

JACKSONVILLE POST

Official Paper of the City of Jacksonville, Oregon

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The Two Candidates On Labor

(Charles E. Hughes at Portland)

"We have no concern of labor as distinguished from the concerns of capital; we have no concern of capital as distinguished from the concerns of labor. We have a great co-operative enterprise; and if we are to succeed we must recognize, not simply for the purpose of economic efficiency, but with deference to the ideals of brotherhood, that we are fellow workmen, and insist upon common justice to all concerned. We must have in this country, if we are to succeed, prosperity, protection for our women and protection for our children. The American workman must feel that in prosecuting his daily work he is a faithful friend of the country in furnishing productive enterprise with its necessary means of production, and as a faithful friend he is treated with reasonable hours, proper sanitary conditions of work and wholesome recreation, in addition to proper compensation."

(Woodrow Wilson at Princeton)

"You know what the usual standard of the employee is in our day. It is to give as little as he may for his wages. Labor is standardized by the trades-unions, and this is the standard to which he is made to conform. No one is suffered to do more than the average workman can do. In some trades and handicrafts no one is suffered to do more than the least skillful of his fellows can do within the hours allotted to a days labor, and no one may work out of hours at all or volunteer anything beyond the minimum. I need not point out how economically disastrous such a regulation of labor is. It is so unprofitable to the employer that in some trades it will presently not be worth his while to attempt anything at all. He had better stop altogether than operate at an inevitable and invariable loss. The labor of America is rapidly becoming unprofitable under its present regulation by those who have determined to reduce it to a minimum. Our economic supremacy may be lost because the country grows more and more full of unprofitable servants."

Hot Rocks

Erosion proceeds with considerable rapidity in the desert region of the Southwest, notwithstanding the scarcity of continuously running water, for rock disintegration is accelerated by the great daily variations in temperature. The rocks are heated to 125 degrees or higher on the hot summer days and cool off rapidly at night to 70 degrees or less, a difference of 50 degrees or more; and in spring or autumn, when the sun's heat is less, the night temperatures are relatively lower. (U. S. Geological Survey.)

Lane On Mexico

(By Judge Goodwin of Salt Lake)

It is very touching to read what Secretary of the Interior Lane has to say of the sorrow of the poor peons of Mexico and what must be done to bring to them justice and enlightenment.

We do not give the secretary credit for believing what he says, for he is sharp as a steel trap, but he is out to defend Mr. Wilson's policy, and like a gifted lawyer, is trying to make the worse appear the better cause.

But as secretary of the interior he is at least ex-officio the patron saint of the Indians. Now, to make a parallel for his dissertations on Mexico, let us suppose that some enemy of the administration should make a report on conditions on the Navajo Indian reservation down in New Mexico, and it should read about as follows:

"The situation here is most pitiable. The masses of the people live in what are called wickiups, that contain not one modern comfort, to say nothing of luxuries. In them all I did not see one bath tub; or cooking range, or refrigerator, or French bedstead. There is not a library. The children are but half clothed. I did not see a physician's sign in the place. Exercising the old brutal law of might, the men compel the women to do all the work. Some of these women are real artists. They weave a most substantial and beautiful blanket which the men sell for high prices and I am told as a rule gamble off the money. There is but one miserable school-house and no church."

"The government has taken from them their great tracts of lands, paying them but a pitiable price.

"I see but one hope for these poor people, and that is to shake off the tyranny of the United States, and for them to begin the redemption of their country from within themselves."

The foregoing would be just as sensible as Mr. Lane's lamentations over the peons of Mexico. That is not all, Secretary Lane knows it, and our belief is that when in private he reads one of his own interviews about Mexican peons, he tosses a penny in the air to see whether he ought to cry or to laugh over it.

Bursting Saw Kills

Lumber Mill Worker

Centralia, Wash., Aug. 22.—Walter Percy, a resident of this city, employed by the McCormick Lumber company at McCormick, was fatally hurt Saturday afternoon when a saw broke. One arm was severed and he was frightfully cut about the body. He was removed to a local hospital where he died Saturday night. Percy was about 35 years of age and is survived by his wife.

WELDED LINKS

By BARBARA FHIP'S

They had passed through a bitter quarrel, the first real storm that had ever broken upon them.

A few hours later they met and agreed to separate. There should be no divorce—at least not at present—and they would divide the children, the boy to go with the father, the girl to remain with the mother. The father was now packing his belongings, something he had not done for a long while, and it came hard to him, not only because he was not used to it, but because of the sadness of breaking up a home.

The mother was in the nursery with the children. Her little boy was on her lap, the mother caressing him in a way he did not understand. Now and again she would start to go to her husband, fearing that he would not get his packing done right. But the specter of discord interposed. All that had passed forever. She could endure the separation stoically were it not for the children. Poor little things, unconscious of what was before them! Every harsh word that had been spoken between their parents was to bring a pang to their young hearts that would wear upon them till they were grown and had families of their own, and even then it would be a spot sore to the touch.

A conveyance was to call for the father and the boy at 4 o'clock. The child's belongings had been collected by the mother, and as she deposited them in the trunk each article seemed to fall like a clod on his coffin. The playthings he loved smote her to the heart. Finally she got them all in. But it was not like a disagreeable work done and relegated to the past; it was the beginning of a horror that would never end.

At 4 o'clock a carriage drove up to the door. She heard its wheels on the pavement and, going to the window, looked out. Tears started afresh. She stood facing the window to conceal them. Her husband came to the door, and she heard him say:

"Ethel!"
How many times she had heard her name spoken by that same voice, always lovingly, until the day of the quarrel, when it had burned like lightning. Now, she fancied there was in it a deep sadness. She waited to dry her tears, then turned and faced him.

"Say goodbye to Robbie."

Goodbye to Robbie; better goodbye to life.
She steeled herself for the parting. Approaching the boy, she clasped him in her arms. The children looked at their father and mother and saw that some trouble hung over them, but they knew not what. Releasing her boy, she went to a closet, took down his overcoat and his hat and began to put on the coat.

"Where am I going, mamma?" he asked, with a trembling voice.

She tried to tell him, but she could not speak the words. A look told her husband to do it for her.
"You are going away with me, Robbie," she said.

"When am I coming back?"
There was an ominous silence.

"I'm not going away," said the boy, refusing to put his arms in the sleeves of his coat. His sister went to him, threw her arms about him and, looking up at her father, said:

"You shan't take Robbie away."

The mother gently tried to separate the children, but they clung to each other and to her. She looked a roseate appeal to her husband for help.
"Come, come, little girl," he said, laying his hand on the soft little arm. But she only clung the tighter to her brother and her mother.

"Papa," said the boy, "take mamma and Ethel, and I'll go with you."
"No, no," said the girl; "you and papa stay here with mamma and me." Seizing her father's hand, she tried to put it round herself, her brother and her mother. The boy, seeing what she was endeavoring to do, caught his mother's hand and tried to do the same. The mother looked at the father. The eyes of both were wet. Then the father arose and beckoned his wife to join him in another room.

"Sweetheart," he said and paused. The words he would speak were choking in his throat. Finally he found voice to go on: "Give me another trial. I was—well, crazy, to talk to you as I did. Forgive me. I think I can go forever without—"

He could not bear to designate the brutality of what he had said.

She covered her face with her hands; he went to her and put his arms about her.

"For their sake, for yours, I promise that I will never again lose my self control."

"I will try to bear with you as you bear with me," she moaned. "For their sakes perhaps we can—"

"We must."

When they left the room the father went down and dismissed the carriage at the door, while the mother went to the children.

"Papa and Robbie are not going away," she said, kissing them.

The children clapped their hands and danced about the room.

That was their last violent quarrel. Both placed a guard upon their tongues and when the cholera rose recalled the scene of their former intended parting. Meanwhile marital association as well as the children was drawing them closer together.

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Tuxedo Nights

by Walt Mason

When the day's work's done, and the good old sun has sunk in the well known West, then I stretch my form by the fireside warm, I sit at my ease and rest. Then I take my pipe which is mildly ripe, as the pipes of good smokers are, with a chortling soul then I fill its bowl from my glass Tuxedo jar. And I smoke at ease, and my trouble flees to the place where dead troubles go; and my worries seem, in my waking dream no longer to have a show. And I say, "Indeed, it's a noble weed that drives all the ghosts away, and clamps the lid on the cares that skid around through the busy day. The worries and woes and such things as those in the daytime leave their scar, but there's rest at night and a calm delight in my glass Tuxedo jar."

Walt Mason

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EVERETT EXPELS I. W. W. ORATORS

Everett, Wash., Aug. 23.—Twenty four alleged leaders of the Industrial Workers of the World, who were arrested last night when the police broke up a street meeting in the interest of the striking shingle weavers, were escorted from town today and placed upon a steamer bound for Seattle. Twenty men were loaded into garbage wagons and four women were placed in the police patrol at the city hall. Escorted by business men riding in 30 automobiles the procession moved through streets lined with citizens to the wharf. Four leaders who previously had been sent away, but returned, were held on a charge of disturbing the peace. When the police arrested the men and women last night a crowd of 1000 men gathered about the city hall and threatened to release the prisoners, but trouble was averted.

Boiler Makers Are Given Raise On Milwaukee Road Tacoma, Wash., Aug. 23.—Two hundred boiler-makers and helpers employed by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad from Moberly, S. D., to the coast, were granted a wage increase of 2 1/2 cents per hour as a result of a conference between railroad officials and union representatives which was concluded here yesterday. The average wages of boiler-makers will be 49 cents an hour and that of helpers 25 cents an hour in the future. A nine-hour work-day will be continued as heretofore.

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as reflected in Editorial Comment This is the title of a booklet we have prepared. We shall be glad to send a copy free to any one interested. Bethlehem Steel Co. South Bethlehem, Pa.

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