During the panegyric services held for Mother Jones at Mt. Olive, Illinois, Sunday, December 7, 1930, Father John W. F. Maguire, president of St. Victor College, Bourbonnais, Illinois, delivered the following address:

Father Maguire's Address

My dear friends, today in gorgeous mabogony furnished and carefully guarded offices in distant capitols, we are exploring ages and centuries, and the breathing sighs of relief. Today upon the plains of Illinois, the hillsides and valleys of Pennsylvania and West Virginia, in California, Colorado and British Columbia, we are watching as the hopes of women are weeping tears of bitter grief. The reason for this contrasting relief and sorrow is the same. Mother Jones is dead. And today her mortal remains are gathered to the side of the boys she loved so well who were slaughtered at Wrinco on October 12, 1890.

Mother Jones is dead after a century of keen and vivid living, and perhaps no other hundred years of the world's history has contained so many rapid and profound changes as violently affecting the lives of the people. She was born in 1830 near the City of Cork, Ireland, seven years before Victoria ascended the throne of England. When Mother Jones was born the United States had been in operation only five years, and the first branch of the Baltimore & Ohio, across the lines of which Mother Jones' remains were brought back here, was only in the process of construction.

The first labor unions were only being formed and were, in the eyes of the law, nothing but illegal conspiracies. Slavery flourished in this country and small children of six and seven years old were to be found mining and mining of Great Britain and the United States.

Ireland, the land that gave her birth, was under a political oppression more terrible and more frightful than any form of slavery. And there is a certain taint to us in the fact that Mother Jones was born in that land where the spirit of liberty has flourished throughout centuries despite unending persecution. By the traditions of her family she was nurtured to suffering, to pain and to anguish in the sacred cause of liberty.

Mother Jones' life was a struggle for liberty, and as such it passes into the history and the legend of the world.

It would be entirely improper and presumptuous on my part to attempt to summarize the life of Mother Jones. I come not here to praise or to blame. The world will care little what is said here today. But as long as the spirit of liberty glows in men's breasts this place where her mortal remains are finally laid to rest will be a shrine to which all lovers of justice and right and liberty will ever turn for hope and encouragement.

We lay her remains here to rest in Mt. Olive but Mother Jones belongs not to Mt. Olive. Mother Jones belongs to the whole world; to all those who love and are willing to make sacrifices for liberty, right and justice.

I come not, as I say, to praise or to blame or to try to evaluate her work. I simply state a fact. Mother Jones today, because of her great struggle for economic justice, is a world figure, and as your chairman has well said, the names of the world are turned on Mt. Olive now.

And what is the answer to the strange mystery of her life? She was a frail, small woman, robbed by death of her parents, husband and children, poverty stricken and alone in a strange land. What could she do against the might and the power, the learning, the wealthy and the respectability of this world? What could she, a woman living alone and desolate, do? What weapons had she to defend herself? In words and in deeds and in the situation of might? She had a small frail body but she had a great and indomitable spirit. She was relatively uneducated but she had a flaming tongue and it was very hot. She had a great love for the poor, the down-trodden and the oppressed. She was not influenced but she had a mother's heart, great enough to embrace the weak and defenseless babies of all the world.

An intolerable courage, a flaming tongue, a burning love and a mother's heart, she went forth to convince a cold and money-grabbing world of justice, mercy and love.

Today you are assembled around her mortal remains because you call her Mother. Mother! Where did that name first come to be attached to her? No one knows. It grew as the Spring flowers grow from the rain, kissed by soft Spring breezes and warmed by the rising sun of Summer. It grew out of the love and devotion of the hearts of miners, and she was called Mother because they loved her and they revered her. They adored her.

And all those who know what it means to win the love and reverence of the masses of the working class understand the weight of that title, "Mother Jones." That love and reverence was won by painful years of struggle and sacrifice in the fight for improvements in the conditions in which the toilers work. And Mother Jones has won that prize. She won the love and devotion of the hearts of the workers and therefore she was to them "Mother Jones."

My dear friends, there isn't any other word in the English language more beautiful than the word Mother. Out of the wombs of mothers have come the soldiers, the statesmen, the philosophers, the poets, the workers of the world, the men who have written the history of the world in its pages and in its columns and in the sweat of honest toil. Who can measure in wealth the love and devotion of the mother who goes down into the very jaws of death to snatch therefrom her children? Who can be found to picture the devotion of the mother, the devotion that ties a mother night after night to the bedside of a sickly child? Where shall we find words to describe the magic, the healing magic, of the mother's hand upon the fevered brow? Not only do mothers risk their lives in order to produce but have to exercise all, the powers of all, the arts of home, of sacrifice in order to bring that life to maturity.

And that is why all men love the word mother. That is why men in the struggle, in the defeats, and the victories of after life, when they have won or lost their silly little games, look back through a mist of tears into their childhood, to a mother's face that love has made beautiful as a white candle in a holy place, and they sigh for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still.

This and much more Mother means, and it is the title that you miners call Mother Jones. And could any one ask any higher patron of nobility than this little woman has won? She triumphed up and down this earth from mining camp to mining camp, from strike to strike. Where the men were struggling for better things, there was Mother Jones. She could knock at the door of a miner's cabin and the door would be opened by a miner. The miner thought no higher honor could come to him than that his little shack should shelter the hero Mother Jones.

It only had to go out to the strikers that Mother Jones was to speak to have packed halls, to have large meetings on the streets or in fields, and that voice that echoed from wall to wall of the miners' halls was heard across the continent.

This is a very inadequate description of what you working people thought of Mother Jones. You knew her better than I did. You have seen her offices more closely than I have. You have shared her sufferings more intimately than I could.

But on the other hand, there was another estimate of Mother Jones, the estimate of mine owners, of employers, of capitalists. She was a scold. She stirred up the people. She was always creating trouble. Away with her and into jail she was clapped! And there she stood so much noise the communities had to let her out so that they even might be able to sleep.

Mother Jones' name in certain circles of this land only a few years ago was a hissing and byword. She was held in contempt as being unchristian and unwomanlike, but she replied to that kind of charge that they said she was unchristian and unwomanlike because she was a labor agitator. She answered that the first great agitator was Christ, and therefore, that she was a Christian.

She cared little what the rich and powerful thought of her. She never flinched before the barb of a machine gun or crack of the rifle. She trembled not before the policeman's bludgeon or the injunction of the court. She only knew what was right and just and for that she was willing to fight. She was honest and truthful. On one occasion she wouldn't be sworn to the ordinary convention of calling a certain judge "your honor." When told by the bailiff to address the court as "your honored" she replied, "I am under oath and I can't perjure myself by addressing a man as honor that doesn't deserve it.

I tell this only as a sample of the rigid honesty of this little woman's soul.

Oh, many things Mother Jones did that were not ideally beautiful. She sometimes used language that the daily family journals could not print. She sometimes used methods that may have made the judicious grieve. And I wouldn't be the one to stand here and say that I would agree with the entire program of everything that Mother Jones had done. But every man born of woman, and still more, every woman born of woman, have their faults, but Mother Jones' faults were the excesses of her virtue, the excess of her love of justice.

(Continued on page 2, column 2)
LABOR'S MEMORIAL TO SAMUEL GOMPERS

Washington will soon have a new memorial in the Samuel Gompers statue, shown above, to be erected two blocks from the headquarters of the American Federation of Labor. The Fine Arts Commission has approved this design submitted by Robert Atiken, a New York sculptor. Surrounding the bronze statue of the famous trade union leader will be a group of figures in marble symbolic of labor, the home, education, justice and liberty. The memorial will cost approximately $100,000. The money has already been contributed by organized labor, Secretary Frank Morrison of the American Federation of Labor reporting at the Boston convention of the Federation that the fund stood at $113,025.31 on August 31, 1930.

PANEYRIC TO MOTHER JONES

(Continued from page 1) base, the excess of her courage, the excess of that mighty mother’s heart that reached out to embrace the children of all the world.

Her great love and devotion is shown best I think during the time of the anthracite strike in Pennsylvania. There she had seen little breaker boys coming up daily out of the mines, spent and broken with the terrible toil they had to do. She saw families starving. She went around and she asked them if they couldn’t borrow their little boys for a few days. She took a band of these little breaker boys and she started out towards New York. She arrived on the way at Princeton University where a kind-hearted professor of economics took a little of the children and put them in his chair. She turned to the audience and she said, “Let us all do something for them.”

She went back with the little breaker boys to Pennsylvania with thousands of dollars to continue the fight of that strike. She had conquered the hardest thing in the world to conquer, the money-loving hearts of New York.

My dear friends, I might go on, I suppose, all day telling you stories of Mother Jones. I might tell you of the first day I ever met her, sixteen years or more ago, upon a train. Of course I had heard often of Mother Jones. I had never seen her. And across from me in a train was this little old lady in a black bonnet and black silk dress. I thought she was some nurse and mild old mother from New England who had come out perhaps to visit a lawyer son or doctor son in the Middle West, who had never been away from home before, and was going back again to New England.

She was trying to fix the window and I went over and asked her if I could help her. I arranged the window as she wanted, and just then we were passing through a city we passed one of these new factories. They were all glass, you know, just beginning to come into use at that time, and I made some remark about how
beautiful this factory was, how nice the grounds were around it. But a man of my profession can't repeat what Mother Jones said to me then. Needless to say I was surprised. I looked at my meek and mild little New England Mother and I collapsed in the seat opposite her.

I agreed substantially with what she had to say. I would have said it in a different way; that was all. Then I asked her who she was and she told me she was Mother Jones, and then I understood. Many, many times since then I have seen Mother Jones. I saw Mother Jones in action in the steel strike in 1919 just after I came back from the World War. She spoke in a meeting with me in Braddock on one occasion when the Pennsylvania mounted police were outside the church where the meeting took place, and we were afraid of their life, and of some of the leaders. I wanted to go outside to prevent it, if possible, the police interfering with any of the men when the meeting broke up. "One of those blanket men," said one, "will shoot you." I asked, "What do they want?" They won't shoot a Priest," she insisted. "Those blanket men blank so and so will shoot anybody." And she wasn't a million miles wrong. Well, we compromised. Both of us went out there together.

I resigned in the beginning that I speak only of her life and her work because to me Mother Jones has helped to make some of the worth while history of the last one hundred years.

She found miners living in shocks, the scabs of coal companies. She dies leaving them free and independent men. She helped to organize the unions and give the working men the independence, at least the partial independence, that they enjoy today. And I don't know that any life can be more noble and better spent than in walking the pathway that she walked, the pathway that leads ultimately to higher and better and nobler life.

She doubtless made mistakes. Who doesn't? But her sacrifices, her courage, her great and mighty spirit, have helped to raise the great masses of the people to a condition where they can live better lives. And therefore you do well today to assemble around the remains of Mother Jones. You do well to gather all that is mortal of her to the dust of her boys whom she loved so well.

And in conclusion I am going to put into her dead lips this afternoon the ringing words of a great leader of her native land, the first President of the Irish Republic, Padraic Pearse.

I feel sure that if Mother Jones could summarize the story of the recent teachings and aspirations she would do so in this noble poem.

"I am come of the seed of the people, the people that sorrow. That have no treasure but hope, No riches laid up but a memory Of an ancient glory.
My mother bore me in bondage, in bondage my mother was born. I am of the blood of the Poor;
The children whom I have played, the men and women with whom I have eaten, Have had masters over them, have been under the lash of masters. And, though gentle and reserved churls; The hands that have touched mine, the dear hands whose touch is familiar to me, Have worn shameless manacles, have been bitten at the wrist by manacles. Have grown hard with the manacles and the task of work for others.
I am flesh of the flesh of these lowly, I am bone of their bone, I that have never submitted, I that have a soul greater than the souls of my people's masters, I that have vision and prophecy and the gift of fiery speech, I that have spoken with God on the top of His holy hill.
And because I am of the people, I understand the people. I am sore with their sorrow, I am hungry with their desire; My heart has been heavy with the grief of mothers, My eyes have been wet with the tears of children, I have wept with old and with young men. And laughed or cursed with young men; Their shame is my shame, and I have reddened for it, reddened for that they have served, they who should be free.
Reddened for that they have gone in want, while others have been full, reddened for that they have walked in fear of lawyers and of their jails. With their writs of summons and their handcuffs, Men mean and cruel! I could have borne stripes on my body rather than this shame of my people.

And now I speak, being full of vision; I speak to my people, and I speak in my people's name to the masters of my people. I say to my people that they are holy, that they are sought despite their chains. That they are greater than those that hold them, and stronger and purer, That they have but need of courage, and to call on the name of their God, God, the unfailing, the dear God that loves the peoples. For whom He died naked, suffering shame. And I say to my people's masters: Beware, Beware of the thing that is coming, beware of the risen people, Who shall take what ye would not give; Did ye think to conquer the people, Or is the Law stronger than life and men's desire to be free? We will try it out with you, ye that have harried and held, Ye that have bullied and bribed, tyrants, hypocrites, liars!"

My dear friends, we are beginning sometimes to forget the great eternal principles of right and justice. It is well that we shall stand today beside her bier and solemnly resolve we shall not forget the great eternal principles of right and justice for which she fought.
Nothing that I can say can avail her anything. She who so often stood before a court has already passed before the last great tribunal and for the first time has received a verdict dictated by justice and by love, and therefore it is time that we lay our earthly fancies down. She is gone where no longer is heard the bark of the machine gun, where the policeman's bludgeon no longer swings, where there are no jails, and where the judge's short sentence no longer means death. Her weary wandering feet are now at rest. May God accept her; Christ receive her.

Yet the deepest truths are best read between the lines, and, for the most part, refuse to be written.—Alcott.

No pleasure is comparable to standing upon the vintage ground of Truth.—Bacon.

Truth makes on the ocean of nature no trace of light—every eye looking on finds its own. —Lyttoun.

NEW SECRETARY OF LABOR

William N. Doak, national legislative representative for the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, has been appointed by President Hoover to fill the vacancy created by the resignation of former Secretary of Labor James J. Davis, who recently resigned to assume his duties as a member of the United States Senate, to which he was elected from the state of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Doak was born in Rural Retreat, Virginia, December 12, 1882, son of Canaro Draton and Elizabeth Dutton Doak. In 1908 he married Emma Marie Chircher of Ironon, Ohio.

Mr. Doak has been identified with the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen since early manhood. He was General Chairman of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, Norfolk & Western System, from 1908 to 1916; Vice-President of the Brotherhood from 1916 to 1928, and is at the present time editor and manager of its official bulletin, "The Railroad Trainmen."

ELECTION NOTICE

Official

The official call for the referendum election of officers of the Illinois State Federation of Labor has been sent to the secretaries of all affiliated unions, with the usual supply of ballots and other election materials. Additional election supplies will be sent to any affiliated local secretary upon request. Under the laws of the Federation the vote must be cast within the period beginning Dec. 1 and ending Dec. 31. A report of the returns attested by the signatures of the local president and secretary and the seal of the union must be mailed in time to reach the office of the Secretary-Treasurer not later than Jan. 7.

OUR STANDARD OF LIVING

Our American standard of living has been involved in a good deal of discussion of late. Some have argued that it is too high, that we must retrench. Others, President Hoover among them, call not only for no lowering, but for a constantly rising standard.

But just what is a "standard of living?" Webster's definition, it seems, not only defines but also supplies its own commentary on the present discussion. The definition: An irreducible minimum of economic goods and services which a given community or a given class in the community insists on having and in default of which it will starve or die.

—Nation's Business.