenditure of human energy. The bad feature of the trusts is that they give the bulk of the benefit to a few capitalists who are on the inside of them.

Now, the trust-busters want to destroy this good feature of the trusts. They want to destroy the systematizing of the industries, and go a long way to competence with men of the pit- falls into which girls are so easily lured today.

They would censure all public dances. They would censor the pictures in the five-cent theaters. They would keep a watchful eye on saloons, dance halls, and saloons that do a back-room business.

We propose to destroy the bad feature of the trusts by taking the whole people inside the trusts, so that the trusts will be run for the benefit of all the people, instead of being run for the benefit of a few, as they are now.

This is the royal remedy for the trust evil. The people of the United States can go on fooling with trust-busting and trust-regulating as long as they please, but they will never gain anything except experience by that method. The trust problem cannot be solved by an idealistic method. It cannot be solved in any way except by the collective ownership and control of the trusts.

And we will treat the railroads, the express lines, the telegraph companies, the great industries in the same manner, making them collectively owned and controlled.

Then the benefits of the marvelous improvements in production will no longer go to the useless few, but will go to the masses of the people, who perform the necessary and useful mental and manual labor and are entitled to the benefits.
A Little Sister of The Poor

by CONGREY KANEKO

NE day as Verona Oblinsky, the girlfriend of Evgeny Fomontoshw, was walking home from the street car, a young man named Ivan, who was one of them who stirred the ardor of maidenly admiration in Verona to a degree unusual even for her, called Eva’s attention to him, thus precipitating an animated conversation that lengthened his two points. Verona found him uninteresting, and so did Eva. But Verona saw in his slender figure, his large black eyes, his shapely white hands and thick brown hair, a degree of beauty that was little short of fascinating.

"He looks sickly, like a poet," Eva declared.

"He looks refined, like a poet and a musician," Verona protested.

"I think he lives on crackers," glibbed Eva.

"Rather on love," said Verona, and they both laughed.

The young man caught snatches of this conversation of the girls, but as it was carried on in Polish he was not supposed to understand it. He sat with face unmoved, and with so absorbed an air, that the chattering commented upon him with perfect freedom.

It was a disconcerting moment for them, then, when he got down at their destination. And when, with a graceful bow he removed his hat and said in perfect English, "May I suppose, for your good opinion of me, they fled in great embarrassment. Raising his eye to Mrs. Oblinsky’s, he burst into the kitchen, and with hysteric speed made his way to his experience to that astonishing woman.

"Verona," said Mrs. Oblinsky, who usually spoke with her fingers in English, "why do you then make do frequent mistakes? Can’t you tell Polish and English? 'Shame to you.' But she joined in the merriment in spite of her remonstrance.

"But I wonder who is this young man? He not live here. I suppose, but must be coming from somewhere.

Do we have some Polish entertainments tonight, he might be coming? Maybe he speaks in the Athenaeum. Do you know if he is public speaking in the Athenaeum tonight, that he might be coming?"

"Why, mother! How should we know. Sure, if we had known any- thing, we would not have made ourselves monkeys for him to laugh at."”

"But I cannot help wondering, who he may be," continued the mother thoughtfully, as if it were of vital importance that she should know. But Mrs. Oblinsky had lived for five years in that house, and had a woman of public interests, washing for her neighbors, and keeping rooms, she was supposed to know all, at least, every inhabitant of the block; and to her personal knowledge there was no one in the house who answered the description given by the girls of the young Polish poet.

"Mannie Cooney has a birthday party tonight, and we’re going," announced Verona, after a moment’s interest in the street car adventure had subsided somewhat. "Eva’s going! to wear her new shirt waist and it’s dead swell Glory! Wish I’d saved enough last week to buy one. I thought about it, and I was thinking. I wish my waist up for me, mam!"

Mrs. Oblinsky produced the waist, and the lovely Oblinsky sang, and so smelling of the barn where he worked, and the good-by to the last and hastened to her own home where her new waist awaited her, to make ready for the party. They demonstrated a new washers and hands in a tin basin, and the little family sat down to supper. It was the heaviest meal of the day, and each member of the family did justice to it. Verona’s light lunch at noon was quite enough to satisfy the hunger of a growing girl. She usually made it the evening meal, which consisted of meat and vegetables, and bread from the bakery.

That evening, much earlier than they would have done in a small village, the family of the neighborhood gathered at the home of Mattie Cooney to celebrate her eighteenth birthday. They brought with them not only presents, but as a proof of remembrance, and soon the elder members of the family and the guests gathered in the kitchen, and the hilarities began. There was no dancing, for there was no music except the instruments in the house; but there were cards and other games, and a great deal of chatter. The young lady received the last present, an engaged half dozen young men that they made for her, and was kissing him in spite of the other. They sat and sang, and they sat and laughed. Then other songs were introduced, and the whole company joined in, singing more or less measure or chorus was familiar to them. During the course of the evening, some of the guests were brought by some of the young men who made the trip of the party the trip of the guests, and by twelve o’clock arguments and disputes had arisen that threatened to break out into angry words. But Evgeny Fomontoshw, who was in tears because a boisterous German had called her "dirty" made up the quarrel by gathering her wraps and rushing out of the house. She went her way and without any premeditation the whole party followed herexample.

In a twinking the rooms were cleared of their visitors.

IV.

While the party was in progress at Mattie Cooney’s, a young man sat with his mother in a room on the third floor of the corner brick, three blocks away. There was the dining table between them, on which was laid a red cotton cloth. The mother’s hands were clasped tightly in her lap. The young man leaned upon the table with a book before him, but he did not read. The book contained the poems of his favorite author, Miecziski, and he read it over, and over again, as if to warm his heart, and to which he always resorted in an hour of trial.

"The burden was too heavy; even the beautiful stanzas contained no comfort for him. His mother’s words were as comforting as his, well since his uncle, who had paid her the most attention a few days ago. But of late her Drunkenness had become so alarming that he concluded it was time that of her various symptoms. pronounced her an epileptic. And incurable. This did not mean an early death, simply meant that the spasms that had been growing on her gradually would last a lifetime, or perhaps many years. Sometimes they might be even more violent. Then the Drunkeness was not to be expected. But she never would be entirely free from them.

Her nervous system had already undergone severe strain through long periods of hardship in Poland, and her final separation from the beloved house. Her loneliness in a strange land, and finally the death of the brother who had been their main support, and the consequent poverty against which they had struggled in the months that followed.

Now the youth sat with her, conscious of her fate, conscious of his inability to alleviate her suffering, conscious of their poverty, and of their loneliness in this strange land.

For twelve years he had been in college in Warsaw, and his mother had helped to keep him there by teaching school where she lived. Intensely patriotic, he had meant to fit himself for a literary career, and for the struggle in the Polish government.

Then Poland that had been the pride of so many generations of Poles, that had been the flower of central Europe, and which now hung, despoiled and bleeding, upon a foreign cross; the victim of a powerful nation’s inordinate greed.

This though he had gotten from his sire before he was five years old. Two years later he had seen that delicate, sensitive man die of a broken heart caused by complications that arose out of ravages and insults his beloved country constantly endured from her brutal master. They brought him home dead one day, from his office where he had fallen at his desk, mute and white. The mother never ceased to acquaint her son with the cause of his father’s death.

There was another son in the family, and when the two boys were eight and ten, the ambitious mother sent them to Warsaw, where, with the assistance of relatives, they had been kept in school until, with their diploma and reputation, they were ready to step into the world and face the struggles of life for themselves.

At least this was the thought they had cherished during the school years; and it was what their mother had told tirelessly for—what they might cope successfully with the best of the world’s blood. Anton had grown from a slender, blue-eyed boy, with an inclination always toward literature and music, into the cultured and refined young man who had attracted the attention of Verona Oblinsky, Mrs. Oblinsky. Eva was in a Chicago street car. But he had attracted the attention of other women as well. The current of fashion and breeding; women who carried the paganism of the Russian Tsar’s government. And women who were spies for the Russian government!

His brother, Constantine, was of stockier build, with thick cheeks, black eyes, and hair that shone like anthracite. Constantine had studied for a civil engineer. But the end of all their hopes had come to this; that Constantine was a soldier in the hated Russian army, and Anton was doing
pinfmal. He had carried her gently to her bed, and after she had revived no word had been spoken of the incident; she only had indicated that she was unwell, and if she knew that she had gone off, she never mentioned it; and he resolved to say nothing to her about it. Before that she had never had a spell often or than once in two or three weeks, and then they had been light, passing in a moment or two. Now it was so bad that he must call an attendant for her, if she did not improve; but he recoiled at the thought of having strangers look upon his mother in her misfortune.

"Anton," spoke the mother, and the yotary voice of her conscious was of his thoughts that he felt that she, too, must know, understood it.

"Anton, I know, I know very well." She hesitated. "I am not so well as I have been, and I have been afraid that you would worry, been afraid that you would neglect your own affairs. I have, I would—Anton! don't send anyone here to stay with me. It would break my heart, I don't think I could stand it. You won't do it, will you? No, no do not. She stretched her arms to him with such yearning that he went into them, and kissing her, she said, 'and you never would have sent anyone to intrude upon the privacy of their home.'

"We are a little too proud, I suppose, in our poverty and our sickness, to think that anyone may look upon us now.' There were traces of relief in her eyes, and Anton turned again to poetry. He could not read another. Problem, that is of making more trouble and hardship than hard on his mind. The work he was doing brought him only half enough, and he was weary and heartache of doing it.

He was an elevator boy in a down-town store, working twenty-four hours a week. He, a Pole, who had been proud of his blood; who had dreamed of becoming such a man that he who had spent so much of his life among the lower classes, and the lowest elements of the nobler things of life. Surely there was no justice on earth, and no mercy in heaven, he thought. To be forced all day to observe a crowding, grasping, uncouth thing, that packed themselves in his car running up and down from one bargain sale to another; and at night to enter the elevator, bathe on his heads, jostling the women, with no thought of chivalry, to the men, because of a position for the members of their mothers' sex; to be forced, week in and week out, in the same small space, and out of the hundreds, nay, thousands, of words spoken, to hear no word of sympathy, or comfort, or ex- pressed that he could carry in his soul to him up through the weary hours; and to undergo this torture for the sake of a mere bit of pleasure which would only last for a few hours on a few other days—surely if it were better to die, for in death is a dignity and a solemn beauty, a thing which is not referable to the self-respecting soul than is the pitiful existence in the world of commerce, of a scramble of daily shoppers, and to support one's self by so living.

But his mother; always the thought of her renewed his courage, and banished the morb'd sentiment from his mind.

V.

On the morning following the Cooney meeting, Verona Oblinshak and Anton Novotny met, as if by appointment, at the street corner down Anton's "corner brick," to wait for the car. The girls greeted each other in an effusive manner, which thinly veiled their embarrassment at meeting again "the strange young man." Their conduct was such as to suggest to the casual observer that they never had seen Anton before, nor did they know that they were painfully conscious of his presence, and in the generosity of his heart de- clared him in a way in which he could, by a smile, or a word, relieve them of any misgivings they might entertain. It was this meeting came when the car stopped for the last time on the avenue of passengers, and as Verona waited for Eva to step on before her, she cast one fleeting, smiling glance at Anton. Instantly his hat was off, and with a gallant "permit me," handed onto the gentleman's face. When "thanks" she followed Eva to the furthest end of the car, Anton, feeling that his duty was done, sat down near the door, while the girls giggled, and was lost in thought. But it ap- parently forgot them at once, for none of his glances strayed their way.

And his position was repeated for three successive meetings. One might have thought the girls, or the young man, of planning such a meeting; but in doing so one might have been mistaken. Working people generally move by the clock, with unconscious punctual- ity, as from their place of employment. These young people must be at their posts at a certain hour, get there, and so they were, regularly at a given time indicated by the clock. There may have been no particular reason for this habitous arrival at the street corner morning after morning.

Anton had been something of a bookworm in former days, but he had now become the most capable of a business as a woman, and he knew this, and so that he could adapt him- self even to the more or less graceful maiden of the chewing-gum type. While he was rather a square fellow, when he had been exclusive andaint like, going every morning to the place where the young lady rapt interest, the beautiful artistic interior of the old building. In those days he was known as "The Brute." And an affaire du coeur at seventeen years old, golden-haired wife of old fellow, who had on the steps of, which the young woman had been the most beautiful, posing as a bit of injured innocence, and calling out all the chivalry and beauty-worship of his art, a coquette, like the manly, monkey-like habits, and his poetic communion with saints in the midst of cats. He had now re- eived the real nature of he had worshipped. Then he fled from her house and walked the streets till early morning. When the new day, or, to him, the new night—for his soul was in a midnight darkness—was well advanced he had bolted himself from his lodgings into new quarters, in order to avoid further communica- tion with her who had betrayed him. From that time he read life from his new experience. Student that he was, and possessing a fair sagacity, with the magnetism of poetical youth, it was impossible for him to escape all the more he was spread abroad from time to time by fair women, but he entered each flirtation with open eyes, and there was no midnight darkness when he came out of it. For Anton became a lawyer, and only upon her did he lavish the adoration of his young heart. And more than once he barely miss the long fever of Siberian exile for her sake. In the night, and secretly, he hid a case in which he studied the folk lore of their country, and to- gether with the nation's life held communication with the under-ground press. The officers—Russian dogs, the students called them—came to examine his apartments, but he was, as a rule, too sly for them. One night, however, he was pushed to the extremity of burning his papers while they pounded at his door, thinking that it was a sleeping sickness. A bell rang, and young men were being spirited away. Anton did not care and pursued his one passion of aspirations for freedom. (To be continued.)

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Proper bed, position, and room for sleeping.

Who the Author Is

Dr. J. E. Green was formerly professor of gynæcological diseases in the Colleges of Medicine and Surgery, Chicago, Ill., and has also been professor of Localiæt and embryology for years and is the author of several books, “A Physician in the House,” which we offer you under the name of his own.

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The slogan of the bluff of the Progressive Woman reader for this month shall be: "I'll Get a Club of Four!"

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When hundreds of men and women—and there are hundreds, with more coming every day—living in every nook and corner of this broad land, voluntarily testify to weight increases ranging all the way from 10 to 35 pounds, given them by Sargol, you must admit, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Thin Reader, that there must be something in this Sargol method of flesh building, after all.

Hadn’t you better look into it, just as thousands of others have done? Many thin folks say: “I’d give most anything to put on a little extra weight, but when some one suggests a way, they exclaim: “Not a chance; nothing will make me plump. I’m built to stay thin.”

Until you have tried Sargol, you do not and cannot know that this is true. They make you put pounds of healthy “stay there” flesh on hundreds who were doubtful, and in spite of their doubts. You don’t have to believe in Sargol to grow plump from its use. You just take it and watch weight pile up, hollows vanish and your figure round out to pleasing and normal proportions. You weigh yourself when you begin and again when you finish, and you let the scales tell the story.

Sargol is absolutely harmless. It is a tiny concentrated tablet. You take one with every meal. It mixes with the food you eat for the purpose of separating all of its flesh-producing ingredients. It prepares these fat-making elements in an easily assimilated form, which the blood can readily absorb and carry all over your body. Plump, well-developed persons don’t need Sargol to produce this result. Their assimilative machinery performs its functions without aid. But thin folks’ assimilative organs do not. This fatty portion of their food now goes to waste through their bodies like unburned coal through an open grate. A few days’ test will surely prove whether or not this is true of you. Isn’t it worth trying?

50-CENT BOX FREE

To enable any thin reader, ten pounds or more underweight, to easily make this test, we will give a 50c box of Sargol absolutely free. Either Sargol will increase your weight or it won’t, and the only way to know it is to try it. Send for this Free Test Package today, enclosing 10c in silver stamps to help pay postage, packing, etc., and a full 50c box of Sargol will be sent by return mail free of charge. Mail this coupon with your letter to the Sargol Co., 695-J, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE

FREE COUPON

This coupon entitles any person to one package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it) and that 10c is enclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Address, The Sargol Company, 695-J, Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly and PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER.