

MOTHER JONES!



Mother Jones

BY EDMUND VANCE COOKE

Mother Jones, at eighty-two,
I toss up my hat for you.

Mother Jones.

Your old body holds the spirit
Of the freedom we inherit.
Was our Declaration signed
To be spat on and maligned
By some epauletted hind?
Is our Constitution void
When a Corporate Power's annoyed?
Is our history a lie
To forget, or to deny?

Mother Jones, at eighty-two,
We forget it—but not you,

Mother Jones.

Mother Jones, at eighty-two,
What they tell me may be true,
MOTHER JONES.

For your manners may be crude
And your tongue at times imbued
With a twang the world calls rude.
MOTHER JONES, at eighty-two,
Are they never rude—to you,
MOTHER JONES?

MOTHER JONES, at eighty-two,
I would rather fare with you,
MOTHER JONES,

Fare with you, succeed or fail,
Win the fight or win the jail,
Than with officers, gold-laced,
Than with judges, snugly placed.
History will yet acclaim

Yours the honor, theirs the shame.
Theirs? Nay, ours!

We free men pause,
We desert the holy cause
Of the LAW against the laws;
Leaving all the fight to you,
Heroine—at eighty-two!
MOTHER JONES!

CERTAIN SAFETY

Wife—Mind you don't git hurt,
Pat! It's so dangerous workin' that
boiler.

Pat—That's all right, my dear.
I've borrowed \$5 from the foreman,
and he don't let me do any more dan-
gerous work.

In California, Oregon, Kansas,
Utah and Washington states the laws
make the mother equal guardian with
the father over the children.