Home and Education

Conducted by BELLE CASE LA FOLLETTE and CAROLINE L. HUNT

Mother Jones

IT WAS the daughter of Congressman Wilson of Pennsylvania who interested me in Mother Jones, and asked me to come and hear her speak.

There was a large gathering at the armory and Mother Jones had already begun talking when we arrived. She makes a quaint picture on the platform. Her keen eyes, thin gray hair, stout figure with long arms, recall the impressions of childhood story books. Her voice rises and falls with her emotions, to which she gives free expression, whether of anger, pity, or pathos. Her language is rugged and picturesque. She quotes scripture freely. Some might call her profane. But a deep religious fervor makes her emphatic words seem reverent.

Philosophy and understanding temper her talk. She speaks of the psychology of the people, of the economic phases of a problem in the same breath that she denounces with terrible bitterness the specific wrongs existing in the mining districts to-day, particularly those of West Virginia.

You would hardly call her an orator, but she has all the qualities of a great agitator. To a general audience she is not at all times entirely coherent, because she assumes that her hearers know a great deal more than they do of the evils she portrays.

A strong physique, a powerful personality, inured to hardship, unafraid, her first great mission is doubtless to lead on to action. Yet she has evidently read and listened and thought much and worked out her conclusions in the original pioneer way of self-made people.

Her folks love and trust her, and no one can doubt her devotion to what she calls "my class." "We are women, not ladies," she says. "God makes women." She loves her title "Mother," and uses it, repeatedly in telling her stories.

Very much interested in her remarkable character and career, unable to find anything satisfactory regarding her history at the library, I asked Congressman Wilson, who has been familiar with Mother Jones' work for twenty years, to state some of the facts to Miss Nellie Dunn. I am indebted to her for the interview.

Mr. Wilson came from Scotland with his parents when he was eight years old, and began working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania, when he was eleven. He has been active in miners' trade unions from his early manhood. He was elected to Congress six years ago as a Democrat, although he has naturally been regarded as a representative of labor rather than of a special party. He is a sincere, earnest man, who has rendered good service, nationally, as well as to his constituency. His failure of re-election to the next Congress is generally regretted by those who believe that all elements of our American life should be more generally represented than they now are in the Senate and House of Representatives.—B. C. L.

MR. WILSON told me Mother Jones was born in Ireland some seventy-four or seventy-five years ago. Her maiden name was Mary Harris. She came to this country with her parents in childhood. Her husband and three children died in Memphis some time prior to 1894, during a typhoid epidemic. Mr. Jones was a mechanic, employed in the shops of the Illinois Central Railway at Memphis.

The first time Mother Jones came into any prominence in connection with the labor movement was in 1894. She had been keeping a boarding house at Pullman, near Chicago, when the railway strike occurred. Three years later she took an active part in the coal miners' strike, and since that time her entire life has been devoted to helping men and women in various occupations involved in labor troubles.

Mother Jones took a great part in the anthracite miners' strike in 1902; in the West Virginia coal strike in the same year; in the strike of the coal miners in Colorado in 1903, when she was deported by Governor Peabody. He sent a company of militia to her hotel that escorted her to the train, and a guard accompanied her out of the state. This was from Trinidad, Colorado, where she was at that time located, and where the strike of the coal miners was going on. She got back into the state before the strike was over.

"MOTHER JONES"
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She has traveled extensively through the south, looking into and writing up the conditions of working women and children. She was an active force in the agitation to prevent federal judicial authorities in Arizona and Texas from persecuting Mexican political refugees, prior to the overthrow of President Diaz. In a number of industrial struggles where women were involved, such as the strike of the women workers in the breweries of Milwaukee, the garment workers in Chicago, Philadelphia, and elsewhere, Mother Jones was a powerful factor.

Mr. Wilson says that Mother Jones' frequent use of language that shocks her audiences, is deliberate. She believes it necessary to shock people to bring them to a realization of the cruelties which certain classes of workers suffer.

She talks very little about her past. She is very reticent in that respect. In dealing with people who are in adverse circumstances, she is deeply sympathetic. She has been frequently under the pay of labor organizations receiving a salary for her work as an organizer, and she has raised considerable money by the sale of literature. Yet she never has any money of her own. It is all spent in helping those who are in industrial struggles. She has no home, but goes from place to place, wherever her work calls her. Her only living relative is a brother, a Catholic clergyman in Canada. Ever since she became active in the labor movement her years, and her personality have made it seem perfectly natural to call her "Mother Jones."—N. H. D.

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The Vitalized Suffragists

By Mrs. JAMES LEES LAIDLAW

(It pleases me to have this contribution from Mrs. Laidlaw, one of the most active national suffrage workers, who is herself an embodiment of the thought she so well expresses.—B. C. L.)

AFTER a Suffrage meeting the other night, a man who was evidently not a suffragist came up in a rather bewildered and amazed way and said, "What a tremendous amount of earnestness and enthusiasm all the speakers threw into their speeches tonight. I was impressed with that; I was also impressed with the fact that very little was said about 'Woman's Rights.' In the old days I remember some of the speakers used to talk about nothing but the Constitution and Taxation without Representation, but to-day you Women Suffragists seem to be attacking the question from every side, and," he added again, "you seem so terribly in earnest."

This man's remarks give voice to the truth about the spirit that is animating the Suffrage Crusade more and more. It is true that it ought to be enough for any self-respecting man or woman to approach the question from a purely constitutional abstract point of view of justice based on purely American principles. It is enough theoretically simply to say that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed," and women are governed and without their consent, and that is all there is to it. But to-day, when more and more in concrete form we begin to see what the things are to which women are not giving their consent; when more and more women who have been sheltered in the home begin to be a live human factor in this great problematic civilization of ours, and when as such, they begin to see, and not only to see, but to feel intensely and burningly the great human questions of the day, then they become transformed from academic Suffragists to live Crusaders; from remote and with-drawn women announcing with dignity what her rights are, to desperate fighters in the war-fare for human justice.

Facts and theories as such, are utterly inoperative upon the vital life of the world. I do not believe that any fact or theory has ever become a living part of a mental organism until it has been conceived with emotion. A matter coldly and logically apprehended does not form a volitional basis. It makes no operative personal claim. We speak of "learning by heart," and "putting our heart into things." How true these expressions are! More and more the rank and file of Suffrage workers are putting their heart into the work for the attaining of political rights for women. Their hearts as well as their minds have been touched by the continued revelation of what is going on in this country of ours. We sometimes say that one-half the world does not know how the other half live, but more true it is that one-eighth of the women of the world do not know how the other seven-eighths live, and certainly one-eighth of the mothers of this country do not know how the other seven-eighths of the children of other mothers live.

The arousing of the heart and mind of the American woman, the breaking down of class distinctions by common community interest is one of the most significant phases of the woman movement in this country to-day. This great tide of

human determination has sprung from that most vital of all sources; stirred and shaken human hearts; and when those hearts are the mother hearts and the woman hearts of the world, that tide is a swelling and resistless one.

Women now can be held back by opposition, but they never again can be suppressed. Indeed, opposition spurs them to only greater activity. Temporary defeats such as women have had in Michigan and Wisconsin supply just the verve and consecration that is needed to make the movement irresistible. More and more do the words of Miss Anthony become true, "failure is impossible," and more and more as injustices, outrages and shameful waste of human life increase is it true that success *must* not longer be deferred. We women want the suffrage, and we want it now, and we know desperately well why we want it.

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A Railroad Man's Suggestion

COMMENTING upon an article which appeared recently in these columns, a reader sends the following expression of his point of view upon the universal problem of marketing farm products:

"Referring to item headed 'Problems of a Potato Grower,' in current issue:—The chief problem, it seems, is the railroad problem and the conclusion of the writer is that the government cannot regulate the railroads, it will have to own them. What does LA FOLLETTE'S think of the plan of state ownership of roadbeds, right of way, etc., leaving the matter of transportation in private hands. As an old railroad man (operating department) I believe it would be the proper solution of the problem if the state owned the road and charged just enough tolls for upkeep expense, allowing any person, firm or corporation having the proper equipment to use the roads on equal terms. The monopoly feature of transportation would be eliminated and the business would be open to competition the same as the carting business. Then the only company having any advantage would be the one which through superior equipment and organization could give the best service for the money. This is natural and proper. This plan would eliminate the bugaboo of a vast political organization of railway government employees, as the number of people required to keep up the tracks and direct the running of trains would be limited. I see nothing impractical in the plan of having many transportation companies use the same railroad. There are many examples, in fact every city will supply them, where two or more companies use the same tracks. There is a stretch of track in Buffalo, about four miles long, owned by the New York Central. There are several different companies running trains over this stretch of track. A regular daily train has a place on the time card. An extra runs under orders from the New York Central despatcher. He could do the work as well if he was a New York State despatcher. Why not?"

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HOOKWORM disease costs Arkansas more than one-fourth of its annual cotton crop, according to the Hon. George B. Cook, superintendent of public instruction. Physicians and teachers are co-operating vigorously with the State board of health in their campaign for rural sanitation in that State.

Hints to Home-makers

INDIAN PUDDING

A friend furnishes this recipe, which she has tested:

Scald 1 quart rich milk and pour it over 5 heaping tablespoons of corn meal. Add 1 cup molasses. Melt butter "the size of an egg" in an earthen pudding dish or (equally good) heavy iron frying pan rather deep. Pour in the mixture, adding four to six apples, pared, cored and finely sliced, 1 cup raisins, and cinnamon and ginger to taste. Bake in moderate oven till it jellies, 3 to 4 hours.

Try serving this with ice cream, or serve with rich cream.

Snap Shots

Books, Art, Drama

By George Middleton

SUPPOSE you were cast upon a desert isle like Robinson Crusoe and managed to be able to save one book from the wreck—which one would you choose? A book has come to my desk which tempts me for the honor. Not that it is one of the great masterpieces of literature, but because it offers untold opportunities for communion with much of the greatest which has been penned. It is a large book of over 3,700 pages, printed clearly upon thin paper, splendidly bound and easily portable. You can readily guess it is the new anthology aptly called *The Home Book of Verse* (Henry Holt & Co., N. Y. C., $7.50). It is distinctly different from most books of a similar aim both in the amount of material and arrangement. It is first of all popular in its appeal; that is, the compiler, Burton Egbert Stevenson, has not only selected the poems famous for their form and beauty but he has not neglected those which have sung themselves around the world and have lived because they were loved. That is the main reason why this volume is destined to achieve wide popularity. As he points out in his modest introduction, he has always considered the validity of the popular taste and, consequently, has endeavored to fasten upon the accessible page poems which haunt the memory but are not easily found. In regard to those poets still living—and this collection very commendably contains many—he has frankly relied upon his own judgment since time alone can be the ultimate judge as to whether they will echo through the years. In most cases there has been no difficulty in obtaining copyright privileges though some authors have apparently been unwise in not admitting themselves into this brilliant company. He has frankly been compelled to omit, also, some of the famous poems because they were too free for the family table; yet it is just to say, since he includes *The Ballad of Reading Goal* that these exclusions have been done in no small narrow spirit. Most of the poems, such as Wordsworth's *Ode*, have been printed in full, though, in some cases, he has been forced to omit extracts from many of the longer narrative poets. Occasionally one comes across omissions which surprise, as, for example, in the selections of Meredith's *Modern Love*, the famous sonnet beginning "We saw the swallows gathering in the sky," which Swinburne ranked among the greatest in the language. But Mr. Stevenson's task has been so monumental and he has accomplished it with such gratifying results that criticism of some minor detail is as carping as it is unjust.

It is obviously impossible to give even the smallest idea of the scope of this collection though one may gather from its size the vast number of poems brought together for the reader. It was a great joy to me to find, by way of comment, those inspiring lines of Richard Realf, beginning "Fair are the flowers and the children, but their subtle suggestion is fairer—" and also the beautiful poem of Laurence Hope entitled *The Masters*. One could easily call attention to individual poems, but if the reader does as I did and turn instantly to the favorites which have not met the eye in years, he will see the value of this book.

Aside from its very essential democracy, the arrangement of the poems is the most individual thing to arrest attention. Any rigid form is open to objections though Mr. Stevenson has hit upon the very easy device of gathering them under general heads such as Poems of Youth and Age, Poems of Love, Poems of Nature, Familiar Verse, Patriotism, etc. And each of these has been subdivided further, so that in each group there are gathered together those which deal with the same shades of feeling. Of course, such a studied classification is at best only a makeshift, which the compiler himself generously acknowledges, but the more one studies it the better it seems. In fact, by arrangement and selection this is by far the best and most comprehensive anthology in the English Language. I recommend this most heartily to my readers who feel the need of verse and who wish to have at hand a larder to suit the taste of the moment; for poetry fulfills its highest mission, while in the service of beauty, when it fills the need of the soul in its hour of hunger.

Literary Notes

"NOTHING MORE PICTURESQUE than Masefield's biography could be invented, even, say, by Jack London," says a writer in the *New York Sun*, who gives some interesting facts about the man whom he characterizes as "the literary lion of the hour in London, and one of the most important figures in the literary world to-day."

"Masefield," to quote from this article, "is but thirty-eight years of age, of English parentage and was born in Shropshire. Clever as a youth, he disdained school and books and frequently started out on long tramps without telling his folks where he was going or how long he would stay. At last his family decided that such irresponsibility ought to be mended, and so they indentured him to the captain of a merchant ship for the sum of a shilling a month and other consideration, mostly of relief.

"He was then but fourteen years old, and in square riggers he sailed over a great part of the world's navigable waters until several years later, sick and tired of the sea, he took to land to become a tramp. Then he sailed over a great part of the world some more, then he became a tramp again, and there is a whole long gap of his history which is none too clear until we find him as bartender and bouncer in the Sixth Avenue saloon. But he met the poet Yeats and they spent a whole summer loafing and talking in Devonshire, which was a mighty aid to the self-education John Masefield was acquiring.

"Then he began to write verse and plays, some in verse, and stories that attracted the attention of the handful of modernists in literary London. Soon John Galsworthy, delighted with Masefield's work, made his acquaintance and showed his democracy by insisting and insisting to all England that here was a man to watch and admire.

"Since then Masefield's poems and other works have attracted steadily widening attention and his fame has spread as rapidly as ripples on the smooth surface of a pond where a stone has fallen. * * * He has received the Royal Society of Literature's annual Edmond de Polignac prize of $500 for his poem, *The Everlasting Mercy*. No wonder, then, that his new book, *The Story of a Round House and Other Poems*, attracts the widest attention from those who in any degree are interested in the quality of present day literature."

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THE LATEST ADDITION to Macmillan's series of popular priced reprints is *The Life of David Livingstone*, by C. Silvester Horne, M. P. The publication of this book just now is a fitting tribute to the missionary, for on March 19th will be celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. The author of the present volume has aimed not so much at telling the story of Livingstone as allowing that story to tell itself—consequently the work is a simple narrative of the facts of the life of a great man whose fame increases as time goes on.