

# Woman's Page

Devoted to Ways and Means for Bettering Her Lot in the Various Walks of Life

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## COMPLACENCY

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained, I stand and look at them long and long, They do not sweat and whine about their condition, They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins, They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God, Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demoralized with the mania of owning things, Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of years ago, Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

WALT WHITMAN

## Socialism and the Sex War

Socialists cannot afford to ignore the struggle of women for recognition and place in the world's work. So vital, so fundamental is woman's place in the grand scheme of things that for her to move, or readjust her position even the slightest, is to threaten the very foundations upon which our social structure is built. And because this is a fact, some of the otherwise revolutionists religiously refrain from all mention of the sex struggle for fear the movement will be saddled with having caused it. The bug-a-boo of "breaking up the home" is fraught with intense terror to some who merely smile at the accusation of breaking up the government. And since woman is the pivot of the home, they are willing to relegate to her the adjusting of her own affairs, and the fighting of her own battles.

And in the meantime womankind are fighting as best they can their own battles. The women of England are attracting the attention of the whole world to their demands that women shall have the same privilege as men in casting a ballot. Recently for the thirteenth time the militant Suffragettes of London bombarded Parliament in their quest for the elective franchise, and more than 50,000 people gathered to watch them. It took 3,000 police, mounted and on foot, to guard the sacred persons of the men who regard the eternal feminine as eternally inferior, and whose sole excuse for being on earth at all is that they perpetuate the race. In the state of Washington the campaign for woman suffrage is on, and a train known as the Suffrage special has been touring the state, carrying the most eloquent women of America, who are giving very good reasons why the demand of the women for the vote should be hearkened to by the state legislators in 1910. In the city of Des Moines, Iowa, Miss Gertrude von Petzold, an English Suffragette, had one of the Suffrage meetings interrupted by the casting of a bomb by a gentleman who believed that an effective method of preventing the women from casting the ballot in anything like the near future. Some New York Suffragettes recently became the laughing stock of those who would rather laugh than listen, by going forth upon the streets with a hurdy gurdy and a tambourine, through which they hoped to collect a little revenue for the cause. Besides the efforts of the women themselves, most of the leading magazines of the day are giving page after page to the serious discussion of the "woman question," not only by women, but also by grim professors, who have come to look upon the modern woman as a serious proposition in social affairs.

So the sex struggle is here. If it is too big for the Socialist movement, it will be settled outside the movement. But having an economic basis, the Socialist movement is the legitimate place for its discussion, its fearless and open discussion, and it should not be left to outsiders. It is not a matter of the movement recognizing and explaining it, as it recognizes and explains the class struggle. If it has a deeper significance than the class struggle, why, we needn't be afraid of that. The moment we become afraid of any social phenomena, that moment we begin to lose our power, and another stronger than we will come after us.

LISTS: Who that They Stand FARGO. Admirable, clear, States crisp chap introduction

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and will oust us from our place as revolutionary leaders.

When Socialist women become earnest enough in their propaganda to attract the world's eyes to their work; when they can forget themselves and their bourgeois respectability in their battle for liberty; when they have become militant in large numbers then shall we make in one month a longer stride toward our goal than we have made altogether in the past twenty years.

The Socialist movement being an all-inclusive one, a human movement, and not a one-sex affair, it must either work with equal fervor among both sexes, or it must crumble along on one leg, and finally wait until the women catch up and furnish the added requisite to its locomotion.

The economic dependence of woman, which, together with her ignorance, is the basis of her slavery, must be done away with. Socialism, which promises to give the means of life into the control of the people—all the people irrespective of sex—is the one hope for the economically dependent woman.

It should be the pleasure, then, of every true Socialist to take seriously that clause in the party platform which pledges the party and the party workers to fight for woman suffrage. Let not this pledge stand as an empty theory. And most of all does the Socialist woman have a wonderful field for propaganda, when she enters seriously the work of teaching and enlightening women who suffer from the pressure of present-day conditions.

Go then, to your work, O women joyously, wholeheartedly. Let nothing deter you, nothing intimidate you. The revolution cannot come without you and your kind. Always remember that—Josephine Conger-Kaneko, in the Progressive Woman.

## HOUSEHOLD HINTS

To clean white enameled woodwork, use kerosene in warm water.

In cooking cabbage never add the salt until the vegetable is cooked, as it makes the cabbage tough.

The easiest way to clean carved picture frames is to use a small paint brush.

A little good toilet water or cologne poured into a bath is delightful in its effects.

Kid slippers, belts, gloves and purses are best cleaned by rubbing them with French chalk.

A great many blemishes on wall paper may be removed with a rubber on a lead pencil.

Sponges are great germ collectors. They should be scalded out thoroughly every little while.

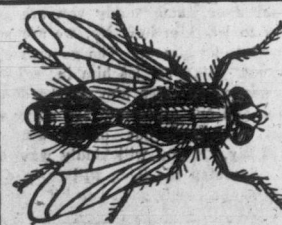
Never forget to dust over the door and window frames when giving a room its thorough weekly cleaning.

Have as nice towels as you can afford, but pay less attention to the quality than to their cleanliness.

To clean drain pipe of refrigerator, remove, put cork in bottom, and fill with common baking soda and warm water.

When washing cut glass add a little ammonia to the suds. This gives a brightness to the glass that nothing else can.

Use only light brown or white paper



**WILSON'S FLY PADS**  
Will kill many times more flies than any other known article  
REFUSE UNSATISFACTORY IMITATIONS

to clean the iron on ironing day if the eyes have the least tendency to weakness.

White canvas gloves cost only 10 cents apiece and should belong to every woman who likes to work with her own fingers.

## The Fingerpost

Wandering once in a desert, I came upon a signpost. There was no track in the sand in which it stood, there was no word of the inscriptions left upon its long black arms with their pointing forefingers; the wind and the sand had rubbed them clean away.

If there ever had been inscriptions! If, indeed! For did not one know that the desert stretched away unbroken to the very edge of the world? Throw your eyes ahead over the sand—there was no end to it sand, sand, sand went on for ever.

I had lost myself utterly—for hours I had wandered blindly. I was choked (eyes, ears, and throat) with the sand. I was beaten and broken. I could hardly keep upright. Something that was not I held me struggling, though the body cried out to have done with it and rest.

Then I saw that tiny thin thing on the horizon. God knows how I stumbled and ran for it.

Was it set there by some devil in grim sport to mock at us poor wanderers with its foolish arms?

The wood was black, worm-eaten, and covered with scabs. The hands of the arms were battered and broken, and only stumps of the pointing forefingers remained. On one of the arms I thought I could trace part of a letter.

Here at some time terribly remote ways had met in the desert. I thought I could see the socket where a third hand had been. The remoteness of it terrified me the inhumanity of this skeleton that had once been of man disgusted me. I turned away to face the desert rather than this death.

Since then I have often seen the fingerpost in my dreams. Sometimes it is morning, and standing on the rim of things it looks like a great black bird with wings outspread.

Sometimes it looks like a gallows. Sometimes it is night, and then it is terrible. It towers higher above me, and seems as if it were just going to take me in its arms. There would be no mercy in these black arms.

More often—and this is the worst of all—it is only a dead finger-post, with its blank boards pointing blindly towards nothing.

In the middle of the waste, where no paths go, stands this useless thing. It offends my soul that it should stay there so long after it has outlived its meaning.

It is a mockery of the desert. Here stretches immensity, terrible, as death, and, in the midst, this clown of a corpse points into the void with its arms.

I am oppressed by the foolishness of it. Night and day now, wherever I go, there come moments when things round me are blotted out, and I see only this stupid blind finger-post stuck in the curve of the infinite.

I wish that I had the courage to go back into the desert with an axe and hew the thing down and break it to pieces and burn it to ashes and cast the ashes to the winds.

## "Socialism, Positive and Negative"

By ROBERT RIVES LA MONTE

This is a volume of brilliant essays that will serve as a stimulus to clear thinking. The one entitled "The Nihilism of Socialism" may shock the sentimental convert to Socialism from the "upper" classes, but it will do him good, and it will delight the thinking wage worker. Cloth, 50 cents.

Under the present system as the worker becomes rich he would do as the rich do. Socialism will do away with the overburdensome rich and will prevent poverty.

The nations are arming themselves to the verge of bankruptcy. The capitalist system will go out in a whirl of blood or will go out by the bankruptcy of the nations.

Woman suffrage, as well as male suffrage, is useful only so far as it is used to destroy capitalism.

## CAPITALISM

### Brutalizes Motherhood

By May Walden.

Under proper conditions motherhood furnishes the highest happiness a woman can know.

What are proper conditions? Love, good health for both parents, congenial surroundings and freedom from all worry and anxiety. Besides these there must be an earnest desire for children.

How many parents can furnish all these conditions? It is a well known fact that women are a race of invalids. Fashion, custom, under development, unhealthy occupations, overwork, nerve strain, artificial excitement—all of these have made women what she is—a creature full of aches and pains, and a bundle of nerves. When motherhood is added to this combination, it is feared and dreaded as a burden and not looked upon as the sweetest experience that refines and satisfies a woman's life.

Because of the uncertainty of employment of the father of the family, or the meager wages he receives, many mothers help out the income by taking boarders. Anybody with a grain of sense knows that a woman who cares properly for the wants of small children, and does a lot of other work besides, must be always tired out and irritable. Everything goes wrong. She is on the edge of insanity every day, and the children—helpless victims—are scolded and thumped without mercy.

Let me tell you about one of the many mothers who is so situated. She does all of the work for the household, washing, ironing, scrubbing, cooking, sewing and caring for small children, and has four men boarders besides!

This woman is one of the most brutal mothers I ever came near. Her tongue, sharpened by years of drudgery and thwarted ambitions (she was a servant girl before she married) is never still. Her shrill voice is heard constantly, threatening, scolding and demanding, from morning until night.

Her children fear her and scurry like rabbits before her uncontrolled tongue and ready hands. They know nothing of loving companionship and playful friendliness that should exist between mothers and children. They only know that they are scolded out of bed in the morning, washed, scolded and fed, driven to school (the ones that are big enough to go) welcomed back with reproaches and fault findings, beaten and sent to bed in tears.

Another mother almost as brutal, is a sickly nervous woman. She is constantly on the lookout for accidents. She calls up her brood every few minutes to make sure that they have not been kidnapped or hurt. She threatens to thrash them within an inch of their lives if they get near a drop of water; she whips them on the smallest provocation; she lambasts the neighbors' children if they quarrel or touch one of hers.

When the children are playing in the house she drives them out because they make her nervous. When they are outside she calls them in for fear that they will get too warm or too cold, or too damp, or something. She keeps herself, her children and neighbors in a ferment all the while for fear "something will happen." When something does happen she is in the seventh heaven of bliss over her shaken nerves, and of self importance over knowing all the dreadful details. She recounts them with gloatings and nervous shivers and frightens the children into benumbed wretchedness by telling them to watch out or they will get it next.

Another mother, equally as brutal, curses and swears at her children and straps them with a leather strap, or chases them with a club. She scolds her husband in obscene language before the children, and I never yet have heard her speak to the members of the family pleasantly.

Another, whose husband has earned for years a pittance of five hundred dollars a year in some small government position, keeps a large boarding house and works her half dozen girls to the limit. One, a child of seventeen, is no larger than an ordinary city child of nine years, and her growth has been stunted by overwork.

These examples show the brutalizing effects of capitalism upon the mothers and their children. There is not one of these mothers but is ambitious for her children.

They work hard to provide a piano, violin or vocal lessons for them. They deny themselves in clothes in order to dress their girls better than those of their neighbors. They go without amusements themselves that their children may have them.

No matter what their environment, nor how much joy has been crushed out of their lives, the mother love is still there, fighting for the uplifting of their offspring, though they are destroying much of the beauty of their children's lives by their own irritability and violence.

Capitalism is the cause. It enslaves the mother through its private ownership of life's necessities; through its greed for profit on everything needed in the home; through its robbery of the father's income—taking as it does, four-fifths of all he makes and leaving him one-fifth for the support of himself and family.

Capitalism cultivates all of the qualities that make for the lowering of the human race, all that is vulgar, morbid and cruel. It furnishes no incentive to the qualities that elevate—sympathy, unselfishness and helpfulness.

The only remedy? Socialism. The common ownership of life's necessities; doing away with the profits, abolishing the wage system, freeing womanhood and motherhood from its present dependent slavishness.

One of these mothers I have tried to interest in Socialism and get her to attend some of our Sunday meetings. But she replied that Sunday is her busiest day. She must get the children ready for Sunday school; must have a 1 o'clock dinner for all the men boarders, and when that is over and the work done up it is time for supper; then the children must be washed and put to bed, and by that time she is too tired to read or do anything but go to bed herself.

I tried to show her how we could better ourselves and lighten our labors if all owned the productive forces, and illustrated my argument by telling her what electricity alone could do for us in our homes. But she said she was thankful for things as they are.

"I don't have no drunken husband to come home and beat me, and the children then lie down on the floor and sleep. My husband is steady and good to me, and if I do have to work hard every day from morning to night, I don't have to be beaten besides." So my urgings were of little avail.

O, if I could use some argument powerful enough to convince the skeptical and the selfish; searching enough to dissolve the doubts of the cold analyst; penetrating enough to reach the self satisfied; tender enough to melt all womankind; beseeching enough to move all mother love to action, what results might be brought about in one generation!

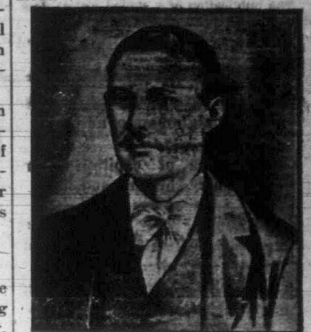
The picture of the enlightened motherhood of the future comes to comfort and sustain me in these squalid surroundings. Beautiful, well ordered homes in place of unsightly hovels or rubbish and filth; every possible convenience that the human mind can invent in place of the clumsy, drudgery creating contrivances of the present household.

Music and beautiful art productions everywhere in place of the discordant cries of the peddlers and ugly bill-boards without, and tawdry decorations within. Laughter and joyful voices in place of the shrieks and scoldings of mothers and children. Loving companionship and

## FRIGHTFUL STOMACH TROUBLE

For Four Long Years He Suffered—Then "Fruit-a-tives" Brought Relief.

Stratford Centre, Wolfe Co., Que. May 11th, 1908. I have been completely cured of a frightful condition of my stomach through this wonderful medicine, "Fruit-a-tives." I suffered for four long years with this trouble. My head ached incessantly. I could not eat anything but what I suffered awful pains from indigestion. I used every known remedy, and was treated by physicians, but the dyspepsia and headache persisted in spite of the treatment.



I was told to try "Fruit-a-tives," and I sent for six boxes, and this was the only medicine that did me any good. I am now entirely well, I can eat ordinary food and I never have a headache, and for this relief I thank this wonderful remedy "Fruit-a-tives." My case is well known in this vicinity and you may publish this statement.

ALCIDE HERBERT.  
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, or trial size 25c. If, for any reason, your dealer does not handle "Fruit-a-tives," they will be sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

wise instruction in place of irritation, distraction and impatience.

With freedom from all slavery, and enough leisure and abundance for the cultivation of sound bodies and sweet tempers; with love and a welcome for the children, what may not motherhood become in the future? What advances are not possible to the human race?

And all so simple of attainment, my comrades, if we will it so!

Free womanhood and motherhood from this double slavery!

Give us unlimited suffrage that we may free you, and ourselves, and all the race!

## A Package of Quotations

"An indispensable qualification in business is to have few scruples and to be a first class liar. Honesty and suicide are synonymous terms."—A. M. Lewis.

"Co-operation is always and everywhere the law of life; competition is always and everywhere the law of death."—Ruskin.

the laws of social development in general, and of existing society in particular."—A. M. Lewis.

"Constitutions, are not made, but grow."—Sir Jas. McIntosh.

"Go to work!"

"To earn money"

"To buy the food"

"To gain the strength"

"To go to work"

Carl Vrooman.

"Shall capital or labor write the laws?"

"Where there are no common interests, there can be no unity of purpose, much less of action."—Marx.

## PROVERBS

### CHAPTER 17.

1 Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of sacrifices with strife.

2 A wise servant shall have rule over a son that causeth shame, and shall have part of the inheritance among the brethren.

3 The firing pot is for silver, and the furnace for gold: but the Lord trieth the hearts.

4 A wicked deer giveth heed to false lips; and a liar giveth ear to a naughty tongue.

5 Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker; and he that is glad at calamities shall not be unpunished.

6 Children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children are their fathers.

7 Excellent speech becometh not a fool; much less do lying lips a prince.