

JOB-SHOP STRIKE UNJUST TO WELL PAID LABORERS

Feeders Exorbitant in Their Demands—Pressmen Are Made Scapegoats.

This brotherhood stuff is great—sometimes. Sometimes it is just the opposite, as in Portland, at present, when pressmen who were getting, in some instances, as high as thirty-five dollars a week, are now not getting anything, and press feeders who were getting from fourteen to sixteen dollars a week up are now being replaced by girls, who are willing to do their work for seven and one-half dollars a week.

There is a strike on in the printing trades, though there hasn't been much about it in the papers. This is the season of politics and other things, and there are certain kinds of news that the big dailies would rather not print just now. Strike news is one of these kinds. Aside from this, the young men seeking information for the big dailies haven't known just how to get the news. But this is what has really happened.

Wages Already High.

Press feeders in Portland job shops have been getting fourteen to sixteen dollars a week in the past. That was the scale. In many shops the men were paid more than the scale, primarily because they were good men, and were of more worth to the shops. However, the feeders, most of whom are but little more than boys, thought they ought to have more money. They wanted the scale set at sixteen to eighteen dollars a week. Back in Chicago, where there is quite as much presswork done as there is in Portland, the scale is nine dollars a week, and the men are satisfied.

The Portland feeders, however, not content with the advance of five dollars over Chicago prices, wanted still more money, and so they decided to get sixteen bucks a week or bust in the attempt. Wednesday of last week they told the employing printers about their desires, and on Saturday they struck. They didn't ask for any arbitration or consideration in the matter; they simply wanted the money. And when it wasn't forthcoming they struck, without warning.

Pressmen In Trap.

The Press Feeders' Union some time ago got the pressmen to "affiliate" with them. The pressmen wanted to affiliate with somebody ever since they got into difficulties with the Typographical Union, which is a pretty good union. So they affiliated with the boys who compose the Feeders' organization, and this affiliation meant that any time the Feeders wanted chestnuts pulled out of the fire, the pressmen had to go ahead and be catspaws. That is what a whole lot of this brotherhood business really amounts to.

Therefore, when the Feeders struck, the Pressmen had to strike, too. The Pressmen didn't have any kick coming at local labor conditions. They were getting good money, considering the work they did—wages ranged up to thirty-five dollars, and perhaps more, a week in the different job shops. But they were affiliated with the Feeders, and when the Feeders went out for their sixteen and eighteen dollars, the Pressmen had to ditch good jobs and go out, too. So they went out last Saturday, right after the Feeders.

Families Must Suffer.

Throughout this week Portland job shops have been attending to their business as they could. Most of them have been getting out their work with more or less inconvenience and delay, all because a bunch of boys wanted seven dollars more than the same class of workmen are getting in Chicago. And because these same young men didn't think five dollars more than the Chicago scale was enough, a lot of grown men, who have families to support, have been forced into idleness, and rations have been cut down at home.

Maybe this is good business.

LIFE NETS OF FIRE DEPT. NEED INSPECTION

Anybody who has heard of any instance at which life nets carried by Portland Fire Department apparatus were taken out and tested within the past year will confer a favor upon this paper by coming to the front and telling about it. Any fire company commander who will open the life net casing on the side of his apparatus and examine the rope fabric within will probably be surprised at what he will find.

Life nets are made to be used in emergencies. They are supposed to be stretched taut by husky firemen and held rigid for people cut off from other escape to jump into. If these nets are made flimsy from dry-rot, if they have been folded in their cases so long that their fiber is broken and cracked, they will not be of any service to people who leap from upper stories of a burning building.

Maybe the fire commissioners know this, and maybe they don't. They also ought to know that the only way to keep these nets serviceable is to frequently inspect them, remove them from their casings, and stretch them in the open air. Commanding officers of companies equipped with nets ought to know this, too, and ought to put their knowledge to practical use.

In the meantime this paper will be glad to hear from any person who has seen, within the past year, any tests or inspection made of life nets carried on the local fire wagons.

Maybe that class of unionism that aims to improve the conditions of the laboring man approves of it. Maybe the Pressmen themselves approve of their affiliation. But the chances are, that they don't—in fact, many of the pressmen have been around to the shops where they used to work, and have commenced to dicker for their old jobs again, on any terms that they could make. And the rest of the unions in the printing trades are not showing any approval of the stand taken by the Feeders, either.

Movement Is Unfair.

There are times when a strike may be justified. There doubtless are jobs in this man's town that do not pay the workingman a fair and reasonable wage. But such is not the case in the present trouble. It requires no great skill to feed paper into a press. In fact, when an apprentice around a printshop has been a good boy, and it is desired to give him a "cinch," he is usually allowed to feed a press. It is not skilled work. The simple operation required can be learned in half a day by any creature of reasonable intelligence.

Fourteen dollars a week may not be big wages for a man. But no man should be content to be a feeder all his life. Fourteen dollars a week is ample wages for a boy, and the youth who demand sixteen to eighteen dollars for feeding a press six days a week is unreasonable in his demands. And when he strikes, without any warning, for this amount, he is doubly unreasonable. And when, in addition to striking, he forces out mechanics of the class of pressmen, he is not only unreasonable, he is unfair to his affiliated working brother, and he is the cause of a great deal of unjust and uncalled-for hardship in the community. There is nothing of merit in this strike of the Pressmen and Feeders.

The Man on the Corner

"MY friend, Joy, put God in the Constitution of Montana, but he doesn't seem to be able to keep Old Nick out of his little Seventh Ward," said The Man On the Corner.

"Now, Joy is not at all a bad sort, and I don't see any reason why he ought to be having so much trouble in his political home. In fact, I don't believe he is having any real trouble. I think the real fact of the matter is, that there are just a few people out Sellwood way who are ambitious themselves,



and who would like to get Joy's goat, so that they could get in the Council and see if some of these things they hear about are really true.

"I've known Allan R. Joy for some little time. I knew him long ago, when he was prosecuting attorney of one of the wildest counties in Montana, when the Gem State was given over to the habit of holding necktie parties every morning before breakfast, and when the wild cowboy and his trusty gat were quite plentiful. Yet in those days Joy showed that he could be a pretty good public

servant, and he sort of made necktie parties and other such festivity almighty unpopular around about his place of business.

"And I've known Joy since he came to Portland. Most of that time he has been a good lawyer, a good husband, and a good father. He has attended to his own business; and when the people of the seventh ward asked him to go down to the Council and attend to their business, he did that, too. Joy has a habit of doing what he thinks is right, and that seems to me to be a pretty good trait. Sometimes what he thinks is right doesn't appeal to the popular fancy; but personally I'd rather have a man for my Councilman who voted as he thought was right than a man who got hysterical and voted where the hullabaloo was coming from.

"Ever since Joy got into office somebody has been trying to recall him, or has been raising some kick about him. But he is still on the job, and is still doing things that he believes to be right. He has attracted some attention, I guess, and got a lot of people jealous. But, aside from that, I guess he hasn't done anything except to be as good a Councilman as he knew how to be. Sometimes a man gets into the position that Joy is in just because his enemies can't hang anything upon him; and in their wild attempts to get his goat they just strengthen his position. That's about the way it is with Joy—nobody has any real kick against him, and the tinkers and fixers who want to get his job can't find any ground from which to start a real attack upon him."

PEOPLES' COURT ENTANGLED WITH POLITICAL LIFE

Justice of Varied Kinds Seen in Rulings of Police Magistrate Today.

One of the prime faults with an electoral judicial system is, that during political campaigns it is apt to become a spoils system. This is just as unfortunate as it is true; and it is just as true as it is true that human nature is weak when facing strong temptation. All of which is by way of introduction to some passing remarks upon things that happen these days on the second floor of the police headquarters' building, where is situated the court of Judge Tazwell.

Judge Tazwell is a nice, young man. He is also a candidate for a higher judicial position at the coming election. As police magistrate, he has before him daily a number of people who later on will be able to cast a vote one way or another; and by the same token he has before him people in whom there is considerable interest felt at times by men who control large groups of votes or other powerful influence. Thus Judge Tazwell's position is one of extreme delicacy, and one that demands a careful consideration of the law and the evidence in each case that comes before him.

There are a whole lot of people who are not pleased with Judge Tazwell's rulings. This is perhaps natural. Some of the folk who think he uses poor judgment are those that he sentences to long terms at the rockpile. It is, maybe, only natural that these people should feel peeved at his rulings. However, there are other people who do not like his pronouncements of justice. Prominently among these others may be mentioned the police. Not any special policeman, but the police force as a body. There is a very distinct impression among the uniformed guardians of the peace that Judge Tazwell is "throwing it into the department." As to why he is doing this, opinions differ.

For instance, the other night a chauffeur got drunk, took an automobile from a garage, and, with some friends, ran the machine into

the ditch. Then the drunken chauffeur and his friends proceeded to make the night hideous until the police patrol arrived on the scene and took the whole bunch down to the city jail. In the jail the drunken chauffeur continued to yell for the greater part of the night, and did not fall into a drunken sleep until nearly time to go to court. When arraigned before Judge Tazwell, these facts were duly accounted by the arresting officer, but Judge Tazwell turned the prisoner out, failing to see sufficient evidence in the testimony to even assess a fine.

For instance, again, from time to time the police have been breaking up Chinese gambling games, using crowbars and sledges to assist them in their work. The matter having been brought before Judge Tazwell by some interested attorneys. His Honor has ruled that hereafter that no raids must be made by the police unless a search warrant is first procured from his court. This ruling opens up so many lines of speculation that the police have not stopped laughing yet. They are not laughing because the thing is funny—but because the ruling is such a farcical travesty upon justice.

The other night a man was arrested in one of Portland's most high-priced hotels for a statutory offense. When he was brought to the police station \$500 bail was demanded of him. The man seemed to think the whole thing was an affront to his personal standing, and he repeatedly called the attention of the arresting officer to the fact that he was staying at this high-priced hotel. The Sergeant in charge told the prisoner that it didn't make any difference where he was arrested, that the crime was just the same.

The man got busy on the telephone. He called up some managing editors in this little city, and he called up some people high in the world of politics. And a few minutes later Judge Tazwell came buzzing down to the jail in a taxicab, ordered the police to waive the \$500 bail that he had formerly fixed in the case, and released the man upon his own recognizance. Quite probably this was justice, but a lot of people failed to understand its peculiar brand of fairness.

BETTER SERVICE WANTED; NOT LOW FARES AT TIMES

While it is true that, if Portland was governed by a really wide-awake administration, the Portland Railway, Light & Power Company would never have obtained its injunction against a three-cent fare for "standees" on the streetcars; it is also true that Portland people do not want the three-cent fare. What they want is adequate service. People are perfectly willing to pay five cents a ride for the privilege of journeying about on the cars, only they want to be able to get a car without an undue amount of waiting.

Of course, if the Council had been in earnest about that three-cent fare ordinance, and if the administration had really wanted to make it effective, the City Attorney would have enjoined the streetcar company from interfering with the passing into effect of the ordinance. Anybody can get an injunction these days. But the Council was not very anxious for the three-cent law to become effective; it voted in the affirmative on the measure merely as a sop to Clyde's little stunt of intimidation, which he pulled off so neatly with the assistance of the afternoon papers. Clyde was "grandstanding," and the Council was willing that he should do it.

What the Council wants, and what it would like to be able to do for the people, is to get the local streetcar company to run more cars on the city lines, where they are needed. The Council would like to get these cars for the people, but it cannot do it just as present. And the company knows this, so it doesn't care very much what happens.

There ought to be more cars run on the Hawthorne, Mt. Scott and Sellwood lines, for instance, and not so many cars run to The Oaks. People who live on these lines get tired of waiting, night after night, for a car to come along, while half a dozen or so cars run out to The Oaks almost empty. On Thursday night of this week, for instance, there was an interval of 20 minutes in the heart of the rush hour during which no Sellwood car left the corner of Second and Alder streets, yet in that time three cars passed bound for The Oaks. There is no reason why this should have been. The Oaks cars were not getting paying loads, and there were a whole lot of people who wanted to get to points on the Sellwood line.

If the Council would quit nagging the streetcar company, and would devise some way of making the streetcar company do its ordinary duty to the public, Portland would be better off, and would not figure so frequently in the joke column of the newspapers. What Portland wants now is, not three-cent fares, but it is enough cars to handle the ordinary traffic on the different lines in the city.

Judge Tazwell is running for a higher judicial position than the one he now holds. Presumably he is desirous of being elected. Also, presumably, the Judge would like to do all that he can to make his chances of election certain. This being the case, His Honor is hereby humbly advised that the best way of gaining the office he covets is by so conducting his present office that there can be no room for criticism. A Judge in Police Court—the people's court—can best gain the respect and support of the community by being a fair and impartial jurist. He will gain more by such conduct than he will by "obliging" people. Our courts ought not to be contaminated by politics; and each Judge, no matter how humble his court, should see to it that there is no room for comment in the way affairs of the courtroom are conducted.

COUNCILMAN JOY SENDS LETTER TO MT. SCOTT PEOPLE

Councilman Joy, of the Seventh Ward, has made public the following letter, which is self-explanatory:

Portland, Oregon, Sept. 13, 1912.

Mr. Allen J. Harrison,
Pres. Mt. Scott Improvement Club,
5423 39th Avenue S. E.,
Arleta, City.

Dear Sir—It is well known that some political and personal enemies of mine have for the past few weeks been circulating some malicious reports concerning my official conduct, and it is important to all good citizens of the Seventh Ward, as well as to myself, that steps be taken to establish the truth or falsity of these charges, and I am making this proposition to you and every improvement club in the Seventh Ward, that, if you will investigate these charges fully, you will find them, each and all, to be false in total; also, that if any improvement club, acting in good faith towards the public, as well as towards myself, can find any single official act of mine or vote that I have ever cast that was not done conscientiously and to the best of my ability, I will resign at once.

You will see at once the unfairness of making a general charge of "incompetency" or "failing to represent my constituency," etc., but every fair-minded citizen will demand at least one act of misconduct, and will demand that it be established by sufficient proof before they will listen to the rabble of my personal enemies. As some of your members may know, I have no always worked earnestly with the push clubs of the city (whether holding office or not), and, knowing these clubs to be made up of the most enterprising and energetic citizens of the community, I have great confidence in their fairness and judgment.

Your people have never instructed me upon any of the measures pending in the City Council, and I have, therefore, in the absence of instructions, been compelled to use my own judgment. Of course, people differ in opinions, and differ honestly, whether it be in a legislature, a City Council, an improvement club, a fraternal lodge, or even in family matters, and where two or more people disagree in opinions, no fair-minded man blames either party for his opinion. I desire to say that I think no member of the City Council has worked harder or put in more time for his constituency or secured better results than I have, and that no vote of mine has contributed in any way to my personal advantage. The fact is, that I have done less business and made less money in the past year than for any former year in ten years; and, furthermore, since I have been a member of the City Council there has been no measure passed by that body—especially beneficial to the money corporations," but on the contrary, every ordinance that has passed has been against the corporate influences, and I have voted for every one of them. The charge that I have approved "commercialized vice" is too ridiculous and malicious to call for denial, as any one who knows me will certify.

So far as the bill-board ordinance is concerned, this was an ordinance drawn by the City Attorney, and the bill-board people had nothing to do with it whatsoever, and knew nothing about it until after it was enacted. The City Attorney discovered that the ordinance passed by the people was a copy of the Chicago ordinance which was appealed to the Supreme Court of Illinois and declared unconstitutional, and, therefore, it became necessary for this city to pass a law on the subject that was valid and could be enforced; our City Attorney drew up such a law and spent a good deal of time in drawing it. It first received the approval of the Mayor, and was brought into the Council, explained by the City Attorney, and the necessity of having a valid bill-board law was shown to the Council, and the passage of this ordinance urged by the City Attorney; whereupon the ordinance was immediately adopted, and I believe it was done unanimously.

I need not call your attention to the dangerous features of the recall law, for, although I received sixty per cent of all the votes cast at the general election, there was still forty per cent of the voters who refused to vote for me on the grounds of political or personal opposition, and yet twenty-five per cent of that forty per cent (known to be political and personal enemies of mine) may plunge me into another campaign every six months, at the expense of the public treasury; the law ought to be, and I believe it was intended to provide that the recall must be instituted by voters who will make an affidavit that they supported the candidate at the polls, otherwise it would be unfair to allow a man's personal and political enemies, who have, under all circumstances, opposed him, to start a recall based on enmity or malice. However, I want the fair-minded citizens of my ward to investigate these malicious charges, and I want to promise in advance that, if any vote or official conduct of mine can be found that is not entirely upright and honorable, I will tender my resignation at once, and, while there may be a difference of opinion among the people as to some measures, and always will be, if

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