

To the Editor:

Portland, Neb 22d 1914., (Some friends, seeing
the splendid address of my friend, Col. C. E.
S. Wood, in your valuable columns, as he
having asked me to send my ~~views~~ ^{views} to you
gave it to the public on Labor Day, ~~for~~

have consulted my notes, and with
your permission will submit the same
to your readers. I said, ^{substantially,} (Mr. Chairman and
friends of the Federation of Labor: I wish
to say, before beginning the subject of
"Home and Mother," as
advertised for this important occasion,
that, as a laborer myself, born and
brought up in the labor element, I have
always felt the deepest interest in every-
movement for bettering the conditions of

"The rich and discern who live and die

In want and hunger and cold,
That one may revel in luxury
And be wrapped in its silken fold.

The one in a mansion rich and rare,

The miners and mine in hovels bare."

But, so rapidly are the conditions of
the laboring people improving through
the organizations that have come
together on this historic occasion

that I love to be able to add, in the words
of the poet just quoted, that

"The night, so dreary and dark and long
At last shall the morning bring,
And over the land the victor's song
Of the ninety and nine shall ring,
And echo afar, from zone to zone,
Rejoice, for labor shall have its own".

We all know ~~that~~ there is no excellence
without labor; and everybody ought
to know that the most important
and poorest paid of all the labor of earth
is that of the home, where

'The mother who leads the old kitchen
has been immortalized in the words
of Oregon's greatest laborer and warrior,
in his eulogy upon the mothers of men.
"The greatest battle that ever was fought!
Shall I tell you where and when?

On the maps of the world you will find ^{not}
I was fought by the mothers of men."

Nay, not with cannon or battle-
With sword or noble spear!

Nay, not with eloquent words or thoughts

From mouths of wonderful men;
But, deep in a walled up woman's heart
Of woman who would not yield
And bravely and silently bore her part
So, there is her battle-field,

No marching troop, no bronze song,
 No banners of gleams and war
 Part, oh, those battles, they last so long,
 From Babylon to the grave!

O, ye with banners and battle shout
 And soldiers to shout and praise
 Tell you the king's battles fought
 Are fought in these silent ways.

More and more, as civilization advances
 and the people grow in knowledge ^{and understanding},
 does the ^{public} interest grow in recognition
 of the all-important work that centers
 in the environment of Home and Mother.

And yet, all important ^{as} is the mighty
 mission of the mother who treads the
 kitchen floor - the mother of the wage
 earner's home, who boils and bakes
 and stews and fries, ^{who} washes, makes
~~and mends~~, ~~who~~ scrubs and washes
 dishes; who makes and mends the children's
 clothes, and cares for all her household ^{needs},
 in sickness and in health, ^{her} work ^{has} until
 very recently ~~been~~ received no adequate ^{recognition} or
~~recognition~~ ^{recompense}, as the world's greatest earned.

I am not blaming men for this tardiness
 of recognition of the importance of women's
 work. "Give her of the fruit of her hands,"

said Solomon "and let her own works
praise her in the gates." Women are
raging no war against men. We
all like men a great deal better
than we like women; and wise
women are not caring who knows it.
Show me a woman who doesn't like
men, and I will show you a soul.

-souled, vinegar-soaked woman, who
owns an apology to the world for
living in it at all; and the very best
thing she could do for her country
would be to stand away and die,
somewhere, in the company of the
man that doesn't like women!

In early times the women did the
manufacturing of food and clothing in
the home. They sheared the sheep, they
washed the wool, they spun and wove
and dyed the cloth, they made the
clothes, they ~~had~~ knit the hosiery and
made the underwear by hand. They
milked the cows, churned the butter, made the cheese, and
did a thousand other things now done
in factories, putting double burdens on
the shoulders of men, and driving women
away from home to follow the work
and wages without which many a mother
could not afford a home, and many
a father, needing ^{the} allurement ~~to~~ that

the home of the weather, working outside the
home, could no longer be bright and
cheerful, would be tempted to seek
amusement elsewhere, much to his
~~detriment~~ ^{detriment} and depriving both home
and mother of ~~the~~ ^{his} companionship
without which there is no good
living anywhere.

"Home is not merely four square walls.

"Though with pictures hung and gilded,
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with cherubs the heart hath built
Home, not merely roof and room;
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's kindly words to cheer it."

In this new dispensation which has
driven so many women away from
the home to assist in earning a livelihood
the burden often falls too heavily upon
the husband; and the wife becomes
a burden too grievous to be borne.

I have known a frivolous woman, a
little bundle of pink and white tyngs,
who lived in an elegant residence
on the hill, spending her days in
luxury and her evenings in ~~but~~ revelry,
while her husband was occupied
often in the wee small

hours of the morning, in a little
trailed off office called a counting
room, trying to create an agreement
between his ledger and trial balance
The walls of his down town warehouse
were ^{lined} filled with great stacks of smoky
bacon on one side and great stacks
of smoky salt racks on the other; and
~~the~~ ^{he} growing more and ^{more} bent and
wanterled and old, came to a day
when he could no longer bluff
an army of creditors or the warrant
of the sheriff; but, while he could
hold up his head and face the officers
of the law, he trembled with fear at
the thought of facing that little
specimen of pink and white tyranny
on the hill and confessing that he
was bankrupt. But I have seen
that wife, when the real situation
was explained to her, arise in the
majesty of a new sensation; and
suddenly realizing that man's extremity
was woman's opportunity, I have seen
that woman become the stay and
support of her husband in his
misfortune and become the helpmate

she would always have been if she had been allowed to be ^{his business counsellor} ~~from~~ the beginning. I have seen that woman, after the smoke of financial disaster had blown away, go to a friend and secure a loan, and by engaging in a little business, like a boarding house, or a nation store, enable her husband to again hold up his head before the world and gradually regain the credit he had lost.

Men cannot afford to take these double burdens on their ~~own~~ own shoulders. Their wives should be their business partners, subject to such regulations of their business affairs, before and after marriage, as are settled amicably between and men when forming their copartnerships for life; or, if they ~~disagree~~ agree to disagree there should always be a way for equitable adjustment of ~~their~~ their affairs on a basis of equality of rights.

It is a matter of great consolation to the mothers of the land to note the progress already made in this direction. Instead of the husband and wife being ^{one} ~~one~~, and that one always the husband only, ~~the~~ ^{gradually} two are being ~~more~~ recognized as ~~a~~

is a united head, where the husband
and wife are one, and that one both of
them. When that state of affairs shall
have become universal in the homes of
the wage earning classes everywhere, the
dream of the poet will not be an
exceptional one. Think of the blessed
lot of the ^{working} mother, in the cottage home
of the laboring man where the toiling
mother can sing ~~in the evening~~.

"The clock is on the stroke of six,
The father's work is done
Heap up the coals and kindle the fire
And put the kettle on.

~~And now I wait for thee!~~
The hearth is swept, the fire is bright,
The clock ticks listlessly,
The cloth is spread the lamps are light,
The hot cakes smolder in napkins white
And now I wait for thee!
Come home, come, thy task is done
The kettle rings for thee. (down
The blinds are shut, the curtains ~~drawn~~,
The arm-chair to the fireside drawn,
The boy is on my knee.
Thy task is done, we miss thee here,
Where'er thy footsteps roam:
No hand can spread such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear
Like those which wait thee home!

Aha! Along the crisp walk fast
 That well known step doth come,
 The bolt is drawn the gate is hoist,
 The babe is wild with joy at last,
 A thousand welcomes ~~here~~ "home"!

How much the ^{working} women of the home
 are owing to the Federation of Labor for
 the growing advantages that are
 constantly accruing to them under
 these progressive conditions, the
 world is slow to acknowledge & but
 many thousands do know and
 acknowledging these advantages already;
 and the mothers in the homes are
 singing new songs in their hearts
 as their cherished babies get prizes
 at our many fairs, and their
 proud husbands get ready to step
^{with them} in time and time to the loved songs
 of liberty as they ~~to~~ toil together
 for the benefit of home and children,
 each working for the good of all, and
 all for every one.

I thank you.

"Abigail Scott Drumway"