

Admonition

By Eleanor Westworth.

It was in a dimly lighted, shabby hall on Halsted street—Chicago's meanest slum, seething and bubbling with a hundred thousand wretched creatures—that I caught that fleeting glimpse of Maria, in all her splendid, youthful strength. She was standing at the end of the hall, under the lone gas jet, which flickered up and down as it was buffeted by the spring breeze that came through an open window. Without notice, the middle light attempted to illumine the faces of the score or more girls whom she was addressing.

Though the gas failed to throw its gleams on the faces of the audience, it played and flickered about the girl on the rostrum a subtle way that emphasized her every mood and expression. One moment it veiled her eyes with tenderness and showed her mouth soft and smiling. The next moment, as she drove home some statement with clenched hand and extended arm, her whole being quivering with the intensity of her earnestness, it threw a bright gleam on the dark mass of her hair, reflected the lightning flashes in her black eyes and revealed her mouth as a stern, straight line.

In her quaint Italian accent she was pleading with her auditors to organize and upbuilding them in no uncertain terms for working at lower wages than men.

"You girls, who work the whole day on the job, why do you not have pride? Why you live in houses where there's bad lights like this? Why you live on streets where the average shells and peasant boys do so much better than you do dirt from raw and wagon sties for mothers? Why you go to schools and learn some of the nice things of our world? Why you wear ugly clothes? Why you work for low money than the man and take a day's pay from him? Why you go to the boss like sheep at aid—afraid of the wolf?"

"Hail you, it is because you no think and act like women; you tink and act like children. Because you no stand together. Because you no organize." Each accusation she emphasized with an energetic gesture of her bare arm.

"And you know what you do when you work for less wages than the man—when you take away the man's job? I tell you this. When you strike on the man's machine for less than the man, you build up a wall with those fast-moving machines between you and the man, you some day hope to marry. Every time the wheel goes round the wall goes you take his job you take his life, his happiness, his love—higher. A man no can marry when he has no job. When and you too."

"You know what you do when you work so fast for the boss and for less wages than the man? The gas flickered low, dimming her countenance with shadows that made it infinitely sad. "Those strong, beautiful little babies you feed in your soul, crying for you, taking hold of you always; those little babies you are waiting for as the dark night waits for the bright sun—you kill them before they come to your hands. Women no can feed babies when they make bad wages. They no can have strong babies when they're weak from working. Nothing, nothing, can you have when you're weak and poor."

The breeze came through the window in a sudden gust, momentarily forcing the light higher. The gleams through the figures of the girl into prominence and heightened the darkness which was her background. For a brief moment she stood there, leaning slightly toward her audience, tense with earnestness, her eyes burning with the force of her message.

"I tell you," she cried, "you must organize. If you no organize—"

Then the light went out completely and in the darkness I heard only the wind shrieking through the window.

Mothers of America

By Geo. F. Hibber.

Mothers of America, you bearers of pain and bringers of joy, a group of your children are now passing down the street—just an average group of boys and girls pushing down the street, and I'm wondering where they're bound. For these few days they are at the school, but on your ten years, I'm wondering where they're bound.

Precious souls these—as dear as the sun or stars—dearer to you, Mothers—I'm wondering where they're bound. But what matter? America has room enough: She's rich enough and fertile enough to do it. She has room, shelter, millions of millions. Coal, oil, copper, lumber, cotton, wool, iron, steel, and acres by millions and millions—ah there's room and plenty in America.

But, Mothers, have you been in the coal fields of America? Have you seen the mines "shut down"—the fathers of babies jolting by thousands and thousands, and children cold and hungry? Have you seen as I have seen, one heaped by tens in thousands and thousands and children cold in the same country? Look today. This winter just ending has seen plenty of cold—and has seen children cold in most of all the countries of America. I would regret to see these children go to the coal fields. There's plenty of coal, but I'm wondering where these children are bound? I wonder too for what is the "owners" of the mines are holding the coal field of America?

Oh, Mother of America, does it matter nothing to you that in all the industries of America, these children must work only as wage-workers? That nothing at all can now be done in the industries of this nation except by permit of a few thousands out of the hundred millions of our population? That this nation cannot say of the means of life except it profits those few? That these children grow strong, come near at all except it profits those few? (Profit is the taking more money than you give out.)

I come now asking you: Were all the things that are needed in women, to be brought under common ownership and control, would not the people use them when they wished? Would they not be used? Would they not disappear from all the countries of America? Would not be a life infinitely higher, nobler, sweeter than is possible while the few own the means of life?

as a Socialist, asking you these; forty millions of Socialists are asking you these. But the Socialist point too to the industrial developments that are daily fast increasing the need for this new ownership. And we ask you, Mothers, what will you do?—what, as to the children passing down the street?

The Factory Mother

(Ethel Carnie was a half-timer in an English cotton mill 11, and has since then followed the factory lane the rest of her young life of 22 years. All her songs of nature, of children and of the working world have come to her, she says, while standing at her work face.)

A pale sweat, with brave eyes, and a hand
Of soft brown that peeps beneath the shawl,
And close against her breast a moving head—
Her child's face for whom she braves the wild wind's
brawl.

The rain beats in her face, yet she fights on,
The whistle's shrill melody in her ears;
In other's arms she leaves her little hands,
With other hands to wipe his childish tears.

She flings the shuttle to the whirling loom,
And marks the bird fly by on eager wing,
And almost wishes that too, were a bird,
That she might bear her weal and woe and sing.

Night comes slowly, and she sees at last
Her home and infant. Sweet the blessed night—
So sweet that sometimes she could almost pray,
That nevermore would come the cruel light.

So, one by one, the days, weeks, years go by—
Whilst motherhood is slowly, subtly slain;
It's few fair flowers are stolen from her sight,
But she wears all its thorns of care and pain.

What would Christ think if he should stand today
And see the mothers waste their happy bloom?
The gentle hand, that should be the cradle rock,
Just flung the shuttle to the greedy loom.

—ETHEL CARNIE.

Where is Woman's Place?

By Joseph E. Cohen.

We ought to state, as positive fact, that we do not learn nearly enough from our opponents. Not that we should let ourselves be converted. Far from it. This is not a plea for blindness. What we mean is, that we do not listen to our opponents with the same attention we expect when we plead for our own cause. The consequence is we miss many a chance to put the ideas of our very good friends to rest.

For example, the anti-suffragists tell us what woman's place is in the home. We answer them that modern civilization cannot be forced back into the home and until it is woman's place is also in the home.

But there is a deal more to this question than the simple answer usually given.

If woman's place is in the home, it must be in the kind of home she now has. It cannot be in the kind of home that exists, with almost rare exceptions, only in the faded lithograph in a workmen's kitchen.

Where is woman's home today?

How many hundreds of thousands—half we say millions of working women have no home, but women in lodging houses and tenements. There are very few places where there are any of our opponents, who would claim a woman should be nowhere but in a hired room? Is there no place for woman at all?

Then again, take the case of the six to eight million mothers of women for a living. Some of these are married, are mothers and help the fathers also out that not overly honest life which the cold standard of wages pays for. Would anyone seriously maintain that these mothers should have no say in the conduct of affairs they are bothered with during the whole daylight—and often far into the night?

And for these women who toil before the loom or bench or table in the field atmosphere of the mill, and who have no pause from exacting labor until the duties of motherhood bear them down—for those who often enough allow themselves to rest for bringing into the world the makers of future civilization but the few moments when they retire from the workroom to an adjoining room—Is there anyone who could successfully contend that the place of these women is in the kitchen of some broth and brown?

We are not sure our opponents grasp the significance of the terrible poison woman occupies in the wage-working world. So to put it very strongly, we would say that the present that woman's place means to be most anywhere but in the home, that her home is most anywhere but her residence.

Now, it is entirely unnecessary to offer a prediction as to the inspiring place woman will make for herself in the society of the future. It is almost a commonplace that we will live in a place as high as her. And it is a waste of valuable energy to tender the grown-up duties of thought to those who elope to their swaddling tops.

What can be said, in language that our opponents may grasp is that woman's place really is in the home. That one of the places she should have for herself. And we are deriving on woman's suffrage and Socialism because we want to make it possible for woman and woman to have all that economic and social enterprise out to do to make a home for themselves.

Why leave the outside to our military friends—the anti-

Annie Clemens, Heroine of the Copper Country Strike, Michigan, 1913.

NOTE: Annie Clemens is known as the heroine of the Copper Mine Strike, at all their parades she marched at the head of the columns carrying the

American flag. On October 25th she was arrested with twelve other strikers for the crime of parading. The steadfast courage of Annie Clemens and the other women of the strike have inspired the poet for the following poem by Ella B. Harris, the poet of the working class movement.

A TOAST.

By Ella B. Harris.

Toast the women of Calumet
And all, in the land of mines:
Golden strands in the worker's net,
Spread out on the picket lines.
The sweethearts, sisters, mothers, wives,
With pulse of the red blood tide.
The heart-throb urge for precious lives;
With the men fold side by side.

O you rich, in luxurious lives,
Both deaf and blind to the poor:
Where workers must endure
The hunger illness and smut death,
As ne'er threatens where you ease
A frozen somewhere, in the breath
Of the sear's summer breeze.

Here's to the women and their plea
For the children in the street;
Reaching to the powers that be,
To ask the right to life:
Fierce in the thought, the heart's curse,
While the wolves snarl at the door,
A loan flocked pack from Money Power,
Ever yelping there for more.

O prostitutes, of dollar power,
In trimmings, gift and lace:
Society but a name for the real;
To the blossom of the race:
Unmoved by want and none distress,
When the plutocrat's feast and the poor,
Cheap games, upon his board of chess,
Played by his cunning hands.

Toast the women of Calumet
And all, in the land of mines:
Golden strands in the worker's net,
Spread out on the picket lines.
The sweethearts, sisters, mothers, wives,
With pulse of the red blood tide.
The heart-throb urge for precious lives;
With the men fold side by side.

To Woman Alone Belongs the Right to Say Where Her Sphere Shall Be.

By Chester M. Wright.

Woman today faces two chief points of oppression, where man faces but one. Woman faces the common oppression of labor and capital, in common with man. But she faces oppression at another point, of which man knows nothing. She faces oppression by the very fact of her sex. Except in a few exceptional lives she faces the cruel double exploitation that gives her equal work and less pay. She faces the condition purely because she is a woman. This economic inequality she faces even where she has obtained political equality. And the working class itself is almost as slow to see the stigma of this inequality as is the capitalist class to acknowledge it.

The fact is that the working class has not an adequate conception of the intimate connection between men and women. It remains with us because we are slow to discard the legacies of medievalism.

Socialists, too, as individuals, have their shortcomings in their conceptions of woman's sphere. Some are so-called women, but with so little intelligence. To bring the blow into one sentence let us say, somewhat in the words of Schopenhauer, that woman's sphere is not what she wants to do and her work is whatever she wants to do. And as for man having the right to set up barriers before her, restricting her to the sphere of her sex, for her labor, he has right of the sort, will not be long have the power. The revolutionary woman is not yet so numerous as the woman who merely wants the ballot, but the lesson is at work, even as it is among men when the lesson begins to work the lot is bound to change it form.

To Mothers

By Sydney Hilliard.

Do you wish your children to learn that war is glorious, noble, and right? Do you wish them to absorb the lessons of the military? Do you wish them to be soldiers who happens to have been elected to office is theirs to offer their bodies to the artillery of an enemy? Do you wish them to inherit the day-dream of oriental race that the general and the admiral, the great slayers of men, the devastators of lands and homes, shall be those to whom your children shall build monuments and statues? Do you wish them to learn that the right to reason which a war is declared, "that not to reason why" men are marching and women weeping, but that it is "that but to die and die"? Do you wish them to prepare their backs for the ever increasing load of militarism and to prepare their tribute hereafter to rear up armies in time of peace?

If you do, Mothers of America, you will look to the schools. You will leave your children in the hands of politicians, pedagogues, superintendents, principals, school boards and trustees who, wittingly or unwittingly, with nation's thought or in stupidity and ignorance, represent and will continue to represent the capitalist class.

If you do not, Mothers of America, you will look to the schools. You will take your children out of the hands of the capitalist universities, out of the hands of the capitalists and their servants whom they elect to represent them in the councils of their own government. You will turn over the control of your schools to the hands of those who are members of, or who will represent that class of men and women who do the mental work of the world.

That war is blasphemous, vicious and disgraceful; That peace and education are the only ways to a better world; That the doing of any useful work, which they would despise to do even had they the ability, that all war must sooner or later and possibly both sooner and later, be paid

for; that it is not the brave generals, the smooth politicians, the leered pedagogues, who will pay the waste of war, but that they will have to pay for it themselves.

Mothers of America, when the school election comes around your duty to your children leads you straight to the polls. Let the dishes lie in the kitchen sink and your husband go on untroubled about a few hours of school election duty, and do you get to your duty to your country, your children and your God. Vote out the old. Vote in the new. Vote out the false. Vote in the true. And the coming generation shall arise amidst its peace and plenty and all you blessed.

Forward, Not Backward

By Ralph Korngold.

There are those who maintain that under Socialism woman will withdraw from active participation in industry and will, as of yore, confine her activities to the home.

There are some who even make the statement that under Socialism women will not be permitted to work in industry. If this were so, then indeed, Socialism would have but little to offer womanhood. It would be narrowing, instead of widening to her sphere.

It should not be forgotten that woman has taken place.

WOMEN HAVE ENTERED INDUSTRIAL LIFE TO STAY.

No doubt their position in present day industrial activity is often harmful and degrading, but the harm and degradation are not a necessary part of industry.

Capitalism, not industry, is responsible for these. I believe it more than probable that women will continue to enter the trades and professions in greater and greater number, and that Socialism will give an unusually strong impetus to woman's industrial activity.

If the present evolution of home activities continues, no doubt it will, there will soon not be enough labor in the ordinary home to keep an able bodied woman busy.

Consequently there will be but two alternatives for women to become active in the industrial workmen's SOCIAL PARTISAN.

Even today the kindergarten, the public school, steam heat, steam laundries, vacuum cleaners, etc., leave the average woman of the well-to-do middle class with altogether too much time on her hands for bridge-work and gossip.

There is every evidence that the kitchen range, the "altar of the home," is in a line for disappearance.

This may sound revolutionary to some, but so would the prediction of the disappearance of the spinning-wheel have sounded to our grandmothers.

It should not be forgotten that under Socialism all the most modern devices for simplifying or altogether eliminating housework will be at the command of EVERY woman.

The home machine will cease to be a workshop, a place of drudgery, and will become the gathering place for the members of the family after the day's labors are performed.

Education and the Birth Rate

By Miss Tupper Maynard.

It always seems to require a woman properly to demonstrate the advancement of women. If an especially scathing and pointed criticism appears to be the result of being emanated from some one in conditions who revels in a freedom of the newest sort of newness.

And now a woman, evidently highly educated herself and quite accustomed to writing club papers, holds forth on the "terrible tragedy" of race suicide, and blames it all on the education of women, their "emancipation" and the like.

She even brings in the fall of Rome. Poor Rome. The number of reasons why she fell are enough to make one look for her remains deep down in the infernal regions. And now another is given. She fell because her women were educated and got ambitious.

The folly of this sort of talk is too great for serious attention. The women of the "six hundred" in any city are as little burdened with education as with children. The wives of college men, except from co-educational colleges, are rarely themselves college graduates, yet President Eliot has been becoming the decreased birthrate in the alumni of Harvard, and all college statistics would tell the same story. France is surely not a nation of emancipated women, yet if Roosevelt, the anxious, lived in France he would have considerably more occasion than now to push on his crusade in behalf of the cradle.

Causes lie far deeper than the incidental matter of college degree.

Life parasites at one end of the scale, limited by a larger number of would-be idlers, and at the other overworked women and parents fearful for the future support of possible children, are reasons enough to account for the decreased birthrate. When conditions are more nearly equalized and the pressure of abnormal disipation on the one hand and parental anxiety on the other are relaxed, human nature will see to it that the hearts and bones of mankind are not left to waste. If it does not, the race had better become extinct and no great harm done.

After all, it is rather egotistical of us to be so troubled merely because the native population is not increasing with normal regularity. The children of German, Swedish, Irish, Dutch, British and other nationalities will, by a large population, and since we all come from those sources to start with, there is no great cause for terror if the Mayflower families do dwindle. The really important matter is that life should be made worth living for those little lives which do get into the world.

It will take a deal of straightening out to make this a safe place to be born into. This is a fitter world than that which seeks to multiply the idlers, on the one hand, and the toll takers on the other.

Solve the industrial problem and human nature will find its chief joy in the home, the child and their father's blessing.

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