

THE WOMAN REBEL

NO GODS NO MASTERS

VOL. I.

AUGUST, 1914.

NO. 6.

BECKY AND THE RESPECTABLES

By ROBERT E. PRATT

The first time I saw Becky she was in the Chief Magistrate's Court and Arthur Caron was on trial. The Magistrate declared a recess for a few minutes and there was a general buzz of conversation. Becky joined in it and I joined in it. A court baliff saw me talking and joined in conversation with me. He saw Becky talking—in even a lower tone than mine—and he rapped her over the head with command—it was growled not spoken—for “order in the court room.”

Becky flared back things at the court officer out of her eyes. That was how I knew she was not one of the inarticulate mass, but a girl with power. A little latter I heard her story of the way she threw herself upon the body of Joe O'Carroll when the police were beating him. That was quite natural, I thought, and entirely in keeping with Becky's character. It was clear that she was enlisted for the fight ahead of all those who stive—and mostly in vain—to cry up from the depths.

The respectable don't know Becky. Commissioner of Correction Davis doesn't know her and doesn't recognize her for a sister of hers. That too, is not so unnatural. I didn't know how much it was possible to understand Becky until one day something happened to me. I got on a street car and started to read a paper. Suddenly I got a nudge in the ribs that was vicious and uncalled for. It was the usual bumping of traffic-congestion. It seemed to come with a message that the nudger had a grudge to express.

I had never seen the nudger before. I couldn't imagine what made him feel viciously inclined towards me. In

searching for a cause I looked myself over—and there sure enough it was: I had in my hand a copy of a revolutionary paper. Someone had handed it to me. It was the first copy I had ever held. Yet it of its own accord had alienated me from all the fellowship of my nudging neighbor.

I saw him glaring at the paper and felt the force of his spiritual hostility to me. And how I did wish he would only nudge me again in that vicious spirit—how I would come back at him!

I don't think that any particle of resentment of which I am capable would have been kept out of action in the trouble that would have followed an other act of aggression on my neighbor's part.

After that I saw Becky hurtled along the road to her present hunger strike. I saw that what she was fighting for was as real to her as what those who comprised the Boston Tea Party fought for. I saw her try to exercise rights that I could exercise with the utmost freedom—but I saw her baffled and thrown back and stopped and trampled upon. She was marked from the first as a woman to down—marked by all the minions of the law from Catholic Detectives to Catholic Judges of the Court of General Sessions.

Make no mistake about the case of Becky. It is the case of all who would speak up for the depths, who would cry from the depths. She was never arrested because she blocked traffic. She was never arrested because she incited to riot. She was arrested because the Powers of Property did not want the depths to call out, and she was giving their grievances voice.

Make no mistake again, about Becky. The Catholic Church was her enemy. The Catholic Church has decreed that it will be the bulwark of property—the fighting, aggressive bulwark of property. It wants “order”. It wants “law”. It wants the “status quo”. For fighting to preserve these it will draw the big to preserve these it will draw the big gifts of wealthy givers. It is in this fight.

Becky was the Catholic Church's marked enemy. One of its detectives clubbed her, one of its police magistrates ordered her off to prison, one of its Mayors spoke badly of her to the people, and if the forces of light and liberty had ever felt to appeal her case, they would have had to appeal to a Servant of the Church in Albany, in the person of the Governor.

Make no mistake about the case of Becky. Rockefeller was a man of money and money stands with money, and with the Catholic Church. And the case of Becky will be the case of every fighter for a new deal.

To-day we have let them make the right of free speech away from Becky and she protests by offering her life silently through the long weeks. Tomorrow none of us is so secure that we may not need the right of free speech—and we will pay for our sloth, for our timidity, for our case when we should have stood with Becky for her right—for our right.

I saw Becky at Tarrytown, when they mobbed her. One man threw a big clod of dirt and struck her in the mouth. I asked him who he was—he was a trustee of the Catholic Church in Tarrytown. Another threw an egg. I asked who he was. He was a deacon of a Protestant Church. Respectable people all—all respectable were those who for more than an hour rained dirt upon Becky's face and clothes.

And from the respectable people Becky took it all. A man stepped from beside his fashionably gowned wife in an automobile just above the point where Becky stood on a box to speak to the people. He hurled gravel from the roadside.

“Bitch!” he called out after her and he added to the epithet, when his wife protested against his sudden outburst of savagery, “she's no woman, she's just a kike.”

And it was the respectable people of Trinidad who gloated because a dozen women and babies burned to death. Becky sang their funeral song into the ears of the people of Tarrytown with their clods and rocks and eggs that burst upon her head, they furnished the death refrain.

Good respectable people. Good, respectable Miss Davis—she says in her comfortable office, surrounded by people who like herself have been comfortable all their lives, “Why should I talk about Becky—and make a heroine of her—of her who NEVER DID A

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

USEFUL THING IN ALL HER LIFE"

Good, respectable Miss Davis, why should she do so indeed! Did women and children burn in Colorado? They were not Miss Davis's women and children. Did Becky about their death cries into Rockefeller's ears? That was nothing useful,—nothing at all, for Becky was of the depths—and Rocke-

feller, why he could establish vice commissions and give Miss Davis fame and fortune by making her an investigator for one of them! By all means Becky never did anything useful. By all means Commissioner Davis should keep her locked up "just like an ordinary—a very ordinary prisoner". Miss Davis is respectable. Miss Davis works for Rockefeller. He gave her her career.

ANOTHER WOMAN

She is a sociologist. She is efficient. She is a business woman. She is of invincible virtue. She is indefatigable and relentless in her "correction" of human nature. She is a brilliant example of that rapidly growing group of respectable folk who have discovered profitable and highly honorable careers in the exploitation of the victims of our social "law and order". This exploitation operates under the name of "charities and correction". You must be fully conscious of your own moral superiority before you can successfully become addicted to the pleasures of "correcting" the faults and the crimes of the poor, the miserable, the ill-fed and the shoddily clothed, who fail to observe the virtues you impersonate.

Your own inviolable, well buttressed virtue, your own moral superiority will facilitate this noble work of "correction". Even though you may be a woman, the consciousness of this noble moral integrity and superiority will enable you to find pleasurable expression in the chastisement of those fellow beings who do not conform to your own moral standards.

This suggestion should be sufficient to explain the brilliant success of our energetic and efficient lady, expert, this "sociologist", as the head of that large correctional institution for girls who committed the crime of conducting themselves according to the instincts of most human beings.

It would be unwarranted to assume that experts in "correction" bear any ill-will toward those who are their victims. On the contrary, it is safe to infer that they look down upon them with pity if not sympathy, as long as the victims submit tamely to the punishment inflicted upon them, and continue to contribute to the prosperity of the institutions which furnish employment and pleasure to our "practical sociologists".

Only when the victims rebel, revolt, inaugurate a hunger-strike, or in any way indicate that they are of human flesh and blood, with other purposes in life than to live according to another's ideals, no matter how lofty and noble those ideals may be, is the expert in correction ready to revert to methods of torture, to tortures refined and adapted to our modern psychology, but no less effective and intense than in earlier periods.

These tortures are often indulged in vicariously, being performed out of sight and by some subordinate, but perhaps quite as enjoyable to a refined and virtuous temperament, calling into activity the imagination and eliminating the sight of the victim's resistance.

Successfully to supervise a jail, some such characteristics as these we suggest are requisite. Otherwise prison discipline might collapse, our practical sociologists would be jobless, and even the

ONE WOMAN'S FIGHT

Becky's fight on Blackwell's Island in resisting a punishment she objects to, is only a forerunner of the fight which every rebel woman in America will soon be called upon to enter.

There are eight millions of women working in this Country to-day. These women are the toilers of the earth, they have been kept in toil and poverty because of a master class, and they are learning to know it.

They will arise. They will rebel. They will resist their punishment. They will fight side by side with the men-workers for their class liberty. They will come in conflict with women rulers like Katherine B. Davis.

Becky has started something and will establish a precedent which all rebel women in America will live up to, must live up to or Becky's sufferings and struggles will be in vain.

The following letters give a vivid glimpse of New York's infamous institution of "correction" and the conditions resulting from the exploitation there of the victims of "law and order". Written by Rebecca Edelson during her hunger strike against an unjust sentence, they were sent out sub rosa, and are a striking comment on the much advertised "efficiency" of Commissioner of Correction Katherine B. Davis.

July 31, 1914.

Dear,

Just a line. Nothing new about myself. This is about the workhouse. L. * was caught and she refused to be searched so she was put in the dungeon with handcuffs. But in the meantime the thing was passed along, so it's all right. There was a riot in jail to-day,—two of the Doctors resigned and the prisoners are raising hell. They want Dr. Katz out. The dungeons and the padded cells are all full and the prisoners all expect to be locked in cells to-day. The food is rotten and the prisoners are half starved. They have to steal a piece of bread. That is all in the reform administration.

The place is overrun with lice and bedbugs. The prisoners are forced to

use the blankets of the preceding prisoners. When I got out I am certainly going to give Lady Kitty a run for her money. The other two Doctors resigned because of the reports that Dr. Katz gave out about me, and also he is responsible for Dr. Baxter being railroaded to jail. The prisoners don't want him because he is a "stool". He was taken off my case.

Can't write much—feel very weak. Be patient. I was informed they cannot forcibly feed me. They will have to let me go. I am still in solitary and deprived of privileges. My arm is tired.

(Signed) B.

* L—a girl prisoner who served as intermediary for the subrosa route.

July 31, 1914—Afternoon.

Expect Doctor any minute. Very weak. Expect collapse any time. They will be forced to either forcibly feed me or let me go. By the time this letter reaches you, you can start raising hell. I think they will let me go, because if they intended to forcibly feed me, they would have done so before now. They are waiting until the very last and that won't be long. Don't worry, dear, even if the worst comes to the worst, I can only die once. And it will make tremendous propaganda. I know if that should happen several people will be hard hit, but when one thinks of the hundreds of deaths that the Russian Revolutionists died, before they were even strangled, this is a child's play compared with it. If it must be, it must, and I am prepared even for that. I am very calm about it and it troubles me very little. Somehow death never held very much terror for me. If it comes, all right. I want you to know, though, that I think much of you and often, and if I should pass up, know that you were in my thoughts until the last, dear, tried, true, beloved Comrade and friend. Love to everyone and be cheerful.

(Signed) B.

Next morning.—This will go in a little while. Can't write much. Pulse very weak. Doctors much alarmed. Expect speedy action within next few days. Love.

reasons for sending people to jail might vanish. But if we are to have larger and more efficient jails and asylums, which the experts of correction look upon as the true index of advancing civilization, since such offices will render them of more importance in the community, it is obvious that we must create new crimes and capture fresh victims. Only thus can our experts express their temperament.

It is not really absurd to foresee the time in our glorious American life when most of the population will live in jails, either as commissioners or sub-commissioners of correction or as criminals. This is undoubtedly the aim of our eminent "correctionists", as well as of that constantly increasing group of Americans who advocate jail for every one who thinks or speaks not as they do.

Miss Edelson has been directly protesting against this exploitation and the type of mind that has brought it into existence and profits by it, protesting by a hunger-strike at Blackwell's Island, and unless this protest is made general and effective by everyone who wants the right to think for himself and herself, and to express thoughts freely, such people need not be surprised to find themselves in some jail or another. For our "practical sociologists" and "reformers" are gaining power, and are taking as much delight in keeping people in jail as the magistrates are in sending them there.

Women have been too ready to admire other women who, with inflated ideas of self-importance, are willing to degrade themselves and their sex by assuming the barbaric poses that decent men are giving up—in short by becoming detectives, policewomen and commissioners of correction. Let us proclaim such women as traitors and enemies of the working class!

YOUR CRIME

Becky Edelson was imprisoned for disorderly conduct. She is not disorderly. She is a prisoner of conscience. She made an anti-war speech once when war with Mexico was popular. We have not forgotten Becky but we want the community to know that they and their Mayor, their Judge, their Courts and their Commissioner of Corrections are all Becky's jailers. We do not aim to release Becky from her jail. She will release herself or she will die. We must understand our own crime.

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For Revolutionary Literature

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THE FREEWOMAN AS TEACHER

(TELL THE CHILDREN)

BEE

Tell the children of the workers why their fathers are poor. Why their mothers work all the day and long into the night. Why they live in wretched tenements and eat bad food and little of it.

Tell them in your lessons in arithmetic how many workers are unjustly imprisoned, how many children die for lack of food and care.

When you teach spelling put in among your regular spelling list, words that suggest beauty and freedom to the child's mind; Liberty, Solidarity, Joy, Comrades.

People your geography lesson with workers, on the boats, in the mills, on the fields, in the mines. Picture the

sacrifice and devotion of these millions of lives.

Two-fold is their task, to carry on the industry of the world, and to force its progress.

Tell the children the history of their own class. Their heroism, their subjection, their infinite courage.

Make them realize that their faith in Industrial Freedom is the dearest thought they have. Blend it with their love for Song and Poetry and Painting.

Tell the children of the wretchedness and squalor and poverty of the workers.

But fill them with the great hope for emancipation from that misery by their individual and concerted effort.

Tell the children, they want to know.

RETRIBUTION

J. EDWARD MORGAN

Masters, harken! Hark the crying!
Hear the sobbing and the sighing!
Starving children, pleading, dying,
Oh, ye masters of the bread!
Cannot hear them? Will not heed them?

They are starving—who will feed them?
Let them starve! You do not need them!
Leave the dying with the dead!

Beasts of prey! Mad gluttons feeding
On the weak, like wolves, unheeding
Famine's wail, Despair's wild pleading,
Deaf alike to prayer or threat;
Ye who rule us, good and blind us,
Ever faithful to remind us
Ye are gods, while hard ye grind us,
Ye shall hear and heed us yet!

Ye will hear us, hear and heed us,
Ye who threat and starve and bleed us,
In the day when most ye need us—
When your days of grace have flown;
When your blood goes creeping, creeping,

Over floors where flames are leaping,
On the havoc of the reaping
Where your gory hands have sown.

Oh, the fierce, red-litten glory
Of that pay-morn grand and gory
When it writes its vengeful story
Wild, resplendent, dead on dead—
Blow for blow with wrathful turning,
Hearts a-flame with Wrong's mad burning,

Hate unchanted, all quarter spurning
"Bend, ye tyrants! Bend or bleed!"

Retribution—God Eternal—
Flaming from the hells infernal
Reaching heights sublime, supernal
By the magic of the blow;
Hail triumphant, glorious ending,
To the hell-bent, age-long bending
Of the slave hordes, rising, rending
Gyve and chain with the foe on foe.

Falling, halting, pleading, dying,
Terror-crased and quarter crying
Slave with slave impassioned dying
Who can glut the direst hate.
Oh, the wild and 'wondering splendor
Of the morn when Slaves shall render
Tool to every smug offender—
Tool deferred with tragic wait.

LAND and LIBERTY

A Review Truly Revolutionary

Edited by WM. OWEN

HAYWARD CALIFORNIA U. S. A.

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CLASS AND CHARACTER

Article No. 3.

Last month I tried to show that the girl who works must possess both class character and individual character. I want to emphasize here the value of good health in order that she may enjoy her own life. I have no patience with those who stupidly advocate rules of health for the growing girl in order to make her stronger for her job. Such people only believe in health for the girl so that she can get and hold a job, and then become an efficient slave.

I shall not insult the intelligence of any woman by pleading with her to love her long hours of toil, the Machine or the Boss who stands over her, I want her to hate all of them, to submit only under necessity, always waiting for the hour when she can rise with her comrades in organized strength to control their own lives.

I am not going to enumerate the clean and wholesome foods every growing girl should have to keep herself in good health, for experience among families of the workers has shown me that they know as well as I do the value of pure milk, butter, eggs, and meat. They cannot obtain them; so why insult them? They have learned by experience that the easily and quickly digested foods leave the stomach empty and the urge of hunger is too quickly felt. Naturally they choose foods less digestible, and thus are not hungry so often.

I wish to explain to the girl how she may have build up and retain sexual health. Nine out of ten so called "female troubles" are caused by male "troubles". I wish to dwell upon these facts.

The reproductive or sexual life of a woman is in reality a very short period of her existence. This period averages not more than twenty years altogether. It could be made a delightful, beautiful, healthful, if girls were only taught to get the most beauty out of this period of their lives. The greatest percentage of married women today are working women. Their only joy is the love for the mate, and to feel that this is returned. Yet they are entirely ignorant of how to retain this love, or how to strengthen and beautify their lives through it. This question seems faraway, but it is close at hand, in considering the effect of alcohol in the sexual life of a girl.

It is not a question of taking the first drink at all, but the fact that a girl should know the advantages and disadvantages of alcoholic drinks.

If she knows both sides of the question, she will not be so afraid of it. To-day the tendency among girls is to find things out for themselves. So in drinking she will do the same. Some girls will be weakened by the influence of alcohol and will not learn to control

the appetite for it. Others will hate this influence and refrain from its use.

Taken internally in small amounts, alcohol stimulates the heart and nervous system, favors gastric or stomach digestion, increases the sweat and urine. It is thrown off from the body by the lungs, skin, bowels and kidney. It is valuable as a general stimulant in low fevers and wasting diseases.

Whiskies, brandies and gins contain 45 to 50 percent of alcohol; white and red wines, from 10 to 14 percent; sherry and port wines, from 15 to 20 percent; champagne, 10 to 12 percent; ales, beers and porters, from 3 to 5 percent.

Among 2,000 prostitutes of New York City, it was discovered that 269 were not addicted to drink; that 447 drank in moderation, that 754 were intemperate drinkers; and that 240 were habitual drunkards. Practically all such women drink alcoholic stimulants to produce that state of artificial excitement necessary to their business. "No one could live this life without drinking," declared one of them. Among the higher class prostitutes, it is considered a disgrace to be intoxicated. Of course they drink moderately, but are careful to keep their heads and a controlling sense of direction.

The direct effect of the excessive use of alcohol is that it completely paralyzes the judgment and will power. A girl under the influence of alcohol has no control over actions, she cannot direct her judgment, and is at the mercy of her companions. Alcohol also excites the sexual appetite, and banishes all refined sentiments, for the continued action of alcohol upon the brain effects a coarseness of feeling, affecting the most refined individuals, awakening the grossest impulse and tending to pervert the sexual appetite. It deprives a girl of all power of resistance against the sexual advances of a man, which may be aroused through drink, because her own sexual desire has been increased. The pleasure of the relation is lessened by alcohol.

She loses appreciation of her own personality. Stupified by drink a girl who normally may be the most refined and discriminating in her judgment will abandon herself to any influence.

Thousands of girls who are confined in institutions because they are considered "wayward" will tell you that in many cases it was not the desire that led them to surrender their bodies, to the advances of the men, but the profound indifference and feebleness developed by continued drinking.

Fully seventy-five percent of venereal disease among men has been contracted while they were under the influence of drink. Alcohol effects women in a different manner. Some are physically and mentally paralyzed by

small amounts and fall into a stupor. Others repel any sexual advances, while others are stimulated mentally and never completely succumb to its control. The stronger the will power and self control, the less likely will one show the effects.

A woman over 25 years of age will use the greatest discretion in the use of alcohol, while a young girl will plunge into the excesses always thinking herself an exception. In this as in all questions of the kind, we must turn back to the character of the girl, and the ideal and standards she has set for herself. It does not mean that a woman who abstains or who has never drunk or tasted alcohol in her life is necessarily the superior woman. Usually she lacks a fine human understanding, and her superiority may be narrowness and prejudice.

Seneca recommended occasional drunkenness "even to the point of intoxication, not for the purpose of drowning ourselves but of sinking ourselves deep in wine. For it washes away cares and raises our spirits from the lowest depths. The inventor of wine is called Liber because he frees the soul from the servitude of care, releases it from slavery, quickens it, and makes it bolder for all undertakings." In his essay on the Training of Children, Plutarch says that "even in bows and harps we loosen their strings that we may bend and wind them up again."

And so with women who have never relieved their tension. They can have no realization or understanding of those who do. They are less experienced and equipped with less sympathy and human feeling for the battle of life. It all comes back to the girl herself: She must know herself, her natural inclinations, her desires. She must enrich her character and develop it by experience.

College girls are sent abroad to visit foreign lands, to learn the customs of other peoples. She is sent into factories and reformatories, returning with volumes of statistical record, and is then considered "brilliant". She would not dare indulge in experience which might contribute to her own development for fear of being looked down upon as an outcast.

Let the women of the working class aim to develop a bigger womanhood, with human feeling and understanding as the foundation!

Among the advocates of the methods of sex hygiene banned by the United States Government are Anatole France, Havelock Ellis, Robert Michels, Octave Mirbeau, Mme. Rachilde Vallette, Urbain Gohier, Paul Adam and innumerable other friends of the working class. But these leading thinkers and writers of Europe are swept aside in a determined effort to keep these United States "pure"—and provincial.

What is your opinion of the Birth Control propaganda?

Is it necessary?

Is it important?

Is it immoral?

Is it futile?

We are collecting every type of opinion concerning this practice that is becoming, as Havelock Ellis has expressed, part of the civilization of every advanced country!

What is YOUR opinion of this vital question that we feel is so important?

No matter how emphatically you feel either for or against Birth Control, send us your view for publication in a symposium on the subject.

This is a subject of vital importance to every man and woman. Every shade of opinion finds expression in conversation. Let us debate the question publicly. Let us put this idea in the crucible. If it is a poisonous one, it may be rejected. If it is beneficial, it may be assimilated by hygienic custom.

Send in your answers to the questions put above—and send them right away!

MARGARET SANGER,
34 Post Avenue,
New York City.

YOUR GUARDIANS

If you fail to receive any number of this paper, you may conclude that the United States Post Office has decided that it is not fit for you to read. The Federal Authorities are most considerate in this respect. They are ever watchful over your morals, and are ever ready to interfere with any mail that might tend to corrupt them. We suggest that all readers write to the Postmaster General and express appreciation for the kindly interest taken by the Post Office in keeping you pure and virtuous by prohibiting you from reading any matter that is adulterated with the truth. Our benign Government is certain that the truth is not only poisonous but obscene.

A QUESTION

The question has been asked: What would THE WOMAN REBEL do with Rebecca Edelsohn if she were in Dr. Katherine B. Davis' position?

No woman rebel would ever find herself in such a degraded position. The view of the revolutionary woman is expressed adequately enough in other columns of this number.

We have no respect for the type of the so-called "modern" and "advanced" woman who becomes a willing and efficient slave of the present system, the woman who carries favors of capitalists and politicians in order to gain power and the cheap and fulsome praise of cheaper and more fulsome newspapers. If this is what "emancipation" means, give us the old slavery. As a matter of fact, it is the most degrading form of slavery to be forced to prey upon the misery of others for your live-

THE SAVIOR

RUTH PICKERING

O — I am sick of you!
For years and years
Here in this room where prints of your
pale face

I used to think so tender—fit to love—
Have smiled their philanthropic smiles
on those

Unlifted, holy, stupid sheep and me.
Here I have come and thought my heart
was full,

My joy complete, my silly sorrows gone,
Here I have kneeled and stretched out
both my hands—

So fooled by you and your mild flock
and all

The holy teaching of your sacred
church—

I thought I touched your pake, thought
you were live

Am made you say to me—I tremble
now—

(All men are cruel that make us think
you real)

To work for others,—sacrifice,
To suffer, to be sad.

So daily I have cooked and washed and
wiped,

Until the visions of my spirit turned
On scraps and knocking pots and pans,
I bathed the ugly paralytic limbs
Of some one old I cared no straw about,
And hoped that you'd put freshness in
my heart.

But to-day I have broken the image of
Christ,

There is joy in my life, I am free.

I stand on the threshold, look into the
sun

O, rise yellow butterfly

Out of the road dust

Up!

Into blue sky.

SISTERHOOD

By LILY GAIR WILKINSON

There is no sisterhood of women any more than there is a brotherhood of men. A working woman asking for employment from a rich woman does not greet the lady as a sister, and expects no sisterly greeting; she expects, and she receives, much the same sort of treatment from a mistress as from a master. The case is just as bad for her one way as the other.

In fact, while it is true that we find in daily experience of life that human society is really split up very much into two camps (or what Disraeli called "the two nations" of rich and poor), these camps are by no means two armies of opposing sexes, but two armies of opposing classes. Yet it is also true that nearly all women are no better than slaves; that is to say, social restrictions prevent the full, free, and natural development of nearly every woman that is born. Certainly the same is true of nearly every man; but the restraint is greater for women, and the degradation is greater.

Go out again and watch the women as they pass. Look once more, for instance, at the rich woman in the motor-car, the "lady," as she is called. In the streets, in the parks, in other public places, this "lady" type is to be observed in fine clothes, furs, and jewels of great price. She is arrogant, and does not notice us because we are less expensive mortals than herself; but we may well

say to ourselves "Slave!" as she passes. The rich clothes, and the jewels, and the servants, and the carriages, and the motor-cars are all the very signs and tokens of her slavery. This woman has sold herself into bondage, and she is actually owned by the man who owns also the furs and jewels and servants and carriages—the man who signs the checks. For a rich man's wife is merely his most costly possession.

Lady! What does it mean, this "lady"? It is a name of good repute, and often it is said of a woman as highest praise that she is "a perfect lady." Yet the very type of what is called a lady is generally a pampered, painted, fleshly instrument to some man's pleasure.

Lady! A slave and bondswoman! She has sold her woman's body for costly accessories and a soft living. She has sold herself into married prostitution.

To be a willing slave. Is that not the most shameful thing possible to a human being? But all the same she is "a perfect lady"! Lady! If anyone should compose for me some day an epitaph, I wish it may be written: "At least she was no lady."

And yet, what is a woman to do? What is a girl brought up in a rich family to do? Such a girl is usually entirely dependent upon her parents, whose ideals in life are probably dividends and social power. None dares to speak openly to her of sexual truths, and her own natural exual dignity is cheated by the false appearance of successful attainment in the marriage bargain. Not only is she dependent upon her parents, but they have accustomed her to luxury, and she has become dependent upon luxuries by force of habit. When

the choice comes to her, what is she to do but sell the one thing she has to sell, that one wonderful thing so desired of man—her woman's body?

Now turn to another type. Most of the women who pass us wherever we go are of this type—it is the type of woman who is poorly born, the working woman. All her life this woman has found herself in peculiar position. Her father and her brothers and her husband are all slaves—they are not free to work for themselves; they must spend their lives working for others. She also is a slave; either she must do the work of the household to make it possible for the men to work for wages, or she must work for wages herself. But her slavery has a peculiar characteristic. She found it out as a girl when first she sold herself for wages. She might do the same work as her brothers did, but she never received the same pay. She might sell herself as goods in the labour market, but she was always cheaper goods than her brothers.

What was the reason of this? Was she an inferior worker? No, that certainly was not the explanation.

If she, being a high-spirited girl, borrowed her brother's trousers, shirt, coat, and waistcoat, and went to do her brother's work, she would receive her brother's pay; as long as she succeeded in masquerading as her brother there would be no question of inferiority. But if she took the job dressed in her own petticoats, she would receive only about half what she earned for working the same hours and doing the same work in her brother's trousers.

It is an old story going back to the time when, in primitive societies, physical strength, sheer muscular strength, was the principal factor in human social life. Then women must have been dependent upon men to a very great degree, and the effects of this dependence remain in human relationships long after its cause (mere muscular strength) has ceased to be an important social factor. Brute force is no longer the human criterion in life. A woman can work modern machinery (including machine guns, I do not doubt) just as well as a man can. But the tradition remains that she is socially weaker, or inferior, and therefore as a worker she is reckoned cheaper goods.

So from one cause and another women are always being bought as cheap goods in the labor market, and the result is that the struggle to live is even more painful and terrible for women wage-slaves than for men wage-slaves. We are told in cold official figures that forty-five per cent. of the wage-earners of the country are women. What unimaginable lives of struggle and suffering are summed up in these figures!

From this we turn naturally to that third type of women in bondage—the prostitute.

It is the fashion of to-day to be politely sentimental about the "White Slave

Traffic," but the tales of guileless girls, of villainous men and women with drugs and snares, are in no way needful to account for prostitution. These statistics giving the conditions of women's employment are explanation enough to anyone who can read the living facts behind the bare statement of the figures.

The bondage of the prostitute is bitter and cruel, and every woman must feel the cruelty of it if she realizes that a woman may actually be driven by want, by dread of death from starvation (and perhaps not only dread for herself, but also for her helpless children), to buy food by selling her body to a man. Not one woman only—though human social life will remain a loathsome thing while this is true of only one single woman—not one woman only, but countless numbers of women every day that passes!

These, then, are three types of women in bondage—the lady sold in marriage, the working woman, and the prostitute. The bondage of these three types is different in kind, but the manner of entering bondage is the same in all three cases. All these women enter bondage by selling their bodies; selling them for man's pleasure or selling them for the profit of an employer, but always by selling that sacred thing, the woman's body.

This is the evil and degrading thing which every woman does who enters slavery. It is clear that women are driven to this degradation, not because of the domination of some big abstraction called Man, but because of the domination of those human laws by which both men and women are forbidden the free use and enjoyment of the earth they live upon.

THE HISTORY OF THE HUNGER-STRIKE

Becky Edelson began her activities at Union Square at the first unemployed demonstration at Union Square, (March 21st), and since that time has been very active in various meetings, especially at Franklin Square Statue. She was arrested there once before, for making a collection for the unemployed, but was discharged by the Magistrate who claimed that she had as much right to make a collection as the Salvation Army. At the declaration of war with Mexico she organized the meeting at Franklin Statue on April 22nd. She was arrested for speaking against the war and sentenced by Magistrate Sims to give a bond of \$300 to keep the peace for three months. She defended her own case in Court and made a splendid stand for Free Speech. Magistrate Simms told her that the bond would not prevent her speaking in public but whenever a policeman ordered her to stop she would have to do so. Miss Edelson refused to be censured by the police and refused to give the bond of \$300. She declared a hunger-strike if sent to prison, as a protest against her sentence of ninety days imprisonment. She was sent to the workhouse but was transferred to the City Prison, Long Island. The Free Speech League appealed her case meanwhile getting Miss Edelson out of bail, April 25th, which for the time being terminated her hunger strike.

Pending her appeal Miss Edelson continued her agitation against the United States becoming involved in war with Mexico and for the sympathetic strike for the miners in Colorado. It was in connection with this work that she participated in the meetings at Tarrytown where she was arrested with fourteen others for attempting to speak on the Colorado situation at Fountain Square, Tarrytown, N. Y.

The Tarrytown prisoners were re-

leased on bail pending trial, and Miss Edelson continued her agitation in behalf of Labor.

Justice Crane of the Appellate sustained the sentence of the lower Court. On July 20th Miss Edelson was again called for sentence. She was given the option of a bond for \$300 to keep the peace or to go to jail for ninety days. She refused the bond. As a protest against her unjust sentence she at once declared a hunger-strike in Court. She was sent to the workhouse, Blackwell's Island, and has since been carrying on her hunger-strike refusing both food and water. She is held in a veritable Spanish incommunicado. The authorities refusing her visitors or to receive or send any mail. She is denied the regular privileges of other prisoners. Only once was her lawyer, Mr. Sheffield permitted to see her and that was when he had to serve the writ of habeas corpus to bring Miss Edelson as a witness for the Tarrytown trial cases. No friend has been permitted to either visit her or to communicate with her, though a sub rosa route has been established.

In her last letters Miss Edelson informed her friends that she is suffering mental and physical torture, but she is determined to keep up her strike as a protest against the injustice done her even if her determination should involve the sacrifice of her life.

The prison authorities have been spreading false reports to the effect that Miss Edelson has been taking food tablets and drinking water. Those statements are false. Miss Edelson has been taking neither food nor water except at times when taking laxative pills. She is now in a very low condition as she is liable to collapse at any time. Her friends fear that her health has been ruined beyond repair and that her further imprisonment will prove fatal. They demand her immediate release.

Original from

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BIRTH CONTROL LEAGUE

The recently organized and much needed Birth Control League of America has for its aim as follows:

1. To carry on an extensive, nationwide campaign of education, of literature, to prove to the workers that it is to their interests to have a thorough knowledge and understanding of the means for regulating the size of their families

2. To agitate most vigorously for the repeal of the state and federal laws against the spreading of knowledge relative to methods for the prevention of conception.

3. To render all possible aid to those who are prosecuted under these laws, and to bring their cases to the attention of the entire thinking world.

The headquarters of the league will be in New York City, while autonomous locals will be organized all over the country to carry on the propaganda.

Suffragettes, feminists and all wom-

en's organizations, will never make much progress, until they recognize the fact that women cannot be on an equal footing with men until they have full and complete control of their reproductive functions.

We are anxious to hear all advocates of woman's emancipation, in connection with the question raised above.

We want the help and co-operation of all enlightened women—mothers and potential mothers,—who see the danger and criminality of reckless and indiscriminate child-bearing—women who are not afraid to learn the physiology and hygiene of their own bodies.

The membership dues are \$1.50 a year, but additional contributions for a literature and campaign fund are badly needed.

Address all letters and contributions to the Secretary, Otto Bobsien, 75 East 120th St., New York City.

NO MASTERS

The main cause of the social misery endured by the working women to-day lies not so much in the value of wages received as in the way they have to be earned. It is not alone the work done, but the bullying, the hustling and the submission which the wage system entails, that blights the life of the worker and creates a just hatred of the master class. And there can be no hope for the woman worker until she realizes the degradation of "work" and the injustice of a system which forces her, in order to obtain the barest necessities of life, to be snubbed and insulted and driven by a master.

Powerful as the master class is depicted to be, owing to the apparent acquiescence and ignorance of its victims, it is inherently in a weak and dangerous position. For its very life it now depends upon the divisions and delusions which from time to time sway the working class. And these divisions and delusions are fostered and maintained by paid writers, scientists and politicians, aided by a venal press.

Perhaps the most popular and enervating idea accepted by the majority of workers to-day, is the doctrine of economic evolution, a doctrine which was formulated by the 'sociologists' and which asserts that the capitalist system of production for profit cannot be broken by any conscious effort on the part of the workers; that we must have masters and recognize the authority of masters until the dawn of some 'ism'. The one thing the sociologists like to talk about is "Evolution", i. e. expansion and development. Since the advent of Malthus, Darwin and Karl Marx this

doctrine of evolution with its "survival of the fittest", "struggle for existence" and "self-preservation" laws, has sapped the vitality of the formidable working class movement which arose in the 19th century and which for more than a generation has sent successive shivers through the fabric of the capitalist system. Karl Marx it was who popularized the contemptible notion that this system must endure until all capital had been concentrated into a few hands in the form of one big trust and that the workers must wait until they themselves had formed one world-wide party before they would be in a position to take over the accumulated capital and work for themselves instead of for an idle class.

The evolutionist, like the madman, is in a prison—the prison of one idea. These people seem to think it singularly surprising if the worker suddenly flings to the wind all social theories and raises the banner "No Masters". The system must go on, they say. The time is not yet "ripe" for a change. The "machinery of government" and the "machinery of production" must be captured and so on. Nothing is really interesting to them, such as direct action, sabotage, the removal of a tyrant or the sudden taking over of a mine or a factory or of a farm. To tell the workers that they must wait for the accumulation of capital and for the "economic development" of the capitalist regime is like telling a prisoner in the penitentiary that he would be glad to hear that the jail now covers the state of New York. The jailer would have nothing to show the prisoner except more and more long

corridors of stones lit by ghastly lights and empty of all that is human. So these expanders and evolutionists have nothing to show us except more and more infinite multitudes of wage slaves empty of all individuality, courage, idealism, humanity and spirit, and hopelessly submissive to the demigods of Capital.

No one doubts that the ordinary working woman can get on with the capitalist system as it is—at a price. The demand of the class-conscious worker, however, is not strength enough to get along with it, but to destroy it. Can woman hate enough to do this and yet love her class enough to think it worth emancipating? Can she look upon the colossal good, the hardihood and the endurance of the wage slaves without feeling sympathy? Can she look upon the colossal evil of wage slavery without once feeling despair? Can she be a rebel woman? Can she be a fanatic? Is she prepared to sacrifice the whole race for the sake of itself?

The masters argue that because we cannot have equality in a silk factory we cannot have it anywhere. Because we cannot have good-fellowship in business we cannot have it at all. They argue that society cannot do without "labor", meaning servitude—without the bossing and the firing and the too old at forty and all the rest of their filth. If society cannot do without masters and wage slaves, so much the worse for society. For we are prepared to sacrifice our machines, our wheels and tunnels and wires and systems and slave lives for one hour of happiness.

Do not be led astray by the towering materialism which dominates the mind of the wage earners to-day which rests upon the false assumption that because a few generations go on doing the same thing over and over again, we all live in a system of clockwork evolution. Do not let fear prevent you from leading a free life. Live up to your own ideal and to the standard inscribed on the banner of the WOMAN REBEL—No Gods, No Masters.

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WORKING WOMAN

Build up Within Yourself a Conscious Fighting Character Against All Things Which Enslave You.



THE OLD AND THE NEW

Blackwell's Island reveals two striking illustrations of the woman of the past and the woman of the future.

Katherine B. Davis is the woman of the past and Rebecca Edelson is the woman of the future.

Katherine B. Davis was carefully trained in her youth for college; her college training helped and fortified her to become Police Matron of Bedford Reformatory for Women, and subsequently Commissioner of Corrections of New York. Both worthy offices to uphold the present system.

Katherine is a staunch defender of the present society, despite her experiences among "the fallen" and her knowledge that poverty and destitution has driven them to prostitution.

Becky on the other hand comes from that race of people whose spirit has refused to be enslaved.

Becky has never been to college but she knows more about existing conditions and their causes, about poverty, prostitution and their causes than Katherine learned in all her arduous years of college education. Becky considers such an calling as Police Matron as base and looks upon it with contemptuous scorn.

Her ideals of womanhood are high. Her service to womankind is to free them.

Katherine's position is to keep women in bondage. Becky's idea is to free all womankind.

Katherine aims to keep women tame in submission to the chains of the present slavery.

Becky aims to inspire them with revolt against the chains and the system which has enslaved them.

In the background of these two women stands two greater forces which is a question of time when they too shall be in the death struggle similar to that taking place on Blackwell's Island, Capital on Miss Davis' side and Labor on Becky Edelson's side.

MORE JUSTICE!

Inprisoned Comrades of the working class have been saved again and again from the clutches of the monster Capitalism, but from the turn the trials have taken in the Rangle-Cline case those of us on the outside will have to awaken to our consciousness and act without delay if those boys are to be saved.

Fourteen of our boys have been in jail in Texas for more than a year, several of them have been tried and have received the following sentences: J. Gonzales, 99 years; L. Vasques who had been sentenced to serve fifteen years, appealed his case and the decision was reversed by the Texas Court of Appeals, AND TEN MORE YEARS WERE ADDED TO HIS SENTENCE.

How is this for Justice for the workers! J. A. Serrato, 25 years; L. Gonzales, 6 years; and M. P. Martinez, 12 years. What Rangel, Cline and the other boys not yet tried will get one can almost predict, unless SOMETHING DEFINITE and SPECIFIC is acted upon at once.

Get into communication at once with Victor Cravello, Room 108, Los Angeles, Cal., and save these boys.

CONFISCATED

Once again I must announce that another issue of the WOMAN REBEL has been debarred from transmission by the Post Office authorities, and all the copies found in the mails have been CONFISCATED.

That will account for the loss of your July number, if you did not get it.

It will be interesting to learn just what article in the July issue was considered OBSCENE. My suspicions are that it was one of two articles. One an excellent and scientific DEFENSE OF ASSASSINATION, by HERBERT A. THORP of which only one half was published in the July issue and the remaining part following later. The other was an editorial "ARE PREVENTIVE MEANS INJURIOUS" written in answer to the many questions I have received on this subject.

Both are questions which should be openly discussed, and through which enlightenment may be gained.

The farce of Freedom of Speech is being forcibly recognized on Blackwell's Island where Becky Edelson is

resisting an unjust imprisonment for speaking the truth about the Mexican war. The farce of Freedom of Press is again being demonstrated by the three suppressions of the WOMAN REBEL within five months.

WHERE IS YOUR POWER NOW?

What is wrong with Germany's four or five million Socialists?

The answer is plain. Germany represents Autocracy and Imperialism. No matter how strong the Socialist movement may be in Germany, it has proved its shallowness and weakness in the present crisis. German Socialists ought to learn that Socialism under an Imperialistic Monarchy is a farce—a parody of the Revolutionary movement. Small wonder, then, that our feelings and sympathies must be with the French who have always labored champions of human liberty.

THE WAR'S LESSON

If this European war does not convince the workers of the absolute necessity of SOLIDARITY, if this thrilling slaughter does not show working women that they must control the true destinies of a newer Civilization not based on Murder, then there is no reason for any revolutionary movement at all. We are hearing much cant and hypocrisy these days about peace and anti-militarism. The truth is that we do not want peace based on inevitable and certain Murder, on potential warfare. We are glad to witness the collapse of a hypocritical Civilization that can end only in wholesale Murder.

Exponents of birth-control have long pointed out why nations need men—why rulers need them. Now every woman can see this in the savage slaughter of the children she brings into the world.

The war is good. No better education could be given the workers.

After the tumult and the murder ceases, workers will realize to what ends availed their slavish toil—what was the aim of this flamboyant civilization. Comrades killed, life made even more precarious, the burden of it all on the shoulders of working men and women.

The war is good. It is a challenge to the working class. It is a challenge we cannot avoid. It proves the murderous insanity of present day barbarism. Let us accept the challenge, and begin a new era at once.

The Woman Rebel can be obtained at the following addresses in New York City:

Brentano's, 5th Avenue and 27th St.
Radical Book Store, 347 Bowery.
Mother Earth Publishing Assn., 74 West 119th St.