

HOME.

Home is a heavenly place. Such a halo of sanctity has become woven around the word that the mere assertion that Socialism would destroy it is sufficient to rally cohorts to its defence. More especially does this home-thrust appeal to women, why, "God knows."

It may be all very fine among the wealthy or even the well-to-do, whose homes are their private dwellings, where the household duties and cares are shouldered by hired slaves and slaveys, where they may eat, drink and be merry, entertain their friends, enjoy solitude or do what they will.

But what does the workers' home hold that they should be solicitous as to its preservation, more particularly as regards the worker's wife? What is her home but her workshop? In the country, a shelter wherein she may cook and feed and wash, when she is not in the stable or the field, by day, by night, but a rude stall for sleep. In the city, when not a full-blown boarding house, with roomers inhabiting all rentable corners to help pay the rent. While she lives in the kitchen and sleeps in the dining room with her lord and their brood

Before she married perhaps, she slaved for some capitalist for a minimum wage and with uncertainty of employment. Married, she has a steady job—for her board and clothes. Her job is steady enough, if that is any recommendation. To cook and wash dishes, sweep and scrub, wash and iron, mend and darn, day in and day out, except while the Lord is delivering her one of his "blessings."

Slave? The man is slave enough, but after his day's slavery and his supper, he can throw up his feet and revel in the perusal of his favorite purveyor of fiction and perverter of fact. The wife has yet the dishes to wash, the brats to scrub and put to bed, the floor to sweep once more, stockings to darn and what not.

He, who he has delivered up his quota of labor-power where it belongs, is, for the time, free. She is free only when she sleeps and is free then only to store up energy for the next day's slavery.

Destroy the home? Cheerfully, if Capitalism leaves us any to destroy. And the wife-slaves will owe us a hearty vote of thanks.